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Page 20, col. 1, line 36, omit *what*.
Page 342, col. 1, line 45, for *Mrs.* read *Mr.*
Page 421, col. 2, line 55, for *Kirkgaard* read *Kirkegaard*.
Page 436, col. 1, line 38 should read *the honor system shows a wide divergence, not*
Page 482, col. 3, lines 1 and 25, for *Fursueth* read *Furuseth*.
Page 522, col. 1, line 48, for *J. H. Van Hugl* read *G. H. Van Tuyl*.
Page 622, col. 2, line 22, for *and* read *have*.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1912.

The Week

The tariff programme outlined by Mr. Underwood, the Democratic leader in the House of Representatives, is in line with the policy that he has stood for from the beginning. He proposes to put through the House a series of measures of substantial tariff reduction, in pursuance of the clear conviction that the exactions of the protective system as it now stands are manifestly beyond reason and that the country is entitled to relief without further prolonged delay. It will then be for the Senate to decide whether these measures shall go to the President for approval or not; and, if they do, Mr. Taft will be placed in the position of determining, upon the eve of a Presidential election, whether he will plant himself in opposition to Congress on that issue or let the bills become law. From the standpoint of party policy, this is a clear-cut and effective programme; for if the President opposes, the Democrats will have precisely the issue they want in the campaign, and if he approves, they will enjoy the credit of having actually enacted remedial legislation. Nor is the case less strong from the standpoint of national policy; for the measures contemplated are not of a revolutionary character, but are to be framed in such a way as to reduce the tariff burden without violent shock to interests of national importance.

To the objection against framing bills of this kind without waiting for the reports of the Tariff Board on the various schedules involved, the Board's report on wool, admirable though it is as a piece of investigation, furnishes a most effective answer. Those who may have entertained the naïve expectation that such an investigation would supply a simple and straightforward answer to the question of what the tariff rates on wool and woollens ought to be, must see by this time that nothing of the kind has happened, or can happen. The information that the report supplies is both more abundant and more trustworthy than what was available before, but it leaves the question as wide open as ever. Even if we were to accept as a finality the difference-of-cost principle—which, when it comes to extreme cases, nobody really does accept—it would still be impossible to say what tariff rates ought to be imposed as a consequence of the Board's report. As regards some of the most vital particulars, the Board expressly states that it is impossible authoritatively to determine that difference; and furthermore the difference may be any one of a dozen different things according as comparison is made with this country or that, and according to what section, or what enterprise, in our own country is taken as a basis.

Protests to President Taft against his proposed appointment of Judge Hook to the Supreme Court are based on a single case. In it Judge Hook decided that a certain railway rate of fare was confiscatory, and that therefore the State had no constitutional power to impose it. But this was purely a question of fact. Granting the facts to be as alleged by the court, there was nothing else for the judge to do but declare what the law is as applied to them. The objectors should address themselves to the task of showing that the facts were not correctly presented in the court, rather than to efforts to prove that Judge Hook laid down the law wrongly. Most of his decisions in railway and Trust cases are admitted to have upheld the power of the Government duly to regulate and restrain. Indeed, more doubts about his selection for the Supreme Court have been expressed by corporation lawyers than by radically-minded persons. It would be a fair inference, accordingly, from the objections to Judge Hook telegraphed from Oklahoma and Minnesota, that he is one who holds the scales of justice even. In general, the reception of the news of his probable appointment to our highest court, and the testimonials to his ability and character, are such as to show that he is fitted for the honorable promotion.

"How happy could I be with either," is the sentiment that evidently pervaded the proceedings of the Ohio Progressive League at Columbus on Monday, but, in the case of at least one of the eminent speakers, the discomfort produced by the tantalizing peculiarities of "t'other dear charmer" found plaintive expression. "Col. Roosevelt should declare himself," said Senator Works of California, "both as to his candidacy and as to his stand on the principles that are accepted as progressive. If this movement attempts to centre itself around its principles and not around a candidate it will lessen its chances of success." Coming from a man who, at the same time, declared that, if Roosevelt should declare himself, he would not hesitate to support him, and that Mr. La Follette would do likewise, this criticism of the Colonel has special interest. It must, indeed, be peculiarly trying to have the man who was so long thought of as a volcano in a state of constant eruption adopt the rôle of the Sphinx at the very time that his ardent admirers are most anxious to know where he stands—and where they stand.

"Gov. Harmon is either a standpatter or a progressive. He cannot be both," says Mr. Bryan. Yet that is just what the overwhelming majority of American citizens actually are. Whole-hog standpatters are about as scarce as whole-hog progressives. Most of us are standpatters on some things, and progressives on others. This is true even of distinguished progressive leaders. Gov. Wilson, for example, is a standpatter on the tenure of judges, a progressive on workmen's compensation and kindred subjects, and a mitigated progressive on the initiative and referendum. Mr. Bryan himself, who was once a mighty progressive on government ownership of railways, looks now wonderfully like a standpatter on that subject, seeing that even "ultimate" ownership has apparently ceased to interest him. Gov. Harmon has enunciated, from time to time, "progressive" views on certain questions, but he doubtless had no notion that by doing so he was cutting himself off from the privilege of holding association of any kind with anybody who was not a progressive of the deepest dye.

Nothing gives Senator Lorimer and his friends greater pain than to see some one else appear to violate the spirit of the Illinois primary law. His feel-

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ings can be imagined, therefore, at the action of the Cook County Republican Committee in adopting, by a vote of 31 to 9, a resolution for a convention to recommend candidates for the spring primary. But apart from this feature, the vote, we should think, must be most satisfying to him. It clearly demonstrates the necessity for the Lorimer-Lincoln League, with its firm adherence to the "only true and historic Republican principles," and its determination to put into office men whom it can trust. Before the meeting of the County Committee, the League had issued a call for a convention of all that mighty army of Illinois Republicans who believe in the fundamental principles of Republicanism as advocated by Abraham Lincoln and as practiced by William Lorimer. Why, then, should the Senator want his candidates' names to appear on the regular ticket when they can as easily be put on the ticket of the League?

The present manœuvring and plotting over the Sherwood Pension bill gives point to the series of articles on pension abuses which Mr. Charles Francis Adams is contributing to the *World's Work*. Himself a Union veteran, Mr. Adams is able to speak with a freedom greater than that accorded to the ordinary writer. That even he will be abused for using such plainness of speech is certain. The pension machine has its vigilant press agents as well as lobbyists, and lets no guilty man escape —the guilty man being, of course, any one who writes or votes against granting the most extreme demands made in the name of the old soldiers. But some one must make a stand, and sooner or later these pension raids upon the Treasury must be beaten off.

One point Mr. Adams drives home with great force is the hugger-mugger condition of our pension legislation as a whole. There is no fixity or certainty in the law. It is in a constant state of flux, and even if something like a general standard could be set up, it would be instantly undermined by the flood of private pension bills which are continually enacted. These special bills have now come to be regarded as an established perquisite of Congressmen; each member is entitled to a given number, irrespective of the merits of the case. The process has grown from small beginnings to portentous results. In the first Congress after the Civil War, only 138 private-pension bills were passed, but now they number thousands annually. In all, Mr. Adams states, more than 32,000 original pensions or increases of pensions have been voted by Congress to persons who could not qualify for them under the general laws. This system is obviously the destruction of all system. So gross have been the evils of "correcting the military record"—often equivalent to condoning desertion—of would-be pensioners, and of the other methods of the private pension bills, that one Senator is prepared to urge an amendment to the Sherwood bill absolutely forbidding the granting hereafter of any special pensions. The howls that this would provoke may easily be imagined.

Tammany gets a peculiarly damaging blow in the defeat of the eleventh-hour attempt to railroad through its pet building code. It was a manœuvre that was suspicious and unblushing from the start, the effort to rush the patched-up code to enactment being made in defiance of propriety and also of the legal requirements, but it was not the nature of the grab that hurts Tammany but the failure to execute it. The Wigwam has no scruples about decency in such matters, but its boast and its strength have been that when it set out to "put it over" it always succeeded. It was this belief in Tammany's invincibility which nerved the long fight for Sheehan as United States Senator last winter, and his final defeat did great injury to Tammany prestige. It may well be argued, however, that its failure with the building code, right here in its own bailiwick and in its own Board of Aldermen, is even more crushing. Incidentally, the break-down of the discreditable attempt to force a code through must be a relief to Mayor Gaynor, as otherwise he would have been compelled to veto it.

Philadelphia has received from its reform City Solicitor a substantial Christmas present in the shape of an involuntary surrender of valuable contracts by the McNichol and Vare concerns that have so long been doing work for the city. The event is hailed as the most decisive victory for honest administration in the city's history. The legality of these contracts was questioned before the Blankenburg Administration came in, but that did not prevent Councils from voting the money to pay for them. The first official act of the new Solicitor, however, was to serve notice on the Controller not to countersign warrants for these payments. This led to a request for an interview from Senator McNichol, which was denied, but he was generously told how he might save something by giving up a good deal, and he assented to the terms. Not only are the contracts to be readvertised, but McNichol is to furnish a bond of $1,000,000 to cover any imperfection that may be found in the work already done. Vare hesitated at first, but soon followed the example of his fellow-boss. The total sum involved in the abandoned contracts is about $750,000.

It is not for us to express an opinion when the Editor and the Contributing Editor of the *Outlook* differ. We can only note with becoming awe the fact that their views do diverge. Each writes in last week's number of the Russian treaty. The Editor knows that Mr. Taft served notice of its abrogation. The Contributing Editor has evidently never heard of the President's having had any part in the business, and thought Congress did it all. He does not mention Mr. Taft by name. The Editor writes that "the country should be grateful to the President for saving it from putting a perfectly needless affront upon a friendly Power." The Contributing Editor avoids personalities, but comes down heavily upon abstractions like "contemptible hypocrisy"; and yet the following passage will doubtless be supposed in some quarters—possibly in the White House—to have a personal application:

> It is neither sincere nor patriotic to make believe to support the principle of arbitration in general, and to try to get the country to commit itself to this principle, and at the same time to take part in, or to connive at, the repudiation by this country of the principle so loudly advocated, the very first moment that it is possible to reduce that principle to practice. In other words, it will put this country into a position both ridiculous and discreditable to pass the proposed general arbitration treaties at the same time that we denounce our general treaty with Russia.

What the probative force may be, for the immediate trial of the beef-packers, of all the evidence given in Chicago about proposed giant mergers which were not effected, we do not undertake

to say. Its financial and moral effect, however, is patent. By it we get a vivid glimpse into the state of mind that was prevalent in those lavish days of 1901 and 1902 when every industry was eagerly combining, and when huge overcapitalization and enormous profits for promoters were making the methods and hopes of Col. Sellers appear reasonable. That period is past, and it is safe to say that in exactly the same form it will never recur in the country. At least some positive achievements can be pointed to as the result of all the agitation and law-making and prosecutions of the last ten years, and one of them is the present impossibility of such plans for making hundreds of millions out of hand as were entertained by the packers in 1902.

Boston and Chicago may ban the skyscraper, but Milwaukee remains a firm friend. Its City Planning Commission does admit that, carried to an extreme point, the high building brings about conditions detrimental to the public welfare, but that point, it holds, has not yet been reached in Milwaukee. The few skyscrapers with which that city is favored make for good rather than evil, and citizens would do much better to be solving some of the other urgent problems confronting them. One is beginning to admire Milwaukee's good sense as evidenced by this report, when the eye lights upon this sentence: "The present law, which in one instance an attempt has been made to enforce, would limit the height of buildings to one and one-half times the width of the street upon which they are to be built." It thus appears that when a skyscraper and the law come into collision in Milwaukee, it is not the skyscraper that goes down. Some innocent or meddling official may make an attempt to enforce the law, but all the recognition it gets from the City Planning Commission is that it "would limit the height of buildings"—if it could. Laws, no more than kings, can stand in the way of a free people.

Pessimism as a philosophy of life must always shatter itself against the elemental fact that the vast majority of men do find it easier to say "yes" than "no," and easier to say "you are right" than "you are wrong." That this is the fact we have the great American institution of the post-card poll to prove. No magazine or newspaper finds the least difficulty in procuring from its readers an overwhelming vote for the man or the principle that the publication in question has closest at heart. The strictest impartiality is observed, of course; the voters are carefully distributed by States and parties and religious denomination and nativity and what not. The questions are framed by highly judicial questioners; the replies are classified by highly-trained classifiers; the spirit of impartial anonymity broods over the whole process. And yet, by some invincible telepathy between editor and subscribers, the subscribers never fail to endorse the man or the principle that the editor, with fine foresight, had long ago hit upon as the one Moses to lead us out of Egypt and the one secret to save this country.

The results of an elaborate experiment in anti-typhoid inoculation, as described by Dr. Vincent, an eminent French epidemologist, are truly remarkable. His work was carried on among the regiments stationed on the Algero-Moroccan frontier. Two hundred and eighty-three men were inoculated either with the Wright serum or one invented by M. Vincent. The first result obtained was to disprove the accepted belief that inoculation for typhoid is followed by a negative phase in which the subjects are more than ordinarily susceptible to infection. Not one case of the kind occurred, and, on the other hand, three cases in an early state of infection at the moment of inoculation developed into only a very mild form of typhoid. The experiment was carried out under the most trying conditions—in a notoriously unhealthful region, among a population ignorant of the rules of cleanliness, with whom the pollution of the water is a usual practice. There developed among 2,632 soldiers of European origin, who were not inoculated, during a period of three months, 171 cases of typhoid fever and 134 cases of febrile intestinal disturbances, a rate of 115 per thousand, with eight deaths. Among 129 men treated with the Wright serum there was a single light case, giving a ratio of 8 per thousand; among 154 men treated with the Vincent serum there were no cases.

At least one peace movement is progressing without a hitch. We refer to the project for celebrating in 1914 the completion of one hundred years of peace between the United States and Great Britain. Plans are forming to make this commemoration notable on both sides of the Atlantic and in the British colonies, not only as marking past good will and peaceful relations on the part of English-speaking peoples, but as a pledge of the future. A preliminary meeting for the appointment of a British Executive Committee in furtherance of the project was held in London not long ago, and the heartiest expressions of approval and adhesion came from all sides. The list of eminent men who are actively interesting themselves in the proposed celebration includes the names of the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Balfour and Bonar Law, Lloyd George, Lord Curzon, Field-Marshal Roberts, and a host of distinguished representatives of law, letters, and the Church.

The Czar's Empire seems to be racked with vehement demonstrations of resentment at the abrogation of the treaty of 1832. This is rather odd after the reports sent over from Russia at the time of the debates in Congress, to the effect that the country as a whole was either ignorant of what was going on at Washington or else did not care. The dreadful things we are now threatened with by the ultra-patriotic element in the Duma may be heavily discounted. Such a proposal as the bill absolutely prohibiting the entry of American Jews into Russia, which the Nationalists are said to have introduced, is on the face of it absurd. It would be worse than insulting treatment which the Russian Government protested against in the Sulzer resolution, and our Government, too, has its sensibilities which a foreign Power is bound to take into account. And under the present régime in Russia, the Duma's action is really the Government's action. The majority in the Duma takes its cue from the Imperial Palace, and Nationalist demonstrations have their value only to the extent that the Czar and his Ministers can be conceived as backing them up. Now, many reasons exist why the Czar's Government is not prepared to enter into open antagonism with this country. Patience and diplomatic courtesy on our part, blended with firmness, will yet find a way out of the difficulty.

PLACATORY RADICALS.

Senator La Follette's speeches in Ohio are illustrating a tendency often displayed by radical public men when they seek support for high office. They then minimize their radicalism. Or they will describe it as the only true conservatism. Sometimes they will represent themselves as possibly a little extreme, but will assert that going as far as they do is the only way to head off Socialism or anarchy. In general, however, they take a deprecating or placatory attitude. This kind of gentle roaring has often been heard from Senator La Follette and his friends in recent weeks. In Ohio he points to the tranquil state of affairs in Wisconsin, with capital secure, railways contented, banks safe, and the people enjoying prosperity—all as a result of legislation which has been denounced as radical!

A somewhat similar tone was adopted by Gov. West of Oregon during his recent tour in the Eastern States. His errand was partly to arouse interest in his own commonwealth, and to attract to it investors, so that it was natural to find him, in his public addresses, using conciliatory language. He did not want Easterners to get the idea that Oregon is loaded down with freakish legislation and afflicted with endlessly experimenting radicals. Gov. West admitted that they had in his State made a number of political innovations, but contended that they did not in the least affect public stability or financial soundness. Nowhere was property more secure or a fairer field offered for enterprise. Oregon is growing rapidly, her natural resources are being successfully developed, and there is no reason, her Governor asserted, why an unfounded dread of "the Oregon plan" in the matter of elections and in the use of the initiative and referendum should any longer do harm to the State.

There is no occasion, in the case of either Wisconsin or Oregon, to dispute the facts as alleged. We think it is generally conceded that the political movement which La Follette headed in Wisconsin did a great deal of good, even if it did not wholly and directly bring about all the blessings which are now held up to our admiration. If the whole question were to be debated, we should have to ask whether other and larger causes had not been operative. But our present intention is not so ambitious. We are merely noting a trait in political human nature—the almost invariable disposition of a political radical, when hard put to it for votes or followers, to picture himself as really one of the most steady-going persons alive, and one who, if you will only look at him in the true light, will appear to you as a very bulwark of the social order.

This may seem only amusing, by contrast with the truculent air which the radically-minded statesman assumes on other occasions, but it is in reality a sort of spontaneous tribute to the good sense of the American people. That they are at heart conservative, your radical who is at the same time a skilled politician easily discovers. He may think it wise vehemently to harangue and rouse them at times, but he knows that they do not really favor root-and-branch methods, that they do not long pin their faith to a man who is forever unsettling things, and hence he now and then adopts the rôle, as we see Senator La Follette doing, of one who loves to go slow and go safe and is as far as possible from being an incendiary. Even Mr. Bryan has occasionally sung low in this way, though in his campaigns his oratorical impulse always ran away with him in the end, and, no matter how mildly he might begin, he wound up in a fierce vein.

These diverse and apparently contradictory manifestations of the radical temperament must enter into the final judgment of any man in public life who is thought of as "advanced" or "dangerous." It is a nice question which view of him the people will take. In his placatory and reassuring moods, can he make them forget his firebrand moments? On the other hand, will those who really desire a constant and driving radicalism in our public life, be led to fear that the man they had for a time accepted is insincere and cannot be depended upon, because he stops occasionally to agree with the conservatives and to invite their coöperation? Our recent political history has given us many an example of this twofold peril for the political radical. He will make a first deep impression which, with a multitude of people, nothing which he may afterwards do or say can remove. One did not need the demonstration in the repeated attempts made by Mr. Bryan to gain the confidence of the country, to be sure that he could not overcome the idea of his character early formed. People were on all sides heard to say: "It's of no use for him to talk. You cannot persuade me that the man is not flighty and would not upset everything if he had a chance." This may be unjust, but it shows how difficult it is for a statesman to placate after he has long inflamed and alarmed. And at present, we are bound to add, there seems no likelihood that Senator La Follette will succeed in making the country believe that the garb of a conservative fits him comfortably. No speeches which he can make in Ohio will cause people to forget his speeches in the Senate. His praise of business methods in Wisconsin cannot divert attention from the wild and whirling words he has uttered about the men of his imagination who wickedly bring on needless financial panics.

A YEAR'S RAILWAY LEGISLATION.

From the Railway Business Association comes a bulletin setting forth the history of the legislative year, 1911, from the railway point of view. It is intended to be a "fair and uncolored narrative," and is laid before the public in order that people need not depend upon "chance impressions of the daily news" for their knowledge of the trend of legislation in the several States. If the tone of much of the comment is frankly that of men having a heavy stake in the business, and therefore not unbiassed, the actual record seems nevertheless accurate. Primarily, the Association notes gladly that whereas there were 664 laws affecting railways passed in 1909 by 41 Legislatures, in 1911, with 40 Legislatures sitting, there were but 276, a decrease of no less than 58 per cent. Moreover, there is rejoicing that in these Legislatures a marked tendency towards a "constructive policy affecting railways" was to be noted. But what pleases most is that the States which have been pioneers in regulating the roads "seem to have nearly or quite given up the quest for further restrictions, and are now evincing anxiety to attract capital for the development of transportation and business." Finally, the Association feels that politicians who advocate a "far-sighted policy" towards railways are receiving the support of the several electorates.

Before accepting these statements as indicating that there has been a cessa-

tion of what some railway men are only able to describe as a "war upon capital," it is well to analyze them. What, for instance, is the definition of "far-sighted policy"? Senator La Follette's definition would hardly coincide with that of the Railway Business Association, yet he, too, is certain that a far-sighted policy is going to prevail. Again, the decrease in the volume of legislation may be explained in a variety of ways. Two years ago we were very nearly at the high-water mark of railway regulation, and in many States far-reaching statutes were passed. After such a flood of laws a recession was inevitable. More than that, the decrease in the number of bills in itself might signify little or nothing, even from the railway point of view. For there might be more radical and revolutionary statutes in the 276 of 1911 than in all the 664 of 1909; the character of the legislation might offset its decrease in volume. Thus in New Jersey, in 1911, there were passed but seven laws affecting railways, whereas in 1909 there were eleven. But there is no comparison between the two sets of statutes, for those of 1911 not only constituted an efficient and powerful Public Utilities Commission, but, as the pamphlet before us admits, conferred upon it in addition to the usual powers of a Commission a "number of orlginal provisions," among them the power to compel a railway corporation to build any extension to its lines which the Commission thinks wise.

The idea of a public service commission was bitterly opposed by the railways, notably in New York State. But the record shows no marked diminution—in view of what has already been achieved—of the movement to create or to strengthen commissions. Thus, in addition to what was accomplished under the advice of Gov. Wilson, Indiana has given its Commission a mandatory power over rates instead of a "recommendatory" one, and the new rates, instead of standing for two years, remain in force until the Commission itself alters them. Wisconsin, California, and Minnesota similarly gave to their Commissions absolute power over rates, while Connecticut established a Commission, and in Oregon there was passed an important Public Utilities act. Even the Pennsylvania Legislature, boss-ridden as it is, considered a Public Utilities bill, while the Ohio and Kansas Legislatures extended the jurisdiction of their Commissions over other utilities than railways, as did the New York Legislature in 1910. In Illinois, too, the powers of the Railroad and Warehouse Commission have been enlarged. Plainly, there is nothing in this record to make any one believe that the American public is dissatisfied with the commission idea.

Only in Texas, Georgia, and Delaware were there no railway laws passed in 1911. In twenty-one States, runs the report before us, there were no statutes put on the books "showing hostile manifestations" to railways. Here again a definition would be desirable, for a "hostile manifestation," in the eyes of a railway, might seem to shipper or traveller the best of actions in his behalf. Eight of our commonwealths passed "a great many railway bills" increasing restrictions, yet this list does not include New Jersey or Connecticut. Wisconsin is on this "black-list"; none the less, Senator La Follette and Gov. McGovern testify that public service corporations are wholly out of politics, and that the relations between the public and the railways are much better than ever before. In Alabama, the Association naturally finds a ground for satisfaction in the appeal of the reactionary Gov. O'Neal for the "restoration of conservatism."

Now, unwise legislation there may have been in Alabama and other States, and unwise administration elsewhere. But railway men everywhere must realize by this time that the process of readjusting the relations of railways and governments will go on until the possibility of rate and capitalization abuses is at an end and the railways are out of politics. The most favorable signs of the times are the disappearance of much of the heat and bitterness of the past years. Upon this change in feeling, upon the evidences of coöperation before the Legislatures, among all interested, which was particularly marked in Illinois, the pamphlet before us does well to touch—not, however, because it is to be interpreted as a public desire to follow a new policy, but as proof that the very changes against which the railways protested so vigorously are in daily practice lessening friction and putting an end to strife, besides ending intolerable abuses. In our judgment, this steady progress towards readjustment on a pacific and permanent basis can only be interrupted by blundering on the part of our great railway managers.

PHILANTHROPY AND MURDER.

That the McNamara dynamitings are to be looked upon as acts of war is, very naturally, the view presented by those who regard the existing and historic organization of society as a thing that ought to be overthrown, and look upon a reign of terror as a hopeful means of bringing about that overthrow. That is the view of William D. Haywood, as frankly expressed in his speech at Cooper Union a few days ago. It would be idle to enter upon a discussion of this question unless one were prepared to dig to the bottom of the whole system of economics and ethics upon which civilization has been built up. One remark, however, is worth making in a brief reference to the matter. When it comes to a question of war there is no half-way place. Those who make war upon society must be prepared to suffer the consequences; and on the other hand those who stand for the defence of society, and not for its surrender, must be prepared to inflict, or to sanction the infliction of, the penalties which war decrees. In a civil war there is no room for neutrals.

As to this clear issue between organized society on the one hand and an organized war upon society on the other, there is not much danger of widespread confusion of counsel. But beside this plain and unmistakable view of the McNamara type of violence as a justifiable act of war, there has been put forward a different kind of plea in mitigation, a plea which, in the present condition of popular thinking, is calculated to do a great deal of insidious mischief. There are many good people, especially among the ministers of religion, who, though not only opposed to violence as a means, but also to socialism as an end, seem to think that the McNamara affair offers a favorable opportunity for bringing home to the employing class, and the wealthy classes generally, a needed conviction of sin. In itself, there is perhaps nothing to object to in this view. Any occasion that makes for serious and sober reflection lends itself to the purposes of self-examination and self-reformation. But at a time when a great deal of loose thinking is in the air, touching matters fraught with vital peril, to dull the edge of people's perception in re-

gard to the central issues of society and law is to incur a grave responsibility; and this is precisely what a great deal of the humanitarian and religious talk stirred up by the McNamara case is calculated to do.

Take the address made by Felix Adler two weeks ago last Sunday, as extensively reported in the next morning's newspapers. We select it not as an example of wild or reckless statement, but quite the contrary. Dr. Adler is an eminently careful thinker and speaker; and in this very instance, unlike some moral teachers of less sobriety, he took care to brand the dynamitings as "not war, but murder." Nor do we believe that in his own mind there was any confusion of thought behind the utterance to which we take exception. We are thinking of the effect likely to be produced on the minds of thousands of well-disposed, but not strong-minded, persons when they read such a passage as this:

> The number of lives blotted out in mines by the criminal carelessness of capital is far greater than the number of deaths from the placing of dynamite bombs. The railroads every year are killing people whose lives would be spared by expenditures for safety devices. There are thousands killed and wounded by the wealthy classes as compared with the twenty-one corpses in Los Angeles.
>
> We should not, of course, too fully associate the two sorts of conditions. There is the difference that there is in the latter case the sheer intent to do that which may mean murder, while the other cases are of indifference.

Now the mild warning that we should not "too fully associate the two sorts of conditions" will quite fail to counterbalance the effect of the parallel, with precisely the class of minds that most need to be protected against dangerous sentimental errors. It is true that more lives are blotted out by the criminal carelessness of capital than by the murderous doings of dynamiters, and it is true that we should work with might and main to prevent such sacrifice of human life; but we should not only refrain from "too fully" associating the two classes of things—we should not associate them at all. For that way lies madness, or its social equivalent, anarchy.

Such a distinction can surely require no elaborate demonstration, for intelligent persons. But perhaps the point may be more effectively driven home if we consider the consequences which the logic of the erroneous parallel carries with it. "Capital" is not alone in its criminal carelessness. All mankind is guilty of it, and has been since history began. If for every life the McNamaras have destroyed "capital" has destroyed its thousands, surely for every life "capital" has destroyed the ordinary every-day man has destroyed his tens of thousands. We destroy them by typhoid when we fail to boil our drinking-water; we destroy them by fire when we use common matches instead of safety matches; the mother destroys her child when she permits it to play near the fire, or near a window; we all destroy lives uncounted—not only our own, but those falling under our guardianship—by taking lightly the warnings of science about drinking cups, about dogs, about kissing, about almost every act of human life. We do not assert that these things fall under the same head as "the criminal carelessness of capital"; we do not say that the two things should be "too fully" associated. But if it is a mere question of the number of human lives that might be saved by taking sufficient care, or by incurring expense entirely within the easy reach of the persons responsible, the victims of "capital" are very few in comparison with the victims of every-day human nature. Not upon any such calculation have the standards of mankind, the primary sentiments that lie at the very foundation of civilization, been based. We shall keep on trying to reduce the death rate by sanitary measures and otherwise; we shall keep on trying to force upon "capital" more and more responsibility for the lives and the health of employees; but, if we are not to cut loose from our moorings altogether, we shall keep the thought of these things in quite a different compartment of our minds from that in which we place our detestation of murder, or any of the basic sentiments of civilized society.

THE HAY ARMY BILL.

To the bill making appropriations for the support of the army for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1913, Congressman Hay, Chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs, has appended a number of proposals for changes in the service which in his opinion will lead to economy and betterment. Some of them have stirred the army to an unusual degree and called out the opposition of the Chief of Staff and the Secretary of War. A truce declared for the holidays, expires early this month; after that the War Department, with the possiblo exception of the Adjutant-General, will endeavor to bring about a modification of some proposals and the abandonment of others.

Primarily, Mr. Hay's programme differs from the Republican legislation of the last thirteen years in that it proposes retrenchments and a decrease in the number of officers. Thus, it would cut the number of major-generals from seven to five and of brigadier-generals from sixteen to twelve, and do away with the brigadier-general who is Chief of Coast Artillery. Naturally, this is enough to make the service unhappy, because it feels that there are, as it is, not enough line generals to offer much opportunity for high rank and pay to ambitious officers. A still more important provision is the consolidation of the Quartermaster's, Subsistence, and Paymaster's Departments into one corps, to be known as the Supply Corps. This highly desirable reform was advocated by Mr. Root when Secretary of War, but without success. It has been urged by every intelligent writer on army affairs for years past in order to end the absurd situation under which three separate bodies of officers perform the duties carried on in the navy by the paymasters alone—with much resultant waste of funds and loss of efficiency. The new Secretary of War urged this change in his annual report. It is most surprising, therefore, to find that the only dissentient is Major-General Wood, the Chief of Staff, who, after advocating the consolidation on May 4, 1911, as a "good bill," one to "promote both efficiency and economy," has now, for reasons best known to himself, decided to oppose the change, ostensibly becauso it means an eventual saving of ninety-nine staff officers and the transferring of some of them to the line, where they may retard promotions.

If there is otherwise a chorus of approval of this proposed reform, the similar plan to consolidate the Adjutants-General and Inspectors-General with the General Staff is calling forth protests on every side. In our opinion, the principlo involved is correct. We have never been able to see why an inspector-general should be a permanent officer or a detailed officer set apart in a special corps. No one maintains that an inspector must have particular military

qualifications; at least none have ever been exacted of appointees to the Inspector-General's Department; and the same is true of the adjutants-general, whose sole duties are clerical. Originally intended to be merely military secretaries to generals, they actually received those new titles a few years ago, only to have the old ones restored. As a result, we have the present anomalous situation at the War Department, which contains two major-generals, the Chief of Staff and the Adjutant-General, who divide between them the real power and are at swords' points. This natural antagonism is now accentuated by the fact that both of them are excessively ambitious men, able enough, and both of them without training in the line of the army, being graduates of the Medical Corps. We do not know what schools of medicine they belong to, but they could not be more opposed if one were an allopath and the other a homœopath. Dr. Ainsworth gives the Congress military opinions one day which Dr. Wood is apt to contradict the next.

In so far, however, as the Hay bill interferes with the present General Staff Corps by adding permanent officers to it, we believe that it should be amended or its language clarified. The *Nation* was among the first to urge, twenty or more years ago, the formation of such a body. It understood then as now the dangers which would result if that body obtained great powers. Hence it insisted on the two-year detail system as the best safeguard against aggrandizement of power. Were the present permanent officers of the Inspector and Adjutant-General's Department all to be retired now, we presume there would be little or no objection to the proposed consolidation. It should seem, therefore, as if the prompt application of the detail system and the return of the permanent staff officers back to the line of the army would be the way out. Indeed, this may be now intended by Mr. Hay; but it is, unfortunately, true that the army now regards this section of the bill as a blow at the detail system in the General Staff and a plan to place the control of the army in the hands of a small group of officers.

As a matter of fact, that is where it rests to-day and has rested for years past, if not always. The War Department officials have never bagged so many favors for themselves or so many line generalcies as within the last four years. If necessary to prevent future undue growth of power in the General Staff, the right to make details to it could be strictly limited so that men should not constantly be re-detailed—a danger now in evidence. Perhaps it would have been better if Mr. Hay had introduced separate bills for each important measure: he also provides for the long-desired army service corps and abolishes the division of militia affairs, against which there are also vigorous protests. But the temptation to attach these measures to the appropriation bill, in view of the Republican Senate and President, was doubtless too hard to resist. In conference and debate the weaknesses of the bill will, we trust, be done away with. But we cannot fail to record our belief that, in tho main, if the General Staff is duly safeguarded, the passage of the bill would mean a wonderful step forward in the modernization of the army and its administration as an efficient branch of the Government, instead of being inefficient, extravagant, and wasteful.

THE CHANGING ORIENT.

Even the sturdiest believer in the gospel that this is a white man's world must feel that the great event of the year which has just closed is not to be looked for in the twelve months' record of Western civilization. Asia has taken the centre of the stage. What is now going on in China is bound to transcend in importance all our tariff revision and Presidential speculations, all of Lloyd George's insurance schemes, all Franco-German bickerings and adjustments. And this will hold not only for the year 1911, but for the half-dozen years that preceded it. Many years from now, when historians appraise the permanent contribution to human progress made by the first decade of the twentieth century, they will very likely find that, in spite of radium, wireless, and the aeroplane, the West has experienced no such profound change as has come during these years over the mind and spirit of the supposedly unchanging East. We are fond of speaking of the heightened consciousness that must animate men living in a great generation. Are we aware to-day that we are the witnesses of, and to a certain degree the participants in, a phase of historical evolution that is worthy to be compared with any era in history? For what we are witnessing to-day is nothing less than the moral transformation of Asia, which means the moral transformation of more than half the human race.

China is to-day the dramatic example. But the forces that have broken out with such violence have manifested themselves elsewhere in the East; with equal power in Turkey and Persia, with greater restraint in India. Just where the rush of events is carrying us one dare not say. But the one great thing that has been accomplished is the shattering of what may be called the Caucaso-centric theory of the universe, the belief in a dual law of civilization which decrees that one portion of the human race is born to move forward and another portion to stand still, one portion to rule and another portion to serve, one portion to whom ideas are living things and another portion to whom they are inaccessible. These have been a bitter half-dozen years for the political philosophers of the West and their generalizations about the peoples of the East. The philosophers had no trouble in proving that Mohammedanism and representative government were impossible; so Turkey worked out a constitutional revolution unhampered by the priests, and Persia established a constitutional government under the leadership of its priests. The philosophers had no difficulty in showing that the caste system in India makes the idea of self-government a delusion. But caste in India is giving way before the newspaper and the college, and the British Government is conceding self-government to India. The philosophers had no trouble in showing that the Oriental mind rejects the idea of liberty and demands to be governed by despots. So China to-day is on the verge of establishing a republic. We must do the philosophers justice: now that things are what they are, they have discovered that the Chinese are at bottom a democratic people, and have always enjoyed a generous measure of self-government.

A great many books have been written by Europeans in the last fifteen years or so about the awakening of China. The long-predicted awakening is now taking place, but after a manner quite disconcerting to the European experts. Almost everywhere it was taken for

granted that China would awaken to the more doubtful blessings of Western civilization—to a great standing army with which she could menace the peace of the world, and to a great navy with which she might set out in search of coaling-stations, spheres of interest, and indemnities. China, in other words, was to become a Power strong enough to send the other Powers about their business, thereby gaining their respect and forbearance. So all the talk was of modern armies, arsenals, navy yards, reformed economics, regular taxes, mines, railways, factories—in short, a huge awakening in which the nobler aspirations of the nation were quite overlooked. That the Chinese people should desire freedom from Manchu misgovernment as well as from foreign aggression; should desire a free press, and free speech, honest administrators, honest judges, schools, libraries; in other words, Progress—this our Western students of the Chinese awakening did not foresee. The regeneration of the Empire was to come through its armies; the regeneration of China through the force of ideas takes them by surprise. They expected that things would begin to happen as soon as China could put a million men into the field. They did not foresee that the great awakening would come when China could count five thousand students educated abroad in the ideas of constitutional government and liberty.

For the time being, no doubt, the ferment of new ideas in China carries its perils. Mere inertia kept the decrepit Empire together, whereas a Chinese Republic threatens civil war, foreign intervention, and possible dismemberment. Our Western blessings come to the Eastern peoples sadly disguised. For while the guileless Oriental is busy putting our Western ideas into practice, the Western Powers are equally busy in taking advantage of the resulting inevitable confusion to prey upon the guileless Oriental. The future of constitutional China feeling its painful way amidst a circle of ravening Powers is by no means a reassuring one. But the future of the Chinese people can never be worse than the present when the Chinese people has demonstrated its ability to recognize and overthrow an unjust system. The future of the East can never be hopeless, once a quietus has been given to the dying traditions concerning Oriental incapacity, Chinese immovability, and Persian what not. Looking beyond the immediate peril besetting the independence and integrity of the Chinese Empire, we find a permanent gain in the slow disappearance of the fetich of race supremacies.

THE MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION.

URBANA, Ill., December 30.

The twenty-fifth annual meeting of the Association was held at Chicago during the holidays. This was the second union meeting of the Central Division of the Association with the parent organization. It was the guest this year of Northwestern University and the University of Chicago; and the sessions were held alternately in the buildings of the two institutions. The attendance, since this was a union meeting, was considerably larger than it usually is at the annual gathering, nearly three hundred being present. The question of attendance seems to be determined, however, in the mind of the modern-language savant, not so much by the distance as by the direction in which he must travel to reach the place of meeting. In other words, his going is decided, not on a basis of mileage, but of longitude. It appears to be far more difficult for the learned to travel westward than eastward. "What I like about these meetings," said one of those present, "is the fact that I learn such a lot. Why, I've just made a most interesting geographical discovery. I've found that it is one thousand miles from Chicago to New York, and two thousand from New York to Chicago." As a result of this paradox, the attendance of the more eminent scholars, heads of departments in Eastern universities, was noticeably small. If these men realized how much the young Western teachers, many of whom are their former students, would value their presence, and the opportunity to greet them, and to report progress, they would make the necessary sacrifice to attend. As it was, an inquiry for the more prominent Eastern educators at this meeting might have elicited some such response as that which Maria Edgeworth recounts, as having been given by an Irishman to an inquiry whether there were many absentee landlords. The reply was "The country's full of them." Conspicuous as an exception to the number of absentees was, however, Professor Kittredge of Harvard, who gave a delightful "smoke-talk" on Thursday evening at the University Club. His general topic was "Pedants," whom he defined as those who habitually employ a set of technical terms different from our own. Professor Kittredge's paper, with its quasi-scholarly divisions into chapters, sections, and sub-divisions, was itself a burlesque upon pedantry. In the general method of its satire, it recalled De Quincey's famous essay "On Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts," or perhaps still more Sterne's whimsical burlesque of scientific method with which he now and again diversified the later chapters of "Tristram Shandy."

The serious programme was, as a whole, fairly representative of the modern language scholarship of the country. In the twenty-six papers read at the five sessions, fourteen of the Eastern and Central States were represented, Massachusetts and Texas being the most distant from Chicago. Naturally, the Mississippi Valley was the most fully represented. Illinois led with seven papers; Wisconsin came next with three; Michigan, Ohio, and Maryland followed with two each; and New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Virginia, West Virginia, Louisiana, Texas, Missouri, and Iowa were each represented by one paper. None of these papers was of distinctly popular interest. The nearest approach was, probably, Prof. F. N. Scott's on "A Simple Phonetic Alphabet." This was a discussion of a set of simple visual symbols, chosen on a phonetic basis, that might theoretically be substituted for the present English alphabet.

At the session Friday morning the following officers were chosen: For president, Prof. C. H. Grandgent of Harvard; for first, second, and third vice-presidents, Prof. Felix Schelling of the University of Pennsylvania, Prof. E. P. Baillot of Northwestern University, and Prof. Philip Allen of the University of Chicago; for secretary, Prof. W. G. Howard of Harvard University; for treasurer, Prof. Karl Young of the University of Wisconsin. Next year's place of meeting for the Central Division was announced as Indianapolis; that for the Eastern Division has not yet been selected, but seems likely to be Philadelphia.

E. C. B.

SOCIETY OF BIBLICAL LITERATURE.

NEW YORK, December 30.

The annual sessions of this society were held in New York on December 28 and 29, at the General Theological Seminary. Three sessions were held on Thursday and one on Friday. The business reports showed a membership of 222 names and increased activity in publications. The president's address, which is the feature of the opening session, was given by Prof. E. D. Burton of the University of Chicago, who discussed in a strikingly illuminating manner "Some Phases of the Synoptic Problem." The main aim of the paper was to counteract the present tendency in New Testament research of assuming a single source as the basis of the Gospels of Matthew and Luke and regarding this source as identical with the sub-

stance of the Gospel according to Mark —admittedly the oldest of the three. Professor Burton's contention was that all three Gospels represent the third generation of traditions and views regarding the Gospel story; that behind, or in addition to, any possible common substratum, we must assume two or three, or possibly even more sources that were at the disposal of Matthew and Luke, at all events. The Synoptic Problem thus hinges on the endeavor to reach back to the sources of the sources and so far as possible to restore these sources. Naturally, a thesis of this character affects the historical value of the material embodied in the Gospels, and in the course of an interesting discussion on this aspect of the problem, Professor Burton maintained that the investigation from the historical point of view must be postponed until the differentiation of the sources and the character of each of these sources had been satisfactorily determined.

There were more New Testament papers than last year, but, as usual, those concerned with Old Testament themes predominated. Easily the most important feature of the sessions was the announcement by Prof. Henri Hyvernat of the Catholic University of Washington, D. C., that J. Pierpont Morgan had acquired above fifty Coptic manuscripts discovered by Arabs about a year and a half ago, amid the ruins of a small monastery in the southwestern part of the Fayum. Mr. Morgan has virtually the entire library of the Coptic monastery in question, which, bearing the name of the Archangel Michael, dates back beyond the ninth century. We thus obtain for the first time an accurate view of the character and extent of such convent libraries in Christian Egypt. The manuscripts are fortunately dated, the oldest, from the year 825 A. D., being actually older than any Coptic manuscript hitherto known. Apart from the intrinsic value of the manuscripts, the full extent of which can only be estimated after their publication, the collection is noteworthy because of the beautiful leather bindings and of the interesting and educative illuminations. Professor Hyvernat closed his account of the manuscripts by the statement that all the other Coptic manuscripts known to exist do not equal one-half the value of this collection, which will make New York the centre of Coptic studies. We are fortunate in having in this country, in Professor Hyvernat, one of the leading Coptic scholars, under whose direction the publication of the manuscripts will be undertaken.

The recent publication, through Professor Sachau, of the Aramaic papyri found at Elephantine lent a special interest to Professor W. R. Arnold's interpretation of one of these documents, shedding further light on the religious conditions in the Jewish colony at Neb (the ancient name of Elephantine) in the fifth century B. C. This document is a letter of Chananyah to the head and to the chief men of the Jewish colony giving directions for the observance of the Passover festival. The directions agree with the laws prescribed in the priestly code, except that, in addition to the prohibition of everything leavened, a beverage is also forbidden which Professor Arnold (on the basis of a suggestion by Professor George F. Moore) identified with the famous Egyptian beer, made of barley and, therefore, subject to fermentation. There is no reference to the Passover sacrifice, and Professor Arnold was disposed to draw therefrom the conclusion that the writer who represents the Palestinian objection against sacrifices outside of the central sanctuary at Jerusalem, was aiming to make the Jews of Elephantine conform to the practice and authority of the priests of Jerusalem. The Elephantine documents thus show us the Jewish Church, with a central absolute authority in Jerusalem in the making.

The contributions of Prof. Paul Haupt of the Johns Hopkins University this year were two papers, one on a denunciation of Edom and a song of triumph over Edom's downfall, embodied in the forty-ninth chapter of Jeremiah. According to Professor Haupt, this composition is a patriotic poem written several hundred years after Jeremiah on the occasion of the campaign of John Hyrcanus against the Edomites in 128 B. C. The poem would thus belong to the Maccabean period, which was a time of great literary activity among the Jews. The other paper furnished another illustration of this activity, for Professor Haupt also claims the famous Ninetieth Psalm, entitled "A Prayer of Moses," for the Maccabean age.

Among the papers on the New Testament, mention should be made of an important communication by Prof. James A. Montgomery of the University of Pennsylvania, on "New Testament Quotations in the Odes of Solomon," in which he pointed out that in parts of the composition regarded by Harnack and Spitta as belonging to the original Jewish sections there were undoubted quotations from the New Testament and also distinct allusions to it, while the quotations from the Old Testament were almost wholly from those books—the Psalms and the theological parts of the Wisdom Literature—that were the favorite sections of the early Christian Church. All this indicates that the Odes are an expression of Christian thought. The name "Odes of Solomon" Professor Montgomery thinks due to their likeness to the mystically interpreted Canticles or "Song of Songs," attributed to Solomon.

At the session on Thursday evening the report of Prof. C. R. Brown, as director of the American School of Archæology at Jerusalem for the past year, was read. It appears that, until the school can obtain the funds required to erect a permanent home on the site acquired in Jerusalem, no systematic excavations can be undertaken, and, indeed, very little work of a really original character carried on. In view of the activity of the English, German, and French in this particular, it is deplorable that the comparatively small sum needed should not be forthcoming. Is this perhaps due to the lack of concentrated and systematic efforts?

Before adjourning the Society elected officers for the ensuing year. Professor Paton was chosen president, and Prof. George A. Barton of Bryn Mawr College vice-president. The Society decided to meet next year in conjunction with the Archæological Institute of America.

M. J., JR.

Correspondence

COMPETITION AND MONOPOLY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *North American Review* for December ex-Senator Edmunds has an important article upon the Anti-Trust law, in which it appears that the Judiciary Committee of the Senate which framed the so-called Sherman law had no "fear that some literal construction of the words 'restraint of trade' in the act might lead to the sacrifice of some just, fair, and wholesome business arrangements . . . for if the principle and purpose of the Constitution and act have any foundation at all, there can be no such restraint, because such conduct is not restraining, but is promotive of and beneficial to the public interest."

Accepting the above as a correct statement of the intention of the lawmakers, why are the business men of this country still so uncertain of the meaning of the law that they are afraid to enter into what have been customary methods for restraining destructive competition? In the majority of instances, these arrangements have not been a real restraint upon trade; rather, they have been for the public interest, as well as the salvation of industries. To understand this it is necessary that we should have clear ideas as to what these methods are, and the motives that prompted them.

A certain article of merchandise in general use is made by half a dozen manufacturers, and is being sold at a price which gives a fair profit to the makers. Into this field come a couple of new manufacturers of the same commodity, who believe that in order to introduce their goods quickly they must sell them at a lower price. The old makers meet the price to protect their trade, the new makers go lower still, and this goes on until all the manufacturers are selling at or near to cost, and sometimes even below it. It is not to the public interest to have this continue until several failures have occurred, factories closed, and employees are deprived of work. The

methods that have been generally adopted to put a stop to this cut-throat competition are to call a meeting of the competing manufacturers, and to agree upon an advance in prices. This agreement, under the usual interpretation of the Sherman law, is considered by many to be "in restraint of trade," and if the lawfulness of each separate case has to be settled by the courts it will impose so much hardship and expense as to make the remedy impossible. It has taken twenty years for the Supreme Court of the United States to decide that the construction which Senator Edmunds says was intended by the Judiciary Committee is the proper one, but a doubt still exists as to what business restrictions are reasonable or unreasonable.

From these trade agreements, or combinations, all of the later forms of so-called "Trusts" have come. When I entered business above fifty years ago, they were beginning to be noticeable, and were then regarded as extra-legal, if not illegal under the common law. They were also transitory, and had to be renewed every year or two, whenever the number of competitors were many. To escape from possible illegality and to insure greater permanency, the best legal minds were employed, and various forms of organization were devised, ending in the "holding companies" or complete consolidation. In the meantime, the Government took hold of the problem in the wrong way. Instead of legalizing these combinations and thereby obtaining the power to regulate them, it attempted by means of the Sherman law to restore competition to its old place, as a regulator of policies and prices. Under modern business conditions this is impossible, for reasons which ought to be obvious. If laws had been framed, as suggested by Prof. Henry C. Adams twenty-four years ago, to "raise the ethical level of competition," and also laws to regulate all attempts at monopoly, and to prevent over-capitalization of stock companies, we should not be in our present plight.

The immediate question is "how shall we get out of this plight?" On the 23d of April, 1887, the *Post-Express* of Rochester, N. Y., published an article of mine on "Competition and Monopoly," in which the industrial necessities that led to the formation of trade combinations were set forth, and the obvious advantages of bringing them under the law by recognizing them and regulating them. After a discussion of the advantages of competition and monopoly, both economically and socially, the following conclusion was reached:

> There are two alternatives for the regulation of monopoly; carefully guarded franchises or official commissions, and it is obvious that the first requires something in the nature of the second to see that the privileges granted are not overstepped. These commissions are growing in favor, and seem to be the most efficient means yet devised for preventing the dangers of monopoly. They may be said to be extensions of the judicial system, as their function is to prevent unjust discriminations, but being administrative, rather than judicial, can decide more promptly and establish rules of conduct, which will be quickly understood and easily followed. They leave the ownership of property in private hands, and therefore secure its most efficient and economical administration.

Nearly all the affirmative legislation now proposed is taking the form suggested above. When so many thoughtful men, as indicated by the poll which Mr. Seth Low took among the business men, agree upon a solution, that plan is worthy of trial. The present status is not satisfactory, and the proposal of a few members of the Congress, to enforce rigidly the Sherman law, by amending it so that the "rule of reason" shall not apply, would be destructive. Fortunately, the decision of the Supreme Court, and the explanation which ex-Senator Edmunds has just made as to the intent of the law, will prevent any such legislation.

ROBERT MATHEWS.

Rochester, N. Y., December 26.

PROFESSIONAL ENGLISH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Of the printed things that come to a college office, the freest from traces of professional training are the circulars from teachers concerned with English.

The New England colleges have just received "an open letter to teachers of English by (*sic*) the Executive Committee of the New York State Association of Teachers of English." The first sentence contains an *it* with antecedent in the third noun back. A little below appears an *is* that should be *are*. As you turn the first page, in slips the mixed metaphor: "The schools are swamped . . . to the exclusion of a wide range of . . . books covering the whole field . . ."

This particular Committee, in its way of saying things, seems to be loyal to the State Association; at all events, a piece of the Society's own English, introducing the open letter, shows no less plainly how writing has gained freedom since King James's day; for in nine consecutive lines eighteen per cent. of the words are *of's*.

Unless there are unseen reasons why thorough teachers of English, in discussing requirements for college, should enjoy privileges denied to grammar-school boys, could not the instructions of delegates to the approaching National Conference well include a reminder that in the teaching of English, also, precept implies example?

WILLIAM M. WARREN.

Boston University, December 19.

"YEOMAN'S SERVICE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: One frequently sees in the papers—indeed I am afraid I have seen it in the classical diction of *Nation* editorials—the phrase, "yeoman's service" used to signify eminent or distinguished service. That is not the meaning. It comes from the feudal tenures, under which the yeoman held his land by services regarded as humbler than the knight's service; and hence "yeoman's service" means humble but useful service.

It has attained general currency from its use by Hamlet, where, speaking of his ability to write a clerkly hand (an accomplishment which he had despised as "a baseness," and unworthy of a prince), he says that on this occasion it did him useful, if humble service—"yeoman's service"—in enabling him to forge a commission apparently from the Danish chancery.

H.

Rider, Md., December 28.

THE GUILT OF THE McNAMARAS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As one of the least of those who, by written and spoken word, defended the McNamaras before their confession, may I be permitted a comment upon your editorial of December 14?

Apart from all questions of the advisability of the use of force, it seems to me that union labor's quarrel with the McNamaras lies most properly in their betrayal of their fellow-unionists. Whether the accused believed in their methods or regretted them, they should either have admitted their guilt upon being arrested, as the Russian revolutionists do, and before the unionists contributed towards their defence, or else they should not have confessed at all.

You complain, however, of the fact that "on the main question of the violent championing of the McNamaras" the explanations of their erstwhile defenders are "labored and weak," and you say that, had those defenders been "really cautious," they "would not have filled the air with cries about a 'frame-up' and perjured testimony."

Had the McNamara case been the first in which union leaders were accused of murder, yours would be a fair attitude; but this was not the first case. Those defenders of the McNamaras who believed in the innocence of the accused and in the justice of courts, "filled the air with cries of a 'frame-up' and perjured testimony" because they remembered the Butte trial of Moyer and Haywood, who were accused of committing murder by just such means as those attributed to the McNamaras. Yet a jury found that Moyer and Haywood were innocent, and that, therefore, the testimony produced against them—the dynamite "discovered" by Pinkertons and the "confession" of Orchard, the Butte McManigal—must have been frame-up and perjury. With a court's proceedings proving that such things were possible in Montana, why should there have been cause to doubt that they were possible in Indiana and California?

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN.

Columbia, Pa., December 22.

Literature

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF ARGENTINA AND CHILI.

Argentine Plains and Andine Glaciers: Life on an Estancia and an Expedition into the Andes. By Walter Larden, M. A., late Lecturer at the Royal Naval Engineering College, Devonport (England), Author of "Recollections of an Old Mountaineer." With a map and ninety-one illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75 net.

This book is agreeably distinguished from most of the numerous works that have recently appeared relating to South America by a sort of simplicity and directness which put us in a closer and more definite touch with the country described than do the more elaborate

treatises which attempt to be encyclopædic. The author writes only about the things he has actually seen or done. He describes one particular estancia (farm or ranch) in Argentina, which is the property of his brother; tells us what the typical farmhouse is like, what are the crops, and the live stock, and the workpeople, and the sort of life that is led by them and by the owner of the property. He makes us feel in what kind of way it is that the country has grown and is growing; and without laying himself out for artistic treatment, he succeeds in presenting a picture of the vast sunburnt, bare, dusty, or muddy plain, stretching out to infinity in every direction, which is producing larger and larger crops and enriching the cultivators so rapidly in good years that they can stand being almost ruined in the years when the locusts descend upon them. He gives a description which is graphic because it enters into the small, everyday details of the work done on an estancia and the people who do it. These are mostly Italian immigrants, divided into two classes. Those from the north are for the most part steady and industrious workers, able to live on little and do without comforts. They are called *par excellence* "Italianos." The South Italians, such as Calabrians and Sicilians, incline to stay in the towns and live by odd jobs or common trades there, and they bear, as in this country, not so good a character for honesty or order. The labor of these Italians of the former class has done more than any other, says our author, to bring the land into good condition; once it has been improved, the landowner can get on well enough with the native peon, and let his Italians move further to new lands to be reclaimed or take up, as they sometimes do, a small farm on lease.

Of the native peon Mr. Larden takes a hopeful view. Forty years ago he was a Gaucho, something like a Texas cowboy, only rougher and more ignorant, and with a touch of native Indian blood. How much of this blood has entered into the race, Mr. Larden does not seem to know. Probably not very much, for there were few aborigines in the Pampas; they occasionally attacked the early settlers, but were pretty easily driven off, and gave on the whole very little trouble—hardly as much as the North American Indians did in Virginia and the Carolinas in the seventeenth century. It is only in the far north of modern Argentina, and particularly in the plains of the Gran Chaco that an aboriginal population now remains. To-day the "old-style" Gaucho, be he pure Spaniard or of mixed blood, has almost disappeared, except in the wilder outlying parts of the country. His children have subsided into the peon, who is still rather rough, very ignorant, a good rider, and expert (in the pastoral districts) in the use of the lasso, but otherwise what would be called an ordinary agricultural laborer. The illustrations, taken from the author's own photographs, are quite good, and give a lively impression of Argentine rural life.

The same directness and careful observation of details which make our author's account of farm matters valuable are seen also in his description of the animal life of the country. Most of the quadrupeds and birds of the central Pampa are noticed, with a particularly full study of the locusts, which are the chief plague of the farmer here, as in South Africa and parts of Western Asia. The only chance of diminishing their ravages is by killing as many as possible in pits dug in the line of their march when they are still moving forward on foot. Once they begin to fly, the case is hopeless. Mr. Larden's history of a locust invasion, as seen at an estancia in the State of Santa Fé, is calculated to appall any one thinking of buying a farm in the country. Nevertheless, the farmers thrive.

About a third of the book is devoted to a narrative of an excursion into the Argentine Andes above Mendoza, and into the valleys which lead up to the great summits of Aconcagua, 23,000 feet high, loftiest of all South American mountains, and Tupungato, which is only a thousand feet lower. Both are extinct volcanoes, and both have been ascended by an English climber, Mr. Vines, accompanied by a Swiss guide. The scenery seems to be grand, for these peaks rise fifteen thousand feet above the level of the main valley which lies between them, but bare and dreary, the country being dry and sterile, without trees or shrubs, or even grass. These valleys, and indeed all the eastern spurs and valleys of the Andes in this region, are uninhabited, there being no possibility of cultivating the arid soil, although when the rivers get out into the plains they are used for irrigation and the soil is made to yield excellent crops. From this wild region he crossed the Uspallata Pass, the tunnel which now pierces the Andes at this point not having been completed till 1910, and spent a few days in Chili, visiting the cities of Santiago and Valparaiso. He was struck, as most travellers are, by the difference between the social and political character of two countries lying side by side and inhabited by people mainly of the same Spanish race, and as his reflections are short and to the point, they may be quoted:

> After the vast formless plains of Argentina, Chili seemed to me attractive through possessing form and character. You might be dropped almost anywhere in the Central Pampas of Argentina, and it would look all the same; it would be like being dropped anywhere at sea. But in Chili each part had its individuality, and I felt that while you might very easily acquire quite a passionate love for life in the Pampas, in Chili you would rather get a love for the country itself as your home and adopted fatherland. I think patriotism would thrive more in Chili than in Argentina, just as love for a person is more easily entertained than love for a formless spirit. Then the population in Chili seemed more homogeneous, more of a nation, while in Argentina, which seemed to me to be rather a vast region for "getting on in" than a country in the sense that France is a country, the population appeared to be as yet not a nation but a mixture of unblended nationalities (p. 276).

In Argentina that which strikes the author most, as it strikes pretty nearly all reflective travellers whose minds are not fixed upon "industrial development," is the preoccupation of everybody with material things and material progress. There is, except in a few small cultivated circles in Buenos Ayres and Cordoba, very little interest in intellectual pursuits, or in any form of literature and science. These may come, but they have not yet arrived. Even politics, which furnish occupation to plenty of Spanish Argentinos—for the foreigners of some social position, such as the English and German merchants and owners of estancias, as well as the humbler Italian and Basque immigrants have nothing to do with them—even politics are of much less interest to the average Argentine than is the weather, for it is upon rain that the prosperity of the country for the next six months depends.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Blood of the Arena. By Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. Translated by Frances Douglas. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

The bull-fight has frequently been described by romanticists in quest of local color, and by humanitarians disgusted with its brutalities; but the picture has always been one-sided and incomplete. It has remained for the Valencian novelist to depict Spain's national spectacle as it actually is, with all its glamour of romance and all its savagery as well. Blasco Ibáñez is, perhaps, the most vigorous present exponent of Zola's moribund naturalistic school. In "The Blood of the Arena" (an unhappy rendering of the original title, "Sangre y Arena"), he has carefully followed Zola's formula. He has not merely described a few corridas, but has made a minute study of the bull-fight from every conceivable point of view. The rearing of bulls for the arena, the training of matadors, the daily life of the thousand and one hangers-on of the ring, all this and much more claims his attention. He has Zola's skill in describing a crowd, and the French novelist's ability to make literary use of a mass of carefully gathered data.

The early life of the hero, Gallardo, is said to be a faithful biography of An-

tonio Fuentes, the greatest of living matadors. An untutored son of the people, he soon develops a passion for the sport, distinguishes himself at amateur bull-fights, and finally, at the expense of numerous wounds, acquires that marvellous skill which makes him first in his profession. He is now the idol of the populace. His income is that of a grandee; but he spends it as freely as it comes. Finally, the inevitable happens. He is gored by a bull, and henceforth loses much of his former audacity and skill. The fickle populace turns upon him. To retrieve his reputation, he takes greater and greater risks, until at last he meets death on the bull's horns. In describing Gallardo's end, the author has accurately portrayed the death of Pepete, which occurred under precisely similar circumstances many years ago in the plaza of Madrid. The book is a terrible arraignment of the national sport, but, unlike the ordinary novel with a purpose, the author's private opinions are not obtruded upon the reader. Facts speak for themselves. It is not until the last sentence of all that Blasco Ibáñez gives the reader a clue to his own attitude: he has advanced in art since writing "The Cathedral." By reserving the worst horrors for the last chapter, he clearly intends that the reader shall close the book with a feeling of loathing and disgust; but the author's method is so subtle that, in spite of his well-known advanced views, few foreign reviewers have recognized that the work is an attack upon the bull-fight. The translator of the present edition has done her difficult task well. It is to be regretted that there has been such an evident appeal to lovers of sensation. The gaudy binding and the crude, colored illustrations will cause many readers who are influenced by external appearances to shun a work which merits serious attention.

The Nine-tenths. By James Oppenheim. New York: Harper & Bros.

Many a short story of Mr. Oppenheim's is a pithier contribution to the social question than is this novel. Apparently, he has yielded to a journalistic impulse to "write up" two signal episodes in New York's industrial history while they are yet fresh in the memory. Joe Blaine is a good "average" American citizen, prosperous owner of a large printing establishment. Through negligence—partly venal and partly indulgent—a fire originates in Joe's printery and spreads to the upper stories of the loft building. There is but one elevator, and that rickety. The fire escape is broken; sixty girls employed in a hat factory above the printery are burned or jump to their death. In horror and remorse Joe realizes the crime of being an "average American. . . . In his rush for success he had made property his treasure instead of human beings." While the impulse to make reparation is working in him, he attends the mass-meeting at which the public sentiment roused by the fire found voice, and here it is that his eyes are opened to the existence of a "monstrous social cleavage," and a "strong working-class movement." Wishing to ally himself with the latter, he reads extensively to inform himself in social science, until he is fed full of hopeful ideas and fired with desire "to go and live among the toilers, get to know them, and be the means of arousing and training them." West Tenth Street is chosen for the scene of his essay, and a workingman's paper is to be his instrument of influence. The success of the sheet immediately brings him into touch with the forces of organized labor. Before he knows it, he is in the thick of hostilities, engineering a shirtwaist-makers' strike. The protracted struggle exhausts his enthusiasm. His faith in this weapon wanes as he counts the cost of victory to the workers themselves and the undeserved cruelties it has inflicted upon both sides. He is even perplexed to know where justice lies. "Facts in a fierce stampede [had] engulfed and swept him along and put all his dreams to a galloping test, a test wherein he had even forgotten his dreams. *He had gone the way of all reformers*, first the explosive arousal, then the theory, then the test."

Yet after Joe has recuperated and married the Myra who has attended with interest the working out of his experiment, he views the "human muddle," if with less assurance, still with no less hope. "Life! Life itself—not our interpretation—is the great working force!"

Mr. Oppenheim can hardly help being interesting when he writes about New York. Among the host of writers whom she has inspired, the "great world city" has no lover like him, with an eye for her pageants and a mind for their meanings. But in this work he has neglected his fine talent for dramatic construction. Pursuing his proof, he has lost his story among a host of illustrative incident. To introduce some of these he has even abandoned the vantage ground of thorough information and condescended to employ a crude impressionalism most unlike his usual method of attack.

The Haunted Photograph. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. New York: The Century Co.

In telling her stories about the down South darky, Mrs. Stuart has a "way" of her own—a pleasant, unaffected way, that shows quite old-fashioned beside the smart conciseness displayed by most of the fabricators of current fiction. Those of us who are fortunate enough not to have discarded our taste for—let us say Washington Irving—find her altogether delightful. Of this *genre* she can never give us enough. In her judgment of negro character and her interpretation of the negro's emotional problems, there survives a habit of feeling that used to be called Southern, but which is nowadays hard to find, North or South—the merciful tenderheartedness of a dominant towards a dependent race; it widely mitigated in practice the essential evil of slavery, and to many easily satisfied minds constituted a sufficient justification of the institution. In "A Case in Diplomacy," one of the stories of the present volume, this combination of delicacy and leniency is personified, as it were, in the "Marse Horace," who in the capacity of amanuensis exerts himself to accelerate the course of true love amid real difficulties, and to steer it through the more dangerous shallows of a too serene engagement. Joshua, the plantation-hand, is truly a primitive lover, but in his reliance on borrowed eloquence and his impatient misery in a too placid conquest—"*For Gord's sake, git me disingaged, marster*, . . . I done los' my taste for 'er, dat's all"—is he not human under his dark skin? "Whence and Whither" deals gently with some of the disastrous propensities of diluted African blood. It is not often that Mrs. Stuart dwells upon such latent barbarity as that involved in the tangled relationships of "Sassie" Salisbury the mulatto Delilah, Six-Toe Steve, and Choctaw Charley.

The fields to which she invites us in the other two stories of this volume (which, notwithstanding its diminutive bulk, covers Mrs. Stuart's range very completely) are less congenial to her talent. She extends her sympathetic understanding to the gossips of an Arkansas country town and to circles of polite leisure in New York, but she does not infallibly make her readers at home in either.

SHELLEY.

Shelley and his Friends in Italy. By Helen Rossetti Angeli. New York: Brentano's. $3 net.

The Romantic Life of Shelley and the Sequel. By Francis Gribble. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75 net.

The reader who has travelled through the various instalments of the Shelley letters and the lives by Hogg, Peacock, Trelawny, Medwin, Middleton, Dowden, Lady Shelley, Jeaffreson, Clutton-Brock, etc., may be pardoned if, before entering upon these two bulky volumes, he pauses to inquire whether he is not merely retracing his steps. In general, he may be confidently assured that such is the case. Hogg retains his place as the authority on Shelley's life at Oxford. Of all that cloud of witnesses who have offered discordant testimony regarding Harriet Westbrook, Peacock —though less frequently called to the

stand than the more prejudiced spectators—remains in many respects the best informed on both sides of the question, the most detached, cool, critical, and trustworthy. For the last months in Italy Trelawny's vivid and savory memoir is worth whole libraries by pious pilgrims. Finally, with all his passionate special pleading, Professor Dowden left few indeed of the vital biographical questions unsettled that are not still in dispute to-day.

Miss Angeli gives her entire volume of some 325 pages to a period in Shelley's life covered by Mr. Gribble in about 100 pages. Certainly to discreet lovers of Shelley she will seem to have chosen the better half of the story in turning away from his acrid and rasping boyhood to his tragically chastened twenties. For before his final departure from England he is, despite his appearance of spontaneous activity, only a notably tractable puppet of the Time-Spirit—a little *monstrum horrendum* begotten upon eighteenth-century rationalism by revolutionary enthusiasm. But when the stars of Hume and Paine have waned, and the great prophet Godwin has dwindled into a leech, when Keats, and Dante, and Æschylus have risen in his firmament, when, revolted by the hardness and immobility of objective reality, he has retreated into the pure world of ideas without tangible consequences—then first the unworldly, personal charm of the man finds scope for expansion, and his perilous will spends itself serenely in the creation of "beautiful moral idealisms."

Miss Angeli's principal qualification for dealing with this period is her profound respect for everything touched by the hem of Shelley's garment—a respect which leads to considerable inorganic extension of her narrative. Further, though her book is by no means a biography with a "message," it contains, when it verges on criticism, faded fragments of the old anarchy. Her peculiarly feminine reverence for the "higher" lawlessness and her abjectness in the presence of genius may be illustrated by two characteristic utterances. Speaking of the suffering occasioned to Mary by Shelley's "platonics," she declares that "there is, in general, little sympathy for the wives of geniuses, and we would not willingly lose a verse or a single line to save their feelings, did their lives depend on it. It is their part to endure." That is a substantial contribution to the Shelley question, which only a woman could have made. There we touch upon the true Eternal-Feminine—the ultimate rocky remorselessness towards other members of the sex, which seems to be latent in every woman's breast. This should assist the masculine intellect to understand Mary. The other passage is in a characterization of Trelawny—"one of those rare men whose innate excellence of heart and natural store of chivalry and honor find the compulsory restrictions of civilized and family life intolerably galling." To a devout disciple of Shelley that sentence doubtless conveys some high transcendent truth. *Excellence of heart . . . chivalry and honor. . . . find restrictions of civilized and family life intolerably galling.* To a plain man of sense—well, the reviewer hopes, in some ecstatic state such as Porphyry says his master Plotinus four times enjoyed, to be able to see these incompatibles meet in the kiss of peace.

Mr. Gribble, we are happy to say, shakes our dispositions with no such thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls; there is nothing mystical about Mr. Gribble. It was, of course, inevitable that he should write this book, for he is our first authority on the matters treated therein. For Mr. Gribble, needless to say, writing the life of Shelley means discussing fully his relations with women. His discussion, as we should expect, is free from that roseate cloud of sentiment which obscures the judgment of so many of his predecessors. Piercing through the veil of illusion, he looks upon Shelley and Harriet Grove, Harriet Westbrook, Mary Godwin, Jane Clairmont, Emilia Viviani, and Jane Williams with the clear, dispassionate eye of the clubman. Furthermore, he writes with a purpose; he feels himself called upon to thresh this matter out and let us see things as they really were. Shelley himself presents no difficulties. Shelley is only the eternally polygamous male. We are all like that. The theme is inviting. But that is not the unifying principle of Mr. Gribble's book. His main thesis is that Harriet Westbrook was a barmaid. Now, to be sure, Harriet Westbrook was not a barmaid. She was the daughter of a well-to-do, retired hotel-keeper, who sent her to a private school, where she became the intimate associate of Sir Timothy Shelley's daughter before she ever met Percy; according to all accounts, she was graceful, neat, and delicately beautiful; according to Peacock, who was a sensible friend to both Harriet and Shelley, she was well-educated, wrote letters well, was vivacious and cheerful, had good manners, reflected credit upon Shelley in society, was agreeable to his whims in solitude, and "her conduct as a wife was as pure, as true, as absolutely faultless as that of any who for such conduct was held most in honor." But all that is neither here nor there, so far as Mr. Gribble is concerned. He is bent on out-Hogging Hogg, who failed in his attempt to seduce Harriet, and, of course, always spoke of her with great reverence afterward. Mr. Gribble does not find Peacock's memoir very useful. Furthermore, it is essential to the artistic lights and shadows of his book, to its fine character contrasts, to its general rush and go, that Harriet should be a barmaid. This is the way the candid Mr. Gribble begins the theme:

> A man who is born in a stable is, notoriously not a horse; a girl who is born behind a bar is not necessarily a barmaid. But she is apt to look like a barmaid when inspected, from a distance, through the eye-glasses and lorgnettes of the heads of county families; and she is also apt, even though her father has made a competence and retired, to think, feel, and proceed after the fashion of a barmaid in the conduct of the affairs of the heart.—And one knows what that means. Barmaids are, etc., etc.

After this frank exordium on the nature of barmaids, Mr. Gribble lays aside all reservations, and, whenever Harriet appears, quite simply reminds us that she is a barmaid. When Shelley and Harriet were on their honeymoon in Edinburgh, it will be remembered that their landlord demanded that Shelley should treat him and his friends to supper (this was the landlord who proposed in the middle of the night that the guests should wash the bride with whiskey). "Necessity compelling," says Mr. Gribble, "Shelley agreed to this; and Harriet does not seem to have raised any objection. As the daughter of a licensed victualler, she may even have been glad to welcome another licensed victualler as a wedding guest, feeling that his presence would insure geniality." Referring in another connection to the pert Miss Hitchener, he points out that as a school-teacher she was, of course, "less temerarious in such matters than a barmaid." Commenting on Hogg's attempt to seduce Harriet after her marriage, Mr. Gribble explains that he probably meant no harm, but, being left alone with the daughter of a licensed victualler, was obliged to prevent the tedium of hearing her read Robertson's historical works aloud [literary barmaid, as it were] by paying her "such exaggerated compliments as men pay to pretty barmaids." In order to give the last touch of truth to this conception of Shelley's wife, Mr. Gribble, in the dearth of documents, invents outright the imaginary scene of Hogg's explanation to Shelley of how it all happened:

> Shelley! Shelley! My dear Shelley! What an amazing accusation! . . . Harriet complained to you that I chucked her under the chin? Well I never—Do I deny it? you ask. . . . I'd no idea she minded. She didn't seem to at the time, etc.

The honest Hogg's embarrassment here is due, of course, as Mr. Gribble conceives it, solely to the awkwardness of having to explain to Shelley that he has only treated Harriet as he thought all barmaids liked to be treated. But enough of Mr. Gribble and the barmaids! Enough of the Gribbelian school of posthumous slander. Obviously, there is no decency to be observed with the dead. When we return to the

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dust, we forfeit our last titles to truth, and must be prepared to surrender our memories to cold-blooded fabricators of infamy. Some little suffering Harriet underwent in her lifetime from the cloud-born cruelty of her ineffectual angel—a broken heart, the bitter waters of death; but now in the fulness of time let us hope she has expiated her sins in Mr. Gribble's wanton, open-eyed, long premeditated smirching.

The Revolutionary War and the Military Policy of the United States. By Francis Vinton Greene. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

This volume, consisting of two disconnected parts, is the first of three intended to "present the essential facts in our military history, and to make such comments upon them as may be useful for the future and interesting for the present." The work is really addressed to the professional soldier, for if our army is to be efficient, "it must study its past history, and draw from it the lessons which are applicable to the future." If, with the clear declaration of purpose thus made by the author in his preface, we couple the inviting title, we have surely a right to expect not so much an account of the campaigns, battles, and skirmishes whose sum constitutes the Revolutionary War, as an attempt to show how the character of that war was conditioned by the nature of the rebel government, and by the circumstances and accidents of the rebel colonists. But these expectations are soon dispelled, for it becomes abundantly clear that what we are reading is after all nothing but the usual narrative. That it is clear and good, part of it, indeed, the description of Greene's Southern Campaign, really excellent, is from our immediate point of view wholly immaterial. Something more is needed in the fulfilment of the author's purpose. We should have liked some information in respect of Washington's dealings with the Congress, some idea of the control of the Congress over the army, and of the defects of the constituted government. Yet they are merely touched upon here and there according to the necessities of the moment.

Equally great is our disappointment that a strictly military subject, the organization of the Revolutionary Army, should, so far as formal treatment is concerned, be wholly ignored. The subject holds the author's attention through barely three pages in the part devoted to Military Policy (pp. 288-291). Of the great heads of supply, administration, equipment, armament, there is not a hint. Knox's services in these matters are not even mentioned. And yet Knox was to Washington, and more, what Lariboisière was to Napoleon. He was one of the three really great soldiers developed by the Revolution, and without his services it is conceivable that even Washington might have failed.

It is easy to say that the author has written a good and clear narrative of the "essential facts" of the Revolutionary War. Never departing from the axis of events, his account should prove more than acceptable to the general reader. Little or no detail is given, and, with the following exception, no original views are set forth. As every one knows, the War of Independence hung fire, so to say, on the British side. Howe more than once had an opportunity either to end the war by a decisive stroke, or, by pressing Washington, to make further effort on the American side impossible. He failed to do either, and whatever the reasons assigned, treachery according to some, metropolitan politics according to others, the matter remains to this day a mystery to all but Gen. Greene. His explanation is simple: at Bunker Hill, Howe completely lost his nerve, and never recovered from the mental paralysis there received. Clinton, too, apparently, on one occasion at least fell under some sort of spell; our author does not hesitate to make him "attribute to Washington almost supernatural powers," as the only explanation of his (Clinton's) concern for the safety of New York in 1777. In the absence of evidence, we are compelled to leave these explanations where they properly belong, in the domain of speculative opinion.

For two things especially, we are indebted to Gen. Greene; he has given a correct measure of the help afforded us by France, and he puts Washington in a true light, as one of the great commanders of all time. We also heartily commend part ii, treating of the Military Policy of the United States, to the attention of those who regard our regular army as not only a menace to our liberties, but as a useless thing in itself. Though it has no real connection with the preceding chapters on the Revolution, it contains much that our people ought to know. And similarly of the appendix by Lieut.-Col. J. R. Kean, of our medical staff; this paper, dealing with the success of our surgeons in stamping out yellow fever in Cuba, is a still greater stranger than part ii. Its presence is due to the generous desire of Gen. Greene to publish to the world the great deeds of our regular service in all branches of its endeavors.

We have to note a few errors. Between pp. 52 and 54, some 6,500 men would seem to have slipped out of Gen. Washington's army. On p. 267, d'Estaing's *fleet* is reported as "engaging in a disastrous repulse" at Savannah. On p. 322, footnote 2, our field artillery is mentioned as having been transferred to the *line* of the army by the Act of January 25, 1907. Of misprints, there are few: some proper names have suffered, Hackensac (p. 60), Verlpanck (p. 65), Abercrombey (p. 102), Popelopen (p. 121), Balcarras (p. 124), Mechlenberg County (p. 224), Yager's brigade on p. 238, as though Yager were a person; Dam for Dan, in margin, p. 232. Ramsour's Mill or Mills of the maps appears as Mill in the text, and Ramsay's Mill, as Mill or Mills, the Hillsboro of the one being uniformly the Hillsborough of the other. The Monmouth map shows no morasses, though this makes no great difference, as one of these morasses is called alternatively ravine in the text, and the map shows ravines. Hale's place of execution is marked in the map opposite p 46 as near Sixty-sixth Street, in that opposite p. 52, as near Forty-fifth Street. The index, made by the publishers, carries mainly proper names, personal and place; of these the number might have been increased with profit.

Notes

Announcement is made that an *English Journal* has been founded by the English teachers of America. It will be issued January 15, and each month thereafter, except July and August, from the University of Chicago Press. The editor is James Fleming Hosic of the Chicago Teachers College.

"Tante," Anne Douglas Sedgwick's new novel, will be published by the Century Company on January 20.

Books promised by the Scribners this month include L. Allen Harker's novel, "Mr. Wycherly's Wards," and a new volume in the Original Narrative of Early American History series, entitled "Narratives of Early Pennsylvania, Delaware, and West Jersey, 1630-1708," edited by Dr. Albert Cook Myers.

In a letter to the London *Times*, Edmund Gosse reports that the members of the Nobel Prize Committee of England, of whom he was one, have unanimously decided to lay down their functions of nominating candidates for the Nobel Foundation, which they took up ten years ago. The committee had been appointed, with the knowledge of the Swedish Academy, by the Society of Authors, and now dissolves because its members learn that the Swedish Academy has adopted another system to determine expert opinion in England.

The Baker & Taylor Co. are issuing this week "Corpus Christi Pageants," by Prof. Lyle M. Spencer; "Verse and Worse," by Jack Hazzard, and "Child's Guide to the Bible," by the Rev. George Hodges.

The Société des Gens de Lettres of France announces that it has appointed Frank Allen, 84 Mercer Avenue, Plainfield, N. J., its representative in the United States, and begs members and associates of the Society who have copyrighted French books in this country since 1909, to send Mr. Allen a list and copies of these works.

The third group of volumes in the Home University Library of Modern Knowledge will be issued early in January by Henry Holt & Co. This group of eleven volumes will contain Prof. F. L. Paxson's "The Civil

War," which is the first of a five-volume series on American history within the larger series. Other volumes for issue in January are "The Dawn of History," by Prof. J. O. Myres; "The Papacy and Modern Times," by Rev. William Barry; "A History of Our Time" (1885-1911), by C. P. Gooch; "The Civilization of China," by Prof. H. A. Giles; "Modern English Literature," by G. H. Mair; "The Evolution of Industry," by Prof. D. H. MacGregor, and "Elements of English Law," by Prof. W. M. Geldart.

As a matter of record we mention here Emily S. Hamblen's "Friedrich Nietzsche and His New Gospel" (Badger). The book is of little value except as another indication of the swelling tide of interest, often unintelligent, in Nietzsche's philosophy.

"Little Dorrit," in two volumes, and "Reprinted Pieces," in one volume, bring Scribners' excellent Centenary Edition of Dickens measurably nearer to completion.

The "Almanach de Gotha" for 1912 comes to us, as usual, from Lemcke & Buechner. This is the one hundred and forty-ninth year of its appearance, and it shows no signs of exhaustion. The portraits are the King and Queen of Spain, Luitpold of Bavaria, and Stolypine.

Henry Frowde has done the general reader as well as the scholar a service by issuing in a convenient little volume Bishop Hurd's "Letters on Chivalry and Romance, with the Third Elizabethan Dialogue," edited with Introduction by Edith J. Morley. The text of the "Letters" is a reprint of the first edition which came out in 1762, and has been collated with the last edition which appeared in Hurd's lifetime —that of 1788. The Dialogue has been reprinted from an edition likewise of 1788. In the introduction are expositions of Hurd's writings and the latter's own outline of his career, entitled, "Some Occurrences in My Life."

"Hauff's Specific Relation to Scott" is the title of a paper by Garrett W. Thompson in the Publications of the Modern Language Association. The discussion centres upon Hauff's novel, "Lichtenstein." It is asserted that the love interest of the story, to which its historical and fictitious aspects are subordinated, shows no influence of Scott; but that the types of character employed, the disposal of the incidents, and the progress of the action are unmistakably after Scott's manner. "The Abbott," it appears, "is the most obvious single model of 'Lichtenstein.'" The writer makes much of his contention that from the original purpose of writing an historical romance, "Hauff was swerved by the realism of his own love experience."

In the same journal Eunice R. Goddard argues certain "Psychological Reasons for Lessing's Attitude toward Descriptive Poetry." Lessing in "Laokoon" declares that detailed description of bodies in space is unpoetical, and by reference to the means which poetry should employ and to the practice of Homer he insists that progressive actions are the peculiar subject of poetry. The apparent exception found in Homer's elaborate picture of Alcinous's palace and gardens, he explains away by supposing that its author intended to convey not a detailed image, but an idea of immensity. Consulting the table of the psychologists, the writer of the present paper finds that there are three recognized types of imagination (1) visual, which is very common; (2) auditory, which is confined mainly to musicians and actors; (3) motor, sometimes called verbal-motor. "In this type there are usually two factors present: (1) the images of movements; (2) the images of words. The second factor is dependent on the first, for it consists in a suppressed speech, that is, in suppressed muscle movements in the head or in the throat." From several passages in Lessing's writings she concludes that his imagination was motor and that this fact explains his narrowly prescribed limits of poetry.

The "real" Stevenson, looking out from an unmistakably Scotch face, with shrewd, yet brooding, eye, uncropt locks straggling over a prominent ear, the narrow chest, the beloved dark flannel shirt—an unpublished portrait: this is the only novel feature in Isobel Strong's dainty, blue-bound, 87-page book, "Robert Louis Stevenson" (Scribner, 50 cents net). By way of contrast, the text presents us once again the somewhat idealized Stevenson of popular legend—the frail, imaginative child, the high-spirited youth, the knight errant of letters, the singer of requiems, and maker of prayers, the myth-like white chieftain of a South Pacific isle. It is all done prettily enough, but there is hardly a line that a dozen men who never took down Highland romances from the lips of Tusitala could not have written as well. Most of us have the tale by heart—

> Where is the man that never yet did hear
> Of fair Penelope, Ulysses' queen?

If any such there be, let him buy Mrs. Strong's quintessential narrative, and join the majority.

The Society of Colonial Wars of Michigan has made a new departure from the usual course of confining the activities of the organization to a banquet with eloquent speakers, in publishing the "Journal of J. L. of Quebec, Merchant." The enterprise is due to the initiative of Clarence M. Burton of Detroit, who obtained a transcript of the journal in the British Museum, and, with the assistance of his daughter, has edited it. The J. L. of the manuscript is John Lees, who became active in the affairs of the colony of Quebec shortly after the conquest of that territory by the British. The journal recounts the events of a journey made in 1768 from London to Boston, thence to New York, Albany, Niagara, Detroit, and of the return to Montreal by the St. Lawrence River. It is interesting, contains descriptions of places, and comments on affairs; and the editorial work has been well done.

The latest publication of the prolific State Historical Society of Iowa is the "Life of Henry Dodge," by Louis Pelzer. The history of Iowa does not stretch over a long era, nor is it teeming with the names of men sufficiently noted to deserve a biographical volume. The scantiness of good material has forced the editor of the series in this case to poach on the preserves of the neighboring State of Wisconsin, for the name of Henry Dodge is connected with the territory forming the present State of Iowa only through the fact that he was Governor of Wisconsin Territory during the two years, 1836 to 1838, that it included territory west of the Mississippi. This finesse on the part of an historical society might have been condoned had it resulted in producing a real life study of Henry Dodge, pioneer, Indian fighter, soldier, Governor, and Senator. The rough pioneer environment by which a boy, trained in the school of the hard-fisted, unscrupulous, and dishonest John and Israel Dodge, was educated into a respectable general and Senator, certainly offered an opportunity to the biographer that should have given us a miniature of early Western society. In the 204 pages of this biography we rarely catch a glimpse of the real man; and the moulding forces of the society around him, as it is described here, might have existed, save for the shadowy forms of Indians and boatmen, in almost any part of the globe. The aim of the volume is directed at the popular taste of the reading public of the State, and it will probably hit the mark. The biography bears the ever-accompanying character of historical writings, with this aim: the obscuring of unpleasant episodes, the promotion of all geese to swanship. The people of the West are particularly sensitive to criticism. The events described in this volume are very recent, and some contemporaries of Dodge, and many of their children are still living. With the exception of a few episodes, of which very little is made, the author finds that the hero and his contemporaries lived very orderly lives, such as would not shock the nerves of a hypersensitive Sunday-school teacher of Massachusetts. A life of Dodge was well worth doing. He was not a great man, nor was his career unique, but he was an excellent type of his era and environment.

In spite of the excellence of Wright's "Arabic Grammar," there have hitherto existed in English very scanty and imperfect helps for the elementary study of Arabic. When a student had got past the little reading book in Socin, he had either to use chrestomathies with vocabularies in Latin, German, or French, or to embark upon the *mare magnum* of the great Arabic lexicons. On another side, beyond the English-Arabic exercises in Socin's golden little book, there have been no aids at all in almost any language toward the writing of Arabic prose. These difficulties the Cambridge University Press (Putnam) has now fairly removed, with Thornton's "Arabic Series" in three volumes of reading books, and Weir's "Arabic Prose Composition." The series owes virtually only its inception to Thornton, and the burden of its preparation has been borne by Dr. Reynold A. Nicholson, better known as a Persian scholar. He has included a selection from the Koran, all the texts in Wright's "Arabic Reading Book"—an excellent selection, until now useless for lack of vocabulary—and more than a hundred pages of other extracts. All are well edited, with footnotes and a separate little lexicon in each volume. Of course, there is no attempt at the completeness of annotation which makes De Sacy's "Chrestomathie" still such a thesaurus; but the explanations are adequate. The Arabic prose volume is an experiment, and, it is to be feared, implies a teacher with a command of the language beyond that of most. In the hands of such a teacher it would undoubtedly do excel-

lent service, for it is very carefully arranged and annotated. A key would add much to its usefulness.

In "Five Years in the Sudan" (Appleton) Edward Fothergill tells of his varied experiences while engaged in transporting by steamboat supplies to the stations on the banks of the rivers of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. Its value lies mainly in the testimony which it bears to the remarkable success of the British rule in transforming oppressed, turbulent savages into industrious, law-abiding cultivators of the soil. He has rarely any but words of praise for the Sudanese, whom he regards as a much finer race than the Egyptian. They "are really making extraordinary strides in the direction of an effectual civilization." A notable characteristic is their fondness for their children, who, "boys and girls alike, are remarkably well behaved, as a rule, and one very seldom hears them crying." The wonderful fertility of the soil in the region bordering the Blue Nile is shown by the effects of the first rains. "One day the country will be brown and comparatively bare; the next day there will be a shimmer of green over the land; and in three or four days' time the grass will be shoulder high and almost impenetrable." On the Sobat he was impressed by the clouds of fireflies which lined its banks at night. Lovers of sport will find much of interest in his accounts of his numerous hunting expeditions. In an appendix are given the Government regulations in regard to the shooting of big game. Many of the customs of the natives are described, and some information, with severe criticism, about the work of the American missionaries will be found. The thirty-two illustrations are mostly of natives and game.

A series of ecstatic letters from Italy and France, signed "Zelphine," and describing the sightseeing adventures of a party of Philadelphians—such is Anne Hollingsworth Wharton's latest book ("In Château Land"; Lippincott). As "dear Margaret," to whom the letters are addressed, already knows the writer's travelling companions, Zelphine gives no description of them, and they remain colorless beings to the end of the book. First there is her husband, the faithful Walter, who likes fishing and Louis XII, and whose remarks are "so manlike." Then there is Miss Cassandra, a Quakeress of uncertain age, whose comments are so irresistibly funny that every one in the book "laughs heartily" at them. Finally there is the self-possessed Lydia, who chimes in with her improving historical information until it is time for her to serve as heroine. In the course of the book two other characters are introduced: M. La Tour is discovered to act as guide; and Archie is imported from America to take the party automobiling and to get engaged to Lydia. Angela and Ian, who appear at the end, have about as little to do with French châteaux as have the children who disappear into a Swiss school at the beginning. Although the book contains a great deal of useful information about the Italian Lakes and the châteaux along the Loire, it is lacking in charm, in originality. Zelphine does not get at the heart of things.

It is difficult to speak with patience of the curious medley of incoherent and inconsequent material which is found in "The Early Christians in Rome" (Lane), by the Very Rev. H. D. M. Spence-Jones, D.D., Dean of Gloucester, professor of ancient history in the Royal Academy. The title of the book awakens interest, for a careful and critical account of the life of the early Roman Christians might well claim attention; but instead there is offered us a series of superficial and repetitious disquisitions on a number of subjects, some relevant, others irrelevant, to the matter in hand. The work is divided into five books, as follows: (1) The Beginnings of Christianity in Rome, where a few banal remarks spread over a hundred pages are made about the foundation of the church by Peter and Paul, the persecutions of Nero and his successors, the character of Pliny as a letter writer, and the vogue of the epistolary form of literature; (2) The Life of a Christian in the Early Days of the Faith, not a bad account of certain features of Christian life within the empire, east as well as west; (3) The Inner Life of the Church, devoted exclusively to a second discussion of the persecutions; (4) The Roman Catacombs, and (5) The Jew and the Talmud, which has nothing to do with the early Christians in Rome or anywhere else. Studies upon such disconnected topics might be worth while if written by a scholar who had new light to shed or anything of importance to say. As it is, they are for the most part wholly without value. Saint Peter, it is stated, spent twenty-five years in Rome; Saint Paul is represented as a theologian "whose thoughts were largely taken up with the great doctrinal questions bearing on the person of the founder of Christianity," while the persecutions, in traditional fashion, are exaggerated beyond all warrant, and ascribed to a set resolution formed by the Roman Government as early as the reign of Nero to exterminate Christianity. The only excuse for the book's existence is the account of the Roman catacombs, which fills a hundred pages and is accompanied with about a dozen excellent illustrations.

Brig.-Gen. Frederick Funston's "Memories of Two Wars" (Scribner) is a racy account of the author's experiences as a volunteer in the last Cuban struggle for independence, and, later, in the war with Spain and its ensuing Filipino insurrection. Aside from its value, not inconsiderable, as a contribution to military history, the book is a really notable record of a career in which talent, "push," audacity, personal courage, and luck have mingled in unusual degree. Here one may read to his heart's content of perilous scouting, hard fighting, exhausting marches, hairbreadth escapes, fever, exposure, hunger, and all the other accompaniments and horrors of real war; for although the stage is small, the setting is vivid. If deceit is justifiable in war, then the capture of Aguinaldo, of which a full account is here given, must be set down as one of the most brilliant, as it certainly was one of the most daring achievements in our military annals. The political phases of the two wars, or their larger military aspects, are hardly referred to, but there are interesting descriptions of Gomez and Garcia, of Lacuna, the Filipino general, of Aguinaldo himself, and of some of the commanders on the American side. In spite of a somewhat assertive preface, Gen. Funston's narrative is singularly modest. He does not magnify the military importance of the operations in which he engaged, nor his own share in them, and he is generous in praise of others. His utmost claim for the book is that it is "a contribution to the literature of adventure." Not so much that is favorable can be said for the author's moral attitude, for rarely does one find such brutally frank justification of killing if the life to be taken happens to be that of an enemy. The literary style would have been lively enough without the slang which frequently decorates it. The volume is profusely illustrated with drawings by F. C. Yohn.

Dr. C. A. Mercier announces himself as the pioneer of a new science, which he calls "praxiology." His title spares us the name, but supplies the definition—"Conduct and Its Disorders Biologically Considered" (Macmillan). The scheme of the work is simple. Book i draws the preliminary psychological distinctions between reason and instinct, voluntary and involuntary, spontaneous and elicited conduct, while Book ii, covering the greater part of the work, is a detailed description of conduct, classified as self-conservative, social, and racial, and distinguished under each head as normal, excessive, or defective. The purpose is to show that normal, or moral, conduct is that which conserves proximately the individual, ulteriorly society, but ultimately the race. In a case of conflict, the survival of the species is the final test. After this account, a student of Spencer's "Data of Ethics" will wonder how Dr. Mercier can regard himself as a pioneer. Indeed, it is rather difficult to realize that one is not reading Spencer himself. There is the same idea of excess and defect, measured by the same criterion of race-survival—which is complicated by the same determined individualism; there is the same trick of illustrating a point through an ascending series of animal species—only not the same cold formalism of style; and finally, the conception of a science of conduct is precisely that which Spencer proposes and illustrates at length in his first eight chapters. Between ethics, at least the ethics of a generation past, and "praxiology" the difference is purely of name. We cannot suppose that Dr. Mercier is unaware of this; for, although, in the present work, we have been unable to find more than one reference to a living or recent writer in the field of psychology and ethics, his earlier works show a wide and abundant reading. The truth seems to be that Dr. Mercier prefers to do his thinking alone. The result is little that is absolutely new, much that is even antiquated. If, for example, he had taken issue with William James's chapter on Instinct, now twenty-four years old, he must have paused before repeating that the area of instinct is smaller in men than in the lower animals; and even a slight attention to the general literature of the subject should have disturbed his confidence in the all too easy formulation to the effect that instinct determines the ends of conduct, reason the means. Surely he cannot mean that the ends of conduct are never submitted to judgment.

For all this, Dr. Mercier's work is readable and stimulating. While not a "contribution to knowledge" in the narrower sense, it is nevertheless the expression of independent, if self-willed, thinking, and bears the mark of ripe experience united with strong

and keen good sense. The characterizations of types of conduct are often perfect; the conception of justice (reciprocal conduct) is itself beautifully just and clear; and in a period of brain-storms it is like a gleam of sunlight to hear from an expert alienist that the instinct of retaliation, cultivated to excess until nearly a generation ago, now shows signs of defect.

We noticed recently the lectures of the French scholar, Cumont, on the introduction of various Oriental religions into Roman territory. A broader scope was taken in the Lowell Institute lectures, delivered last January by Prof. Jesse Benedict Carter of Princeton University, on "The Religious Life of Ancient Rome," now presented in book form by Houghton Mifflin Company. Beginning with the Rome of an all but prehistoric era, when the Etruscan influence was dominant, Professor Carter follows in rapid outline the evolution of Roman religious life from a crude social instinct, largely the reflex of physical interests, until it reached the highly developed individualistic and spiritual phases found not only in Christianity, but in a number of the Oriental faiths which for some generations competed so strongly with Christianity. Detail is, of course, sacrificed in a plan which reaches Constantine in the fourth lecture and closes with Gregory and the Lombards in the eighth. Just such a brief and lucid outline of the subject, however, has been sorely needed, and will be of great assistance to readers of more detailed and more narrowly delimited studies. The author has not been led by the possible perils of the situation into the assumption that Roman religion in its later phases can be satisfactorily treated apart from the rise and growth of Christianity in the same territory, and we may add that he has shown that the subject can be treated as a whole in a thoroughly scholarly and independent spirit without giving any reasonable ground of offence.

J. Scott Clark, professor of English in Northwestern University, died a week ago, following an operation for appendicitis; he was born in 1854. A number of textbooks on the English language and on literature bear his name.

Judge Elbert Eli Farman died on Saturday of last week in his eighty-first year. It was he who, while Consul-General at Cairo, procured from the Khedive the gift of "Cleopatra's Needle" to New York. He accompanied Gen. Grant on his voyage up the Nile, and wrote a book on the subject, "Along the Nile with General Grant."

Science

The Origin of Life. By H. Charlton Bastian. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

The spontaneous origin of life on the earth was long a favorite topic of discussion for those biologists philosophically inclined. It will be recalled that Pasteur and Tyndall made this a matter of thorough investigation about 1870, and their work seemed so conclusive that biologists have not greatly concerned themselves with the topic since that date. In fact, the whole subject of bacteriology and the maintenance of pure cultures, which has reached such an important development in our time, rests on the assumption that spontaneous life does not develop in any of the media used to maintain the lower forms of life.

It is therefore something of a surprise to find Dr. H. Charlton Bastian, emeritus professor of the principles and practice of medicine, University College, London, returning once more to the charge with what he regards as new evidence to show that the lower organisms develop spontaneously in suitable media in sterilized and hermetically sealed tubes. And the surprise is the greater when we learn that these newly arisen beings are such familiar forms as bacteria, yeast, and the mould penicillium. His photographs show beyond much doubt that he found these types in his preparations; the only question that modern biologists are likely to be interested in will be to know how his solutions became contaminated. The subject of sterilization is one for the specialist to deal with; the evidence that Dr. Bastian furnishes to put his findings on a safe basis is lamentably deficient. If spontaneous life occurred in such ways as he describes, the entire results of sterilization would be beyond human control. The present volume and its predecessors will not receive serious attention from those experienced in such matters, but to those who lack this training the book, well-written and finely illustrated, may appear to open an old question; especially when modern biologists take the agnostic view that we know nothing concerning the first origin of living matter.

It may be recalled that this is the same Dr. Bastian who, as a young physician in 1870, "had excited in the English and American public a bitter prejudice against the results announced by Pasteur on the subject of spontaneous generation." The manuscript of the present book, the author candidly informs us, was submitted in 1910 to the Royal Society and was rejected as "not suitable for acceptance by the Society."

In a simple, elementary manner, Rankin Kennedy, the author of "The Principles of Aeroplane Construction" (Van Nostrand), attempts to explain the physics of flying. The first three chapters deal with the fundamental laws of mechanics, defining the units of force, mass, velocity, and other quantities, and contain a general discussion of the principle of the inclined plane and of the properties of the air. The author has made the elementary mechanics in the chapters apply directly to the aeroplane, and has illustrated the principles with numerous examples. Chapter four compares two methods of making calculations relating to the power that is required to operate an aeroplane of any given size. Further investigation, however, is necessary before such calculations can be accurate. Though the author, in his own calculations, uses the correct formula for air pressure, it should be noted that on page 48 he gives a table of velocity and pressure that is inaccurate—that of Smeaton. The pressure on a flat surface perpendicular to the wind current is actually about 60 per cent. of that given by Smeaton's table, which, therefore, should not be printed without correction. A long discussion of the shape of the main supporting plane of the machine, accompanied by some good diagrams, is a special feature in the volume. It is followed by chapters on "the curves of the aeroplane" and the "aeroplane centre of gravity"; the latter involves, of course, the all-important problem of stability. The book has a number of the usual illustrations of the leading types of machines. The helicoptere and the propeller are both discussed, and some space is devoted to the successful Gnome engine. In a final chapter there are some sensible views on the future of the aeroplane.

Dr. Arthur Vincent Meigs, formerly president of the College of Physicians, Philadelphia, died on Sunday, at the age of sixty-one. Among his writings are "Milk Analysis and Infant Feeding," "The Origin of Disease," and "A Study of the Human Blood-Vessels in Health and Disease."

Drama

Sherwood. By Alfred Noyes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.75 net.

There is much delightful reading in this five-act romance of Alfred Noyes, which embodies nearly all the familiar legends associated with the name of Robin Hood, together with others of which few persons, probably, have ever heard before. Written in fluent and musical blank verse, it is full of charming fancy, and is charged throughout with the free spirit of the woodland. Here and there—as in the song of the fairies with which it begins and ends—it breaks into flights of fine poetic inspiration. For Oberon and Titania and their elfin court, though unperceived by the grosser mortal characters, play their part in the loves and adventures of these Sherwood foresters, and bespeak for them the immortality which they long ago won in fairyland. They reveal themselves only to the faithful Fool, Shadow of a Leaf, who for love ventures all and loses all, except the dim hope of reward in some dreamland of the future.

Pure romance as the play is, it is not devoid of serious purpose, for it is founded upon a democratic creed of the broadest sort and waxes eloquent in its assaults upon the old feudalism and modern abuses. Robin Hood figures as a philanthropist of the most advanced type. As Earl of Huntington, he has impoverished himself to relieve the victims of the savage forest laws, and he robs the rich only to give the proceeds to the poor. His bride, Maid Marian, joins him in disguise, after the fashion of Rosalind, when her time-serving old father,

the Baron Fitzwalter, would betray her into the arms of the baleful Prince John, regent in the absence of Richard the Lion Heart. Queen Ellinor is against her, too, being in love herself with Robin, who was her page in the days of her early pursuit of the Fair Rosamund. Mr. Noyes, with a poet's license, makes light of certain chronological difficulties. Richard himself appears upon the scene, after Robin and his men—none of the nursery book favorites are forgotten—have outlawed themselves beyond recall by their defeats of John and his minions, and it is he who confers honors and fresh riches upon Earl Robin and his lady. But the cruel and guileful Ellinor triumphs at the last, and, when there is no longer any Richard to interfere, becomes the double murderess of the devoted pair. It is then that Oberon decrees their immortality in fairyland.

It is a pity that Mr. Noyes elected to kill his lovers, although this is made the occasion of so fine a burst of jubilant poetry as his ode "The Forest Has Conquered" and the pretty fairy epilogue with its closing optimistic note. Fairy tales ought not to end in tragedy. But this catastrophe could easily be avoided, if the piece ever reached the footlights. And with a little alteration—which probably would involve the excision of all the fairy episodes—the piece ought to prove most effective as spectacular romance. Its rare literary quality would commend it to discerning theatre-goers, while the abundance of incident and the familiarity of most of the characters ought to be attractive to the multitude. In any case, it will furnish a pleasant hour to all intelligent readers.

The first piece presented by W. A. Brady's Playhouse Company, in Maxine Elliott's Theatre, was the "Just to Get Married" of Cicely Hamilton, author of "Diana of Dobson's," well known as a writer of smart, but somewhat flippant and obvious, satire on social topics. Her present theme is the necessity of marriage as a means of livelihood to the ordinary helpless woman, and the shameless shifts to which she is often driven in the pursuit of a husband. Her heroine is an orphan niece, adopted into the family of a rich uncle, and reared luxuriously, but uselessly. At twenty-nine she is weary of dependence, and is praying that Adam Lankester, a rich but exceedingly shy young bachelor, may propose to her, that she may enjoy some sense of freedom. She does not care for him a snap, rather despises him, but spreads her toils for him, while the family speculate upon her chances, and finally ensnares him. Then she discovers that he is a paragon of manhood, that his shyness arose simply from dread of failure, that he is ardent, tender, generous, and supremely trustful. As she begins to fathem the depth and purity of his affection, she is agonized by conscience, dares not complete her deceitful bargain, and at last confesses the truth and bids him go. The whole value of the play as drama is centred in this scene, which is comparatively fresh, and is exceedingly well written—with simplicity, insight, and naturalness—and uncommonly well acted, by Lyn Harding, as the man, and Grace George, as the woman. Mr. Harding promises to be an acquisition to the American stage. He acts with notable ease and self-control, exhibits both vigor and delicacy in his execution, can be humorous without exaggeration, and can signify strong internal emotion in a manner rarely simple and life-like. Miss Grace George also acted at this juncture with spirit and sincerity. Of the remainder of the play, which is rounded off with the conventional happy ending, little need be said. The professed purpose is forgotten, probability is defied, and the moral vanishes in fog. It should be added that some of the members of the new stock company sorely need instruction in the arts of correct speech and agreeable manners.

It is announced that Winthrop Ames has made arrangements to bring Professor Reinhardt's production of "Sumurûn" to the Casino, on January 16, with the original company from the Deutsches Theater, Berlin. This piece, which was described long ago in this journal, ran for two seasons in London and was enthusiastically lauded by some of the most prominent critics as being in the highest degree artistic and virtually a new form of dramatic expression. Setting raptures aside, it seems to have been a highly superior example of pantomime. It is a wordless play, unfolding a story of exceedingly lurid Oriental melodrama, which is accompanied by special music, composed by Victor Hollaender, who is now at work in this city drilling a full orchestra.

These independent theatres have queer notions of art and entertainment. The London Stage Society has just been regaling itself with a stage version of George Moore's "Esther Waters." The London *Times* says: "It is all very real. You feel sure that it all happened somewhere, exactly like that. But you also feel—and that is the worst realism—that you don't greatly care whether it did or not."

In the performance of "Bella Donna," the play which J. B. Fagan has made out of Robert Hichens's book, Sir George Alexander plays the part of the cool, tactful, alert, firm opponent of browbeating and bluster; Mrs. Patrick Campbell is the woman at bay, required to show composure in trying moments.

A play which has attracted a great deal of attention in Paris is "Les Sauterelles," by Emile Fabre, which is a scathing attack upon French colonial maladministration. The scene is manifestly intended for Indo-China. A Paris correspondent of a London journal writes: "A great variety of types of French officials from the Governor-General downwards and their chattering wives pass under review, and they are mostly self-seeking, or at best purblind. The Orientals are numerous and picturesque." The main plot revolves around a projected loan, which is to be expended upon political "graft" of different kinds. When the native ruler refuses to acquiesce, he is promptly dethroned, whereupon there is a revolution, in which the dishonest officials and their wives exhibit dauntless bravery. Then the annexation of the colony is announced and the election of a native representative assembly ordered by "universal suffrage." There is one scene, in a native council, of which the correspondent before quoted says:

> Two of the old native councillors comment, very much in the manner of Usbek and Rica in Montesquieu's "Lettres persanes," upon the follies and vulgarities of European civilization, and, above all, upon that crowning folly which mistakes telegraphs, telephones, motor cars, and aeroplanes for evidences of the essential superiority of the West over the East. One councillor has been in France, and his story of what he heard and saw is infinitely droll, and is at the same time a piece of most biting and infinitely delicate satire. His conclusion is that the French are "barbarians."

News has reached London of the death of Otojiro Kawakami, father of the new school of Japanese dramatic art. Mr. Kawakami and his wife, Mme. Sada Yacco, visited England about twelve years ago, and with some pupils of the modern school who were travelling with them gave a series of Japanese performances at the Coronet Theatre. At that date, neither of them was very famous at home. Kawakami was known as an actor who wished to reform the native theatre, and Sada Yacco's fame was simply that of a popular singing-girl. London awakened to their abilities only a few days before their brief season closed, and Paris acclaimed them as theatrical stars of the first magnitude. On their return to Japan, they at once leaped into popular favor. Some of Mr. and Mrs. Kawakami's experiments, despite their great courage, bade fair to turn this newfound popularity into ridicule, but they persevered doggedly in their uphill task. Their enthusiasm had its reward in due course. Thinking people began to look upon the drama as one of the arts, and grudgingly to recognize actors not merely as artists, but as respectable members of society. The late Prince Ito did much to raise the drama from the despised position it had hitherto occupied, and the present Premier, Marquess Saionji, helped to raise the status of the actor by receiving him at his own home—an unheard-of condescension in an official and a person of the *shizoku* class.

Music

The new (fourth) edition of Henry L. Mason's "Opera Stories" includes productions of the present season in New York, Boston, and Chicago, among them, "Lobetanz," "Cendrillon," "Mona," "Siberia," "La Forêt bleue." Besides the 163 operas now included in the useful little book, there are five ballets and the mystery play, "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian."

"A List of Books on the Operas Announced for Production at the Boston Opera House During the Season of MCMXI-MCMXII in the Public Library of the City of Boston" is the elaborate title of a forty-nine-page brochure published by the trustees of that library. The list covers thirty operas: "Aïda," "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," "La Bohême," "Carmen," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "L'Enfant prodigue," "Faust," "La Forêt bleue," "Germania," "La Habanera," "Hänsel und Gretel," "Lucia," "Madama Butterfly," "Manon" (Massenet), "Manon Lescaut" (Puccini), "Mefistofele," "Otello," "I Pagliacci," "Pelléas et Mélisande," "Rigoletto," "The Sacrifice,"

"Samson et Dalila," "Il Segreto di Susanna," "Thaïs," "Tosca," "La Traviata," "Il Trovatore," "Werther." In this list there are only two German operas, Boston having no German division like the New York Metropolitan, whose Wagner every season has more performances than any Italian or French composer. The list has been prepared with Bostonian thoroughness. After naming five dictionaries of operas, the compiler mentions twenty-six books of history and criticism, followed by twenty books of "Stories of the Operas." Then the operas themselves are presented in alphabetical order, the different scores and librettos being named, as well as publications specially concerned with this or that score. Concerning "Carmen," there are no fewer than nine of these, and "Tristan and Isolde" has eight, among them Weyl's humorous "Herr Richard Wogner, der musikal'sche Struwelpeter, saane naiste oper: Crischan Isoseildich." The list was prepared by Miss Barbara Duncan, who is in charge of the Allen A. Brown collection, to which reference has been made repeatedly in these columns. The monumental catalogue of this collection has now got as far as part iii of Vol. II, including all books, scores, and other musical publications, from "Musicians" to "Panormo." No fewer than ninety-one columns are needed to catalogue everything that comes under the head of operas, while barely ten are needed for oratorios. Offenbach, now obsolete except for one opera, is entombed in five columns.

At the concerts of the New York Philharmonic Society in Carnegie Hall this evening and Friday afternoon, Josef Lhevinne, the Russian pianist, will make his first New York appearance this season. He will play, under Josef Stransky, the Rubinstein Concerto No. 5, in E flat, op. 94, his performance of which a few years ago in Berlin won him the coveted Rubinstein prize, and brought him into wide prominence. He got his chief training under Safanoff at the Royal Conservatory of Moscow, his native city. While a student there, and fourteen, he was invited by Rubinstein to play the Beethoven Emperor Concerto at a concert of the Moscow Symphony, a work which he will perform at the Philharmonic concert of Sunday afternoon, January 7.

Art

The Life and Works of Winslow Homer. By William Howe Downes. With illustrations. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $6 net.

This handsomely printed and fully illustrated quarto brings together whatever needs to be known of the life of Winslow Homer. Mr. Downes, who is well known as art critic of the Boston *Transcript*, knew Winslow Homer for many years, has diligently collected the scanty literature of the subject, and has listed all pictures which have been publicly exhibited. So this first biography of the greatest of modern painters of the sea is not merely official, but in an unusual degree definitive. Mr. Downes's attitude toward his hero is well expressed in the following words:

From my boyhood I have loved the pictures, the least of them—a drawing of a little boat, a slight affair, perhaps a sailboat with a group of boys and girls aboard, but so full of a good, sound, expressive naturalism that one said: "What a jolly thing it is to sail a boat!"—and from that day to the time of The Look-out—All's Well, with its inscrutable, mystic suggestion of all the wonders of the life of the seaman, and its still more mysterious hint of the wonders of life itself, the solitary figure of Winslow Homer has loomed up in my imagination with a strange persistency and a singular, commanding impressiveness. In him, more than in any other American painter, dwelt that racy, native, pungent, Yankee note which seemed to me beyond all price. The things that he painted interested me; the way that he painted them suited me; the way that things looked to him was the way that they looked to me; I felt that I understood him; and I rashly resolved that I would write a book about him.

Here we have avowed the frank hero-worship that inspires the book, and a sufficient hint of the sturdiness of the style. Mr. Downes effaces himself throughout. He gives facts rather than opinions, though he freely quotes the opinion of others, and the figure of his hero disengages itself with a massive and convincing objectivity. All this is excellent good art, and the present writer can quarrel with Mr. Downes only for using his scrap-books too conscientiously. A certain amount of repeated description of pictures might be pruned out to the advantage of the book. If the survey were to be contained within the horizon of Prout's Neck, Maine, a better biography, given the material, could hardly have been composed. Mr. Downes has been admirably consistent in abiding by his self-imposed limitation. We have not detected a single allusion to any work by any other artist than the hero. That whole field of comparison and analogy, which is the very basis of criticism, lay open to the author, and he resolutely declined to set foot therein. Winslow Homer painted as if his were the only painting in the world, and his biographer piously accepts that point of view.

But a painter is, though, like Winslow Homer, he flees the world, in the world after all; and the admiration for any artist's work fuses in men's hearts with kindred admirations. Sooner or later, pure biography must merge into criticism, into the consideration of the work in all its relations. Winslow Homer's art, though possibly he would have denied it strenuously, belongs to the art of the world, and some time or other he will have to be considered in cosmopolitan aspects most uncongenial to him.

Possibly, the instinctive dislike of the artist for the critic is due to a sense that the critic is going to transfer him ruthlessly from favorite club or chosen sketching-ground to the white light of the museum, is going to set up a lot of injurious comparisons. Even more, the feud between painter and that other sort of artist called critic is the painter's just apprehension that in the long run criticism is not so much of work as of personal temperament. The future will ask about Winslow Homer, beyond his leading passion for the keenness of forest guides and the courage of seafaring men, what were his other admirations? What was his attitude or interest in the work of older painters or of his contemporaries? What did he read? What manner of men and women did he draw to himself? The silence of this biography on such points is already a criticism. The concentration and narrowing of the man's aims can hardly be paralleled among artists of his rank. He elected the narrowest outlook, and more or less justified it by the intensity of vision he thus attained. In a far truer sense than the *luministes* he was an impressionist, prizing beyond all else the first keen edge of vision and declining to temper it by much infusion of reflection or comparison. Oddly enough, this racy, solitary figure came near to meeting the current ideal of the mere artist, and, paradoxically, men never failed to understand him. There is no story of inner disharmony to be told of him, nor tragedy of praise deferred. Until middle life he kept himself well by a kind of illustration that was popular, well-paid, and very congenial to him.

Academic honors were promptly and profusely bestowed upon him. Buyers always wanted his pictures. His own etched copies of some of his most moving compositions were widely distributed. He is the only great artist America has produced who has achieved real popularity. Judged on any American scale, his greatness and importance can hardly be exaggerated. Judged on a universal scale, it may be that he will be associated not with the great central figures, but with such uncompromising and wholesome individualists as Manet and Courbet. Turner at his rare best, Ruysdael as sea-painter, Millet, seem to have more of the stuff of immortality in them.

But we have no desire to anticipate a criticism that may reasonably wait a generation or so, and we are grateful to Mr. Downes for writing just the sort of book he has chosen to write. It is the production of a hero-worshipper who is also a fine critic. It is what the moment calls for, and what only this particular writer and time could offer. For the critics of the future it will afford a sound basis.

We may fittingly close with Winslow Homer's *credo* as conveyed in Mr. Downes's introductory note. Homer stood firm on the realistic theory that true art lies in copying a selected bit of nature as nearly as may be. As a matter of fact, the reader hardly

needs to be reminded, he made the usual compositional adjustment between the sketch and the canvas, and he carried an artful and forceful simplification to a point which the post-impressionists prate about without achieving. He is one more example of the paradox that the artist, while perforce an improver of nature, must believe that he is her humble amanuensis. Despite Leonardo da Vinci, pretty much all the great art of the world has been, and apparently must be, based on false theory. But back to Prout's Neck and the Homeric realities:

> There comes to my mind an incident [writes Mr. Downes] which will illustrate his unyielding attitude towards absolute truth. On the occasion of one of my visits to his home, we were picking our way along the coast over the shelving rocks he painted so often and with such insight and power, when I suddenly said:
>
> "Mr. Homer, do you ever take any liberty, in painting nature, of modifying the color of any part?"
>
> The inquiry seemed to startle him. Arresting his steps for an instant, he firmly clenched his hand, and, bringing it down with a quick action, exclaimed:
>
> "Never! Never! When I have selected the thing carefully, I paint it exactly as it appears." . . . "Never!" he reiterated, as we moved on in the direction of the sea.

The incident may possibly explain why the quintessence of what Winslow Homer seems to be in his incomparably just and vivid water-color sketches rather than in the greater works. His art seems to be related to the art that is admittedly central and great, somewhat as the Icelandic sagas are to the greatest literature. It should be no offence to the Viking spirit to add that its magnificent, barbaric note inevitably yields in human importance to the more fully modulated expressions of completer civilizations.

A new volume is added this month to Scribners' Library of Art series—"The Painters of the School of Ferrara," by Edmund G. Gardner.

The chief work of the Egypt Exploration Fund during the coming season will be the continued excavation of the Osireion at Abydos, a great subterranean building connected with the Temple of Seti. The junction of the Osireion with the Seti temple remains to be discovered, and this is a most interesting task. It may clear up many obscure mythological references besides making considerable addition to our knowledge of Egyptian architecture. If new inscriptions are found, these may, like those already uncovered, add to our knowledge of funerary ritual. The work will be carried out by Prof. E. Naville, LL.D., fellow of King's College, London, and member of the Institute of France, the discoverer of the Biblical Pithom and of the Route of the Exodus, and excavator of the Temple of Queen Hatshepsu at Deir el-Bahari; assisted by T. E. Peet, Prof. Thomas Whittemore of Tufts College, J. Droop, and the Hon. Robert Trefusis, who has previously worked at Abydos. Checks should be made payable to the Egypt Exploration Fund and sent to Mrs. Marie N. Buckman, secretary for the United States, No. 527 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass. Illustrated circular will be sent upon request.

Finance

RETROSPECT.

Every year has a character of its own, but it is not always possible to determine its real place in financial history until some time after it is over. Few people got a clear comprehension of 1909, for instance, before the first half of 1910 had disclosed the real nature and meaning of the boom which was still in an uncertain condition at the end of December. Such a year as 1899 was not really understood until 1901—perhaps not until some years later.

In some important respects, 1911 will have to be described as a year of disappointed hopes. There was certainly a very prevalent feeling, early in the year, that the long-deferred financial and industrial recovery was at hand. We had had our false start, our premature boom, in 1909. It had ended with that year, and the country had spent nearly all of 1910 in thoroughgoing and drastic liquidation. Prices had been brought down, for commodities as for stocks; speculation curbed; unwarranted extension of credit curtailed; bank resources restored.

At the beginning of 1911, therefore, there were not wanting experienced judges to predict that we were in shape for a progressive forward movement in finance and industry. As a rule, these prophecies were conditioned on the harvesting of satisfactory crops, and it is true that, through a good part of 1911, it looked as if the harvests would be a serious disappointment. But we now know that this impression was erroneous. Our wheat and corn crops have been smaller than in 1909; but two or three years ago, both would have been greeted as extremely gratifying yields, and our 15,000,000-bale cotton crop is a noteworthy agricultural windfall.

Nevertheless, the favorable predictions of January and May have not at all been fulfilled. People who backed those predictions on the market, with their money, have suffered heavy losses. Even after the markets had taken on hope, as a consequence of the Supreme Court's conservative interpretation of the Anti-Trust law in the spring, they began to falter in mid-summer, and with the end of the summer season swept into a violent and demoralizing decline which, in the later autumn, plunged the entire community into a gulf of the blackest financial pessimism. What was the real trouble?

The answer which will be made in many quarters is that the whole trouble lay in the Government's unexpected Anti-Trust law prosecutions. It is difficult to accept this explanation as sufficient, however; because the Government's policy and purposes were perfectly well known a year ago. The reassuring influence of the Supreme Court opinions, with their positive rejection of the theory that all corporations and all partnerships restrained trade illegally and were subject to prosecution, had just as much legitimate scope in September as in May. Nothing happened in this regard, in the second half of 1911, which might not have been predicted in the first half—except perhaps for the fact that it had become tradition that the Steel Corporation was immune from prosecution. Yet even as regards the Steel Trust, we have seen what was the result when the trust was actually sued.

One must therefore ask whether any other influences were at work, of large enough scope to block the predicted recovery. There have been such influences. The prolonged uncertainty over the grain harvest, even if ultimately removed, had its effect on sentiment. We know to-day, moreover—what was not seriously imagined in this country at the time—that in the later weeks of summer Europe, if not actually on the verge of the most formidable war in ferty years, was at any rate in a situation where the act or word of a single imprudent statesman might have made such a war inevitable. Secret knowledge or uneasy apprehension of that situation may have been the real cause of the autumn decline.

But behind this stood another singularly interesting fact. At no time—even when Wall Street's hopes of financial and industrial revival were at their highest pitch—was there any sign that the outside public, the genuine consumer, believed that prices of merchandise or securities were so low as to provide an inviting basis for a general purchasing movement. That may have been because of belief that existing prices were too high on general principles, or it may have been because investors and consumers were feeling poor, and did not reckon themselves able to buy on the old-time scale. As to which is the proper explanation, opinions differ. But of the general fact there is no difference of opinion.

When a merchant cannot sell his goods, and is holding them on the basis of borrowed money, he will sooner or later cut his prices to get customers, and that is exactly what happened, on the Stock Exchange as in general trade, when the outside public would not buy last summer. Naturally, now that the price-cutting process has halted, and buyers from somewhere or other have arrived in such numbers as to change the aspect of affairs, it will be asked, just what was the real economic signifi-

cance of the episode? Perhaps we shall have to wait awhile to see.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allingham. Letters to William Allingham. Edited by H. Allingham and E. B. Williams. Longmans.

Baron de Blay de Gaïx. Lettres du Baron de Castelnau, officier (1728-1793). Paris: H. Champion. 3.50 francs.

Bonin, C. E. Les Royaumes des Neiges (états Himalayens). Paris: A. Colin. 4 francs.

Bouglé, C. La Sociologie de Proudhon. Paris: A Colin. 3.50 francs.

Bovet, Ernest. Lyrisme, Epopée, Drame. Paris: A. Colin. 3.50 francs.

Brown, R. Man's Birthright. Desmond FitzGerald. $1.50 net.

Bryan, E. B. Fundamental Facts for the Teacher. Silver, Burdette. $1.

Catalogue of an Exhibition of Old Masters in aid of the National Art Collections Fund: Grafton Galleries, 1911. London: Philip Lee Warner.

Childers, E. The Framework of Home Rule. Longmans.

Comte de Montessus de Ballore. La Sismologie moderne (les tremblements de terre). Paris: A. Colin. 4 francs.

Corbett, J. S. Some Principles of Maritime Strategy. Longmans.

Davenport, C. Cameo Book-Stamp. Longmans.

Dickens Centenary Edition. Little Dorrit (2 vols.); Reprinted Pieces, etc. Scribner.

Douglas, A. D. Poems of Fancy. Every Where Pub. Co.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1912.

The Week

Jackson Day oratory is seldom of the kind that emits more light than heat, and one would scarcely read the speeches in Washington Monday night with the hope of finding in them a definite Democratic programme. Rhetoric naturally got the better of cold logic, and appeals and warnings were more prominent than argument. If Carlyle had been present, he would have heard little to modify his conviction of the futility of public speaking. Nevertheless, there was one idea so common to all the addresses as to indicate the prevailing sentiment regarding the great political issue of the present year. It is the reform of the tariff. Whether the reduction of high duties be looked upon as a practical way of cutting down needless taxation, or as a blow at the whole theory of protection, with its inevitable creation of classes privileged before the law and exercising a baleful influence on our political life, it is evidently a work to which the Democrats are now thoroughly committed. On this subject, at least, even the oratorical Jacksonian trumpets gave no uncertain sound. And when we take into account the fact that a Republican President is now calling upon his party to lower tariff taxes, there can be no doubt that the coming Presidential campaign will see the protective tariff submitted to sharper debate and rougher handling than the country has known for many years.

If any proof were needed that Gov. Wilson's candidacy is gaining ground, it is seen in the increasing attacks upon him. So often have we heard that his application to the Carnegie Foundation has completely ruined his chances for the Presidential nomination, that we are surprised that the National Democratic Club should permit him to speak on the tariff or any other question. Now we learn, too, the real reason why the Governor is talking tariff. We had thought it was because he had always opposed protection as the cause of many political and economic troubles. But, Heaven help us, we were too innocent. The real reason for the Governor's pounding the tariff is, it appears, a desperate desire to overcome the effect of his disastrous speeches on the initiative and referendum, his opposition to the recall of judges, and his attack on the money power. These speeches, we learn from a wholly unbiassed source, have completely turned public opinion against him and greatly inflated the Harmon boom. Hence, the Governor is to forget all about the new-fangled ideas of the West and blaze away at the tariff, which, it is now recalled, is the one issue upon which the Democrats have won since the Civil War. There you have his iniquity fully unveiled—he talks about the tariff, not because it is the party's chief issue, in the opinion of its leaders in Congress, but merely because Grover Cleveland won office by it twenty years ago.

More than usual weight is naturally given to Secretary Stimson's statement of Monday morning respecting Mr. Roosevelt's possible candidacy. As Mr. Stimson points out, he is a warm personal friend of Col. Roosevelt's and also a friend of President Taft's, under whom he now holds office. He states that he finds no difficulty in maintaining this double loyalty, though one seems to detect in his words the determination of the head of the War Department to attempt in a gallant and soldierly spirit what might appear to others to be an impossible task. But in the matter mainly of interest just now, there is no reason to doubt either Mr. Stimson's sincerity or his information from headquarters when he declares that Mr. Roosevelt will not make himself a candidate in opposition to President Taft. Yet this is obviously not to say that the Colonel will not take the nomination if it comes to him. This, in fact, is what is ordinarily understood when a man limits himself to saying: "I am not a candidate." As another of Mr. Roosevelt's friends explains, the Colonel will not actively seek a nomination, but if his party "hurls" it at him, he will not dodge. Thus the only question is how much of a shining mark he will make of himself in order to invite the hurling.

The report on the arbitration treaties filed in the Senate by Mr. Rayner, as a member of the Committee on Foreign Relations, is a strong and straightforward reply to the leading objections made against them. Particularly convincing are his remarks on the scope of the powers of the joint high commission contemplated in the treaty. Senator Rayner holds, without hesitation, that the commission's decision as to whether a question is or is not "justiciable" will, under the treaties, be final and, if affirmative, will bind our Government to submit that question to arbitration; but he insists that it will be impossible for the commission to declare justiciable questions that belong to the domain of fundamental national policy. Seeing that the differences to be arbitrated are defined in Article I of the treaty as those "which are justiciable in their nature by reason of being susceptible of decision by the application of the principles of law or equity," it is plain that no encroachment is intended on the power of any nation to maintain its vital institutions or policies. When it is further remembered that we cannot be compelled to submit a question to arbitration, unless all three of the commissioners of the other country decide that the question is justiciable in this sense, and unless also two at least of our three commissioners agree with them, the idea of danger to our national integrity becomes truly fanciful. Mr. Rayner finds the objection that the treaties are a surrender of the Senate's Constitutional power equally baseless.

Protests against the appointment of Judge Hook to the United States Supreme Court are piling up, and still Mr. Taft is reported as much in favor of the Kansas jurist. Is not that characteristic of the foolish obstinacy of the man? Is it any wonder that from practical men in the Republican party comes the plaint that Mr. Taft cannot be re-elected? Here we are in a Presidential year, and less than six months to Convention time. Mr. Taft needs all the friends he has. He cannot afford to create additional disloyalties by refusing to give heed to Republican Senators, Governors, and commissioners, such as have raised their voice against the appointment of Judge Hook. And yet Mr.

Taft hesitates, because at heart he is not convinced that a really good case has been made out. What use are personal convictions in a Presidential year? Aren't there plenty of other Federal judges who could qualify for the Supreme Court bench and whose appointment would make friends instead of enemies? We imagine a more practical man than Mr. Taft in the White House planning to appoint Judge Hook. We imagine the same volume of opposition ensuing. And immediately we see Judge Hook go down with a thump heard round the country.

Congressional paralysis is expected in the "Presidential year" on subjects that involve a close balancing of considerations of party advantage; but it ought not to extend to topics on which there is substantial unanimity in the nation at large. Such a topic, we feel sure, is presented by the Alaskan question; and here the country has the additional advantage of possessing in the present Secretary of the Interior a man who commands the confidence of the people irrespective of party, and whose judgment, arrived at after careful study, is entitled to great weight. His leading recommendations concerning Alaskan resources are for "the construction by the Federal Government of a central trunk line railroad from tidewater to the Tanana and the Yukon," and for "the passage of a liberal but carefully guarded leasing law for the development of its mineral resources, and especially of its coal lands." On the second of these propositions we know of absolutely no reason why there should not be prompt and energetic agreement on the part of Republicans and Democrats, "progressives" and "reactionaries" alike; and there is certainly much to be said in favor of the first. With the disappearance of purely contentious matter through the rejection of the Cunningham claims, all excuse for further futile quarrelling over the matter has ceased to exist. Those who have accused the conservationists of standing in the way of Alaskan development should now put their shoulders to the wheel.

Two recommendations made by Secretary Nagel on the subject of immigration are deserving of the earnest attention of Congress. One is that larger discretion should be lodged with officials to admit unfortunate members of incoming families where it is shown that society would be protected against burden and danger; the other that examinations of immigrants be made before they embark for this country. Both of these improvements in the existing system are demanded by clear considerations of ordinary humanity. The agonizing experiences frequently undergone by helpless and innocent persons seeking our shores, or by their kinsfolk already here, without the serving of any large public purpose, are deeply discreditable to the country.

The proposal in Chairman Hay's much-mooted army bill to extend the period of enlistment from three to five years appears to be opposed by the bulk of the officers of the army. The shorter period of service has not, it is true, had any effect on desertions, which have been, if anything, a little more numerous of late years; nor do we think that many would contend that the personnel is of a much higher character than when a man bound himself for five years. The point is that, with a shorter enlistment, more men get some kind of military training and thus constitute in a sense a sort of trained reserve. This appeals to the service, for it is indisputable that many men who had been in the regulars prior to 1898 went back to the ranks of the army or volunteers at the outbreak of war. This question of a real reserve also agitates our militarists mightily. They would accept a five-year enlistment if three years were to be with the colors and two in civil life but with an obligation to serve brief periods during the latter part of the contract. The difficulty of adopting this European system is that it would be almost impossible to keep track of the soldiers in civil life, even if small payments were statedly made to them. The men who enlist are often of a roving type. The country is vast and people shift their habitations constantly. It is not as on the Continent, where the police keep a list of all persons who enter a town, with a note of their residence, business, etc. Moreover, the whole scheme is so revolutionary and un-American that it would be scarcely possible to induce Congress to accede to it.

"By so simple a programme," says Mr. James J. Hill, after making a swift survey of the economic field, "may the country not only enjoy a new and prolonged prosperity, but achieve a distinction, both industrial and civic, such as it never knew before." Encouraged by these words of cheer, one turns back to see what the programme is, in the hope of doing one's modest share towards its prompt fulfilment. It consists of only half a dozen items, which in point of simplicity leave nothing to be desired. Thus Mr. Hill asks merely for "an improvement in agriculture that will double our farm product," for "the social ostracism and political retirement of the demagogue who sows evils a thousand times more deadly than those he professes to cure," for "the establishment of strict economy in expenditure, both in public and private life," and a few other things equally easy to name.

The main results of the census of 1910 are presented in compact but unusually interesting, as well as unusually accurate, form by the Chief Statistician of the Census Bureau, Mr. Joseph A. Hill, in an article in the New York *Times*. He is careful to point out that the extraordinary advance for the decade shown by aggregate values of all kinds, as measured in money, must be ascribed in large measure to the general rise of prices, but nevertheless does not hesitate to say that the figures "indicate an unparalleled growth of wealth and increase in national prosperity during the past ten years." That this is true of the farming population admits, of course, of no doubt; the figures fully confirm the impression that common observation and common report abundantly convey. The value of farm land and buildings reached, in 1910, the enormous total of $34,681,000,000, as against $16,614,000,000 in 1900; and this with only a very slight increase (4 per cent.) in the total acreage, and an increase of only 10½ per cent. in the number of farms.

That wages have increased along with prices is clearly shown by the census figures giving the average annual earnings of the wage-earners of the country, which were $518 in 1910 as against $426 in 1900, an increase of about 22 per cent.; quite possibly, too, this advance has been sufficient, or more than sufficient, to offset the advance in the price of the workmen's necessaries;

but even so, the question remains whether there has not been a prevention or retardation of the advance in real wages which would probably have been made if the money standard had not depreciated. As to the national wealth, taken as a whole, the Chief Statistician, after plainly stating that all figures on this are subject to grave question, hazards the rough estimate that, measured in money, the total wealth of the United States has increased about 60 per cent. in the decade, making the total in 1910 about $142,000,000,000.

Gustave Le Bon, well known as the author of "Psychology of Crowds," has set out to condense his philosophy of life into a series of aphorisms. A first instalment, dealing with "political psychology," was published in the Paris *Figaro* of December 23. His sayings are in the traditional form of maxims or *pensées*, and some of them are not without sagacity and a keen eye upon prevailing tendencies. It is as true of Governors and Presidents as Le Bon says it is of governments, that they "fall oftener through their own weakness than by the attack of enemies." The mania for profuse law-making has its rebuke in the aphorism: "Legislators would pass very few laws if they could see at a glance the remote consequences." Finally, we cite one remark of the French philosopher which the present attitude of the tariff-protected classes in this country neatly illustrates: "To legislate exclusively in the interest of a single class is to increase indefinitely its demands and to condemn one's self soon to have it for an enemy."

The right to hiss in the theatre is ancient, but of recent years it has fallen into disuse. That it ought to be revived is the contention of Prof. George P. Baker of Harvard, who is also at the head of the Drama League of Boston. His argument is the entirely sound one that it would be a good thing both for playwrights and theatrical managers if audiences were more free to express disapproval. It is not a question of boisterous manifestations or "booing," but of rendering an adverse verdict when it is obviously due. A drama is offered to the public for its opinion, yet the absurd custom has grown up of objecting to anything but a favorable opinion. Spectators may applaud, but they must not hiss. Professor Baker is sensible enough to see the advantage of the older fashion. It was illustrated in Moore's story of the Frenchman at the Comédie who, when a bad actor delivered the line, "Ou laissez-moi régner, ou laissez-moi périr," rose and said: "Ou laissez-moi siffler, ou laissez-moi sortir."

According to a bulletin issued by the Federal Bureau of Education, the forty-three Legislatures showed themselves during the year just closed, "practically without exception," friendly to public education. There will be some curiosity, when the full report is published, to see what State or States were the exception. We have had unfortunate instances of political meddling in the case of one or two State universities, but to be classified as actually unfriendly to public education is a rare distinction. One of the developments noted is the tendency to lengthen the school term by reducing the number of holidays. The loud complaints against the additions that have been made to the curriculum in recent years must have owed part of their force to the decrease in the number of days in which they could be taught. It ought to be possible to bring about a better adjustment between the time at a student's disposal and the use he is at present compelled to make of it.

It is shocking to learn that in 1911 no less than sixty drivers of automobiles in New York city ran away and left their victims dead or injured in the street. This is the statement made by Col. Edward S. Cornell, Secretary of the National Highways Protective Association, from the records of the Association. He says, too, that the recent decision of the Appellate Division against the constitutionality of the statute requiring a driver to stop and give his name in the event of accident has operated as a discouragement to prosecutions. The Association will now seek to obtain fresh legislation designed to accomplish the same object, without incurring the Constitutional difficulty. But the original issue is still pending, the case having been taken to the Court of Appeals, where we trust it will be vigorously pushed. For the matter is of marked importance, quite apart from its bearing on the particular question in hand. The invalidation of the law, on the plea of immunity from self-incrimination, strikes sensible laymen—and many lawyers, too—as a manifestation of overgrown development of "the criminal's privilege."

Pierre Loti's impassioned protest against the spoliation of the Mohammedan world in the name of Christian civilization has the force that inheres in every plea for elemental justice. It has also the painful weakness that inheres in the process of the pot calling the kettle black. Why should M. Loti have singled out Italy's treatment of Turkey for specific denunciation? It is certain that the seizure of Tripoli would not have come when it did but for the example of what was going on under French and Spanish auspices in Morocco. "Pierre Loti" is the pseudonym of Commander Viaud of the French navy, to whom was recently presented a Government decoration of high rank, on board a French battleship, amidst much military pomp. As a lover of the exotic Mohammedan world, M. Loti is undoubtedly sincere in his denunciation of the methods of rapine and bloodshed which European "civilization" is now displaying in Morocco, in Tripoli, and in Persia. But what would be the conduct of Commander Viaud (retired) in case the French fleet was ordered to bombard Tangiers?

There is sufficient substance to the rumor of approaching peace between Italy and Turkey to lend basis for the hope that this peculiarly shameful episode in the history of European colonial expansion may be speedily brought to a close. Considering the suddenness of the attack upon Tripoli and the totally unprepared condition of the Turkish troops in that province, the latter have carried on the war with a degree of courage and persistence that should enable them to give up the unequal contest with honor saved. As for Italy, it goes without saying that she will be glad to withdraw from that evil eminence where she has stood exposed to the scorn of right-thinking men. The least that she can do is to offer the Turkish Government substantial compensation. The financial necessities of the new Turkish régime are great, and a goodly sum, to be disbursed for much-needed public works and schools, would be some counterbalance to the loss of a province.

THE MONETARY COMMISSION'S REPORT.

The Monetary Commission's formal report to Congress on Monday, embodying its recommendations for reform of the country's banking and currency system, is the sequel to a somewhat unusual episode in legislation. The Commission was appointed in May, 1908, under the authority of the so-called Aldrich-Vreeland Emergency Currency bill. That measure itself, hastily drawn up in response to discussion which followed the panic of 1907, was admittedly a temporizing and unscientific law, and satisfied nobody; it therefore provided for a commission of nine Senators and nine Representatives to study the general question and "report to Congress at the earliest date practicable."

The Commission's work was from the start taken personally in hand by its Chairman, Senator Aldrich; but during nearly all of its three first years of existence, its work was confined to investigation of the European banking systems by a subcommittee and to preparation of monographs on various aspects of the problem. What plan would be recommended was not known until in January, 1911, Mr. Aldrich personally gave out what he described as a "suggested plan of monetary legislation." This elaborate outline of a scheme for a central banking organization, to be owned and controlled exclusively by the banks of the United States, with due representation of the Government on its official board, was further revised by Mr. Aldrich last October. It is the plan then published which, in virtually all its details, the Monetary Commission has now recommended to Congress. It is within the facts to say that the Commission as an official body held no formal meetings until, last autumn, Senator Cummins's resolution calling for a report on January 8, 1912, was adopted by Congress.

The Commission's report is confined to general discussion of the problem; it is to be followed by submission of a perfected bill, which has already been made public. The report points out that the present banking system is weak because it admits of no concentration of the country's banking reserve of cash for use in time of trouble; that under it our banknote circulation fails to respond, by automatic expansion and contraction, to the changing needs of business; that it gives no effective means for coöperation by banking institutions at a time of crisis; that it does not enable our market to regulate properly the foreign exchanges; that it does not extend to interior communities the benefits of ready access to the general money market; that it leads to congestion of banking resources at the large financial centres, stimulating speculation when those resources are accumulating, and upsetting the market when they are withdrawn, and, finally, that the custodianship of its own funds by the Government leads to constant unsettlement of bank reserves.

To rectify these evils the Commission proposes to incorporate a National Reserve Association with $100,000,000 initial capital, which shall absorb the note-issue function now enjoyed by the 7,000 national banks, shall discount only for other banks, and shall hold on deposit the United States Government's surplus funds and the re-deposited funds of banks, but no private deposits. Against all its demand liabilities (including deposits and circulation) this central association is to maintain a 50 per cent. gold reserve. The national banks, meantime, are still required to hold against their own demand deposits the percentage of cash reserve now stipulated by law, except that they may count as part or the whole of that reserve the notes of the central institution or their own credit balances with that institution.

In all these particulars the Commission's proposals follow the lines already made familiar through public discussion of Mr. Aldrich's plan. The one innovation of the present report is its new proviso for election of the central management. The distinguishing feature of Mr. Aldrich's plan was the proposed division of the country into fifteen districts, in each of which the banking interests of the section were to be supervised by a district association of banks, managed through delegates from the various local associations. The directors of the national association were to be chosen by the boards of these district associations; with the national board enlarged, however, by designated officers of the United States Government and by a given number of directors chosen by the board itself.

The selection of the central management therefore devolved, in the last analysis, on the vote of the banks themselves, mainly voting as units; and this, early in the discussion of the plan, led to widespread inquiry as to whether control of a group of banks by a single individual or institution would not give such owner a large voice in election of the national directorate. Mr. Aldrich endeavored to meet this criticism by limiting the number of directors who might be chosen from any one district. Secretary MacVeagh, in his recent Treasury report, recommended decidedly that the new law should forbid any bank coming under its provisions from owning stock in any other independent bank. The Monetary Commission's bill approaches the matter in yet another way, declaring that when any bank owns 40 per cent. of the stock of any other bank in the association membership, or when 40 per cent. respectively of the stock in two or more banks is owned, "directly or indirectly, by the same person, persons, co-partnership, voluntary association, trustee, or corporation," then such banks shall be entitled, not to one vote apiece in the choice of officers, but only to one vote as a group.

This, the one wholly new provision in the Commission's formal report, is by no means the least interesting part of its recommendations. It is manifestly designed to meet the popular objection to the entire pending plan of banking reform, that control of the new association might indirectly be acquired by powerful financial interests such as have already obtained so extensive control over groups of existing institutions.

A BILL OF PARTICULARS.

It is difficult to get up much excitement over the alleged efforts to "smoke out" Col. Roosevelt. He will doubtless be "out" in due time, and with flame and explosions as well as smoke. But there is one respect in which the campaign that his friends are making against President Taft is rapidly approaching a definite issue which must squarely be met. The question is, if Mr. Taft is not to be renominated by his party, why not? What are the reasons —the public reasons—that can fairly be urged? The need of a clear answer is accentuated by the President's own declaration that he is in the fight to stay. It had foolishly been hoped, apparently, that fault-finding and nagging and

dashes of cold water, if kept up long enough, would so disgust or discourage Mr. Taft that he would take himself out of the contest. That wish, father to the thought, is now extinguished. The President explicitly asks the Republicans to make him their candidate again. If they refuse, on what grounds can they do it?

The newspapers have been filled recently with long accounts of the roots of bitterness that have sprung up between the President and the ex-President. All the rumors and gossip, together with some of the well-known facts, that have been retailed since March, 1909, are now massed and printed. They make a formidable showing, but it is entirely a showing of private offences. No question of public policy is involved. It is all a twice-told tale of slights, real or fancied, of pique, of offended dignity, of resentment. But is the Republican party to do what it has never done before, and decline to give an elected President a second nomination, for the sole reason that an ex-President dislikes him? What anti-Taft delegate will get up in the National Convention and say that the President must not be renominated, because he refused to keep Mr. Garfield in the Cabinet? What other will argue that Taft is out of the question, because he invited "Dear Maria" to dine at the White House? Similarly of the awful crime of Taft's Attorney-General in putting into the moving papers for the dissolution of the Steel Trust the allegation that President Roosevelt was hoodwinked in the matter of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company.

And if we give the inquiry a broader and more impersonal scope, and take up the hostility to Taft shown by many Progressive Republicans, here also we find a great deal that is vague and only a little that is definite. The President is entitled to a bill of particulars. Serious public men should not assert emphatically that they do not love Dr. Fell, but add that the reason why they cannot tell. That the Progressive Republicans had some warrant in 1909 and 1910 for being dissatisfied with President Taft, we do not deny. But this is 1912, and they are bound to point out the exact things in his policy and attitude to-day which they condemn. Is it the tariff? His position on that is at least as aggressive as theirs; they cannot make an issue of that. Is it conservation? He is now as fully committed to the doctrine as they are. Is it the initiative and referendum? That is not a national question. Even Mr. Bryan declares that it will not be proposed for either platform. Is it the Trust problem and the enforcement of the Sherman law? We have never seen any resolution of the Progressive Republicans on this subject which made out a sound case against President Taft, or did not, in fact, cause his position to seem clearer and more vigorous than theirs. We are not now questioning their motives. Many of them are estimable and indubitably patriotic gentlemen. But it is a particular and very practical matter to which they are now addressing themselves, and in dealing with it they must, in order to produce any effect, be explicit and precise.

Taft "cannot be elected." This feeling is undoubtedly the true reason why many Republicans have faintly hoped that he would withdraw from the field. But as he has now definitely and even defiantly refused to withdraw, the real question before the party is: "If Taft cannot be elected, can any Republican?" More specifically, the question is whether any Republican can be elected over Taft's dead body. It is confidently said that Roosevelt could be elected, but could he? Could he, that is, if he first had to go out and make open war upon Taft, with all the imputations of false friendship and desperate ambitions upon his head, with his party torn asunder in the process, and with countless Republican enemies eager to pay off old spites? Under those circumstances, it would not be a cool judgment that maintained he could win. Thus the famous dictum of 1908 will be differently phrased this year. Then it was: If they don't take Taft, they'll get me. At present it is: If they don't take Taft, whom can they take?

THE CANAL AND SUBSIDIES.

English opinion seems to have been a good deal stirred up—possibly with a little artificial help from certain newspapers—over the proposal to make the Panama Canal virtually free to American shipping, while charging tolls upon the vessels of other nations. Stated thus baldly, the scheme would be in obvious violation of the canal treaty. To this imputation the language of some of President Taft's speeches in the West undoubtedly laid him open; and the severe comment upon his reported views was justified. But in his message to Congress he was careful to place the matter on a fairer legal basis. There can be no question, the President said, of our obligation to make the canal charges equal and uniform for all nations. American ships must pay the fixed rate per ton just like others. Only—and this is the point—there can be no doubt of the power of Congress, urges Mr. Taft, if it chooses to do so, to vote as a special subsidy to American shipowners the exact amount which they pay for passing through the canal. Granting this as a mere matter of stark power, the question of propriety and of wisdom remains.

There are preliminaries first to be settled. What is to be our general financial policy respecting the canal? Are we to give up entirely the idea of ever getting back even the interest on the money we have spent in building it? From the first the project was represented as a "good investment." The volume of tonnage seeking the canal was certain to be so great as to meet all interest charges and the expense of administration and up-keep. But as the estimates and expenditures have gone on mounting, that original expectation is now generally held to be illusory. Experienced shipping men do not believe that the returns from the canal will for many years to come meet even approximately the fixed charges. It is partly a realization of this, no doubt, that led Mr. John Barrett of the Bureau of American Republics to come out in favor of making the canal absolutely free, and abandoning the notion that we might reimburse ourselves.

No such plan, however, is contemplated by the Administration. In recommending to Congress early action upon the question, the President sets forth the purpose of getting as much out of the Isthmian traffic as it will bear, so as to come as near as possible to meeting the interest on the debt. But if this be so, what is the sense of giving back with one hand what is taken with the other? If the hope is to make the canal pay, or nearly pay, why set aside a certain portion of the receipts for tolls and make a present of them to favored shippers? In this light, the canal appears only as an excuse for subsidies. Every kind of basis for a shipping subsidy has been advocated, but here is a new one. American

shipowners will have to pay out good money to get through the Panama Canal. Horrible thought! Let us try a new dodge and vote the money straight back to them. Really, when you come to think of it, the canal was not built for ships, but for subsidies.

How fondly this idea is doted upon may be seen in a recent article by Lewis Nixon. It must be said for him that he is thorough-going. No petty juggling with canal rates will satisfy him. He would go the whole figure and impose discriminating rates upon foreign shipping in all our ports. To do this, he is aware that it would be necessary to tear up all our commercial treaties, but what of that? Let them be terminated at once. Then let us "extend our coasting trade laws, by treaties, to all of North, Central, and South America," so that no ship not built on this side the Atlantic, or carrying a flag of one of the Americas, could enter into that trade at all. Mr. Nixon does not indicate how he would carry out this modest proposal. Probably it would be by fiat, in the sense of Mr. Olney when he said that the word of the United States was a fiat for all South America. Once the thing were done—once we plunged into a commercial war with all nations, and drew upon our entire resources, in order to build a few ships, there can be no doubt that we should be able to build them. But to everybody except Mr. Nixon it might occur to ask whether ships would not be too costly on those terms.

SENSE AND HYSTERIA ON THE M'NAMARA AFFAIR.

On December 30 there was presented to President Taft a petition asking that the President and Congress of the United States would appoint a commission to "investigate, study, and consider the grave problems of internal statesmanship" connected with the conditions affecting labor in this country. It was signed by a number of men and women deeply interested in the improvement of the existing situation, and many of them of high national reputation. That the problems to which the petition refers exist, that they are grave, that help towards their solution may be hoped for from such an investigation as this, few will deny, or would have denied at any time these many years past. What is perhaps less important, but is nevertheless not without serious significance, is the way in which the proposal is put forward. The idea that the McNamara revelation suddenly cast upon the situation a new and lurid light, that it showed the American people to be at the parting of the ways, that we must choose now between an era of violence and bloodshed on the one hand and an era of conciliation and peaceful progress on the other, is not indeed explicitly embodied in the communication; but there runs through it an implication of something very like this.

When we say that this is a serious matter, we have in mind its bearing on that outburst of hysteria which has been so interesting a sequel of the McNamara confessions. Of this the symposium contained in the same number of the *Survey* in which the above-mentioned petition was published furnishes several examples. An extract from a single one of the contributions may serve as sufficient illustration. Mr. Paul Kennaday, secretary of the New York Association for Labor Legislation, gives us the benefit of his wisdom as follows:

> The workers have been driven until at last even they are turned. And now that they have been shown how easy it is, after all, to avenge their wrongs and to attack their masters at the one vulnerable point, property, we shall have more of murder and arson before we shall have less—unless those who control the courts and the Legislatures, and warp public opinion as they will, shall come to realize that the American workingman will not stand much longer this our present fashion of turning out "get-rich-quicks" at one end of the scale, and consumptive, poisoned, maimed, and penniless workers at the other.

So it is only "at last" that there has come labor-union violence; there were no Molly Maguires; there was no 1877 railway strike, with burning and fighting that make this McNamara affair a small matter; no 1894 Chicago trouble, quelled only by the strong arm of the Federal Government. And it was "easy, after all," for the McNamaras to accomplish their object, though it still remains wholly unattained, while they themselves are in prison and repudiated.

Fortunately there happens to be comprised among the sober and sensible contributions to the symposium one that emanates from a man who has done devoted service for remedial measures in behalf of working men and women, and who is one of the leading members of the Association for Labor Legislation, Prof. Henry R. Seager. His column of comment is sound sense throughout. He addresses to the labor unions, as a friend should, the words of truth and soberness. He admits that there is, and has long been, a class struggle; but "more fundamental than the class struggle," he says, "are those elementary convictions and habits of thought which are shared by all classes, and which the late Professor Sumner called the *mores* of a people. In the *mores* of the average American there is no place for the dynamiter." Until such lawlessness is suppressed, he declares, efforts to liberalize the law will fail to command from the average American the support which they deserve. "The best friends of labor in this crisis," says Professor Seager in conclusion, "are, in my judgment, those who urge the labor organizations to place themselves squarely and unequivocally on the side of law and order." And the flood of mushy sentiment to which less virile thinkers have given utterance is responsible in no small measure for the failure of labor organizations to do "squarely and unequivocally" that which would inure most signally to their benefit.

In point of fact, however, we do not believe that the hysterical view of the McNamara affair is entertained by any considerable portion of the people. Bursting suddenly upon the nation, flashed before the eyes of millions of people, from California to Maine, at a single moment in thousands of newspapers, the confessions were the theme of unusual excitement and interest for a few days; but the erection of the affair into a thing of stupendous import, an unheard-of portent, a sign of the wrath to come, has been purely factitious. We have had incomparably more serious and more formidable manifestations of the "class struggle" many a time in the past thirty or forty years; it represents no new element whatsoever in the situation. We cannot afford to be indifferent about it, simply because we cannot afford to be indifferent to the duty of ameliorating social evils which are capable of being ameliorated. The work of grappling with them will go on; every year there will be a greater and greater number of men and women devoted to that work; every year, we trust, there will be progress, now in this direction, now in that. But it is chimerical to expect that any improvement which law or pri-

vate effort may effect in any future now worth reckoning with will suffice to satisfy those who are disposed to accomplish their objects by the short-cut of murder or arson. The way to deal with that peril is by upholding, without compromise or apology, the sanctity and the vigor of the law; whatever may be done towards the bettering of conditions must he done because it is right, and not in the vain hope of placating the enemies of the social order.

CRIME AND CONFESSION.

The Beattie confession, the McNamara confession, and the Richeson confession, coming so close together, bid fair to exercise a desirable corrective influence on the attitude of a great many people towards the entire subject of crime, its detection and its punishment. Had the young Virginia wife-murderer refused to admit his guilt within the very shadow of death, there would have been many people to assert that an innocent man had been punished, and uncounted pitiful sighs would have gone out in memory of the "poor boy." Had the McNamaras decided to stand trial and been convicted, there can be little doubt that they would have become "martyrs" in the cause of labor, and hundreds of thousands of men and women would have believed sincerely in the innocence of the two brothers. And in the case of Richeson, the Boston clergyman, despite the mass of evidence piled up by the State against him, the fountains of sentiment would have gushed out freely towards him, if he had not confessed.

Sentiment is the name usually bestowed on this popular tendency to take sides with the prisoner in the dock against his accusers. And this feeling might deserve to be called sentiment if it were based on an innate reverence for human life and on a belief in the goodness of humanity. To hold that any man is *prima facie* incapable of committing murder, may look like idealism. But, as a rule, the sentimental attitude towards the man in the murderer's row is based on no such idealistic considerations. It is, rather, a survival of the anarchistic instinct which thousands of years of civilization have failed to eradicate in us. It is the instinct which is always "agin" the Government, rather than for the man whom society accuses of having violated its laws. It is the instinct against the police and for the man who succeeds in breaking away from the "cop." It is quite true that fancy refuses to glow over the thought of a policeman. But his is one of the ugly and necessary occupations that underlie the social structure. To assume that the police are always ready to "frame up" cases against innocent men; to assume that the criminal courts of law grind away in clumsy inefficiency, denying justice to the innocent and failing to reach the guilty; to assume that the whole basis of evidence and trial is an elaborate and costly piece of guesswork; to assume that circumstantial evidence is an unholy method of putting a man out of the way—that is the mental attitude of altogether too large a part of the community. And it is that mental attitude which will receive a rude and healthy shock from the three notable confessions we have mentioned.

On this whole subject of crime and its punishment, especially when crime consists in the taking of human life, we are still largely under the influence of what may be described as the Byronic point of view—that, namely, of the individual who is out of gear with society, because society is at its best a clumsy arrangement, at its worst a vicious one. Courts of justice, as part of the social structure, are open to the same charge. The Romantic theory does not countenance murder; it objects to murder being judged and punished in accordance with man-made laws. Nature herself will supply the punishment. It will work upon the guilty man through the power of conscience; it will turn his eyes upon his own soul and work that moral regeneration which is a thing to be sought for. Thus there grew up the great Romantic tradition of the murderer who is haunted by the material wraith of his victim, or is driven to confession by the furies of remorse. It is not necessary to enter into the details of a completely worked out scheme of spiritual retribution. We catch echoes of it in the news of the present day. A murderer is arrested at the scene of his crime to which he has been irresistibly attracted. The McNamaras confess because, according to one of the brothers, he could not sleep. The tradition goes back to Macbeth's shadowy dagger and beyond. It is a theory that pleases in its comprehensiveness. It asserts that murder is not always murder, as the laws of man would make it; but when it is, that the laws of man are not necessary for its expiation. Nature will attend to that, through ways of her own.

But here again the three confessions we have been discussing speak loudly in behalf of common sense as against fancy. If conscience had driven these men to confess their guilt, why should conscience have waited until society, through its policemen and its man-made laws, had drawn a formidable net about them, as with the McNamaras and Richeson, or had actually passed on the accused man's fate, as with young Beattie? It would be absurd to say that conscience no longer operates in men, or that murder has lost its power to turn the soul back upon itself in unquestioning horror. But there are exceptions, and unfortunately it is the exceptions with whom the courts have to deal. Beattie, a mere stripling, has taken his wife out of doors and done her to death in the most cold-blooded fashion. The next morning he sits on the veranda of his home, a bottle of beer at his elbow, and discusses the fate of the woman whose body is being prepared for burial upstairs. "I am sorry it happened," he tells his cousin, as if it were of a lost purse or a broken engagement. Modern science has any number of names to describe a nature like Beattie's. He may be a defective, or a victim of neurosis, or a reversion to type. The important fact, however, is that he exists.

THE BUFFALO MEETINGS.

MADISON, Wis., January 3.

The attendance at the meetings of the American Historical Association and the American Political Science Association, held in Buffalo, Ithaca, and Toronto last week, was somewhat smaller than it has been in recent years. The fact that the Middle West was the scene of the 1910 meeting, while the societies had been in New York city as recently as 1909, may account for the absence of many of those living in the region and in the habit of irregular attendance. There were few vacancies in the ranks of the regulars. Both programmes were marred by numerous delinquencies among those who had promised to read papers.

At the opening session, on Wednesday night, after an address of welcome by the Hon. Henry W. Hill, on behalf of the Buffalo Historical Society, the two bodies listened to the addresses of their respective presidents. Prof. William M.

Sloane, for the historians, spoke upon "The Substance and Vision of History," and replied at some length to the paper of his Columbia colleague, J. H. Robinson, which terminated the Indianapolis meeting of 1910. In opposition to Professor Robinson's thesis that history is suffering from the neglect by historians of the fields of archæology, ethnology, and psychology, Professor Sloane contended that history must keep to its trade, and not drift into the debatable ground of the social sciences. Gov. Simeon E. Baldwin represented the political scientists. Choosing for his title "The Progressive Unfolding of the Powers of the United States," he restated the orthodox democratic view of the dangers imminent in an extension of Federal influence, and allowed his imagination to roam among the possibilities in interpretation that remain as yet unused by courts and Congress. The interdependence of the two societies was emphasized by the fact that both Gov. Baldwin and Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, who was chosen to succeed him as president of the Political Science Association, have been presidents of the American Historical Association, while the latter and older body chose as its new head the eminent practical political scientist, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt.

A second joint session of the two societies, upon Latin and Anglo-American relations, was held on Friday night, and brought forth "The Point of View of Latin America," from Henry Gil, a young Argentinian scholar, who took occasion to protest in the name of the strongest South American republic against the self-constituted guardianship of the United States. The other papers were historical, and included one by another foreign scholar, H. W. V. Temperley of Peterhouse, Cambridge. After this programme, and a smoker at the Buffalo Club, the associations abandoned Buffalo, for Toronto and Ithaca, where sessions were held Saturday afternoon on European history and Canadian government. At Ithaca, the senior surviving ex-president of the American Historical Association, Andrew D. White, gave a reception to the visitors.

The most notable paper on the programme of the Political Science Association was entitled "The Courts in their Relation to Constitutions and Statutes," and was read by Prof. Roscoe Pound on Thursday morning. The general topic of the session was "The Courts and Judges as Governing Bodies," and had been touched upon by Gov. Baldwin the night before. Professor Pound traced with keenness and precision the relation of the courts to popular views of the Constitution, found historical explanation for the general reliance upon interpretation as a corrective of legislation, and was not distressed lest the extension of the power of the courts, or of power through the courts, should wreck the United States. In later meetings, the association took up "State Constitution Making," with papers by J. P. Dunn of Indianapolis, and Prof. J. Q. Dealey of Brown; also "The County Problem in Municipal Government," in which F. D. Bramhall, of the University of Chicago, gave an admirable survey of the intricate corporate control over Cook County, and in which the absence of city attorneys from St. Louis and San Francisco showed the unwisdom of relying upon men of affairs in the study of scientific problems. On Friday morning, Herbert Croly led a discussion of "State Political Organization."

The historical meetings were much as usual. Two afternoons were given over to small conferences in which minute specialization was possible. The subjects of these were ancient history, Southwestern history, public archives, State and local historical societies, the report of the Committee of Eight on history in the grades, and the materials for advanced work in European history. Besides these, there were three meetings of all the historians. On Thursday the regular joint session with the Mississippi Valley Historical Association devoted itself to four papers on frontier problems, political and economic. In one of these R. G. Wellington dealt with the tariff and the public lands, showing, with new materials, how political log-rolling tied these two matters together in the West. British Imperial problems formed the general topic for Thursday night and drew two Canadian scholars into the programme. Prof. W. L. Grant, who holds the new chair of colonial history at Queen's, spoke on "Canada or Guadalupe—An Episode of the Seven Years' War," while Prof. C. W. Colby of McGill interpreted the defeat of reciprocity in September last. At the same session C. W. Alvord made a searching analysis of British political factions on the eve of the American Revolution. A session on international relations was held in the building of the Buffalo Historical Society on Friday morning.

The business meeting of the American Historical Association brought no surprises, but was exceedingly interesting in showing the range of activity of the society. Most of the seventeen heads of business reported on represented scholarly activity. The progress of Professor Cheyney's committee, charged with preparing a bibliography of English history, makes it probable that a first instalment may be expected in a year or two. Professor Richardson presented tabulations showing the location in America of standard files on European history, and provided the first guides for libraries in filling in their gaps. A new enterprise was undertaken by the Association when it granted a board of editors and a subsidy to the *History Teachers' Magazine*, which Albert E. McKinley has conducted for two years with distinguished success. The associations adjourned to meet in Boston and Cambridge, in 1912, and in Charleston in 1913. P.

AMERICAN ECONOMIC ASSOCIATION.

BALTIMORE, January 8.

The American Economic Association held its twenty-fourth annual meeting in Washington December 27-30. The American Statistical Association, the American Sociological Society, and the American Association for Labor Legislation, as has been customary for some years, met at the same time and place. The programme of the Economic Association included joint sessions with all of these associations. Section I of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and the American Civic Alliance also held sessions independently on economic subjects.

A feature of the meeting was the participation of a number of the economists now in Government service. The increasing drift of economists into the public service has been much commented upon in recent years, but it has never been brought home more forcibly than at this meeting. Director Durand of the Census, Commissioner Neill of the Bureau of Labor, Chairman Emery of the Tariff Board, Assistant Secretary Andrew of the Treasury Department, either presided at sessions or read papers. Additional official recognition was given by the presence of President Taft as the guest of honor at the luncheon of the Association on Thursday. Secretary MacVeagh presided at one of the sessions and Secretary Fisher at another. Secretary and Mrs. MacVeagh received the members of the Association at their home on Friday afternoon.

The sessions were devoted almost exclusively to economic questions of pressing political importance. The tendency to limit the amount of time devoted to economic theory has been evident for some years, and is probably to be accounted for chiefly by the increasing desire to make the Association more largely an agency for the dissemination of information on economic subjects. The rapid increase in membership in the last two or three years has raised the proportion of members whose chief interest is in current economic questions. The contrast in this respect even with last year's programme was marked. At St. Louis, one entire session was devoted to pure economic theory and another session to the theory of money. At the Washington meeting, the only time given to theoretical economics was at one of three round-table conferences held on Friday afternoon.

In his presidential address, entitled "The Economic Utilization of History," Prof. Henry W. Farnam of Yale Uni-

versity maintained, against the weight of J. S. Mill's authority, the value of experiment as a means of extending economic knowledge, and pointed out the advantages of the economic history of the United States as material for studies in economic experimentation.

The session devoted to the tariff was noteworthy in that the papers were based more largely than at any of the other principal sessions on general economic principles, and less on detailed investigation of special points. Chairman Emery of the Tariff Board, who read the first of the principal papers, gave his opinion that the cost of production at home and abroad of protected commodities might be ascertained with sufficient exactness to serve as a guide to tariff-makers. Prof. H. Parker Willis of George Washington University argued that the differences in cost of production among sections of the country and among producers are so great as to make it impossible to settle on any sum as fairly representative of the cost of production in a country.

The data yielded by the census of 1910 was much in evidence at the session on Rural Conditions. Dr. John L. Coulter's discussion of the problems of Southern agriculture was suggestive. Prof. B. H. Hibbard of Iowa State Agricultural College, in a paper on the "Decline of the Rural Population of the United States," brought to bear on the extent and causes of this interesting phenomenon a large amount of statistical data as to area of farms, value of stock, and of agricultural implements. His chief conclusion was that the decrease in population was most largely due to the increasing use of machinery and to other economies in labor.

The first of the principal papers at the session on Immigration was read by Prof. H. P. Fairchild of Yale University and dealt with the question of restriction. Professor Fairchild seemed inclined to favor the plan of fixing a minimum wage which immigrants must receive as the best protection against the lowering of the standard of living through the competition of immigrant labor. The paper of W. W. Husband, secretary of the Immigration Commission, was a careful study of the extent and character of the emigration from the United States to Canada.

At the first of the three round-table meetings on Friday afternoon, under the leadership of Prof. Frank A. Fetter of Princeton University, the subject of discussion was "The Price Concept in Relation to Value." The second meeting, on "An International Commission on the Cost of Living," was presided over by Prof. Irving Fisher of Yale University. The discussion here turned largely on the possibility of procuring by international agreement the adoption of some form of multiple standard in place of a metallic standard. The third meeting, on "Industrial Efficiency and the Interests of Labor," under the leadership of Prof. H. S. Pearson of Dartmouth, was noteworthy, chiefly for the great differences in opinion among the speakers as to what effect the new efficiency systems, with their varying and intricate plans of wage payment, have on the health of the laborers.

At the final session, on "Safety and Health in the Mining Industry," the principal papers were read by John Mitchell, ex-president of the United Mine Workers; by S. C. Hotchkiss of the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service; by J. A. Holmes, director of the United States Bureau of Mines, and by J. R. Haynes. The papers were too technical to be of great interest to many economists, but marked a decided advance in the careful study of occupational risk and disease in the United States.

The secretary-treasurer reported a large increase in the membership, which now stands at 2,300. In view, however, of the large increase in the expenses of the Association, it was decided to raise the annual dues from $3 to $5. Prof. Frank A. Fetter of Princeton University was elected president for the ensuing year, and Prof. T. N. Carver was re-elected secretary-treasurer. B.

THE PHILOLOGISTS AND ARCHÆOLOGISTS.

GRANVILLE, O., January 1.

In numbers, the combined meeting of philologists and archæologists at Pittsburgh, December 27-29, was below the average. Possibly a meeting-point which would enable members from a distance to combine business with a holiday visit to New York city would procure for the meetings a better attendance than they can otherwise command. There is another factor, however, which need not be concealed, and that is a growing feeling that the relation between the Archæological Institute and the Philological Association has not been worked out with sufficient precision to prevent an undesirable clashing of interests. For this reason separate meetings may possibly be held next winter, though the fact that so many are members of both organizations would make such a move regrettable.

The annual address of the president of the Philological Association, Dr. John C. Rolfe of the University of Pennsylvania, might have been listened to with profit by college presidents and trustees all over the land. With "Teaching and Research in Classical Philology" as his subject, Dr. Rolfe discussed at some length, and with sound reasoning, the present relation of the doctorate in philosophy to the work of undergraduate teaching. If the degree indicated several years of graduate study along lines intelligently chosen to prepare the student for the kind of work which he intends to do, there would be no objection. As it is, he can get his doctorate only by submitting to special training for the work of original research. Dr. Rolfe did not in any way belittle the importance of original research in classical studies. Still, such investigations can never be the primary work of the college teacher, and the years which he can devote to graduate study should be so directed as best to fit him for the work which he is to do. The speaker made it plain, of course, that he did not have in mind the narrow lines of "normal" or "pedagogical" training to which some have pinned their faith. While no easy path out of the difficulty was indicated, it is encouraging to see the evil so clearly realized by an educator in Dr. Rolfe's position.

In spite of the success of young reporters for the Pittsburgh dailies in discovering "startling propositions," "sensational reversals of long-established theories," etc., the papers presented opened no new eras in philological research. About twenty of the papers emanated from a dozen institutions west of the Alleghanies, and two or three from the South. Four of the philological papers were presented by women from the faculty of Vassar College. The American School at Athens was represented by two papers, one on the "Treasuries of Delphi," sent by W. B. Dinsmoor, and the other an account of the excavations of the past year, presented by Bert H. Hill, director of the School. An extremely interesting stereopticon presentation of the excavations at Cyrene was made by Joseph C. Hoppin, a member of the staff of the expedition, which carried out its first campaign during the past year. The second campaign at Sardis was presented by Dr. Howard Crosby Butler, director of the expedition. It may be said here that these attractive stereopticon lectures, legitimately so large a part of the programme of the archæologists, are one of the sources of difficulty before referred to. And when the stereopticon combined its appeal with an address by the distinguished French visitor, Dr. Franz Cumont, at an hour set for the reading of papers before the Philological Association, the latter body was, of course, forced for the time being to adjourn. This is said in no spirit of censure. The conflict of interests may have been unavoidable at the time, but it was none the less unfortunate.

Professor West presented to the managing committee of the American School at Rome a full report of the negotiations for the separation of the School from its connection with the Archæological Institute, and its union with the American Academy in Rome. It will take two years to bring this about, and in the meantime the managing committee remains in complete control, as hereto-

fore. Eventually, this body will be reconstituted as an advisory committee. The combination has the unanimous approval of the present governing bodies of both institutions, and members of the managing committee of the School have already been chosen into the board of trustees of the Academy. The plan makes adequate provision for the maintenance in perpetuity of the School of Classical Studies, under its own director. Prof. Francis W. Kelsey of the University of Michigan was reëlected president of the Archæological Institute, and Prof. Thomas D. Goodell of Yale chosen as head of the Philological Association. The place of meeting for next year was not finally settled, and hinges to some extent on the possibility of satisfactorily adjusting a combined programme. J.

Correspondence

"TELLS HIS TALE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Milton's well-known line

> And every shepherd *tells his tale,*

has been much discussed, editorial opinion gradually tending to the view that the phrase means: counts the tale (number) of his sheep. Now comes the Oxford Dictionary and throws all the weight of its authority on the other side. Its words (sub. *Tell* No. 17, p. 154 *c*), are worth quoting:

> In the passage 1632 Milton L'Allegro 67, "And every Shepherd tells his tale Under the Hawthorn in the dale," *tells his tale* probably belongs here [*i. e.,* in the sense of relating a story], though some modern editors refer it to sense 21, taking it as "Counts his number or sum (*i. e.,* of sheep)"; but no instance has been found *before the 19th c.* [italics are mine], of "tell his (or a) tale" in a numerical sense; while the expression in its ordinary sense has been common since the thirteenth century. *Cf.* also quot. 1549 for the telling of tales by each shepherd in turn, and see also the whole passage, also the context of quotation 1613 in sense 21, where "underneath a hawthorn" appears as the place of the shepherd's recreation.

The *Athenæum,* July 29, 1911, in its review of the Oxford Dictionary, cites this opinion with decided approval, intimating that the dictionary's "probably" is too modest.

What, then, is the situation in Milton's lines? Early morning, even daybreak:

> Right against the eastern gate,
> Robed in flames and amber light,
> The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
> While the ploughman, near at hand,
> Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
> And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
> And the mower whets his scythe,
> And every shepherd tells his tale etc., etc.

In other words, the ploughman, the milkmaid, the mower are *at work,* but the shepherds (note Milton's "every") get together and exchange stories! Can we imagine this at sunrise?

Now a few words upon the Oxford Dictionary's references. The quotation 1613 is from W. Browne's "Pastorals," Pipe V. Undoubtedly Milton had the "Pastorals" in mind. Unfortunately the Dictionary does not quote enough to illuminate the situation. This Pipe V begins:

> Morn hath got the start of night;
> Labouring men were ready dight
> With their shovels and their spades. . . .
> When the shepherds from the fold
> All their bleating charges told
> And (full careful) searched if one
> Of all their flock were hurt or gone, etc.

Cuddie and Willie each counts his flock, and finds that none are missing. Then, verse 44, Cuddie and Willie, under a hawthorn, begin to play "and with rhymes wear out the day."

It is easy enough to imagine that *two* shepherds, *after* carefully counting their flocks, should get together and pass the day in company. But that *all* the shepherds, immediately on rising, should proceed to exchange stories, is inconceivable.

The quotation 1549 is from the Compl. Scot, vi. 63: "I think it best that euyrie ane of vs tell ane gude tayl or fabil, to pas the tyme *quhil euyn* etc." Yes, while *evening* is here. Evening is proverbially the time for laboring men to exchange stories. Have the editors of the Dictionary forgotten the Towneley Second Shepherds' Play? Here the three shepherds, after comparing, not stories, but grievances, lie down with Mak in their midst, and, on rising in the morning, discover Mak's theft.

Lastly, when the editors of the Dictionary assert that "no instance has been found before the 19th c. of 'to tell his (or a) tale' in a numerical sense," I would fain correct them out of their own mouth. Turning to the word *Tale,* p. 52, No. 6, I find from the "Cursor Mundi" (year 1300), verse 7174: "O that hethen folk he feld A thusand that wit tal was teld," meaning: Of the heathen he felled a thousand, counted by count. Further, p. 53, No. 9, where the meaning of *tale* is "account," rather than "count," I find, from the same "Cursor Mundi," 7554: "Ful littel tale of him he teld," and from the "Lambeth Hom." (year 1175): "Thet he telle swa lutel tale ther of."

These examples demonstrate that the phrase, "to tell a tale," in the "numerical sense," was current centuries before Milton. The only peculiarity of the "Cursor" and the "Homilies" is the use of *teld* for *told.* That, however, is a matter for historical English grammar; the sense is identical. J. M. Hart.

Cornell University, January 4.

FOREIGN AMERICANS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Professor Fairchild presents in the *Nation* of December 28 a gloomy picture of the future of the American commonwealth torn by internal racial conflicts. This picture is suggested by the fixed belief that the present unrestricted tide of immigration constitutes the chief danger which our country has to face. In another column of the same number of the *Nation* we read that the average net immigration for the past five years is only one-half of one per cent. of the present population of the country. Now the melting-pot is a pretty large one—the grandchildren of those who came over in the fifties are barely distinguishable in appearance, education, and habits of thought from the descendants of those who came over in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The square-headed sons of the Mediterranean race are said even to lengthen out their skulls in conformity with what we are told is the American type. The immigrants of the past few decades are indeed not Americanized, nor will they ever be—completely; but their children, and still more their grandchildren will be. What is more natural than that these aliens should hark back to the traditions of their native lands, or that they should club together in the effort to keep alive national and racial traditions—including even the effort to keep alive the language to which they were born, and the wide-open Sunday that means much to many of them? Just as long as the American Governments refrain from coercing them into Americanism, all these tendencies are bound, however, to be expiring efforts. The only known way to keep the racial and national instincts of these "foreign Americans" thoroughly alive is to treat them as Prussia treats the Poles.

Roscoe J. Ham.

Brunswick, Me., December 31.

FACSIMILES OF EARLY ENGLISH TEXTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I ask your good offices to communicate to the members of the Modern Language Association and others interested some information which arrived just too late to be reported at the recent meeting of the Association at Chicago? Professor Gollancz writes that arrangements have been made through the generosity of a private donor for the publication of the facsimile of the Cædmon MS. by the Oxford University Press for the British Academy to commemorate the tercentenary of the Authorized Version of the Bible. It is expected that the facsimile will be issued early next year, and it is understood that the rights of American subscribers are to be safeguarded, *i. e.,* subscribers under the last scheme will not be obliged to accept this reproduction, but will have the privilege of renewing their subscriptions at the same price, five guineas. The ordinary published price will not be less than six guineas. Any other member of the Modern Language Association of America who subscribes through the undersigned before the date of publication is to have a copy at the lower price. Professor Gollancz writes that the Early English Text Society has now ready facsimiles of Cotton Nero Ax (containing "Pearl," "Cleanness," "Patience," and "Sir Gawayne"), the first issue of the series to commemorate the lamented founder and director of the society, Dr. Furnivall. The first volume will be limited to 250 copies, and the published price will be three guineas; members of the Modern Language Association of America who subscribe through the undersigned before March 1 are to have the volume at £2 5s.; the reproduction contains the illustrations as well as the texts, and is of the same size as the MS. In addition to the whole MS., 150 copies of "Pearl," each page printed on a separate sheet, have been prepared. The price of this volume, or rather portfolio, will be 25 shillings. Subscribers before publication, who are members of the Mod-

ern Language Association, may obtain the "Pearl" facsimile for one guinea, by ordering through the undersigned. No money is to be sent to me—merely the formal order for the facsimile desired.

J. W. CUNLIFFE,
Chairman of the M. L. A. Committee for the Reproduction of Early Texts.

University of Wisconsin, Madison, January 3.

THE "GEMUETLICHKEIT" OF DICKENS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Coming recently upon the word *gemütlichkeit*, and being in want of fit English translation, I asked a scholarly friend to help me out. He writes: "It means a feeling of good will to all the world about one, the wish to be happy and comfortable—to have all your surroundings in like condition." Instantly I felt I had chanced upon the fittest combination of consonants and vowels the world around to describe those stories which will be recalled so affectionately in the coming February, through the centenary celebrations of "Boz." Why not render the German word here referred to as "the-atmosphere-of-the-works-of-Dickens"?

And *à propos* of this coming anniversary, it may be of some slight passing interest to call attention to the fact that a jury recently empanelled at Melbourne, Australia, contained a Dickens, a Dombey, and a Scrooge. One rather wonders that the last had not made legal application to change his name. WARWICK JAMES PRICE.

Philadelphia, January 3.

Literature

TREVELYAN'S "GARIBALDI."

Garibaldi and the Making of Italy. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.25 net.

With this volume, Mr. Trevelyan concludes what some English reviewers call his Garibaldian trilogy. The book is hardly so interesting intrinsically as its predecessors, because, having to deal with a twofold theme—the military and the political—it magnifies the former at the expense of the latter. But on its strong side it is very good, and it contains passages equal to the best in the earlier volumes. It confirms the impression that Mr. Trevelyan's brightest talent is that of narration. One might read many pages, and even whole chapters, of his descriptions of Garibaldi's exploits, and suppose they were written on the spot by a first-class war correspondent, like Steevens. This is a fine tribute to Mr. Trevelyan's vividness, to his ability to make the past seem real. Without this gift, it is idle to protest that one is erudite and impartial. Mr. Trevelyan possesses the advantage over the war correspondent of not only seeing events in the making, but of knowing, often better than the actors themselves could know, their causes and effects.

Books composed on this plan run the double risk of being written too near their material and of appealing so exclusively to the eye that they present surface but not substance, motions but not emotions, foreground but not perspective. On the other hand, they gain in freshness, and they pulse with the writer's feelings at the moment of composition. If to any critic Mr. Trevelyan seems at times too pictorial, we would reply that his pictures are wonderfully well drawn and that, after all, pictorial history as he writes it is such a rarity that any reader who does not enjoy it is to be pitied.

This volume completes the story of Garibaldi's liberation of the Two Sicilies in the summer and autumn of 1860. It finds him, early in June, master of Palermo; it leaves him, early in November, setting sail for Caprera after having consigned to Victor Emanuel the kingdom he had rescued from the Bourbons. The chief topics are, on the military side, the march of Garibaldi's columns through Sicily, the battle of Milazzo, the crossing to Calabria and triumphal entry into Naples, and the battle of the Volturno.

Each of these Mr. Trevelyan treats with ample knowledge and vividness. Having retraced the route, notebook in hand, he is able to add everywhere the bit of local color which serves as a credential to veracity. Only in his account of the battle of the Volturno does he lapse from his usual clearness, from fixing his attention on too many unrelated details. Though the battle was, indeed, a jumble, the historian should not be jumbled: Polonius was dull, but not Shakespeare in portraying him. Admirable, on the other hand, is the story of the Garibaldians at Messina, of their passage of the Strait, and of the hero's dash northward and first days in Naples. On all these points and many others Mr. Trevelyan speaks the latest word; and if he does not cause us to change our general view, he adds many particulars. What is really novel is his open-air, epic treatment of each episode. At his best, he holds his own with the best current writers of romance in telling his tale of marvellous adventure.

Only half of Garibaldi's achievement, however, was military, and that the easier half. His task was both to put to flight the Bourbon troops, and to promote the harmonious union of the South Italians with the North; and here his personal pique, his egotism and political incapacity, fostered feuds the regrettable consequences of which are felt to-day. It is precisely on this side that Mr. Trevelyan disappoints us. His outlines of international diplomacy during that summer are distinct. He has had access to Lord John Russell's papers, to the British Foreign Office archives, and to various private or inedited British sources which enable him to construct a logical account. He uses discreetly the Trecchi documents and Litta Modignani's. But while stating his conclusions, he hesitates to apply them to Garibaldi. He does not deny, for instance, that the Garibaldian régime at Naples was bad, but he lets us blame Crispi, Bertani, and other extremists, who could not have stood up a day without Garibaldi's favor. The old maxim, "he who does a thing by the agency of another, does it himself," rules in history as well as in law.

Mr. Trevelyan may have hoped to ward off criticism by admitting once for all that Garibaldi was a child in politics, who wholly misunderstood Cavour, but such an admission is too vague to help readers, not otherwise informed, to judge the last months of the dictatorship. This is all the more regrettable, because Mr. Trevelyan's candor in discussing, in his second volume, the sailing of the Thousand, led us to expect similar candor here.

Were not Garibaldi's virtues so genuine, or were Mr. Trevelyan less successful in impressing us with their genuineness, the picture of this "superman," as he calls him, might appear to be a composite of Mr. Pickwick in benevolence, of Roland in valor, of Bayard in knightliness, and of Washington in patriotism. But though Garibaldi, on occasion, displayed each of these traits, he had others, less ideal, which greatly influenced his action, and therefore should be regarded as historic elements. His egotism made him the victim of flatterers; he believed calumnies without inquiry, and, after he knew them to be calumnies, he unblushingly perpetuated them in his memoirs; he set himself above the law, although obedience to the law was the best service that an Italian could render; he clung to power to the very last moment, and thereby greatly increased the danger of civil war.

In the autumn of 1860, the world outside heard chiefly of Garibaldi's magnanimity—how, having conquered a kingdom, he gave it up, and retired like Cincinnatus to his farm. In truth, however, he did not consent to the elections for annexation until the Italian Parliament had overwhelmingly repudiated his policy of delay, and the approach of the Royal army warned him that he must either acquiesce or fight. So, too, his retreat to Caprera was idealized: for he departed only after he had very emphatically demanded of Victor Emanuel to make him dictator with full powers for a year or longer, and the king had not only refused—as he was bound to do, if he meant to give Italy union and peace—but had made Garibaldi understand that the Royal Government did not fear him.

It is possible, of course, to over-emphasize this aspect, but to tone it down, or to omit it, is to leave much of the history of that fateful year almost un-

intelligible. Such omission awakes in us a haunting sense of unreality, as when at the opera the moon's effulgence obligingly follows the tenor up and down the stage. This used to be the accepted method of biographers, but, except among Germans when they write of Goethe or of Bismarck, it has fallen into disrepute. It too evidently defeats its object: witness the attempt to deify Washington, with the result that for half a century everybody regarded the Father of his Country as a myth. Mr. Trevelyan does not deify indiscriminately: he simply selects those of Garibaldi's qualities and acts that appear heroic, and implies that the rest, being irrelevant, need not be recorded.

We suspect, however, that this is a mistake. Modern readers insist upon knowing the entire psychology, and not selected fragments, of great men. That Lincoln, before presenting to his Cabinet the most momentous document ever conceived by an American President, read aloud Artemus Ward's latest bit of horseplay, has meaning for those who can see. We ask, therefore, and posterity will ask more insistently, what was the *total* Garibaldi? In what sort of personality was the modern paladin put up? We see how his virtues helped: tell us how his defects harmed Italy.

Mr. Trevelyan's reply may be inferred from this passage from his epilogue:

> Now that [Garibaldi] is dead, the poetry in his character and career is all gain in his race for immortal laurels. The history of events is ephemeral and for the scholar; the poetry of events is eternal and for the multitude. It is the acted poem that lives in the hearts of millions to whom the written words of history and the written words of poetry are alike an unopened book. . . . As the centuries slip by, carrying into oblivion almost all that once was noble or renowned, Mazzini's soul and Cavour's wisdom will be forgotten by the Italian who tends the vine or sweats beside the furnace, sooner than the old gray cloak and the red shirt and that face of simple faith and love.

And so Mr. Trevelyan enlists with the legend-makers.

We have a rooted conviction that the historian makes a fatal mistake when he strays into the field of the epic poet. Garibaldi himself would cry out against being reduced to the stature of a popular fetish-idol, like St. Januarius or any of the thaumaturgic creatures of South Italian superstition. The proletariat that believed in them never gave him support. And the true lover of liberty must hope that the time will come when even the Italian who tends the vine will be too enlightened to take Garibaldi, or any other saint or hero, whole. If the Neapolitans are incapable of being lifted above the level of crass superstition and brutish instincts, it was futile for Garibaldi to free them from the Bourbons.

We should not press this point, if it did not concern the foundations of biographical writing. In his earlier volumes and in the first chapters of this volume, Mr. Trevelyan holds the balance so fairly that we are all the more disappointed when, towards the end, he seems to abandon himself to a sort of infatuation.

But we cannot close our review of this memorable work with a disparaging note. In its entirety, it is the most successful narrative biography of a man of action written in English in our time. Among his other qualifications, Mr. Trevelyan has had youth, a passion for out-of-door scenes and military adventures, and a certain contagious enthusiasm. Caring little for the intricacies of psychological analysis, it is the acts, rather than the motives of his personages that chiefly engage him. To have produced three such volumes in less than five years, measures his capacity for working at a high rate of speed; and the numerous appendices to each volume show with what zest he has ferreted out the facts in special cases. A purist might object to his occasional lapse into colloquialisms, like "wire" (for "telegraph"), "on the spree," "tussle," etc. At his best—and he has nothing better than the opening to his first volume—Mr. Trevelyan writes very well; and throughout he is clear and unmannered. One fault, however, should be corrected—his frequent use of foreign words. A biographer of Kossuth or of Togo would not lard his English text with Magyar or with Japanese, as Mr. Trevelyan does his with Italian, French, and Latin.

Mr. Trevelyan's "Trilogy," although, unlike Wagner's, it purposely avoids "The Twilight of the Gods," has done more than any recent English work to raise biography to its proper place. It furnishes a sympathetic portrait of the most romantic of modern heroes, and, incidentally, it affords vivid glimpses of the noble drama of the Risorgimento. It cannot fail to stimulate other biographers.

CURRENT FICTION.

Jennie Gerhardt. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: Harper & Bros.

In "Sister Carrie" Mr. Dreiser aspired to be an American Balzac; in "Jennie Gerhardt" he has contented himself with being an American Sudermann. Sister Carrie herself was the American equivalent of that debonair and amiable epitome of Parisian success, Rastignac; Jennie Gerhardt is a debrutalized Regina—a Regina intelligibly transposed into terms of American life. The cross-section of American society placed before us in "Sister Carrie" was fresh, containing types and relationships never before seriously recognized in an American novel without some display of phariseeism. It was handled without either squeamishness or effrontery, and from this suspension of moral judgment we hoped great things. From this present espousal of the perverted ideal of feminine character which naturalism has fathered in the earnest German mind, much less is to be hoped.

Docile, submissive, and exquisitely tender-hearted, physically beautiful and strong, Jennie Gerhardt is the perfection of passivity. Early in the story a definition of virtue is propounded which shall precisely fit this predestined victim of masculine selfishness—"virtue is the wishing well and the doing well unto others. Virtue is *that quality of generosity which offers itself willingly for another's service.*" Then, provided only that opportunity shall always coincide with some exigent family plight—a brother arrested, the father incapacitated by accident—the sensual complaisance of the German immigrant's daughter easily assumes the guise of "generosity," or even of that sterner virtue, "self-sacrifice." Mother of an illegitimate child at eighteen, and subsequently the sharer for many years of a second illicit union, she steadily gathers strength and sweetness under the burden of her false position, and eventually emerges from those dubiously shadowed experiences with all the gentle dignity of self-abnegation. Even granting the "natural refinement" of which no American novelist has yet been rude enough to deprive a heroine, and which Mr. Dreiser has taken care to include in Jennie's equipment, we still mistrust this conclusion.

Less ambitious than his treatment of feminine types, and far more notably successful, are his studies of individual men. Senator Brander is no lay figure. Sympathetic insight is lavished upon the interplay of benevolence and self-indulgence which culminates in the seduction of his young beneficiary. To Lester Kane, who from the first moment of encounter exercises over Jennie an almost hypnotic control and who eventually relinquishes her with considerable reluctance in order to marry and resume his proper social and financial rôle, an equally generous understanding is extended. The type is easily recognizable—cynical, good-natured, accustomed to large calculations, contemptuous of authority, endowed with greater powers of resistance than of self-direction, and a protective trick of self-deprecation. Mr. Dreiser has reported him and accounted for him with thoroughness, without being at all able to convey the enlivening tone of Irish-American banter. The triumph of the book is the delineation of Gerhardt, the old German glass-blower whose innate sturdy honesty and religious bigotry are ill-matched against the insidious economic and social forces that make for the disintegration of the German-American household. His physical hardships and his spiritual concessions are alike

eloquent of grim necessity; and the busy frugality of his old age, sheltered and humored in the luxurious household whose extravagances he constantly and ineffectually endeavors to censor, offers a sadly humorous commentary on the relentless uses of adversity. One would swear that the portrait had been drawn from life, and that, with a genuine Teutonic love of actuality, every deep-cut line of the rugged old face had been faithfully transcribed.

The Life Everlasting. By Marie Corelli. New York: George H. Doran Co.

It is easy enough to laugh at this writer as a sort of Brummagem prophetess, straining to impress upon the world a message which she would find it hard to put in plain words. She has been so laughed at from the beginning, and in consequence nourishes a grudge against all critics which she never loses a chance to express in forms of contempt. There is no doubt, at least, that she takes herself seriously. What she has is the story-teller's knack, a talent to which she attaches little value. Her attitude towards her work in the introduction to the present narrative is almost prayerful in its solemnity. This is, she says, the third number in a trilogy which utters the best of her teaching. She does not expect that it will be popular; but popularity she despises almost as much as criticism. Her concern is to complete what she regards as a species of epic of the higher life. In this loftier mood we make her out as a species of mystic with a theory of human perfectibility which includes physical immortality on this earth. The hero is a man of sixty-odd, who has learned the secret, is wise as a god and radiant as a youth, and for the rest amuses himself for the most part in traversing the seas in a yacht driven by sails which are supplied with a private breeze, by means of an electrical apparatus carried on board. This has the merit of novelty: an electrically driven propeller would now have been a commonplace; and besides Miss Corelli wanted the sails for purposes of picturesqueness. In contact with this hero comes the woman who is supposed to tell the story. They have often met before in ages past, and have more than once stood on the verge of perfect union; but some fault of their own or some obstacle of circumstance has always intervened. We are, of course, destined to assist at the occasion of their final and permanent espousals. To be worthy of this, the heroine has to go through a rigorous test in "the House of Aselzion"—a master of the as yet small brotherhood of perfectibility. And there is a villain, who has successfully kept the pair apart in other lives, to be disposed of in this one. It is all rather absurd; Miss Corelli does not do what she has more than once done—make a good story in spite of herself out of what was intended for a discourse.

Mis' Beauty. By Helen S. Woodruff. New York: The Alice Harriman Co.

This little volume is, in fact, a Southern negro dialect recital. On it, as usual in such cases, the whites sit darkly. But it matters not. The negro folk are the thing. Their monologues, dialogues, and utterances of all sorts are reported at times verbatim, one is assured and can well believe, and always with a sympathetic and humorous understanding. Uncle Shoddy's sermon, Mammy's diplomacy in matters matrimonial, Cookie's thankfulness that she had been delivered from marrying, "like all dese females dat's supportin' gemmans dat ain't wuth it," are no less characteristic of them than their entire devotion to the "Quality" whom they serve. Loyalty and comic irresponsibility flourish as in the days before the war, but eloquence has waxed to the point of seeming occasionally manufactured. Thus "naked-as-a-jay" for "negligé" sounds like either exploitation or imagination. The illustrations, by the author, are few and could with advantage have been fewer. The book should be excellent for reading aloud, if the reader have the correct accent.

ROMAN RELIGION.

The Religious Experience of the Roman People, from the Earliest Times to the Age of Augustus. The Gifford Lectures for 1909-1910, delivered in Edinburgh University. By W. Warde Fowler, M.A. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4 net.

If one may judge by literary output, there can be no dearth of interest in the study of the Roman religion. We noticed but a few weeks ago the appearance in English dress of Cumont's "Oriental Religions in Roman Paganism," and soon after the admirable volume of Lowell Lectures by Professor Carter of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome, outlining the subject from the earliest times down to Gregory and the Lombards, at the close of the sixth century. And now we have the Gifford Lectures by Professor Fowler, whose scope is sufficiently indicated in the title. Mr. Fowler adopts from Ira W. Howerth, in the *International Journal of Ethics*, his definition of religion as "the effective desire to be in right relation to the Power manifesting itself in the universe," a definition which treats religion as essentially a feeling, an instinctive desire, manifesting itself in actions undertaken to procure a desired end. Among the primitive Romans this instinct doubtless manifested itself in many quaint acts, often of a magical or quasi-magical character, such as survive in the lowest stratum of religious life among all peoples, ancient or modern. So far as religion was a state function, however, Mr. Fowler holds that the early Roman authorities deliberately eliminated from their *ius divinum*, or rules of worship, almost all that was magical, barbarous, or, as later Romans would have defined it, superstitious. The resort to magic, of course, survived among individuals, as in the spells and charms used against disease, of which we get some information from Cato and Varro.

Lack of evidence makes very difficult the question of the relation of this primitive Roman religion to personal morality, but the author finds himself unable to follow those who hold with Dr. Westermarck that there was no relation between the two at all. "In the earliest times, in the old Roman family, and then in the budding state, the whole life of the Roman seems to me so inextricably bound up with his religion that I cannot possibly see how that religion can have been distinguishable from his simple idea of duty and discipline." The deities of early Rome were, of course, not the anthropomorphized beings of a later date, when borrowings from other lands had introduced endless confusion. Mr. Fowler quotes with warm approval from Aust's "Religion der Römer": "The deities of Rome were deities of the cult only. They had no human form; they had not the human heart, with its virtues and vices. They had no intercourse with each other, and no common or permanent residence; they enjoyed no nectar and ambrosia; . . . they had no children, no parental relation." Their existence was betrayed simply in the exercise of certain powers, which might either hurt or benefit man, and the enlistment of which on his side was the task of the officially constituted Roman priesthood. And in the carrying out of this task the intermediary priesthood, with its highly formalized methods, gradually sapped all vitality from the gods themselves. And thus the way is paved for the eventual lack of contact between religion and individual morality which Westermarck and his school hold to have been original.

In harmony with his general willingness to see more of the really "religious" in the Roman religion, Mr. Fowler takes issue with the prevalent tendency to describe the ritual as a mere system of clever bargaining with the gods, partaking of the nature of a legal contract, the divine side of which must be fulfilled before the stipulated pay is forthcoming.

In spite of the comparatively lifeless formalism which seized so early upon the native Roman religion, and the numerous foreign accretions of a later time, Mr. Fowler will not grant that it suffered actual death at so early a date as some assume. He does not think that the early Christian Fathers were fighting a mere literary survival, found in

the pages of writers like Varro, when they attacked the old native Roman cults rather than the new Oriental faiths. The new Oriental importations naturally attracted attention, but the old was still on the ground. This means, of course, the assignment of a deeper and more lasting character than some would grant to the revival undertaken by Augustus, in which Horace and Virgil had their part. Cumont has shown that the Oriental faiths paved the way to the adoption of Christianity by spreading many ideas in common with it, such as the vivid belief in an existence beyond, and the duty of a spiritual preparation for it in this life. It is Mr. Fowler's contention that the survival of the primitive Roman religion, through its Augustan renaissance, was also contributory to the interests of Christianity. The idea of the connection between religion and the state, and of the religious duties of the individual towards the state, was thus renewed, at a time when Oriental ideas of religion were in danger of carrying individualism too far. Had the old forms gone utterly to ruin, the Roman state as such would have been left without religion, or might have carried the worship of the Cæsars to a disastrous prominence, or possibly might have adopted some such cult as that of Isis or Mithras, before the grasp of Christianity could be fixed upon it. In the decency and order of its traditional ritual, too, the Roman religion handed over to Latin Christianity a legacy which, if not indeed spiritual, was none the less of some value. The casual reader will not find this volume as easy reading as the lectures of Cumont or Carter, partly because its plan involves a much larger amount of comparatively uninteresting detail, but to some extent, in the reviewer's opinion, because of a comparative inferiority in expression. We are glad to give it high credit not only for its careful scholarship, but for an unusually satisfactory index.

The Reform of the Criminal Law and Procedure. Edited by Henry Raymond Mussey. Vol. I, Number 4 of the Proceedings of the Academy of Political Science. New York: Columbia University. $1.50.

We know of no other book so well calculated to initiate even the layman into the difficult problem of a reform of our criminal laws as this collection of articles, some of which originated in addresses delivered at the New York Conference on the Reform of the Criminal Law and Procedure in May, 1911. President Taft's short address—since become so famous—on the "Needed Changes in Criminal Procedure," in which he holds up England's administration of criminal law as worthy of emulation, and earnestly laments "the lighter regard for law and its enforcement on the part of the American people as a whole," may be said to form the backbone of the book. Whoever then wishes to gain a deep insight into the efficient mechanism of English procedure cannot do better than to place himself under the guidance of Prof. Edwin Keedy of the Northwestern University. Professor Keedy compares criminal justice in the two countries, and, in a few pages, explains the causes that make the enforcement of criminal law in America a farce. He has the courage as well rightly to accuse two American idols—the sensational press and the separate State Constitutions as interpreted by the courts—of being great obstacles to changes in the law, hence also to the reform of criminal law.

Professor Keedy's article might easily lead to discouragement, for after reading it, we feel that virtually everything remains to be done, that it is not a matter of the reform of our laws alone, but above all of our whole public life, and that the ultimate cure of our law is the widening and deepening of our ethics. An antidote for this pessimism is provided, however, in the eminently practical studies by Homer Folks and Arthur W. Towne of "Probation in the Juvenile Court," and in Madeleine Zabriskie Doty's "Treatment of Minor Cases of Juvenile Delinquency." In this field alone, where politics, constitutional limitations, etc., can scarcely play a considerable part, America has stepped in advance of the world as a lawmaker. In this direction, from the beginning, experts, not alone in history and psychology, but also in sociology, have been at work, and not "a congressional mob run by committees run by individuals who are run by interests."

This last quotation is from the longest and stylistically finest article in the book, from William M. Ivins's "What Is Crime?" Mr. Ivins's intimate knowledge of English, French, and Italian philosophers of law is extraordinary, but he does not seem to have made full use of the important studies which, in Germany and Austria, have sprung from the struggle between the so-called "classic" and the "Young German" *Kriminalisten-Schule*. Yet, from whatever source, he has arrived at the very conclusions which have for years formed the ethical basis of the efforts of those men who have rallied about the great reformer of criminal law, Franz von Liszt.

It is obviously impossible to deal separately with each of the sixteen articles that make up this volume. Yet mention must be made at least of the penetrating ideas in Prof. Felix Adler's "Ethics of Punishment," of Prof. Franklin H. Giddings's "The Relation of the Criminal to Society," and of the discussions and addresses in the Appendix, among which we would emphasize especially Professor Kirchwey's graceful and fearless confessions.

Thomas Carlyle: A Study of His Literary Apprenticeship, 1814-1831. By William Savage Johnson. New Haven: Yale University Press; London: Henry Frowde. $1.

This study originated in an attempt to elucidate "Sartor Resartus" by the light of the social conditions which produced it, and by the light of the critical labors, chiefly on German topics, which preceded it. After a sober analysis of the "Critical Essays," Professor Johnson concludes that "Carlyle had formulated before 1831 all of the important doctrines which constitute the gospel that he was to preach during the next thirty-five years." In a rather vague sense this is true; just as it is true that the year 1900 contains all the important doctrines that will be preached in 1950. One who insists too resolutely, however, upon this truth will be likely to lose sight of a significant development in Carlyle's ideas. Strictly considered, the angry anti-democratic doctrines enunciated in the "Latter-day Pamphlets," 1850, "The Nigger Question," 1853, and "Shooting Niagara," 1867, are neither explicit nor safely predictable in "Signs of the Times," 1829, "Characteristics," 1831, or "Corn Law Rhymes," 1832.

In his earlier career, Carlyle is politically on the fence; he is the philosophical spectator at a struggle in which he is at most but incidentally concerned. Avowedly, he is an "anti-mechanist," and *his* cause is not being attended to. Unconsciously, he is, in his stern, unsentimental fashion, a Christian, confused as to his own identity by the rosy humanitarianism which passes around him for Christianity. He is publicly confessing his discipleship to a German poet—apparently unaware that he is no more like his master than he is like Leonardo da Vinci, and that he is infinitely nearer to Wyclif and Knox than to either Leonardo or Goethe. He has contemptuously rejected Hebrew "old clothes" only to reclothe himself in second-hand Jewish garb out of a German workshop; he has repudiated the language of the Book of Common Prayer only to reaffirm its essentials with increased vehemence in another dialect. He does not relish "renunciation" from the lips of Christ, but he is enchanted with *Entsagen* from the mouth of Goethe, and the burden of his cry in the wilderness, wonderfully borne on the winds of an impassioned rhetoric and bosomed in a cloud of transcendental metaphysics, is this: The kingdom of God is within you. This is the novel message that he wishes might be heard above the din of political reformation. Yet so far as he has any political sympathies—Scotch peasant of genius, bred

in an independent faith, without titled connections, without territorial interest of any kind in the country, and smarting in every relation under the sting of social inequality—his spontaneous sympathies are inevitably popular and radical. In the "Sartor" he looks on with a certain grim satisfaction at the good destructive work, the idol-breaking, of the Utilitarians. But as a matter of fact, he has not yet given much serious attention to political parties in England. As a consistent anti-mechanist he subscribes to the reassuring couplet in Goldsmith's "Traveller":

> How small of all that human hearts endure,
> That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.

Now, the outstanding fact about the author of "Latter-Day Pamphlets" is that he has ceased entirely to be an anti-mechanist. There is where he essentially differs from Matthew Arnold, who, with the "sweet reasonableness" in which Carlyle was so deficient, took up and carried on Carlyle's earlier gospel of "inner regeneration." Carlyle himself is now become the almost frenzied advocate of a complex, hierarchical social and political order under which, alone, he declares, modern nations can hope for salvation. Exactly what he had in mind, no man can say with assurance. One thing is certain: it was some kind of very rigid and very intricate "machine"—perhaps, in the last analysis, a chimerical, archangelic form of socialism. What thoughts formulated before 1831 led the ironical spectator to that "dolorous pass"—or, more accurately, to that no-thoroughfare—Professor Johnson, if he has considered, has by no means made obvious. Was it some deep bias given to his mind in early childhood by the virile discipline of his religious parents outlasting and triumphing over the German conversion? Professor Johnson passes over the early training in silence and takes no account of his Scotch inheritance. Was it, that in the period of the "Critical Essays" he had not yet perceived clearly how organic is the relation between the spiritual and the secular hierarchies? Was it only after prolonged study of "atheistical" revolution in France, after intimate contact with atheistical philosophic radicals in England, after face-to-face acquaintance with atheistical Chartism in the forties—was it only then that he fully recognized what Burke had recognized long before, that the axe which shattered political absolutism was whetted and dedicated to the destruction of the absolute and eternal in every sphere of ideas? Or as Paine would have put it, that the liberties of the people are not safe so long as there remains a tyrant in heaven? The forces which animated that tremendous recoil of Carlyle's mind after 1831 lie deeper than any scrutiny to which Professor Johnson has subjected them.

An Irish Beauty of the Regency. Compiled from "Mes Souvenirs," the unpublished journals of the Hon. Mrs. Calvert, 1789-1822. By Mrs. Warrenne Blake. With frontispiece in photogravure and thirty-two other illustrations. New York: John Lane. $5 net.

This green-bound volume decorated with the harp that once twanged through Tara's halls contains the diary kept from 1789 to 1822 by the wife of Nicolson Calvert, who was for thirty years a Liberal member of Parliament. In it can be traced few of the movements which distinguished that period. Of the industrial revolution that transformed life from its mediæval to its modern aspect we find only the slightest notice in a reference to the discontent following the Napoleonic wars. Of the romantic movement in literature the sole trace is in the record that a daughter read "The Lady of the Lake" while in love. Singers and actors attracted Mrs. Calvert scarcely at all. She was more than once in company with Mrs. Siddons without making any note of her bearing or conversation. Of Miss O'Neil she wrote: "She is certainly a most charming actress, but I hate tragedies and cannot endure 'Romeo and Juliet.'" In the events of the Napoleonic wars she took more interest, as a son served on the Peninsula and fought at Waterloo, but her record is too scanty and personal to include anything of value. In short, this is not a mine for historians.

To present-day leaders in the feminine world this Irish beauty, who was the friend of Mrs. Fitzherbert, was highly regarded by the Prince Regent, and mingled familiarly with royal society, will seem deplorably old-fashioned. Once her sister, while electioneering for Lord Cochrane, was heartily cheered by a cartful of sailors. The family was in a fright "lest she should get into the papers," and Mrs. Calvert herself was of opinion that her sister was crazy. At another time she exhibited the daring independence of starting towards Ireland with her sister, but, her courage failing her, she waited in an inn, "afraid of everything and everybody," until some male members of the family arrived. She noted: "I trust Mr. C. will not be angry, but I do dread seeing him. If he is not angry, I shall not tell him I was afraid he would be, lest I should put it into his head." Indeed, she was hopelessly old-fashioned. During her crowded social career she bore six daughters and six sons, besides keeping a diary.

An interesting sidelight on the easy standards of the age is afforded by her relations with Prince George and Mrs. Fitzherbert. On her arrival in London she evinced an instinctive dislike of the Prince's mistress, though the notorious Prince himself was not included in her aversion. The cordiality of Mrs. Fitzherbert soon won her over so far that she sympathized with the woman when the Prince flirted with Lady Jersey or made love to Lady Hertford. George, however, did not forfeit her admiration thereby. She was from the first "quite enchanted with his manners, which are superior to every one's." These and his flattering favor blinded her entirely to his brutal treatment of his wife, Queen Caroline of Brunswick, and of his daughter, the Princess Charlotte. "Right or wrong," she said, "I side with the Prince." When Queen Caroline passed away with the sympathy of the whole nation for her wrongs, Mrs. Calvert spoke of her as a good-for-nothing!

The volume is uncommonly well edited to meet the exacting English taste in such fine matters. A genealogical sheet displays all the descendants of the Irish lady. Nearly every name in the long record is honored with a note giving invaluable details as to the possessor's noble affiliations. The index is exhaustive and fairly accurate. In short, one concludes that the glorious British trait of pride in family is responsible for the publishing of such a voluminous diary by a forgotten beauty.

Notes

The first volume of "George the Third and Charles Fox," the concluding part of "The American Revolution," by Sir George Trevelyan, is promised shortly by Longmans.

The Riccardi Press will publish a complete Virgil as the next volume in the Scriptorum Classicorum Bibliotheca Riccardiana. It will be in two volumes, in an edition limited to 500 copies; the Nettleship text will be used.

"The Challenge," by Harold Begbie, announced by Doran, is a novel of life in England and India; the same house states that Halliwell Sutcliffe's new novel, "The Lone Adventure," deals with the Jacobean revolt.

Letters belonging to the years when Dickens was editing *Household Words* will be brought out in the spring by Sturgis & Walton with the title "Dickens as Editor: Some Four Hundred Hitherto Unpublished Letters of Charles Dickens," edited by R. C. Lehman of *Punch*.

Another book promised by this house is "The Drunkard," by Guy Thorne.

On January 13 Houghton Mifflin Co. will have ready "The Wrong Woman," by Charles D. Stewart; "The Factory," by Jonathan Thayer Lincoln; "Essentials of Poetry," by William Allan Neilson; "A Troop of the Guard," a volume of poems by Hermann Hagedorn, and "The Status of the Teacher," by Arthur C. Perry, jr.

The Putnams announce in fiction: "The Way of an Eagle," by E. M. Dell; "The Joyous Wayfarer," by Humfrey Jordan; "Jacquine of the Hut," by E. Gallienne Robin, and "The Shape of the World," by Evelyn St. Leger.—Miscellaneous: "The

Revolutionary Function of the Modern Church," by the Rev. John Haynes Holmes; "What Is Judaism?" by Dr. Abram S. Isaacs; "The Realm of Ends, or Pluralism and Theism," by Prof. James Ward; "Henry Demarest Lloyd," by Caro Lloyd; "Railways in the United States," by the late Simon Sterne, and "Grammar and Thinking," by Alfred Dwight Sheffield.

As representatives of the Cambridge University Press, the Putnams have in hand the following Cambridge County Geographies: "East London," by G. F. Bosworth; "Northamptonshire," by M. W. Brown; "Monmouthshire," by Herbert A. Evans, and "The Isle of Man," by the Rev. John Quine.—Miscellaneous: "The Lay of the Nibelung Men," from the old German by Arthur S. Way; "Twelve Cambridge Sermons," by Prof. John E. B. Mayor; "The Thunderweapon in Religion and Folklore," by Chr. Blinkenberg; "Selected Poems of Robert Browning," edited by W. T. Young; "Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History," by Thomas Carlyle, edited by George Wherry; "The Second Book of Kings," edited by T. H. Hennessy, and "The Second Book of Samuel," edited by R. O. Hutchinson.

G. W. Dillingham Company has in press: "The Apaches of New York," by Alfred Henry Lewis; "The Greater Joy," by Margaret Blake; "Rudra," a romance of reincarnation, by Arthur J. Westermayr; "Mavericks," a story of the cattle range, by William M. Raine; "Bat," an idyl of New York, by Edward Marshall, and "The Mystery Queen," by Fergus Hume.

E. Phillips Oppenheim publishes this month, through Little, Brown & Co., "Peter Ruff and the Double Four," which deals with the investigation of crime.

The Rev. Dr. James Lindsay publishes this month through Blackwood two books of essays on philosophical and literary topics.

The Baker & Taylor Co. has sold its publishing business to Doubleday, Page & Co. It will confine itself hereafter to marketing at wholesale the output of other publishers.

At the meeting of the English Association in London on Friday and Saturday of this week a special conference directed by Professor Boas will be devoted to "The Teaching of English Composition in Schools."

Professor Bergson has accepted the offer of the Gifford Lectureship in the University of Edinburgh, 1913-15.

To the green-and-gold series of the Oxford Press there has been added a reprint of the "Lyrical Ballads" of 1798. Except that the Errata of 1798 have been incorporated in the text, and the lines numbered, it offers a verbatim and literatim reprint of the great original. The editor is Harold Littledale.

The Florence Press (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.) has issued a beautifully printed edition of Blake's "Marriage of Heaven and Hell," with an introduction by Francis Griffin Stokes. The text follows in spelling and capitalization the Bodleian copy, Douce Collection, MM. 834. The punctuation has been modified, "since it is often conjectural in the original." The best passages in Mr. Stokes's Introduction are those that compare Blake's philosophy with Swedenborg and Berkeley.

In 1907 Lady Strachey published a volume of Edward Lear's letters with the promise of a second volume if the first found public favor. This second volume now appears under the title of "Later Letters of Edward Lear" (Duffield), including the correspondence from October 19, 1861, to November 10, 1887, only a few weeks before his death. The character of the letters is much the same as that of the earlier collection. They show the same lovable, impulsive man, dear to his friends and to children and servants, full of quaint likes and dislikes. The humor is of the old breathless, punning, phonetic sort, most delightful to receive fresh from the hand of a correspondent, no doubt, but rather uncertain in its effect when printed. A fair example of Lear's wit is this exordium to a letter from Nice:

Concerning the ink of which you complain, this place is so wonderfully dry that nothing can be kept moist. I never was in so dry a place in all my life. When the little children cry, they cry dust and not tears. There is some water in the sea, but not much:—all the wet-nurses cease to be so immediately on arriving:—Dryden is the only book read:—the neighborhood abounds with Dryads and Hammerdryads; and veterinary surgeons are quite unknown.

Lear saw many interesting people, but his haste rarely permits him to do more than mention them. He meets Mérimée, for instance, and has only this to say: "He lives here in winter and came to my rooms two weeks ago. He speaks English well, which is a comfort to me who hate speaking French." The funny pen sketches that go with many of the letters are capital in their rough-and-ready way.

"Metternich" (Brentano's), by G. A. C. Sandeman, is a disappointing book. The author justly says that there is no adequate English biography of Metternich, but his compilation, largely based on Schmidt-Weissenfels and other German writers, is far from supplying the want. In his dry recital of the main incidents of his hero's diplomatic career, he does not seem to have consulted with sufficient care even Metternich's own memoirs, as abundant misstatements testify; while his final judgment of the man is of the crudest. "Conceit, extravagance, and a moral standard not above that of the century in which he was born" he finds in his private character, but "otherwise there is little to urge against him." In Mr. Sandeman's eyes, Metternich "does not deserve his sinister reputation." The inhabitants of the Austrian Empire "were happier and more prosperous under Metternich's régime than ever before." Still, "somehow Metternich leaves a bad taste in the mouth." It is scarcely worth while to point out historical inaccuracies in a work of this kind, but the number of misprints and errors of every sort transcends any ordinary measure. In 1836 Metternich is said to have relied upon the support "of the heir-apparent, Archduke Francis Joseph." Francis Joseph was then just six years old; nor was he the heir-apparent. The most common names, some of which occur dozens of times, are constantly misspelled. "Schmidt-Wessenfels" and "Sedlinitzky," for Sedlnitzky; "Catalini," "Sulkowsta," "Regentsburg," "Wurtemburg," "Fanny Essler," "Pesti Hislap," and "Hans, Hof, and Staatskanslei" are merely a few samples of the writer's and proofreaders' carelessness. The book is one of a class of which there is an increasing output. One can only wonder what part of the public demands biographies that are semi-historical, semi-anecdotal, and wholly slovenly and uninteresting.

Col. Elbridge J. Copp of the Third New Hampshire Volunteers, "the youngest commissioned officer in the Union army who rose from the ranks," has published his "Reminiscences of the War of the Rebellion" (Nashua, N. H.: Telegraph Publishing Company). The chief interest of the book, aside from such light as all such narratives throw on the minor details of campaigning, is in its explanation of the ordinary routine of military organization and camp life, a considerable acquaintance with which is too often assumed by writers of war books intended, as this one originally was, for young readers. Time has not wholly softened the author's feelings towards his old opponents, and he is still clear that the South richly deserved all the punishment it received. The style is modest, and there are a good many reproductions of contemporary pictures.

"The Choice: a Dialogue" (Macmillan), by Robert Douglas, is an eloquent apology for the minor artist. The interlocutors are a well-placed English bureaucrat who is resigning to write poetry and a sympathetic acquaintance who opposes the project sufficiently to keep the enthusiast going. He asserts the social value of all who earnestly lead the imaginative life. They are about the only makeweight for prevailing materialism. They provide the atmosphere of contemplation and appreciation in which alone genius can thrive. Granting the supposition that the minor artist is a whole and strong man, the case for his utility seems proved. The book is fastidiously written, but, like much well-considered English criticism, not quite masculine.

With the advantages of an engaging personality, a beautiful voice, and a high-powered motor car, an intelligent woman may go far in Italian society. Tryphosa Bates Batcheller, who writes on "Italian Castles and Country Seats" (Longmans), thus witnessed Italian country life from the Vale of Aosta to Palermo. From her letters home and her snapshots, this book is put together. Her contact with the life she describes, was at least comprehensive. From royalty to the new manufacturing barons everybody was amiable to Mrs. Batcheller, and her book faithfully requites such courtesies in kind. It is a superficial survey and about twice too long, but it is written with taste and sense. It is useful particularly in correcting conventional views of the infelicities of international marriages, in emphasizing the domestic character of the best Italians, and in revealing the multiform charitable activities of that sturdy aristocracy. This is by no means the whole truth, but perhaps it is the truth that has been most neglected in books on Italy. For the rest, Stendhal is still excellent authority.

Two good books on Holland have recently been issued. The slighter of the two, "The Spell of Holland" (L. C. Page & Co.), by Burton E. Stevenson, gives a picture of two alert, impressible Americans, the writer and his wife, making the usual tour of

the little country, from south to north and then east into the hills. The account is spirited and human with no little smartness of phrase—"The Island of Marken, Limited" will give comfort to many who have contributed to the support of that rich community. Dutch the author is not strong in, as he admits, but it is surprising that he should have slipped up on the word for motor car, which he gives as "snelpaardeloos-zoondeerspoorwegpitroolrytuig." The Dutch say simply "automobile"; and in general they are wont to use foreign terms for objects which have lately come into being. So no one thinks of calling an elevator by its native name—"heffer." Gouda, the town, is not pronounced, as stated, "Howda"; the older spelling, "Ghent," which English has adopted, indicates the complex sound for which the Dutch "g" stands. Those who have tried to "help themselves" to a foreign language will readily believe that the author's Dutch dictionary failed to contain the word "windmill," and will not think it incredible that an Englishman jotted down on his cuff, so as not to get lost, the name of the street in which he was stopping as "Verboden te Plakken," Post no Bills!

A much more thorough study of the country is "Home Life in Holland" (Macmillan), by D. S. Meldrum, an Englishman. He has lived in that land, among *boers* and nobles and middle classes, has learned its language, and caught its spirit. The following extract explains vividly the secret of Holland's spell over visitors, at least over many visitors:

> Like the gaudy bonnet pitched upon the gold *oorijzer* of the North Holland woman, the new is everywhere superimposed upon the visible old. The Middle Ages jostle the twentieth century, as the old-model wagons the automobile on the dike. The Utrecht farm-hand lays down his flail, and mounting his cycle rides off to see Mrs. Wynmalen fly. The Limburg *knecht* gives his team of oxen a holiday while he visits the exhibition at Brussels. . . . The householder in the Islands turns off the electric light and puts himself to bed when the *Klapper*, following the round of ten generations of the night-watch, sounds his rattle under the window and proclaims that the clock gives ten.

The book contains an enormous amount of information which the tourist would not be likely to acquire. When one is invited out to dinner it is expected that one shall give the cook a tip of a guilder; to luncheon, or "coffee-drinking," "twee kwartjes"—twenty cents. And in advertisements for maids the magic phrase is often seen "Veel verval" (many tips). When a girl is about to be married she makes out a list of desirable presents that her friends may consult it. Edam cheese is not excavated, but is sliced off, and the Dutch have a saying, "Die myn kaas snydt als een schuyt, die jaag ik myn deur uit": whoso cuts my cheese like a boat, to him I show the door. For the benefit of the "van Somethings in New York" the author confides that the prefix *van* is not necessarily a sign of nobility. He gives an excellent account of the "Sint Niklaas" festival which comes on December 5 and which in gayety somewhat overshadows a Dutch Christmas; of the students' social life in which on occasions professors more heartily join than in any other country; of the "deftige burger man" so well known to the Dutch through "De Familie Kegge." Many sides of Dutch life are touched on suggestively and, so far as we have observed, accurately.

Two monographs recently issued in the Columbia University Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law deal with the little-worked field of State politics in the North during the Civil War period. There has been no end of military histories covering the participation of the several States in the war. But writers of political history have usually concerned themselves with the broader aspects of the struggle, and have referred to the course of politics in the States only incidentally. The internal history of the State Administrations, the new alignment of parties, and the new issues arising from the war have been very generally neglected. For these reasons George H. Porter's "Ohio Politics During the Civil War Period" and Sidney D. Brummer's "Political History of New York State During the Period of the Civil War" are welcome contributions. Ohio, because of the prominence of her leaders, her central location, and the fact that her State elections came in October, was the scene of bitter political struggles throughout the war that attracted the attention of the whole country. Mr. Porter's view of her politics is comprehensive, beginning in 1857 and concluding in 1867. Mr. Brummer's monograph on New York politics covers only the four years 1860 to 1864, virtually the period included in the third volume of De Alva S. Alexander's political history of that State. He confines himself more strictly to State issues than Mr. Alexander, and his view is more critical.

A large debt of gratitude is owing to Prof. Albert S. Cook for his "Concordance to Beowulf" (G. E. Stechert & Co.), prepared some years ago as the first instalment of a projected concordance to the complete remains of Old English poetry. It is idle to complain that what we really have here is a concordance to the *Wyatt text* of "Beowulf"; as the compiler points out in his modest preface, concordances must deal with the texts in existence when they are made. And the four hundred and thirty-six amply spaced pages provide room enough for the scholar to write in his favorite variants. The entry of every inflectional form as a separate head-word makes it easy to run down a given line; but it sometimes requires a little searching to assemble all the appearances of a given word; four compounds intervene, for example, between *death* and *deathe*. The type-setting seems to have been done with remarkable correctness.

"Undiscovered Russia" (Lane), by Stephen Graham, is the record of a tramp trip in northern Russia, mainly in the provinces of Archangel and Vologda, by a mind of second-rate sensitiveness. Entertaining and even illuminating descriptions of scenery, habits of life, and types of character in a little-known quarter of the world, fail to compensate for the bastard poetical style of the book and for pages of pseudo-philosophic drivel about Russia's mystical holiness.

In "The Magic of Spain" (Lane), modestly described as "a collection of stray notes," Aubrey F. G. Bell has collected various impressions of Spain, the Spanish people, their literature, and their art. An enthusiastic Hispanist, he has studied the Iberian peninsula with unusual thoroughness, both at first hand and in books. Few books of travel are so erudite as this. A passion for quotation is carried to excess, and certain chapters are so over-burdened with foot-notes and learned citations as to suggest the doctor's dissertation. Many languages and literatures are drawn upon. The reader is not even spared quotations from the Arabic and the Basque. But while this method may repel the casual reader, the book contains much of value to the serious worker in the Spanish field. No better appreciations of Pareda and the Condesa Pardo Bazán have appeared in English. The almost untranslatable nature of the works of these two novelists doubtless explains why publishers have never offered their works to the English-speaking public, which has thus been able to form no adequate idea of the true strength of contemporary Spanish fiction. Mr. Bell, therefore, has done a real service in analyzing and criticising the masterpieces of these writers. Still more valuable is the author's chapter on the novel of the twentieth century, in which are discussed the works of such meritorious, but little known, authors as Jacinto Octavio Picón, Pío Baroja, Martínez Ruíz, Ramón del Valle-Inclán, and Ricardo León. The material here offered is nowhere else to be found, and will be new even to professed Spanish scholars. In other chapters, the author abandons his pedantic manner and devotes himself to descriptions of scenery. There are pen-pictures of the Basque country, Old Castile, Seville, the east coast of Catalonia. Local customs come in for their share of attention, notably the quaint Valencian ceremony of "the judging of the waters," familiar to all readers of Blasco Ibáñez. Art lovers will enjoy the sympathetic study devoted to El Greco.

Under the title "Le Droit du plus fort" Paul Louis, writing in the *Mercure de France*, examines some of the motives which have prompted the recent international conflicts. He inveighs against the practice of cabinet ministers precipitating war without first presenting the case to the people. It was a secret treaty, known to about a dozen persons, which divided Morocco between France and Spain; another secret treaty concluded by a French Minister authorized Italy to make conquest of Tripoli; and the whole German nation was taken by surprise when it beheld the Panther at Agadir. "Abuse of force and secret diplomacy, such is the double formula which sums up the action of European Powers in the first years of the twentieth century." The writer contrasts with forcible irony the precept and the practice of our great civilized nations. Our students are taught in France, in Germany, and England that might does not make right and that adversaries weak or strong should be treated with justice and generosity. Yet, how little this advice squares with recent practice! Again, though talk of universal arbitration is in the air, suppose the Moroccans had appealed to the Hague Tribunal. They would have been told that the Sultan Mulai Hafid had provoked and solicited intervention. The Turks, brutally attacked by the Italians, made some show of appealing to the arbitrament of a peaceful court, but they learned that the cannon would be the only magistrate. Another interesting article in this journal sketches the career of Robert Louis Stevenson.

Rear-Admiral Robley Dunglison Evans, who died at his home in Washington last week, aged sixty-five, was the author of one book, "A Sailor's Log."

Alfred Tennyson Dickens, eldest surviving son of Charles Dickens and a godson of Tennyson, died suddenly last week at the Hotel Astor in New York. When he was twenty years of age he set out, on the advice of his father, for Australia, where he lived. Mr. Dickens lectured in that country, in England, and in America on reminiscences of his father.

The death is reported from Nice, in his fiftieth year, of Paul Mariéton, an enthusiastic student and champion of Provence. On that subject he wrote "La Terre provençale" and other works.

Hugo von Lubliner, who died recently in Berlin in his sixty-sixth year, is known as both novelist and dramatist. "Gläubiger des Glücks" and "Roman eines anständigen Mädchens" may be singled out from among his many novels; "Auf der Brautfahrt," "Aus der menschlichen Komödie," and "Das fünfte Rad" are plays.

From Breslau, Germany, comes the report of the death of Prof. Felix S. Dahn, historian, novelist, and poet, at the age of seventy-seven. In 1857 he began to lecture at the University of Munich on German law, and in 1862 he was appointed professor. In 1888 he accepted a call to Breslau. He wrote several standard juristic works, also a number of books on the early history of the Germanic and Romanic peoples. But it was as a writer of novels that he became most widely known. "Der Kampf um Rom," though in four volumes, has passed through more than thirty editions. Among his other works, his epic poem, "Sind Götter?" and "Moltke als Erzieher" are well known.

Mario Rapisardi, a Sicilian poet and formerly professor of Italian literature in the University of Catania, died a week ago.

Science

"Examples in Applied Mechanics and Elementary Theory of Structures," by Charles E. Inglis, is one of the Cambridge University Press books announced by the Putnams.

"Astronomy," by A. R. Hinks; "Psychic Research," by Prof. W. F. Barrett, and "An Introduction to Science," by Prof. J. Arthur Thomson, are additions to the Home University Library of Modern Knowledge series announced by Holt.

The discovery that several of the most serious diseases of mankind are transmitted solely by mosquitoes has greatly stimulated the study of these insects and has emphasized the importance of reducing them. During the past decade there have appeared not only many extended publications dealing with the general subject, but several devoted especially to methods of combating the pests. The latest of these is E. H. Ross's "The Reduction of Domestic Mosquitoes" (Philadelphia: Blakiston's Sons & Co.). It is based upon the author's experience as health officer of Port Said and the Suez Canal District. He writes feelingly of mosquitoes as a pest in the tropics—"no rest, no peace. It is bang, flap, scratch, rub, itch, rub again, complaining incessantly." That anti-mosquito campaigns are feasible and that, properly conducted, they may gain the approval and support of even the most ignorant, is shown by the author's experience at Port Said. The house-to-house weekly visit of the mosquito brigade is now a regular institution, and has been the means of accomplishing many other sanitary reforms under difficult political conditions. The discussion of methods of organizing, financing, and carrying on the work is interesting and will prove of value to those working where labor and general administrative conditions are similar. Aside from the portions based upon the direct experience of the author, the book is a decided disappointment, being marred by many mistakes and loose statements. For instance, of the natural enemies of mosquito larvæ, it is only under exceptional circumstances that "chief of these are the goldfish." Notonecta is not a "water-beetle," but a true bug, and has no "jaws" with which "it catches the breathing mosquito larva or pupa." The use of oil as a larvacide was not "discovered by Aaron in America in 1890," but was in common use in some localities a half-century, or more, before Mrs. Aaron reported her experiments. Many of the statements regarding the habits of adult mosquitoes might have been corrected if the author had been acquainted with the American work of recent years. The extensive studies of Dr. Howard and his staff in the Bureau of Entomology, and of Dr. John B. Smith, State Entomologist of New Jersey, receive no mention, though they are of fundamental importance.

The "Committee to Visit the Astronomical Observatory" of Harvard University has as chairman the Rev. Joel H. Metcalf of Winchester, himself an enthusiastic discoverer of small planets and builder of telescopes; the other members being George L. Alden, George R. Agassiz, Charles F. Choate, jr., Charles R. Cross, Mrs. Anna Palmer Draper (a generous patron of the Observatory), Erasmus D. Leavitt, and Elihu Thomson. Their report makes brief mention of the lines of activity previous to the appointment of Prof. E. C. Pickering as director, in 1877, and the new fields entered upon since then are well summarized. Investigations begun and consistently pursued by Professor Pickering and his staff have for their object the physical peculiarities of the light of stars—accurate measurement of the intensity of light, instead of stellar positions. Four fundamental systems are developed: (1) A scale of photometric magnitudes, (2) a scale of photographic magnitudes, (3) a system of classification of variable stars (by which large numbers have been discovered), and (4) a system of classification of stellar spectra which has also led to the discovery of several thousand stars having peculiar spectra of a character hitherto unsuspected. Two hundred thousand photographic plates of stars have been taken, and are preserved in a fireproof building. Nothing like this collection in extent and completeness exists elsewhere. It is a history of the entire sky for twenty-five years. The work represents the efforts of about forty persons for thirty years, and the expenditure of a million and a half dollars, including the issue of seventy quarto volumes of Annals. It is exceedingly important for an observatory to specialize and carry on continuously the line of work it elects for itself. In spite of generous endowment, expenses still exceed income, and a fireproof building for the library is greatly needed.

Dr. Algernon Coolidge, jr., died at his home in Boston a week ago. He was assistant professor of laryngology in the Harvard Medical School, and was fifty-one years of age.

The death is reported from England of the eminent botanist, George Robert Milne Murray, aged fifty-three. He was keeper of the department of botany in the British Museum, and the author of books on cryptogamic botany, and on seaweeds.

Another distinguished botanist is dead in Paris, Jean-Baptiste-Edouard Bornet, at the age of eighty-three. He was an authority on algæ, and had won the gold medal of the Linnean Society of London. He was a member of the Académie des Sciences.

Drama

Shakespeare on the Stage. By William Winter. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $3 net.

In this work, of which the present volume is only the beginning, Mr. Winter assumes the heavy task of summarizing the manner in which Shakespeare's plays have been presented upon the English-speaking stage from the earliest recorded instances to the present day, adding such details of the dress and "business" of the famous actors as can be gathered from the best authorities. In other words, he has undertaken to cull from the vast mass of Shakespeareana, historical, analytical, and critical, such salient fact and opinion as may be of practical assistance to the Shakespearean student. Perhaps no living writer is better qualified than Mr. Winter—by virtue of his poetic and dramatic instinct—to act in this double capacity of commentator and compiler. If the seven chapters composing this first volume, of nearly 600 pages, may be accepted as a fair sample, it is safe to say that the completed work will constitute the most valuable and interesting contribution made to theatrical literature in many years. It will contain the essence of the best Shakespearean commentary and the choicest theatrical biographies, ancient and modern.

By way of introduction, Mr. Winter devotes a chapter to the annihilation of the old managerial pretence that Shakespeare upon the stage is unprofitable. Citing the examples of Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Henry Irving, Robert Mantell, Richard Mansfield, E. H. Sothern, and many others who have flourished during the last half-century, he quotes official figures that furnish indisputable proof to the contrary. The most striking case of all is

that of Samuel Phelps, who, by giving Shakespeare well, reaped fame and fortune cut of one of the dullest, dirtiest, and poorest of London suburbs. Mr. Winter then discusses six of Shakespeare's plays, "Richard III," "The Merchant of Venice," "Othello," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and "Henry VIII," briefly noting the known or suggested sources of their origin, the dates and places of their earliest presentments, the names of the principal performers, at various times, of the leading characters, changes and curiosities of costume, traditional readings of famous passages, peculiarities in "make-up" or "business," the verdicts of contemporaneous criticism, etc., enriching the whole with apposite anecdotes and his own eloquent, witty, and enlightening comment.

It is impossible to do more than refer briefly to one or two prominent features of a book which is a veritable mine of information and reflection. Of the facts, of course, few, if any, are absolutely new, but the ample and judicious selection of them compels admiration. The mass of authority that has been sorted and sifted is immense, and the amount of surplusage or repetition exceedingly small. Concerning the distinctive literary and dramatic qualities of the plays and the moral and intellectual attributes of their chief personges, Mr. Winter speaks with fine acumen. The text is as familiar to him as the alphabet, and he quotes it in support of his opinions with most felicitous ingenuity. Some of the finest powers of his mind and pen are displayed in his analysis of Hamlet, and his interpretations of Macbeth and Shylock are scarcely inferior in respect of insight and imaginative description. He has no patience with the theory that ascribes to the bloodthirsty Jew any element of patriarchal grandeur. A notable illustration of his faculty of minute observation is afforded in his almost photographic description of Irving's picturesque portrayal of the usurer, and in his poetic appreciation of Ellen Terry's Portia.

Much space, of course, is bestowed upon the famous players, of whom Mr. Winter had personal knowledge. His opinions of them are known to all lovers of the theatre. Most of his views have the weight of standard authority, but to some it is possible to take exception. None will dispute, however, the preëminence which he assigns to Edwin Booth in Hamlet, Richard III, Iago, and Macbeth; to Ellen Terry in Portia; to Henry Irving in Hamlet and Wolsey. His dissertations upon these and other illustrious performers, living and dead, in various characters, are full of learning and observation. He is a stanch upholder of the thesis that no player in a foreign tongue can hope to compete with the English-speaking actor in the great characters of Shakespeare, who wrote, thought, and felt as an Englishman, and gave all the creatures of his fancy an essentially British cast. This is an old argument, which is not, perhaps, quite so sound as it seems. It certainly suggests limitations, not generally admitted, upon the inventive genius of Shakespeare. Is it as true, for instance, of Othello as it is of Hamlet? Is Iago essentially British, familiar as he is with "small beer"? Mr. Winter—magnificent tribute as he pays to his abilities in other parts—confidently denies to Salvini the capacity of rightfully interpreting Othello, because of his ferocity in the murder scene. From Mr. Winter's own point of view he is doubtless right, but may not Salvini have had some justification for his, which he illustrated so superbly. The point is open to question, but, on the broad proposition that English idiom is untranslatable and therefore unfathomable to the ordinary foreign actor, Mr. Winter is on firm ground, and he uses his advantage mercilessly, and most humorously, in his excoriation of the travesties of Shakespeare furnished by certain foreign performers, notably Madame Bernhardt and Signor Novelli.

There is much excellent reading, with plentiful common sense, in Mr. Winter's remarks upon the vagaries of Shakespearean commentators, but these cannot be dwelt upon now. They are commended, however, as is the whole book, to all true lovers of Shakespeare. Succeeding volumes will be awaited with eager expectation.

The Putnams are about to publish, in two volumes, the "Irish Folk History Plays" of Lady Gregory.

"The Nun of Kent" (Putnam), a drama in five acts, by Grace Denio Litchfield, is a work of uncommon imagination and ability, although it would require considerable modifications to make it suitable to the modern stage. For one thing its many long soliloquies, admirable as some of them are as denotements of character and the conflict of internal emotions, would have to be dealt with ruthlessly. The story is founded upon incidents in the career of Elizabeth Barton, better known as the Maid of Kent, but pays little attention to the known facts of history. She is depicted here as the innocent gull of the aspiring Father Bocking (Bockling) and other monks, who, taking advantage of her epileptic fits, convince her that she is another Joan of Arc, and make her the mouthpiece of their own forged prophecies, in order to stir up a revolt against Henry VIII and hasten the accession of Queen Mary. She confides her mission to Cuthbert Vane, the lover from whom the monks have separated her, and he, as a faithful Protestant, reveals the plot to the authorities. Elizabeth and her advisers are arrested and condemned to death. Cuthbert attempts to rescue her, but she refuses to escape, preferring to die in expiation of her innocent treason, and, as she goes to the scaffold, he commits suicide. The piece is written in blank verse which, if it only occasionally rises to the regions of actual poetry, is consistently fluent, vigorous, and picturesque, while the different personages are sketched with freedom, boldness, and sharp individuality. The character of Elizabeth, an ignorant, loving, vain, impressionable, honest girl, blind in her credulity, pitiful in her disillusion, and heroic in her penitence, is a notably truthful study of distressed, deceived, and ecstatic womanhood. Other figures are vital, especially that of Bocking, and the author exhibits a keen sense of theatrical situation, even when her construction is faulty. The play makes good reading, except in its scenes of monastic life, which are not in the best taste.

"The Bird of Paradise," which was produced with some success in Daly's Theatre on Monday evening, is an ambitious and interesting, but not highly competent, effort to make use of novel and excellent dramatic material. The scene is placed in Hawaii twenty years ago, and the interest centres upon the fortunes of a native princess, Luana, who, becoming infatuated with a white man, weds him, with disastrous consequences to both. The husband, a young American physician, abandoning himself to indolence and dissipation, loses all capacity and self-respect, while Luana, who, for his sake, has denied her gods and outraged her people, falls a victim to native superstition, and sacrifices herself in the fiery crater of Kilauea. Another American, who has sunk into the depths, rallies under the inspiration of love, acquires fame and fortune, and marries the white heroine. There is stuff here for an excellent romantic drama—to say nothing of the American sugar intrigues, which supply part of the motive; but the author, Richard Walton Tully, has put it to such conventional and unimaginative use that it is largely wasted. His white folk are, for the most part, the shabbiest and oldest of theatrical puppets. But the Hawaiian part of the drama is better made and, as a rule, better acted, and the mystic rites and the songs and religious incantations, in which the performers are native Hawaiians, are new and singularly interesting. The piece is exquisitely mounted. A night scene in a garden, with a moonlit bay in the background, is charming, and the crater of Kilauea is a masterpiece of its kind.

"He and She" is the name of a new play by Rachel Crothers, which has just been put into rehearsal by Viola Allen, and will be seen before long. Edwin Arden will play the chief male character.

The next set of productions by Charles Frohman will include "Preserving Mr. Panmure," tho latest of Pinero's comedies; "The Doll Girl," a new Viennese operetta; "The Perplexed Husband," Alfred Sutro's new comedy on woman suffrage; and a new play of New York life by Porter Emerson Browne. A new Pinero comedy is almost finished and may be expected before long.

Arrangements have been made by which William Faversham will appear in London in "The Fawn," under the management of Fred. C. Whitney.

Of the recent performance in English of "Alcestis" at the University of London, the *Athenæum* says:

Mr. William Poel very ably fulfilled the promise of the programme. Death, and the triumph over Death, dominated the whole.

In order, no doubt, to make the significance of the play rather human and universal than historical, Mr. Poel did not hesitate to import into this work of the fifth century B. C., by means of the music and the grouping of the figures, associations which have gathered round Death in the course of Christian centuries. Alcestis was brought in lying on her bier; and the chorus knelt around her, after the fashion familiar in pictures of the death of a saint. When all was over, four nunlike figures in black came and knelt, praying, two and two, at her head and her feet. The music was drawn from Bach, Purcell, and other sources, and, where it approached nearest to a pagan character, reminded one of the old Northern dirge, with the "fire and fleet and candle-light," and the soul journeying over the Brig o' Dread. The effect was, on the one hand, to heighten immensely the emotional significance of the play, and on the other to deprive it of any element of the comic.

Much dispute has been aroused by the performance over the question whether Euripides intended that Alcestis should really die.

The death is announced of that excellent actor, William Mollison, who drew his last breath in his native city of Dundee. He was only fifty years old. His first attempts on the stage were made as an amateur, but he soon adopted acting as a profession, and quickly attracted critical attention by his rarely intelligent Shakespearean interpretations. He had toured England first with Miss Marriott, later with F. R. Benson and Ellen Terry, and made such a good Henry IV at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, that Sir Herbert Tree engaged him for the same part at the Haymarket. In 1900, he joined forces with Lewis Waller in producing "Henry V," and his Pistol was praised by the critics as the best of the age. Jacques, in "As You Like It," was another of his triumphs, and he played it on tour with Julia Neilson, and at the St. James's Theatre, London, in 1905. He was a member of Sir Henry Irving's company both in London and America, and was with him in 1903 at Drury Lane in the famous production of "Dante." More recently he toured in Shakespearean repertory, Macbeth and Shylock being two of his best parts. A fine elocutionist, he had a Scotch accent when it was needed, as all will remember who saw him in "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." Perhaps one of his best pieces of work was his blind old captain in Stevenson and Henley's "Admiral Guinea."

George C. Boniface, who died in New York a week ago, aged eighty-seven, was one of the sound actors of the second class. Trained in all departments of the drama, he was associated with J. B. and Edwin Booth, Forrest, Murdock, Charlotte Cushman, and many others. In such character parts as John Browdie in the stage version of "Nicholas Nickleby," he was exceedingly effective.

Music

Style in Singing. By W. E. Haslam. New York: G. Schirmer.

The Mastersingers of Nuremberg. By Richard Wagner. English Translation by Ernest Newman. New York: Breitkopf & Härtel.

Perhaps the best characterization of charlatans is that of Oscar Commettant, who defined them as persons who are "not able to achieve possibilities, so they promise miracles." In the world of music it is these who attract the largest number of pupils, especially if they also publish a book containing "the only correct method." Of these worse than useless "methods," so many are issued that the bewildered student finds it more and more difficult to make intelligent choice of an instruction book. It would have been well if Mr. Haslam, in his admirable little volume on "Style in Singing," had printed a list of trustworthy works on the anatomical, physiological, and psychological aspects of the art of singing. His own brief treatise does not discuss the technical questions of tone production, but proceeds at once to what pupils call "finishing touches," with but vague notions of what these touches are. Students of instrumental music (particularly of the piano) have not been without works on interpretation, but in vocal music Mr. Haslam opens up new ground. No doubt chapters on style in singing are to be found in various books, but he is the first, so far as we remember, who has written a special treatise on the subject—a treatise which, be it said at once, cannot be too highly commended to all students and professionals, no matter of what method they are followers.

In his analysis of style the author discusses, in successive sections, color, accent, intensity, phrasing, portamento, and variations of tempo. He defines style as the application of the laws of artistic taste to the interpretation of music. Attempts to acquire style are premature until the pose and technique of a voice are satisfactory; pose being another name for emission of voice; technique, "the discipline of the voice considered as a musical instrument." Speaking of pose, the writer utters a most timely warning on the present mania for dragging voices up. The compass of the voice remains the same; the misguided singer has merely exchanged several excellent tones below for some poor ones above: "Tolerable baritones have been transformed into very mediocre tenors, capable mezzo-soprani into very indifferent dramatic soprani, and so on." There are prominent singers at the Metropolitan Opera House and elsewhere who would do well to ponder this question of what in the musical jargon is called *tessitura.*

When the voice is misplaced and strained there can be little real expression, which is largely a matter of coloring the voice. A pianist can, by using the soft pedal, give his tones a darker, more sombre quality. A violinist can give his tones either a more reed-like or a more flute-like color by drawing his bow across the strings close to, or distant from, the bridge. In the human voice endless gradations in coloring are possible. French singers like Faure and Renaud, in particular, have the gift of greatly varying the shades of one color in their singing of certain rôles. The author's remarks on this topic are highly suggestive; as are also the pages devoted to the questions of tradition and a singer's right to make alterations in text or music. The best artists are not infrequently censured by pedantic critics for sacrificing the letter to the spirit when, as a matter of fact, they were actually following the letter also:

> Very often during rehearsals, when the composer begins really to hear his own work, he makes modifications in certain passages, alterations of the words, or suppressions of the notes that are either ineffective, or lie awkwardly for the voice. But the opera has already been printed for the convenience of the singers and choristers studying the rôles and choruses; consequently such modifications, rearrangements, and "cuts" (as excisions are named), do not find their way into the published scores.

So frequently does it occur, moreover, that at a performance the notes of a phrase have to be modified or rearranged so as to bring it within the natural capabilities of the artist who sings it, that a special word, "pointage," has been coined for this proceeding. The relations between this pointage and tradition are most instructively discussed in a chapter of thirty pages. Modifications are not only allowable, but imperative, in the by no means infrequent cases where the composers were heedless of the text. Handel, though he lived nearly all his life in England, never quite mastered its language; hence the numerous cases of the misplacing of syllables in his oratorios. Meyerbeer blundered similarly with his French texts; while Verdi, though master of his own language, was in his early operas guilty of neglect of the verbal punctuation which is in marked contrast with the care he bestowed on it (under the influence of Wagner's example) in "Aïda," and, still more, in his last two operas, "Otello" and "Falstaff."

Time was when music-lovers were indifferent to the niceties of adjustment of music to text. It is so no longer, and herein lies the chief obstacle to carrying out the plans of those who would have German and French works sung in English versions at our opera houses. Audiences would laugh aloud at the ludicrous perversions of the text made (chiefly for the sake of the rhyme) in the librettos now in use. It is possible, but not probable, that an international congress of poets and composers might result in satisfactory translations. Wagner, in his letters to Mathilde Wesendonck, tells of the insuperable difficulties he had in making, with the aid of a Parisian poet, a satisfactory translation

of "Tannhäuser"; "seeking with him, often by the hour, for the best turn of speech, the right word." It took them months to do the work, and then they were not satisfied.

The most satisfactory translation into English of a Wagner opera ever made is that of "Die Meistersinger," by Ernest Newman. A thorough musician, as well as one of the best of English writers, he has done wonders with a difficult task; and yet, one who knows the original text well can hardly open a page without being annoyed by finding the musical emphasis placed on a different word from the one used by Wagner, even though the poetic and the melodic accents have been made to coincide. For private study and enjoyment at the pianoforte, however, this English version of Wagner's comic opera must be highly commended. The title-page says, "Complete Vocal Score by Otto Singer." But, fortunately, Mr. Singer has acted only as editor, simplifying a bar here and there, but otherwise retaining the wonderful version of Karl Tausig.

Last season the most prominent of Italy's operatic composers, Puccini, and one of Germany's two most prominent opera composers, Humperdinck, crossed the ocean to be present at the first productions anywhere of their latest works. This season the nearest approach to that "record" is the arrival of Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari, just in time to hear the second performance of his "Le Donne Curiose" at the Metropolitan Opera House. He was duly honored, and then started for Chicago, where his latest opera, "The Madonna's Jewels," is to be sung this week for the first time in America. On January 21 he will be back in New York to conduct his cantata, "La Vita Nuova," at a Metropolitan Sunday concert. Wolf-Ferrari's father is a German, his mother an Italian, and, while he got his musical education mostly in Germany, his activity has been chiefly in Italy, and his operas are written to Italian texts. Yet, while the Germans have produced his operas in translations, the Italians have ignored them, and he had to come to America to hear them in the original. So far as "Le Donne Curiose" is concerned, its peculiarities are such that even those who think that operas should, if possible, be given with their original text, may admit that in this case it would have been better if the work had been given here in an English version. The opera is based on one of Goldoni's farces, which, even without music, would have been unintelligible to the vast majority of a Metropolitan audience, partly because of ignorance of the Italian language, partly because of the vast size of the auditorium, which, to be sure, would have made an English version also unintelligible to all those sitting more than a dozen rows of seats from the stage. Evidently the composer made a mistake in choosing this kind of a play for his libretto—a mistake emphasized by the triviality of the play itself; it is concerned with a group of Venetian men who belong to a club where "Women Are Not Admitted." This sign naturally arouses the suspicions of their wives or sweethearts, who manage to secure admission to the building, but find, on looking through the keyhole, that the men are doing nothing more dreadful than enjoying a good dinner. This joke is spread out over three long acts, which Rossini or Mozart, with their inexhaustible fund of melody might have made interesting. Wolf-Ferrari has plenty of skill and cleverness, but very little melody; hence his long-drawn-out musical joke proved to be decidedly tiresome. His model was Verdi's "Falstaff." He should have chosen the same composer's "Aïda" as a prototype. In the last act there is a charming melody; but it happens to be a Venetian popular song, "La Biondina in Gondoletta." However, it is better to borrow than to bore.

Among the promising young American singers now in Germany who are likely some day to be brought back for our Metropolitan is Miss Julia Heinrich, the daughter of the famous baritone, Max Heinrich. She is singing at present at Elberfeld, and the newspapers speak highly of her voice and her dramatic art. She won special praise as Elizabeth in "Tannhäuser," Micaela in "Carmen," and Agathe in the "Freischütz."

"Ocaso de los Dioses" is the Spanish name for "Götterdämmerung." With the Wagnerian masterwork the opera season was opened in Madrid. The silence with which the opera was listened to was as eloquent of the audience's rapture over this music as was the tumultuous applause after the curtains. The women in the audience made, according to a correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, a garland of beauty such as could not be seen anywhere else in Europe. The same writer remarks: "Wagner's art is not so foreign to the Spanish character as it might seem at first thought, for its elemental, impetuous qualities, as well as its exquisite tenderness, strangely approximate it to the Spanish folk-recitative, the *canto hondo*, whose old melodies are laughing, weeping, fervent nature-sounds that seem to well from the soul's most yearning depths."

Life on a modern battleship is depicted in a piece of programme music, recently perpetrated by an English composer, Bruce Steane, and performed at Bournemouth by Dan Godfrey's band. "Dreadnought" is its title, and it is divided into four movements, respectively labelled thus: (1) The Launch of the Dreadnought; (2) In the Breeze; (3) The Calm, leading to the Storm; (4) Prayer —Full Steam Ahead—In England Again. The great ship herself is typified by a leitmotif of a chromatic character, suggestive, we are told, of "the perfect symmetry and strength of her form from turret to waterline." In the second movement life on the ocean leviathan is depicted in full swing; the character of the third is sufficiently indicated by the label attached to it, and quoted above. "The final movement," it is stated, "is ushered in by a prayer, through the solemn strains of which are heard the wailing cries of the seagulls." Then, after a fugal section, comes a passage illustrating the command, "Full steam ahead for home," while the final page proclaims "the triumph of the ship's maiden trip and the joy of the crew at being in England again."

Art

SEPARATIST ART BODIES.

When some of the young men of the Viennese secession drafted a programme for their endeavor to evolve a new style in the arts, they made agitation one of their first duties. "We are neither for nor against tradition," they declared. "There is no question of a development or a change in art, but merely of art." What they proposed to do was to make a stir. They did so, and much that is interesting has come of it. Though at the start their profession of intent may have been rather specious, or at least not too clearly put, it expressed a temper which is often characteristic of those who set out on new paths. They revolt, but just what it is that they revolt from is at times not so plain. This is not because they have no grievance or may not by their later fruits demonstrate a justification. It is rather because the impulses of the more or less loosely organized groups are if anything almost more baffling and intangible than the moods of the individual artist. They follow a natural instinct in organizing at all and an equally natural one in occasional partial disbandment. Confederation and secession are the two principles which for more than a generation have kept the art community alert and productive.

The announcement of a new society here, "The American Painters and Sculptors," may prove to be an instance in point. In its charter members it gives promise of strength. It includes several members of the National Academy, other men whose work has kept them apart while winning a ready welcome of appreciation from collectors and critics, with a proportion of men still young but already favorably known. The Society is launched under auspices that suggest good financial backing. If we add that the membership includes relentless and eloquent reprovers of the Academy, we have gone as far as present indications will allow in characterizing this new separatist group. What it may accomplish, how long it may endure, what influence it may exercise, we must wait for time to show.

It is clear, however, that if the appearance of the new body were to sap the strength of the Academy, it would be unfortunate that the movement should occur at this time when a new chapter in the history of the Academy seems about to open with the prospect of better exhibition facilities. For societies of artists of this sort have their most important function in the display of their product. They are a means of intercommunication with the public. Without exhibitions they are of comparatively little use either to themselves or to their environment. It has been inevitable that the Academy should suffer so

long as its facilities lag behind its needs. A sense of fair play would prompt the suggestion that, with better conditions now in sight, steps at subdivision be postponed until the chance to retrieve shortcomings has been tried out. This should seem the more reasonable in that the Academy has of late shown a growing catholicity and regard for a widening public taste. As its current exhibition indicates, it has not failed to be generous of its restricted wall space in extending a welcome to the work of outsiders.

Yet all this may be to take an amiable habit of drawing up bodies of by-laws too seriously. It is only about six years ago that the Society of American Artists returned to the fold after almost thirty years of independent existence. That lesson should not be forgotten. On the other hand, the coalescing of outside groups is a symptom of energy rather than a slackening of the pulse of organization. In this country we have perhaps had too little of such activity, fraught though it is with a certain amount of wasted power in internal dissension. In England and on the Continent the condition has been more pronounced. To be sure, the tendency to a kaleidescopic breaking up and rearrangement of subsidiary groups is a somewhat recent phenomenon. We may be only just taking the infection. The Grosvenor Gallery dates back to 1877, the year in which the Society of American Artists was formed, but it was less schismatic than supplementary. The New English Art Club dates from 1885, the break in the French Salon from 1889, the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers brings us down to 1898. The Vienna secession held its first exhibition in the same year after breaking with the old *Künstlergenossenschaft* two years before. The pictorial photographers split off from the English Photographic Society in 1891 to form the international body, "The Linked Ring."

Perhaps Brussels boasts the most complex example of division and subdivision, with its Free Society of Fine Arts, the Chrysolide, the Essor, the Circle of Twenty, the Society for Art, the Libre Esthétique, the Sillon and Labeur Clubs. Antwerp, too, has its Als ik Kan, the Independent Art Club, and the XIII. In comparison we seem on the whole inclined to be regular and loyal. Where we find ourselves impelled to divide forces, we might do worse, perhaps, than to take a leaf out of the book of the Brussels "XX" Club. Founded on a secession from the Essor in 1884, this body limited itself in advance and arbitrarily to an existence of ten years. The disadvantage in having two or more bodies, all aiming at comprehensive and representative membership, is manifest, but the sanction for separation that arises from the incompatibility with the main body of a mutually attractive group is undeniable. In its results, too, the small group has much to commend it, for it has many of the stimulating qualities due to association, while it misses the dead weight of unwieldy numbers. It speaks to its public in an individual yet varied tongue. A society formed under the limitation of a definite time-period could hardly undertake to be all-embracing or have opportunity to grow monotonous, or, with increasing age, to take on those qualities of established bodies which it had been formed in the first place to avoid. The plan of the "XX" does not appear to have been imitated. Separatists might go further and fare worse for a model.

Early this year John Lane Co. will issue A. E. Gallatin's book, "Whistler's Pastels and Other Modern Profiles," in an edition limited to 250 copies, printed at the Merrymount Press. The illustrations, twenty-two in number, include nine hitherto unpublished drawings by Whistler.

The anatomical manuscripts of Leonardo da Vinci at Windsor (thirteen sheets in all) are to be published in folio facsimile, under Norwegian auspices. The editors are Messrs. Vangenstein, Fonahn, and Hopstock. The first of three volumes is ready and may be ordered from Jacob Dybwad, Christiania. There will be a critical text with German and English translation. The edition is limited to 248 copies and the price is £3 8s.

Prof. R. Lanciani has discovered within the area of the Baths of Caracalla the remains of a magnificent portico, where the bathers could take shelter from the summer sun and the winter rain and cold. In the Middle Ages this site was used as a Christian burial ground, for a number of tombs of that period have come to light. This is the first exploration made in the Zona Monumentale, or Archæological Park, which extends from the Arch of Constantine to the Porte di S. Sebastiano and Latina.

Dispatches from Tripoli report an interesting discovery during excavations by Italian soldiers in the sands of Ainzara. The find consists of a Roman temple, described as virtually intact and containing the skeletons of a number of persons who were apparently overtaken by death whilst attempting to flee from some danger. Several urns, of which one was filled with gold and silver coins, have been found in the temple. The excavations are being continued, and it is stated that already the other buildings, containing statuary and some fine columns, have been brought to light.

Paul Vayson, the landscape artist, who died recently, was born at Gordes (Vaucluse). Though he painted mostly in the Midi, his scenes of Fontainebleau and Algeria are memorable.

Honoré Daumet, the French architect, is dead in Paris at the age of eighty-five. Among his works is the Palais de Justice, Paris. He was elected in 1885 a member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts.

The recent death of Valentin A. Syeroff at Moscow at the age of forty-six removes an important figure in Russian art. As the son of the composer, Alexander Syeroff, he grew up in an atmosphere of vigorous artistic discussions. Remarkable portraits of Alexander III and the Grand Duke Paul, as well as of several actors, constitute his best work.

Finance

A PRESIDENTIAL YEAR.

Perhaps the most frequent doubt, among the many financiers who have expressed their views on the present year's business outlook, has concerned the question, How would the story of 1912 be influenced by the Presidential contest?

We shall hear a good deal, in the coming eight or ten months, about the influence of this impending political contest on finance and industry. The general impression undoubtedly is, that all Presidential years are seasons of unsettled business and agitated finance. But that idea is far from correct, and a review of the years in point gives some oddly conflicting precedent. To begin with the most recent of them: 1908 opened with such extremely unfavorable signs, from the standpoint of finance alone, that a year of black depression might have been fairly looked for, even without the Presidential contest. The approaching campaign was confidently expected, four years ago this month, to make a very bad business situation considerably worse. Yet it did nothing of the kind. It would be difficult to say, in reviewing 1908, that the political struggle had any influence whatever on the markets. They were hopeful and confident throughout the months between January and November. To all appearances, the Presidential campaign itself exerted no adverse influence whatever. The so-called "political scare" on the Stock Exchange in October was a mere matter of transient professional speculation.

Nor will a study of 1904 altogether confirm the traditional idea. It is true that business was halting and uncertain, with much unsettlement in certain lines of trade—the steel industry in particular scoring the lowest prices of the year in September. But no one then ascribed the business unsettlement to politics; it was the sequel to the financial shocks of 1903, and the Wall Street point of view, at any rate, was shown by the continuous and rapid advance on the Stock Exchange, from the first week of July until after election.

But of the two preceding Presidential years, 1900 and 1896, most people believed, and still believe, that politics was the dominant influence. Something unusual certainly seemed to be the matter with 1900. The year before had been a year of "booms," of prosperous busi-

ness and particularly of enormous promotions and combinations in corporate industry. All at once, when the new year had begun, the horizon was overclouded. A "price war" broke out in the steel trade and in some other industries, and the business unsettlement was accompanied by a sweeping decline on the Stock Exchange. The paralyzed markets, financial apprehension, and stagnant industry of 1896, from the early springtime up to the day when a premium was bid on gold in election week, with call money at prohibitive figures and the New York banks taking tentative measures to deal with a possible crisis, will not have been forgotten by any one who lived through that period.

So that the record of the four latest Presidential years is just a bit perplexing to people who wish to draw exact conclusions. Why should the effect of the political campaign have varied so widely on those several occasions? It may perhaps be answered that in 1908 and 1904 the result of the Presidential contest was believed by experienced observers to be assured beforehand, whereas in 1896, at any rate, it was an extremely doubtful contest until the later days of autumn. But this plausible explanation does not apply at all to 1900; when Bryan's campaign against the renominated McKinley was as clearly doomed in advance, in the eyes of all observant men, as was his later candidacy of 1908.

The explanation which will possibly fit better to all four precedents is that the character of the financial and industrial movement, in the years respectively preceding 1896 and 1900, had been such as to predispose business to the depressing influence of political uncertainties, real or imaginary; whereas the year preceding 1904, and the year preceding 1908, had in a way anticipated all such influences. To speak more particularly; 1895 had been just such a rashly overdone "boom year," on inadequate resources and in an adverse economic situation, as was 1909 in a later after-panic period.

It was naturally followed by a year of reaction and liquidation. But the existence of such demoralizing tendencies made it certain that politics should bulk larger than usual in the apprehensive public mind, and the political issue was gravely disturbing. So, in a way, of 1900. The boom of 1899 had been one of extraordinary recklessness; new company incorporations to the amount of $3,500,000,000 were a heavy burden for any year to bear, and Europe's financial prosperity, which had largely been utilized to promote our own, had gone to wreck in the Boer war panic of the autumn of 1899. The American markets entered 1900 in a mood to jump at shadows.

So that the Presidential years which followed a period of speculative excitement and activity were years when politics seemed to be seriously disturbing. But 1903 and 1907 had represented as thorough and drastic a financial housecleaning as could well be imagined. On both occasions, so low a level of reaction and depression had been reached, before the Presidential campaigns of 1904 and 1908 had actually begun, that even an unfavorable political outcome could not, in the public view, make matters very much worse, while a favorable outcome might easily make them very much better. These are among the considerations which will serve as a basis for estimating the probable bearing of the campaign of 1912 on the business situation.

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American Art Annual, 1911. Vol. IX. New York.

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Bradley, I. S. Bibliography of Wisconsin's Participation in the War Between the States. Wisconsin History Commission, Original Papers, No. 5.

Catalogue of the International Exhibition of Contemporary Medals. New, revised edition. American Numismatic Society.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1912.

The Week

"Acquisition of the telegraph lines of the United States by the Government and their operation as a part of the postal service will be recommended to Congress in a short time by Postmaster-General Hitchcock"—such is the statement given out by the Postmaster-General or in his name, as if it were the function of the Postmaster-General to make recommendations to Congress. The White House explanation of this amazing pronunciamento explains nothing, but will deepen the impression that our good-natured Administration takes life much too easily. The Postmaster-General had, it appears, discussed this question of Government ownership a year or so ago with the President, and Mr. Taft seems to have liked it, but waved it aside then—there were so many other pressing questions. Now Mr. Hitchcock, who is not without a keen sense of what creates public discussion, throws out this radical suggestion without having again touched upon it with the President, because he had to leave town suddenly and forgot to give orders to have the matter withheld until his return! It is idle to stress the situation thus disclosed. But it must be maddening to all friends of the President that the many fine things Mr. Taft has accomplished, his steadfast refusal to desist from enforcing the laws impartially and without regard to persons, his rigid abstaining from working for his own profit, are so often obscured by just such happenings as this—to the joy of his political enemies and his false friends.

As to the proposition itself, the vast addition that the scheme would make to the army of Federal employees would, not very long ago, have constituted, in the minds of all sober thinkers, a fatal objection to it. If it is now entitled to serious discussion, this can only be because the progress of the merit system in the Federal service has lessened incalculably the dangers of the power of appointment. But over against this admission must be placed several considerations which point in the opposite direction. One is the vast increase in the scale of the telegraph operations, especially when the connection with the telephone is considered. Another is the benefits that have actually come from the competition of two systems. Still another lies in the fact that an alternative exists in the extension of the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission to cover telegraphs and telephones. And finally, so far as concerns the old objection to increase of Government functions and enlargement of the possibilities of patronage and political control, one may concede that it has not now the same kind of force as in the old days of the spoils system, without at all admitting that it is no longer of serious importance.

That was not a bad point which Gov. Harmon made in his speech at East St. Louis last Friday, coupling the McKinley tariff act with the Sherman Anti-Trust act. These two acts were passed at the same session of Congress, and the McKinley act, as Mr. Harmon says, went far beyond earlier laws in the bestowal of special favors. But the Republican leaders, he declares, "did not dare to face the country on it without a law to prevent the stifling of competition, from which great benefits were promised to the people." Whether there was historically so close a political connection between the enactment of the one law and the other may be doubted; but it cannot be doubted that the tariff system of which the McKinley act marked a culminating point was the potent breeder of the monopolistic combinations for which the Sherman act was designed to furnish a remedy. And Gov. Harmon is justified, too, in pointing out—what is so often and so strangely forgotten—that it was in Mr. Cleveland's Administration that the first victories of the Anti-Trust law were won in the Supreme Court; namely, those in the Trans-Missouri case, in the Joint Traffic case, and in the Addyston Pipe case. "It appeared," he adds, "not to be the policy of the succeeding Administration to proceed further against such concerns." In these days of multitudinous progressive stirrings, it is only fair to the men of a less noisy time to remember that it was the stolid Cleveland and his Attorney-General, this same Mr. Harmon, who first put the Anti-Trust law into successful operation.

Much of the popular interest in the Supreme Court's decisions of Monday relating to the Employers' Liability act will attach to the circumstance that they included a reversal of Judge Baldwin's decision in the Connecticut case which gave rise to the famous controversy between the veteran jurist and Col. Roosevelt. But while that result is itself important, affirming as it does the duty of State courts to assume the task of carrying out the requirements of Federal laws—provided, of course, that they are Constitutional—even when they conflict with the policies embodied in the State's legal system, yet the greatest significance of the decisions is to be found in other aspects of them. The power of Congress to regulate the agencies of interstate commerce is affirmed in the most sweeping and emphatic language; and short work is made of the sanctity of the common-law fellow-servant principle. No person, the Court declares, has a "vested interest in any rule of the common law"; and Congress is not in the least obliged to take into account the question whether the co-employee to whose fault the injury may have been due was engaged in work of interstate commerce or not. The decisions will be received with hearty satisfaction by right-minded persons generally, without distinction of party, economic opinion, or station in life.

Senator Lorimer explained to the Senate Investigating Committee last Friday that he was the victim of a conspiracy. Gov. Deneen and the Chicago *Tribune*, it seems, made a "frame-up" against him; the bribery dynamite was not genuine, but "planted" by his persecutors. The Committee will doubtless give due weight to his testimony upon this point, but it will at the same time, we fear, share the desire of the country for more specific information from the Senator concerning the charges against him. There is a persistent feeling, which Mr. Lorimer apparently does not understand, that the fundamental issue in his case is whether or not his high office was obtained by bribery.

There are indications at Albany which both Old Guard leaders in the Republican Assembly and Tammany agents in the Democratic Senate would do well to heed. In both houses and in both parties there is an insistent demand for measures that will strengthen the defective direct primary bill passed at the last session. With the two houses differing in political complexion, partisan legislation is out of the question. Speaker Merritt therefore voices a widely popular desire when he declares for the passage of the departmental and appropriation bills and an immediate adjournment. But it is clear that he has adopted the short-session slogan for the purpose of shutting off amendments to the primary law and other progressive legislation. The Tammany leaders, with their fingers crossed, will put in bills carrying out the Governor's meagre recommendations for relief. Beyond that they will not go. It is right here that a vigorous assertion of their legislative prerogatives by the more independent members in both parties may prove effective.

Week after week we study our well-written, well-edited, well-printed, and well-bound copy of the *Outlook* and wonder who does it all. It cannot be the Contributing Editor, because he is busy receiving visitors who come to interview him about the Chinese situation, the prospects of grand opera in English, the canals on Mars, and other delightfully interesting topics of the day. It cannot be the Chief Editor, because he is busy explaining just what the Contributing Editor did mean and did not mean at last night's dinner or in this morning's letter in the newspapers. It cannot be the Managing Editor, because he is busy setting straight certain wrong impressions regarding the Contributing Editor's business plans after March 4, 1913. It cannot be the Literary Editor, because he is busy reconciling his own views on English style with those of the Contributing Editor. So the mystery remains: Who does get out the *Outlook*, week after week, well written, well edited, well printed, and well bound?

Princeton University is to be congratulated on the satisfactory settlement of its long-standing problem of the presidency. Like Dr. Finney, to whom the post was offered a few months ago, Professor Hibben is a Princeton man, and one who is both liked and esteemed by the great body of its alumni and students, as well as by the Faculty. Although he took sides in the recent controversies concerning the "quad" system and the graduate school, it appears that both parties in these divisions are satisfied with the choice of Professor Hibben. Entering upon his duties at the age of fifty, and after a familiarity with the affairs of the university acquired during twenty years' connection with its teaching staff, President Hibben has before him the prospect of distinguished service in the development of one of the foremost of American institutions of learning. With the preceptorial system introduced by President Wilson as a distinguishing feature, and with the graduate school about to be developed as the result of a liberal endowment, there is material in the Princeton situation for much effective thinking and planning.

Following the example of Chicago, Cleveland has placed a woman at the head of its school system. Miss Harriet L. Keeler, who has been nearly forty years in the service of the city schools, is now to have entire charge of them, and the Board of Education's selection seems to meet with universal approval. At least we have yet to see a complaint that this is taking manhood out of the schools and dangerously feminizing them. The Cleveland newspapers, on the other hand, have called attention to the fact that Miss Keeler is the sixth woman to take office in Cleveland. Of the others, the most interesting is Miss Mildred Chadsey, who is chief of the sanitary police. Why not? As Miss Chadsey puts it: "It's a housekeeper's job. I am only a housekeeper on a large scale." But a few years ago the suggestion that a woman should be a policeman would have roused the interest only of writers of comic-opera librettos. The other Cleveland women officials are connected with outdoor relief, the school board, and the library. The Cleveland *Leader* lays the responsibility for these new officials at the door of the suffragists and the Men's League for Women's Suffrage.

The public is becoming familiar of late with the excluded reporter. The public reads, for instance:

> At this point the speaker requested that all reporters be excluded from the room. This was done and the speaker then went on to say,

etc., through a long and detailed transcription of the remarks which the reporters were banned from. How did the account get into print, one wonders. Did the banished newspaper man, thrust out at the door, return through the window accompanied by seven other newspaper men worse than himself? A distinguished statesman addresses six hundred diners and no reporters, and discovers to his horror that his remarks have got into print. A Senatorial committee goes into executive session and decides this, that, and the other thing. (See the newspaper columns of the day.) The Socialists call a party meeting at Cooper Union for the threshing out of questions of party policy. The public, including the reporters, is excluded, but the Socialist *Call* next morning publishes an account of the debates that were not meet for common ears. What sense is there in the practice? The news comes out anyhow, and it only subjects private individuals to the peril of an Ananias Club election, instead of leaving it to the men with whom that danger is part of the day's work.

> There is only one thing which the Filipinos ask of the United States, and that is, to free them from all foreign intervention. This is the only thing which will make them a prosperous and happy people.

In these words, published in the *Independent*, Dr. Quezon, Resident Commissioner from the Philippines to the United States, answers the question which we find ourselves asking somewhat uneasily from time to time: Are the Filipinos contented under American control? The Commissioner gives point to his answer by quoting Webster's words regarding the impossibility of contentment under foreign rule, "no matter how lightly it sits upon the shoulders." Nor does he stop with generalities. Our Constitution, he suggests, was not framed for alien subjects, and the constant ebb and flow of our politics precludes the development of wise administrators, the men having to do with the Philippines being recalled just as they are becoming familiar with the conditions of their task. He even refuses us the satisfaction of thinking that the Filipinos

are so much better off under us than they were under Spain that they cannot reasonably aspire to the management of their own affairs. It is the Filipinos, he reminds us, who are paying for their schools and roads, not merely by taxes, but to some extent by voluntary popular contributions, and he goes so far as to say that a large part of the credit for the improvement in the islands is due to the enthusiastic coöperation of the Filipinos, who took the American side in 1898 because "they had been led to believe that the independence which they had all but achieved from Spain would be recognized by the United States after the war was over."

Henry Labouchere never figured among the great statesmen of his time, was not intimately associated in the public mind with the origination or the passage of any epoch-making measure; he was commonly regarded, by those who knew him not, as a sort of amusing and irresponsible Robin Goodfellow, with an infinite capacity for mischief of every kind, whereas, in reality, for all his flippancy, cynicism, and extravagance, he was one of the shrewdest politicians of his day, with a remarkable grasp of all the different phases of the great problems of the time. It was as an independent force, a free-lance riding atilt at every imaginable abuse, or what he deemed an abuse, that he achieved the notoriety and the popularity which accompanied him during the greater part of his career. But it was not only in attack that he could be many-sided. The purely human element in him was strong. He was a lover of his kind as well as the satirist of it, and he was as much the indefatigable champion of worthy charities as he was the inveterate and deadly foe of every variety of sham and humbug.

In many circles Labouchere's death—which, at his age, however, cannot be called untimely—will leave a great void. Clubland has lost a gossip of the brightest and cheeriest and most informing kind; general society a charming host and fascinating guest; music, the theatre, and the arts an experienced and discerning critic; and his journalistic subordinates a most inspiring chief. He will long be remembered in London life as a finished specimen of the man of the world—polished, accomplished, cynical, knowing life in all its deeps and shallows, and yet retaining a certain freshness of heart which made him the champion of the poor and oppressed and the kindliest friend of sick and suffering children. Nowhere will the exit of "Labby" be more deplored than in the hospitals, where thousands of crippled children for many years have been made happy at Christmas by the fruits of the annual *Truth* Doll Show. The world could better have spared many a greater man.

Sir Edward Grey's management of British foreign policy is severely assailed from within the ranks of his own party. The Radical element is opposed to the whole-hearted way in which the Foreign Secretary threw himself on the side of France during the recent Morocco crisis. That opening, however, does not promise much for attack, because the majority of the nation is undoubtedly content with the outcome of the Franco-German negotiations. Hence the malcontents have directed their fire against Sir Edward's policy in Persia, and there they unquestionably have excellent reasons for complaint. It is supposed that the British Foreign Secretary has been anxious to retain Russia's friendship as an important factor in the general European situation. But whatever may have been his motives, Sir Edward has placed Great Britain in a most unhappy position in Persia. He has made her a partner of Russia in the shameful assault upon Persian independence, and has been driven into virtually admitting that the treaty with Russia of four years ago, in which the two Powers delimited their spheres of interest in Persia, was, in effect, a treaty of partition. Sir Edward Grey has not even the consolation that there was profit in the crime against Persia. The partitioning of that empire brings England and Russia face to face along hundreds of miles of frontier, a condition of menace which British policy has for years been trying to avoid.

The report that a large sum, approximating half a million dollars, has been given by a wealthy Jewish resident of British India for the purpose of establishing a university at Jerusalem, calls attention to the changed aspect of Jewish aspirations with regard to Palestine during the last few years. The precise date of such a change may be given as the overthrow of Abdul Hamid II and the establishment of a Constitutional régime in Turkey. For the Ottoman Empire at large the change was a blessing; but the Zionist movement suffered badly. Under Abdul Hamid II it did seem at one time as if the Porte's consent might be obtained to the establishment of a partially autonomous Jewish "state" in the Holy Land; that was the "political Zionism" favored by the founder of the movement, Dr. Theodor Herzl. But with the advent of the Young Turks and their ambition to consolidate and strengthen the Empire, the addition of another autonomous people to the welter of races with which the Government had to contend became impossible. Political Zionism has lost its hold upon the Jewish people of late. The majority of Zionists are now in favor of a peaceful conquest of the Holy Land by means of Jewish colonization, industrial development, and the creation of just such cultural centres as a university at Jerusalem would constitute.

The success of the Socialists in the elections for the German Reichstag has not been beyond widely-entertained expectations, but it has been sufficient deeply to disappoint the conservative parties. Just what the membership of the party will be in the new Reichstag cannot be known until after the holding of the second elections, in no less than 122 of which Socialist candidates are concerned. But it is already certain that the party will go beyond its high-water mark in the Imperial Parliament; and the popular vote, as shown in the first elections, is far beyond precedent. Just what the gains made by the Social Democrats at the expense of the National Liberals and the Radicals may mean will also probably be more apparent after the second elections are held; on the face of the matter, it seems to signify a crystallization of anti-conservative sentiment in favor of the most extreme party in the field. The one thing which, to a distant observer, seems most certain—not only as a showing of this election, but as evidenced by the whole story of German politics—is that in so far as the social-reform policies of the last decade or more have been inspired by the hope of checking the growth of the Socialist, or Social-Democratic, party, they have proved as ineffective as was the old policy of repression.

THE ARBITRATION COMPROMISE.

Differing interpretations have been put upon the proviso which Senator Lodge reported to the Senate last Thursday, covering the ratification of the pending treatles of unlversal arbitration with Great Britain and France. In effect, it states that the Senate agrees to approve the treaties on the understanding that the American members of the Joint High Commission shall be appointed by the President by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and also that the Senate shall have full right to pass upon any special agreement proposed by the said Commission. All this is said by some to take the vitality out of the treaties, and the President's acceptance of the proviso is affirmed by them to be a surrender. On one point, Mr. Taft has never made any difficulty. He has always been ready to make his appointments to the Joint High Commission subject to approval by the Senate. With the other matter it is different, and the report that the President has acquiesced in it "reluctantly" may well be believed. In his address before the American Bar Association last August, he declared that he was "most anxious" that the Joint High Commission should be left in the treaties just as it was, the reason being that he desired to get a "binding effect."

The question now is whether the binding effect is seriously impaired by the Lodge proviso. It must be remembered that this puts upon the treaties only an interpretation which many contended from the first necessarily inhered in them. This was Secretary Knox's view originally. And he now stands by the opinion that the treaty never contemplated taking away from the Senate the power to disapprove any special agreement for arbitration. This was also the contention of the minority report of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. And if we pass from Constitutional theory to the probable facts in practice, there is every reason to agree with what Senator Burton said in his separate report urging the ratification of the treaties as they stood, namely:

> It is practically impossible that the Senate would ever have occasion to refuse its approval of the arbitration of a question which the Commission of Inquiry has reported to be within the scope of Article I of the treaty. The treaty provides ample safeguards against any such possibility. In the first place, the question must be reported for arbitration by a vote of all or all but one of the members of the joint commission, one-half of the membership of which commission must be appointed by a President in whose opinion such question is not properly subject to arbitration under the treaties. In the second place, it is within the power of the Senate to insist upon amendments to special agreements submitting questions to arbitration under Article I, by virtue of which power the Senate can determine the character and composition of the tribunal to which the question is to be referred. In like manner the Senate may also define the scope of the powers of the arbitrators and the question or questions at issue; it may settle the terms of reference and fix the procedure. In other words, the Senate has the power in any case to remake by amendment the terms of the special agreement and to make its approval and consent conditional upon the acceptance of such terms.

These aspects of the treaties are confessedly debatable and must perhaps remain in a degree of uncertainty. But there are other things not open to doubt, features in the treaties which, if the Senate consents to their ratification, will represent a great positive achievement and a marked step in advance. We have, in the first place, the explicit undertaking to settle by arbitration or judicial decision "all differences," which are in their nature "justiciable," that may arise. None of the old tricking exceptions are made—questions of "honor" or "vital interest," under which, of course, every controversy could be brought at the pleasure of either side. To-day we have the inspiring example of three great nations willing to bind themselves to adjust *all* disagreements without recourse to arms. This is the chief progress marked by the treaties, and this remains, irrespective of any question about the machinery or the methods by which the solemn pledge is to be carried into effect. Moreover, there is a provision in Article II which is unaffected by any of the discussions about the mode of interpretation or ratifying proviso, and which is by itself of great value. We mean the stipulation for the delay of one year, at the request of either party, in case there is a dispute and a failure to agree upon the terms under which it is to be submitted to the Joint High Commission. This period is designed to afford time for further diplomatic discussion, but it also affords time for hot spirits to cool off. If such an agreement had existed between the United States and Spain in 1898, there can be little reasonable doubt that Spain would, in the end, have consented peacefully to evacuate Cuba.

From the beginning, it has been the moral and humane importance of the treaties that has elicited such enthusiastic support. About the legal details people have not so much cared. Three powerful nations are agreeing to make war among them so unlikely that it can be dismissod from the reckonings of prudent men; this is the thing—this magnanimous gesture of international peace—which has so strongly appealed to men of good will everywhere, and has brought to President Taft, for his initiative in the great work, the deserved plaudits of the best in the land. And we think it can confidently be said that this greatest influence of the treaties will not be seriously affected by the method now proposed of ratifying them. If once put in force, they will be not only a bulwark of peace between the nations directly affected, but an inspiring model for all the world to follow.

SLIGHTED NEW YORK.

In selecting Baltimore as Convention city, the Democratic National Committee seemed to take special pains despitefully to use New York. It chose a seaboard city, thus ignoring the argument of Chicago, St. Louis, and Denver that any one of them would be "central" and convenient, but turned a deaf ear to the plea of New York that, if any Eastern city at all was to be designated, New York should be the place. In fact, this city got just one vote—that of her own committeeman. The whole enthusiastic campaign to bring the Convention here—which every sensible man knew from the start was doomed to failure—thus issued in a rejection which was almost an affront. The State which has the most delegates and the most electoral votes, the great Democratic city with the largest and most numerous hotels and a fine Convention hall, which was ready to guarantee all expenses, had the mortification of being left as a wallflower while Baltimore was invited to dance.

So far as Democratic politics entered into this humiliation of New York, the reasoning of the National Committee is both obvious and sound. The passing over of New York was a plain shrinking from the shadow of Tammany. To hold the Convention here would be recklessly to invite the charge that it was under the blighting domination of Mur-

phy. The strongest and most confident party in the world could not afford to run that risk; for the Democrats needlessly to incur it, fighting their way back to respectability as they are, would be madness. This is really an old story. The dislike and fear of Tammany are deeply rooted in the hearts of the Democrats of the country. Indeed, for years past Tammany delegates to National Conventions, as they themselves have bitterly complained, have been looked upon with suspicion and aversion. "Great is Tammany, and Croker is its prophet!" cried Mr. Bryan in one of his speeches at the Wigwam, but this was only one proof more that he did not understand the true sentiment of his party. Before the National Committee, the heralded "backing" of Murphy for the effort to get the Convention for New York amounted to a single vote. It was the first opportunity to slap Tammany in the face, and it was seized upon.

This is, of course, not the whole of it. In both parties there is observable just now a marked unwillingness to appear to be identified, in either policies or candidates, with New York. If a possible nominee for the Presidency can somehow be dubbed the favorite of Wall Street, both he and his friends feel instant alarm, while his enemies are filled with glee. It should seem that to this city had suddenly been assigned the position of "a malefactor of great wealth," and that ostracism had been decreed for it by the apprehensive politicians of both parties. It is known, for example, that the friends of Gov. Harmon have discouraged anything like an organized movement for him here. A Democratic candidate might be glad to have the New York delegation swing over to him in the end, but would feel that approval by Tammany in advance would be wellnigh fatal. In the other party, there is a similar offishness. Those close to the President are remarking with much satisfaction upon the evidences of Wall Street hostility to Mr. Taft. They think it will help both in nominating and electing him. It is intimated here and there that Wall Street would look with a kindly eye upon the Colonel again, which may be explained by a desire to harm him with professed favor. Once bitten, twice shy, is a proverb that is valid in Wall Street; where it is well understood that, if Mr. Roosevelt got a chance again, he would do unutterable things to what he used to call with scorn "that little speck on the map."

Things were not ever thus. It used to be a great asset for a party or a candidate to be on good terms with "the solid business interests of the country." Political managers were wont to take the first train for New York in order to see to the sinews of war. That part of it will probably not be omitted this year. Pilgrims from afar will doubtless visit the metropolis furtively to seek campaign funds; and emissaries from party committees will not demand proof that money is not "tainted" before they consent to accept it. Yet the present political attitude towards New York, taken as a whole, represents a great change. Instead of being eagerly courted, she is ostentatiously avoided. More wealthy than ever, with more votes at command and seemingly with greater political power than ever, New York is slighted. The cold shoulder turned upon her by the Democratic National Committee is only typical of the political treatment she is receiving from all sides. All this is one item more for John Adams's famous "incomprehensibles" of New York politics. It is not, however, so very incomprehensible when you stop to think of it!

PRICE-REGULATION BY GOVERNMENT.

Mr. Carnegie's advocacy, as an alternative to prosecution against the Trusts, of a Government commission to fix maximum prices in manufacturing industry, is interesting chiefly because it accords with the similar (and, we may add, the equally vague) proposal of Chairman Gary of the Steel Corporation. We suppose that many readers of these two proposals will resort to some such explanation as this: Both Judge Gary and Mr. Carnegie are interested in the Steel Trust's perpetuation, the dissolution of the Trust is threatened, they recognize that the power of the Trust over prices, and especially Judge Gary's repudiation of supply and demand as a regulator of prices, are prejudicial to the case of the Trust, and both, therefore, accept as the lesser evil the idea of arbitrary Government regulation. But we do not wish to base our examination of the matter on any presumption of self-interest. The idea of Federal regulation of prices of Trust-controlled products is not confined to the Chairman of the Steel Trust or the principal holder of its bonds. It is advocated, more or less obscurely, by a number of other people who are disturbed by the policy of suing for dissolution of such industrial combinations as the Steel Trust—among them, Mr. Roosevelt.

Before discussing the merits of this contention it may be well to say a word of the status of the anti-Trust litigation. Observant people are aware that the Supreme Court decisions of last spring in some respects shifted the ground from the Northern Securities decision of 1904. The Oil and Tobacco Trusts were ordered to dissolve, not only because their form of organization was such as to promote restraint of trade, but because the testimony showed them to have restrained trade by overt and proven acts. Northern Securities, on the other hand, was dissolved in spite of its counsel's undisputed contention that the holding company had performed no overt act whatever, beyond receiving and disbursing dividends. But the majority opinions of the Court of 1904 insisted strongly on the fact of potential monopoly and restraint. The deciding opinion in that case was indeed avowedly based on admission of counsel that the same machinery which Northern Securities had used to buy up two competing railways might conceivably be utilized to place under control of three or four individuals all the railways of the country.

At the time, the decision was greeted by thinking men as the most important of all possible barriers to the ambitions and aspirations of the excited industrial promoters of 1899 and 1901. The service rendered by the law of 1890, in that highly critical period of our industrial and social history, would be difficult to exaggerate—this quite regardless of the familiar criticism, repeated in the Tobacco case, that the same people owned the disintegrated parts as had owned the whole. Every man of the slightest business experience knew that, whatever might happen in the competitive field in the next few months or years, the dream of a self-perpetuating, self-extending, and self-enforcing corporate monopoly was at an end. But it was only ended on the presumption that the law would continue to be enforced.

Is it, then, to be said that the Anti-Trust law, having stopped the extremely dangerous possibilities or probabilities

of the system, has done its work, and should give way to a plan of Government supervision? The answer involves an inquiry into the probable workings of that plan itself. To the extremely vague suggestions of Judge Gary and Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Carnegie adds the definite proposal that the Government should fix maximum prices every month. We very strongly doubt if these eminent advocates of the plan, much less the general business public, have fairly considered what this thing would mean. It is the fashion to point comfortably to the authority over railway rates, now possessed under the law by the Interstate Commerce Commission. But this function is to the plan proposed by Mr. Carnegie as simple arithmetic is to integral calculus. The American railway system has, on the one hand, grown to be something very much like a natural monopoly; on the other hand, the principles underlying the fixing of rates involve a comparatively easy problem.

The instant such authority is thrust into manufacturing industry, a thousand complicating considerations will intrude. Location, experience, access to raw material, invention, practice of economies, capacity for specializing—every one of these influences, and a vast number of others, affect the question of the legitimate price, and affect it in a score or more of industries wholly different from one another. Supposing, what we should be very slow to concede, that a commission adequate to pass on all these conflicting problems could be formed, what is to be said of the courts which must pass on the justice of the commissioners' yearly or monthly or daily schedules? For, let it be observed, the whole world-wide realm of trade, finance, and economics must be called upon to decide what are the circumstances making a given price in a given industry at a given moment just or not. To our mind, the easy-going proposals of Mr. Carnegie and Judge Gary run pretty close to copying the most obnoxious fallacy of the extreme Socialistic school—that we need only confer on Government the power of saying a given arbitrary schedule in trade, finance, industry, or production is right, and it will be right.

That their further argument—to the effect that dissolution of the Trusts will leave industry subject to the rule of "destructive competition," with resultant survival of the fittest or most powerful, and reëstablishment of monopoly—may require some consideration by itself, we are not prepared to deny. President Taft himself has said, in his message of last December, that he can "see decided advantages in the enactment of a law which shall describe and denounce methods of competition which are unfair." The power of concentrated capital may conceivably, in these days, be used for such purposes, through cutting prices low enough to drive rivals out of business, quite as well as for fixing artificially high prices by corporate combination. But we hold that the plan of commission supervision, with maximum prices fixed by Government, does not touch the matter at all—unless, indeed, its adherents wish the commissioners to fix minimum as well as maximum, and dictate exactly what the American consumer is to pay for what he buys. We have heard of nobody so daring as to suggest this plan, and we have a very clear idea of the kind of reception it would meet with from the public.

FIRES AND HUMAN NATURE.

A few days ago, if anybody in New York had been asked to name the buildings most free from the danger of destruction by fire, he would have been almost sure to place the Equitable Building in the list, and near the top of it. He would probably have thought the building fireproof in the fullest sense of the word, to begin with; and he would have felt sure that the precautions against fire, over and above the protection afforded by the nature of the structure, were such as would correspond to the stupendous moneyed interests represented in the building. But Tuesday of last week told a different tale. The fire started in an act of carelessness such as might have taken place under the humblest roof; and in undertaking to fight it without sending in an alarm until it had attained great headway, the person in charge of the building showed that he was not under the government of proper rules of conduct in an emergency. But, as ex-Fire Chief Croker says, "of course this Equitable fire ought to have been stopped before it started, by proper prevention. Just so long as you leave waste paper in an office building at night you are in danger of a fire. All paper ought to be taken out as soon as it is collected. As I hear it, this blaze began in a storage room, and then went up the elevator shaft. Storing paper and things like that is giving the fire a handicap against the Department."

It will doubtless be said, by way of defence, that all this lack of careful management was due to the conviction that the building was "absolutely fireproof." Such was doubtless the belief of people generally; but the heads of the institution knew better, or were to blame if they did not. "The building," says Fire Commissioner Johnson, "was known to the underwriters as 'sub-standard construction.' This simply means that the building was not fireproof"; and he goes on to speak of its being "allowed to stand in the heart of the financial district" as an anomaly. Elsewhere the special defect to which the fire owed its destructiveness is thus commented on: "The presence of an elevator shaft fitted in wood, running the height of the building, or of wood staircases, renders any large building an easy prey to flames. The flames were sucked up the Equitable shaft, and the heat concentrated at the cupola of the building was so enormous that the entire structure was almost immediately wrecked." And it should be added that there was not even a wall of special thickness, or fire-resisting quality, to separate the restaurant storeroom (in which the fire started) from this fire-spreading chimney in the shape of an elevator shaft.

Now, nobody will pretend for a moment that the Equitable Company deliberately refused to spend the trifling sum that would have been required to make the precautions against the spread of a fire in the building practically invincible. To consult the foremost of fire experts as to the necessary measures, and to employ such a permanent skilled staff as might be necessary to carry them out, would have been the merest bagatelle in its budget. These things were not done, simply because nobody gave the matter serious thought. The like things, upon their more modest scale, are not done by any of us individually in our own houses, are not insisted on by any of us on the part of the owners of the apartments we occupy. They are not done by us collectively as inhabitants of a great city, or as business men with colossal material interests involved in its safety. Experts, we are told, "have come to the

conclusion that New York would have been practically helpless if another big fire had broken out downtown on the same morning." It is highly improbable that a double event of the kind will happen; but it is far from impossible, and yet we all know that no radical measures will be taken to meet such a contingency, or, if taken at all, will not be taken in the near future. In a word, there is a vast deal of inertia in human nature. In some directions, we ought to fight that inertia, might and main; in some directions we must brand it as criminal and sternly punish it; but after all is said and done a great deal of it will remain, and must remain so long as we continue to be human.

Considerations like these have a bearing far wider than as they relate to the tactics of fire prevention. They should mitigate the ardors of some of our declaimers against the brutality and selfishness of the individualist or "capitalist" régime. Not every life lost in the working of the machinery of modern enterprise is a cold-blooded sacrifice on the altar of Mammon. Something must be allowed for that indifference to an infrequent possibility, that inertia in regard to an improbable disaster, which is illustrated so abundantly in instances with which the consideration of the saving of money has nothing to do. Just how far this kind of consideration should serve as excuse or palliation is matter for level-headed judgment in each case. It offers no refuge for the violator of laws designed to protect the lives of workers; it furnishes no excuse for the sordid wretch who locks the factory door as a cheap means of preventing pilfering by his employees, knowing, as he must, that he thereby directly diminishes the chance of their escape from a horrible death in the event of a fire. But it is a consideration that stands in the way of frantic general denunciations, and that stamps as false those pictures of society which represent the capitalist class as unfeeling monsters instead of human beings with their share of the weakness, the imperfection, the inertia which human beings exhibit in all stations of life, and which they will be quite sure to carry with them even into the coming Utopia.

FRENCH POLITICS AND THE ENTENTE CORDIALE.

The character of the new Ministry organized by M. Raymond Poincaré was determined by causes more permanent than usually shape the formation of a new Cabinet in France. The regular procedure is that the men who bring about the fall of a Cabinet take unto themselves the prize of victory. The struggle is a factional one between the "ins" and the "outs." But, however personal may have been the motives that brought about the fall of M. Caillaux, it is no single faction that has profited by the event. M. Poincaré's Cabinet is not only a Ministry of all talents in the sense that it comprises a large number of distinguished men of affairs; it represents also a greater number of groups and tendencies than any Cabinet for the past ten years. Omitting the Socialists on one wing and the Conservatives and Conservative Republicans on the other, it reflects every other shade of sentiment in Parliament, from the Moderate Republicans to the Socialist Radicals. It is a Cabinet of veterans. Two of its members, Bourgeois and Briand, are former Premiers. M. Poincaré has held the Portfolio of Finance with distinction. Millerand has several times held office, and is generally recognized as one of the most brilliant men in public life. Théophile Delcassé's rôle in French politics during the past fifteen years has been of the highest importance. There is so much talent in this new French Ministry that one fears for it the fate of other Ministries "of all the talents" in France and elsewhere.

But for the time being the appearance of what is described as a "national Ministry," instead of a merely partisan Ministry, is significant of the profound change that has come over French public opinion in the past two years. The nation has long been aware of the excessive play of personal politics and partisan intrigue that has gone on in Paris; but the nation, as a whole, has been indifferent. Partly this has been the result of the moral exhaustion following the tremendous strain of the Dreyfus affair. Partly it has been mere contentment with the steady economic well-being which France has been experiencing in contrast with other countries. Intent upon maintaining and increasing its prosperity, the French people demanded peace at any price. Because it wanted peace abroad, it repeatedly yielded to German intimidation. And because it had peace and prosperity at home, the nation was content to let the politicians in Paris knock each other about to their heart's content.

The change came not very long ago when the latest reappearance of the German menace under the old form of Morocco finally brought it home to the great majority of Frenchmen that peace by submission was not to be had. There were moments of acute crisis in last year's Moroccan controversy, but the temper of the French people had changed. All observers agree that a spirit of quiet determination possessed the French nation, a firm resolve to fight, if fight it must. And to this firm bearing on the part of France, taken in conjunction with England's support of her partner in the *entente cordiale*, the defeat of German diplomacy is attributed. That it was a defeat is acknowledged even in Germany. If there are Frenchmen who criticise the terms of the agreement over Morocco and the Congo, it is because they think that France could have obtained even more than she got. At any rate, even taking into account the existence of a difference of opinion as to the precise advantages gained by France, it is plain that French self-confidence to-day runs high. The national spirit, once awakened by the contest with Germany, has reacted on the internal situation. The indifference of the elector to the carryings on in the Chamber of Deputies has waned. The desire has manifested itself for a Government that shall not represent the ambitions of groups and individuals, but shall stand forth as the adequate embodiment of the nation's present high state of self-satisfaction. Some such popular state of mind has helped to shape the character of the new Ministry. How long this state of mind will last is another question.

That the new régime will bring about a change in the relations with England is altogether improbable. The mere presence in the Cabinet of M. Delcassé, architect of the *entente cordiale*, would show that. At the present moment British opinion is said to be greatly stirred up at the revelation of M. Caillaux's underhand negotiations with Germany; surely, here was an attempt to make peace with the common enemy

and leave England in the lurch. But only a few weeks ago there were Frenchmen who accused England of playing her own game in Morocco. She permitted affairs to come to the verge of war until she obtained Germany's assurance that British trade-routes would not be menaced by a new German naval station in Morocco. Then Britain was content, and allowed France to get out of the difficulty as she could. But such suspicions are common in all political alliances. There is no love lost among the members of the Triple Alliance, for instance. Whatever may be the ultimate motives that underlie the *entente cordiale*, it is apparent that both parties have profited by it. England rejoices in a diplomatic victory over Germany, and in France conditions are as we have explained. Perhaps it is not the least advantage accruing from the Anglo-French understanding as it functioned in the course of recent events, that better relations between Germany and France and between Germany and England are now spoken of as a possibility of the near future.

ROUSSEAUISM.

It is no new thing in politics to sunder the democracy of Rousseau from the democracy of Montesquieu; but that democratic element, which critics all concede as one of the main forces in literature during the past hundred and fifty years, knows little or nothing of such a distinction. Jean-Jacques, with his gospel of the ego, his doctrine of popular sovereignty, his belief in man's natural goodness, has the field to himself. Literary democracy is always Rousseau's democracy, always the explosive kind, salutary so far as it wakes European letters into new life and sets up cosmopolitan ideals, but powerless in its own cause, and perishing at last of its own tragic absurdity. Critics and poets, who recoiled from the extreme step of Rousseauism, had no refuge, it would appear, in a restrained and reasoned democracy, such as Montesquieu gave the political world, such as commended itself to an American Federalist; in art and letters, no halting seems to be allowed between the doctrine that every man is an æsthetic law unto himself and the doctrine of a kingdom by divine right. Who are the democrats as one reckons them in English poetry? Burns, of course, and Byron, and Blake; the young Wordsworth, Shelley, Landor, in his own way—a Mirabeau in verse—and Swinburne; consummately, Walt Whitman—Rousseauists to a man, impatient of law, and foes to social order. Whitman's democracy is outright Rousseauism; but it sounds already in Wordsworth's poem of 1791:

> Once, Man, entirely free, alone and wild,
> Was blest as free—for he was Nature's child. . . .
> Confessed no law but what his reason taught,
> Did all he wished, and wished but what he ought.

Man, that is to say, was born free, has been corrupted by the community, and will be good again if he be set free from communal bonds. Here is the palpable opposite of Montesquieu's doctrine about law which the freeman imposes upon his own freedom, the opposite of Montesquieu's idea that individuals are at their best when they submit themselves to the highest social order, seek laws for defining that order, lay stress upon coherence, uphold standards, frown upon all that is merely individual and expansive, and praise what William James has called the "contractile" elements. In other words, to the democracy of Rousseau is opposed the democracy of Montesquieu, which is another thing from the Tory doctrine as shown in the feudalism of Scott and in the submissive scheme of converts like Friedrich Schlegel; and this saner democracy was both preached and practiced by many a poet, many a critic and historian, whose ideas are credited to Jean-Jacques.

Herder, to begin with a conspicuous instance, is set down as a Rousseauist of the extreme left. Yet more than one of his biographers can find no name to fit him so well as Humanist. Studies of Greek art and Greek letters busied his maturity, filled his last years; if he chides modern culture, he opposes to it not Rousseau's blameless savage, but the self-restrained freeman of Hellenic life at its best. He would use the classics, not in Landor's way, not in Pater's way, as fuel for that clear, hard flame of the intellectual life, but as an aid in humanizing the Christian ideal. True, he did not renounce and revile the apostle of freedom; but, like other men of genius whose pulses stirred in youth to the nobler note of Rousseau's appeal, Herder finally parted from his Lucifer in a kind of revolt against revolt. He got a glimpse of the other democratic banner, which floats above "the army of unalterable law." He saw that justice, which is cosmic, makes a higher ideal than mercy, which tends to the chaotic; that obedience to good laws, in art as in life, is the better part of freedom; and that Calvinism, hard as it is to hear, not only tells a truer tale than the vague account of the deists, but is to be heard rather for its fidelity to the facts of life, its assertion of the powerlessness of individuals, its encouragement of coherence in community and state, than for its vague assumptions of primitive innocence and natural goodness as Rousseau chose to interpret them. The Calvinist idea of retribution is unlovely; but Rousseau's idea of the kingdom of good impulses is impossible. Nothing so crossed his scheme as the idea of punishment. Yet it is to the powers that punish and not to the powers that forgive, it is to justice and not to mercy, that Herder at last dedicates his volume of poetry of the people. He believes in punishment, in that "mountain," as Dante said, which makes straight what the world has made crooked; as mature critic and historian he is no longer hysteric, hardly dithyrambic; he is seeking for laws, for the spirit of the law, whether in literary development or in the progress of humanity at large. That wonderful book, begun when Herder was forty years old, the "Ideas for the Philosophy of the History of Mankind," shows on nearly every page the trail of this search for law, this attempt to prove an orderly evolution, this gathering of the evidence for divine justice. Here and there a phrase like *verfeinte Schwachheit* still echoes Rousseau; and in the discussion of climate the "Discourse on Inequality" is treated with respect. But sentiment has mainly made way for science. "Here is no place," he says once, "to discuss the good or the harm done by these social institutions." He sees, as with modern eyes, all the evil and waste of the world, and he half-concedes the futility of it; then, with the nobler democratic hope at heart, he points out and praises the scheme by which the dear labors of mankind, *süsse Mühe der Menschen*, will come out more than conqueror. In sum, he will search history, just as Montesquieu advised, for the proof of laws; he will seek out the higher order.

"There is an old poet's saying," wrote Goethe in the year 1802, "which I once learned without comprehending it, but which now I understand, because it brings me blessing and success." What is this talismanic precept? Goethe proceeds to embody it in his famous sonnet about the master-artist who is revealed only by his self-restraint; in art, that is, "nothing but law can give us liberty." Now, if one wishes a phrase for the democratic movement in letters, this sonnet should at least proclaim that "return to nature" has no clearer title than "search for law." Moreover, catchwords like "people" and "race," often used to characterize certain theories in literary criticism, have as good right to Montesquieu's interpretation as to Rousseau's, which is their inevitable gloss. Nobody, it may be said with confidence, has disturbed the peace of the modern critic more than Jacob Grimm, Herder's own disciple, has done by his phrases about race-made epic and the people in verse. True, his "Old-German Forests" were a tangled and dark haunt of ideas which Rousseau would have approved; but Wilhelm Schlegel's sharp and just criticism drove Grimm from those ob-

scurities, and set him not only to the orderly planting and harvesting of his German Grammar, but to the demonstration of that great law which bears his name. The hallmark of Grimm's research is not passion for the lower freedom, but reverence for the higher law. Even to his doctrine about poetry one may apply the spirit of that praise which Mr. Chesterton has recently expressed for "the real and ancient emotion of the *salus populi*, almost extinct in our oligarchical chaos." Let the extravagant and dithyrambic part of the doctrine go; but keep, or rather bring back, Grimm's spirit of reverence for tradition, for the sense of kin and kind, his power of visualizing community or state even for literary ends, his respect for law, his belief in orderly progress.

Thus in the stubborn but not wholly unyielding material of literature and criticism can be traced lines analogous to those which are so deeply cut upon the political record. The account, moreover, is not yet closed. Rousseau's democracy of "myself" and Montesquieu's democracy of "my country" are still pitted one against the other in our national life. Rousseauism sticks in every champion of individual rights at the expense of the community, in every abuse of the power of that irresponsible individual, the corporation under private control, and in the travesty of justice which allows absurd range to the defendant in a criminal suit. The cause of reform is inevitably the cause of the community, of law, of the higher social order. And has this cause, to touch the analogy once more, no place in critical and creative literary fields? Have poets nothing to learn from the higher democracy? In criticism, in history, is the blue pencil to be drawn across all the pages of the democratic message; and shall so inadequate a label as "Rousseauism" condemn alike the mistakes and the inspired exhortation? There is no task so attractive to scholar, critic, man of letters, as to return upon the whole democratic movement and make salvage of its nobler and forgotten achievements. Whoever will carefully follow this movement on artistic, literary, and critical ground, must deny the supremacy of Rousseau, and must allow that "the real and ancient emotion of the *salus populi*" found, and ought always to find, its highest expression not in liberty, but in law.

FRANCIS B. GUMMERE.

Haverford, Penn.

MISCELLANEOUS GERMAN BOOKS.

A useful book of reference has just been published by the old firm of E. S. Mittler & Son, in Berlin. It is a "Philosophen-Lexikon" of about nine hundred pages, compiled and edited by Dr. Rudolf Eisler, and surveying the life, work, and teachings of the world's great thinkers. Another work likely to engage attention is the collection of essays by Adolf Harnack, entitled "Aus Wissenschaft und Leben," which is imported by G. E. Stechert & Co. To a more popular taste appeals another importation of the same firm, Dr. Otto Henne am Rhyn's "Illustrierte Religions- und Sittengeschichte aller Zeiten und Völker," with ten full-page plates and many illustrations in the text. From Eugen Diederichs of Jena, who publishes many works in that department, comes a book by Wilhelm Müller which treats with commendable judgment the creeds and churches of this country, "Das religiöse Leben in Amerika." The same house has brought out a translation of Percival Lowell's "Soul of the Far East," and Rütten & Löning of Frankfurt a volume of selections from the writings of Lafcadio Hearn, under the title "Japan-Buch."

Folklore and travel are largely represented in the season's bookmart. A unique work, published by Rütten & Löning (also known as Literarische Anstalt), is "Das Buch des Lappen Johann Turi." It is the first original work of its kind written by a Lap, and is edited by a Danish woman, Fräulein Demant, who for a year shared the author's life and made him write what he knew of the life and lore of his people. The same firm publishes a volume of Chinese ghost and love stories of the seventeenth century in an *édition de luxe* on China paper and bound in silk. Of travel books one of the most striking is the sumptuously illustrated volume by Oscar Kauffmann, "Aus Indiens Dschungeln," which is imported by Stechert. From the firm of B. G. Teubner in Leipzig comes a book by E. von Hoffmeister, "Durch Armenien: Eine Wanderung und der Zug Xenophons bis zum Schwarzen Meer."

Karl Scheffler, a subtle critic and brilliant essayist, has edited for the Insel-Verlag of Leipzig a work called "Deutsche Maler und Zeichner im 19. Jahrhundert," which has been imported by Lemcke & Buechner. It is a large volume with about seventy illustrations, which are in themselves valuable. Another ambitious art work, entitled "Deutsche Kunst in Wort und Farbe," is edited by Dr. Richard Graul, and published by E. A. Seeman of Leipzig (imported by Stechert). It contains ninety-five color plates of paintings by Böcklin, Leibl, Liebermann, Stuck, Thoma, Menzel, and others. Of Karl Woermann's "Geschichte der Kunst aller Zeiten und Völker," the third volume has been imported by Lemcke & Buechner; it is devoted to the art of the Christian nations from the sixteenth to the end of the nineteenth centuries.

Among the books for the music-lover and musician the biography of Richard Strauss by Max Steinitzer is likely to be much talked of. It is a volume of three hundred pages, with fifty-six illustrations and numerous portraits. The centenary of Liszt justifies calling attention to August Göllerich's "Franz Liszt," published by Marquardt & Co. of Berlin, a volume of above three hundred pages, with some excellent portraits and four hitherto unpublished compositions. Untiring in his efforts at exploiting the subject of Goethe from every point of view, Wilhelm Bode appears as the author of a work in two volumes, "Die Tonkunst in Goethe's Leben," in which he traces the relation of Goethe to the musicians of his time: Kayser, Reichhardt, Schütz, Hummel, Zelter, Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert, not forgetting the author of the first and very naïve setting of the "Erlking," the fair singer Corona Schröter, and the venerable musical *savant* Freiherr von Rochlitz. Besides the book of selections from the writings of Richard Wagner made by Houston Stewart Chamberlain for the Insel-Verlag about a year ago ("Auswahl seiner Schriften"), there appears among this season's publications a little year-book of quotations for every day, "Aussprüche über Musik und Musiker," compiled by Daniela Thode, and dedicated to her brother, Siegfried Wagner. It is a dainty little book in leather binding, imported, like the other works on music, by Stechert.

A number of books on literary subjects have recently appeared in attractive editions. Albert Soergel's "Dichtung und Dichter der Zeit" is a compendium of modern German letters. It is a volume of nearly nine hundred pages, containing three hundred and forty-five portraits, among them the painfully true and striking portrait of Nietzsche by Klinger. Wolfgang Golther's essays, collected under the title, "Zur deutschen Sage und Dichtung," deal so much with Wagner and his relation to Schiller and Goethe that they appeal both to the reader with the literary interest and the music-lover. A notable volume, bearing the familiar Brockhaus imprint, is Dr. H. H. Houben's book on the Young Germany of the thirties, "Jungdeutscher Sturm und Drang."

An unusual number of historical works published within the last few years in Germany are concerned with studies of the Renaissance. A part of the catalogue of Eugen Diederichs of Jena is devoted to such works. The Insel-Verlag has a new edition of the historical scenes by Arthur Count Gobineau, entitled "Die Renaissance," on excellent paper in leather binding with reproductions of portraits from rare originals. A new history of the German people, "Geschichte des deutschen Volkes," by Emil Michael, is presented in a volume of 443 pages by the Herder'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung in Freiburg. German-American readers will be interested in a book by Wilhelm Kaufmann: "Die Deutschen im amerikanischen Bürgerkriege," a volume of nearly six hundred

pages, imported by Lemcke & Buechner.

Among books of biography there is as usual an abundance of works pertaining to the giants of classical Weimar. Paul Kühne passes in review the interesting circle that hovered about Goethe, in an attractively illustrated volume, called "Die Frauen um Goethe," which is imported by Stechert. Wilhelm Bode's "Charlotte von Stein" is an exhaustive study of that remarkable character; it is a volume of 665 pages with forty-eight illustrations, among them silhouettes of the period. There is also a book on "Charlotte von Kalb," by Ida Boy-Ed, the novelist, which bears the imprint of Eugen Diederichs of Jena. It is an admirable psychological portrait of the woman who enjoyed the friendship of Goethe and Herder, was called the Titanide by Jean Paul, was a favorite of the Princess Amalia, and yet died literally in obscurity, having lost her eyesight and been reduced to poverty. The one-hundredth anniversary of the death of Heinrich von Kleist has been observed by the publication of an important biographical work, Ernst Schur's "Heinrich von Kleist: In seinen Briefen," published by the Schiller-Buchhandlung, Charlottenburg.

Among the collections of popular tales usually classed with juveniles there are some new editions of Grimm's "Kinder- und Haus-Märchen" and the Arabian Nights, "Tausend und eine Nacht," both in the Insel-Verlag. Of complete editions there is a great abundance, the classics heading the list. Of the "Shakespeare in deutscher Sprache" in twelve volumes, mostly in new translations by Friedrich Gundolf, seven volumes are ready. They are published by George Bondi of Berlin and are distinguished by their artistic makeup. The new revised edition of Lessing's complete works, edited by Georg Witkowski and published by the Bibliographische Institut of Leipzig, has reached its seventh volume. The historical and critical edition of Hebbel's complete works, which is being prepared by Richard Maria Werner and is called the Säkular-Ausgabe, is planned to comprise sixteen volumes, and it seems doubtful whether it will be completed in the year of his centenary, 1913. The Insel-Verlag has a new Lenau in six volumes.

A. von Ende.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Among the word portraits sketched by William Ernest Henley with such precision and sureness of touch as to remind one of the masters of etching, there is one of a visitor to the Old Infirmary in Edinburgh, when the poet was a patient in that house of healing. It is a sonnet, and, therefore, short enough for quotation, and fine enough to deserve frequent repetition:

A VISITOR.

Her little face is like a walnut shell
With wrinkling lines; her soft white hair adorns
Her either brow in quaint straight curls, like horns,
And all about her clings an old sweet smell.
She wears prim stuffs and puritanic shawls,
Her bonnets might well have been born on her.
Can you conceive a fairy godmother
Devoted to conventicles and calls?

In snow or shine from bed to bed she runs,
Her mittened hands that always give, or pray,
Bearing a sheaf of tracts, a bag of buns:
All twinkling smiles and texts and pious tales,
A wee old maid that sweeps the Bridegroom's way,
Strong in a cheerful trust that never fails.

This was printed in the number for July, 1875, of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and may now be read in the first volume of the Works of William Ernest Henley, published in 1908.

Every one who reads the sonnet will feel that it is a lifelike portrait. But who was the original? The answer to that question will be found in a privately printed booklet devoted to the memory of a saintly Scotswoman, Barbara Abercrombie.* The portrait which forms the frontispiece shows an antique figure with a lofty brow and a kindly face. She was born January 7, 1811, and died March 7, 1891. Her father, a "beloved physician," had also the Scottish talent for philosophy. His house was a gathering ground of the men who came out of the Established Kirk in the Great Disruption of 1843—a calamity which might have been avoided if either English lawyers or English statesmen had been less obstinately ignorant of Scottish business and Scottish sentiment. She was a member of the Free Church from the beginning, and after her father's death she continued the hospitable tradition which made it a centre of religious and philanthropic effort. She was one of the founders of the Ladies' Society for Highland Schools, and for more than thirty years was its assiduous secretary. To one of the teachers she wrote:

I am so glad you gave your son the Scripture quilt, it is quite a thing for a sailor. We were much interested in your account of the elderly woman learning to read. I have sent in your parcel a small box, with eight pairs of spectacles for different eyes, and I have told Mr. L. if he wants a pair for anybody else to ask them from you. In your parcel there is a little tea for sick people, given by an invalid friend who is since dead; also some things I hope may be useful in your own family.

This may serve for the practical side of Barbara Abercrombie's character; on the spiritual side there is a letter of condolence to the widow of a Highland Catechist, an excellent man, who died in the prime of life from a sore throat, caught while nursing his own sick children; and a letter to a young girl who has just partaken of her first communion. Miss Abercrombie's charities were not, as is sometimes the case, confined to those who were remote from her. The lowest cellars and the highest attics of the socially variegated Edinburgh knew her gentle spirit and her generous hand. "This care for the poor," said the Rev. Andrew Keay, "was her ruling passion, and it was strong in death, for the last words she uttered before the final unconsciousness set in had reference to a sum of money she wished to send to a poor widow." In a letter of condolence, written in 1887, she says: "I have no black-edged paper here, but I have a black dress, and I have put it on." What a tenderly naïve sentence! The booklet includes many tributes to the sincerity and helpfulness of Barbara Abercrombie, and Henley's poem is included. Mr. Keay records a characteristic saying. "I remember," he says, "how she once told me that when she felt inclined to be discontented her cure for it was a visit to the infirmary." It was on such visits that Henley saw her.

William E. A. Axon.

**In Memoriam. Barbara Abercrombie. . . . Edinburgh: Printed at the University Press by T. and A. Constable, Printers to Her Majesty, 1891, pp. [4] 83.*

Correspondence

A REPLY BY HANNIS TAYLOR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of December 28, Mr. Gaillard Hunt made an attack upon Madison in order to injure the fame of Pelatiah Webster. He begins by warming over an old story originated by Bancroft, who denied the truth of the following statement made by Madison in his famous Papers published by Gilpin in 1841:

In a pamphlet published in May, 1781, at the seat of Congress, Pelatiah Webster, an able though not conspicuous citizen, after discussing the fiscal system of the United States and suggesting among other remedial provisions, one including a national bank, remarks that "the authority of Congress at present is very inadequate to perform their duties; and this indicates the necessity of their calling a Continental Convention for the express purpose of ascertaining, defining, enlarging, and limiting the duties and powers of their Constitution."

Mr. Hunt tells us that "Madison's sketch in which the error of attributing the pamphlet to Webster occurred was written by him in extreme old age and was not one of the papers which he prepared for posthumous publication." As an historical critic Mr. Hunt is really a more reliable witness than Bancroft.

But what I really object to is Mr. Hunt's attempt to make it appear that I have attached vital importance to the announcement which Madison says Pelatiah Webster made in the summer of 1781 as to the calling of a "Continental Convention." In my recent work I said: "No attention should be paid to Bancroft's vain attempt to discredit Madison's statement. Apart from Madison's great accuracy and Bancroft's well-known inaccuracy stands the fact that the call of 1781 was a natural part of Pelatiah Webster's initiative as now understood. Madison was on the ground and knew the facts; Bancroft's inference is based on flimsy hearsay nearly a century after the event. Bancroft never grasped the importance of Webster's work." In commenting on that statement Mr. Hunt has said: "Here he welds the pamphlets of 1781 and 1783 together more strongly than ever before, so that when one falls, the other must have a precarious standing." That is one of Mr. Hunt's many inventions. He attempts to make it appear, without any basis of fact whatever, that I have made the pamphlet of 1783, as to whose authority there is no possible question, hang upon a few comparatively unimportant lines in the pamphlet of 1781. The plain answer is, I have done nothing of the kind; there is no motive for any such contention on my part. The epoch-making paper of 1783 is just as important, just as authentic, even if it should be proven that the comparatively unimportant paper of 1781 never existed.

Pass to Mr. Hunt's attempt to analyze the epoch-making paper of February 16, 1783, in which Pelatiah Webster announced to the world, as his invention, "the great discovery in political science," now embodied in our existing Constitution. The critic of our complex Constitution who does not understand that the history of the single States that compose the substructure is one thing, and that the history of the two Federal Constitutions that have held them together is quite another thing, is lost. The starting point is the fact that no Federal government that existed prior to February 16, 1783, had ever possessed the power to levy a penny of taxes. For that reason all such Federal governments had been failures. The framers of the Articles of Confederation perfectly understood that fact, as we know from John Adams. Dr. Franklin, who made the first draft of the Articles of Confederation in 1775 (it survives in his handwriting), had just as good an opportunity to create a new Federal system as Pelatiah Webster. But, genius as he was, he was perfectly sterile because the question to be solved was one of finance, and he was not a financier. Webster was; and in that way he conceived of a new Federal creation armed, for the first time in the world's history, with the power to tax. No school boy should be guilty of this statement which Mr. Hunt makes: "It contains only two features which also appear in the Constitution—the power of Federal taxation and the bicameral Legislature—and there were no two principles of government better understood in the States at the time Webster wrote than these." People in the States understood how single States like England or Virginia had the power to tax; how such single States could have a bicameral Legislature; but no one had dreamed of a Federal State with the independent power of taxation; no one had dreamed of a Federal Legislature divided into two chambers; no one had dreamed of a Federal State divided into three departments, executive, legislative, and judicial. It was the application of those conceptions to a Federal State that constituted the invention.

It is strange that Mr. Hunt should not understand Webster's quaint, yet lucid English, when he describes, in his marvelous essay of October 12, 1787, the three coordinate powers that are to take part, under his novel scheme, in the enactment of Federal legislation. Under the Confederation, all legislation was enacted by a one-chamber assembly, without the concurrence of an executive. Under Webster's plan, now in force, Federal legislation is enacted by three powers or bodies—the Executive, the House of Representatives, and the Senate. The President of the United States is a part of the law-making power. That is what Webster said, no more, no less. As Mr. Hunt lives in the National Library, in the midst of documents, he should believe Ch.-V. Langlois, who has told us that "History is studied from documents. Documents are the traces which have been left by the thoughts and actions of men of former times. There is no substitute for documents: no documents, no history." He can put his hand every day upon an original copy of the epoch-making document of February 16, 1783, of forty-seven printed pages, and read it just as it was issued from the press of T. Bradford, who sold it within a few blocks of the doors of the Continental Congress, in which Madison and Hamilton were sitting on the day of its publication, and in which Charles Pinckney took his place not long afterwards. It was the contents of the great document of February 16, 1783, that was presented to the Federal Convention of 1787, in the three "plans," so-called, drafted by Madison, Pinckney, and Hamilton. In the light of that fact, how amusing it is to have any one say that the work of Webster was ignored by the Convention. It was the basis of its proceedings. Webster's invention was presented to the Convention on the very first day it met for real business in the "plans" offered on that day by Randolph and Pinckney. From May 29 to the close, the single question before the secret conclave, *which worked only eighty-six days,* was as to the form in which the great invention of February 16, 1783, should be adapted to then existing conditions as a working system of government. HANNIS TAYLOR.

Washington, D. C., January 5.

A JAPANESE VIEW OF CHINA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To observers like us, who see not one instance in China's longest history of her becoming one consolidated empire, as if she were a dragon with eight heads and tails (in fact, Southern China appears to have been always independent), the present revolutionary movement loses much of its own significance. And the word revolution, quite dynamic and new in the West since the French Revolution, is really an old thing in China like republicanism or equality, another effective word in the West. Although the fall of an empire or dynasty, especially when connected with the sudden cry for a republic, may sound to Western ears almost startling, we who have studied the Chinese literature and history as the Western students do the Greek, only receive the impression from the present disturbance that China again is repeating her own history; the Chinese history is but changes of Emperors and a sort of series of revolutions. There never existed loyalty in the Chinese mind as we Japanese understand it, as they have never known an Emperor one and eternal as we in Japan; they have thought it nothing strange to change or put aside their Emperor when they found him unfitted to be their own representative. It is quite natural that the present Chinese, I mean the Han people, cannot see why they should not send the Tartar Emperor away, against whom they had even reason for impeachment; besides, he was originally a barbarian, they declare, from the Manchurian field or mountain, who conquered them with cruel hand. We have in Japan a time-honored phrase: "Loyalty springs from the bosom of filial piety." The trouble with the Ch'ing Dynasty was that they could not openly and vigorously encourage the sense of loyalty as conquerors.

K'ang Hsi (accession 1662), who is said to have been the best among the Manchu Emperors and who reigned during sixty long years, emphasized in his Educational Edict the points that the people should never think of war, and that the universal peace was to be kept, but he could not dare to speak the word loyalty, as he was afraid that it might stir up the patriotism in the old hearts of the Han people to rise against the Manchu House. And another unjust attempt was the destruction of history from the same fear that it might awaken them to self-consciousness; when poetry, art, and chirography were generally encouraged, it was from the motive to make the people less sensitive to politics and state affairs. The neglect of ethical study made them gradually weak in their human existence; the sense of filial piety which even the Manchu Government encouraged most strongly, made the family more important in China than the country's welfare; and their family's safety a matter to consider first of all, and again it resulted in making them, as we see, phantoms self-seeking and money-loving. And that sort of filial piety has furnished the foundation of their ancestor worship. What China got from such an encouragement was the perfecting of one of the most significant examples in the world of a nation weak and poor in spiritual existence, with such a vastness in population. Certainly there should be a limit to population for any nation if her happiness and dignity as a nation are to be considered first; what use, like China, to have such a population whose education and interest cannot be insured by the nation? Again I should like to question what sort of a republic (though beautiful the name) those young ambitious revolutionists can make out from their own people, the majority of them ignorant, and worse than that, self-centred. They might be taught in time the lesson of freedom, equality, and fraternity, even in the Western sense; but you must have, at the very start, a better sort of patriotism than that required for any imperial country, because the ideal of republicanism must be the betterment of civilization and humanity of the world in general.

I see no meaning, as in the vastness of the Chinese population, again in her vastness of land; the most curious fact, that those vast lands, though loosely, still have kept the appearance of one Empire in her long history, has been recognized as it seems to-day by the world's policy of "Preservation of China." But that is for the convenience of the Western nations and Japan, who have acted and will more act in China as if they had all rights they wish there. If I were to plan for China's own benefit, I have often thought, she should confer the places far away from her central Government, powerless to control and useless for her own purpose, upon the proper nations when such an act should not immediately break the balance of power either in the West or East; and to make her strength more easy to concentrate and more effective, she should confine herself within the provinces where the real influence of the Government could be felt. And better still, those provinces, I dare wish, should be divided into three or four countries; that, I am sure, would be the proper answer for the question of the Chinese reformation. Speaking from the point of Life whose fulness and development should be the first and last question of this world, it would be most inexcusable to leave the people, I mean the Chinese people here, in the hand of ruin and ignorance; what will the Chinese Republic, supposing it shall appear, do if the Government newly built is found to be equally powerless as the old one? And there is reason to imagine

that so it will be, as a crow cannot turn to a stork at once; beside, that republicanism was not, as in the case of the beginnings of America, the determination of all the people whose realization was a prophecy itself. It is said that there are not more than fifty people who started and are working out the present revolutionary movement. The soldiers wearing a piece of white cotton on their arm as revolutionists only fight against the Government for the sake of better payment; who knows if they will not take the Government's side to-morrow again in consideration of the payment they shall receive? Indeed, the true story that I have heard from the valley of the Yangtse-kiang makes me rather discouraged.

I have been lately studying the Chinese history, especially how Ming, the former dynasty, fell, and the Ch'ing rose; it is told that the better class of people under Ming indulged, so to say, in empty discussion and playing with literature, and as a bad result of the political system of making too much of the popular voice (in fact, China of the Ming dynasty was more republican than despotic), the national soldiers grew weakened and effeminate. It seems some historians insist on the point that it was not the Tartars who ruined the Ming dynasty, but the Hans themselves, whose most unfortunate characteristic was their love of quarrel more or less for the purposes of selfishness and self-glorification; the great interest in the study of the history of the Ming dynasty is that I can apply it, of course with some modification, to the present Han people, who are to-day attempting to overthrow the Manchus. It is said that too great freedom of speech was given in that age, from the officials to the common masses; a hundred clubs, societies, and parties, political as well as social, existed, which were always wrongly used to self-interest. It was perfectly appalling to see what a mighty power gold had; it was only money that made name and popularity, and again that made the public opinion and political influence; no one can tell if such will not be the case again for a Chinese Republic which the revolutionists are pleased to dream. One thing I can tell you even with evidence is that their love of "empty discussion" and quarrel are already troubling the general course of the movement to-day; it is most sad not to have a great personality for the success of the revolution, who will at once silence the petty quarrels among the leaders and unite all the provinces by one principle, and make them act as one state. It is said in the paper that Dr. Sun Yat-Sen is expected soon at home; can he ever become that man? YONE NOGUCHI.

Keio University, Tokio, December 5.

AN UNDERGRADUATE VIEW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Few undergraduates of the highest intellectual type become teachers. I will go further: few undergraduates of the higher intellectual types become teachers. Yet if there is one profession which needs powerful personalities, it is the teaching profession; if there is one profession which is filled as a whole with decrepit personalities, it is the teaching profession. I am not unaware of the widespread conception that teaching is, after the ministry, the noblest and most altruistic, as well as the most interesting and most influential, profession; and that, accordingly, those who study to become teachers are noble in their ideals, altruistic in their endeavors, interesting in their personalities, and influential in their curricula of life. Allow me, then to sketch the attitude of the noble, altruistic, interesting, and influential undergraduate—for such a curiosity does exist, if in comparatively smaller number than formerly—towards the profession of university teaching.

(1.) He looks askance upon the necessity for research work. Necessity it is, for only by research are success and prominence attained. His enthusiasm for teaching the subject in which he would specialize is not sufficient warrant for original investigation into that subject; his delight in the whole will not presuppose his delight in its constituent elements. He avoids what the logicians term the fallacy of composition.

(2.) He looks askance upon the character of that research work. If he does not lay siege to an out-of-the-way and unimportant fortress of research, he will be always an obscure private, or, at most, a corporal; and if he does lay siege to the fortress and capture it, he realizes that, although he may win promotion, he has not benefited the entire country of scholarship. He has only opened the way to booty for himself and his small battalion. He has devoted the best years of his life to the siege; the fortress has been taken; but its capture is of no broad significance. And a siege is a tedious and a wasting undertaking.

(3.) He does not live that he may acquire money; but he must acquire money in order that he may live; and on a university professor's salary, he cannot live according to his ideals. He does not desire an automobile, but he does desire opera tickets. He does not desire orchestra chairs when an attractive play is presented, but he does not desire to crouch in the top gallery. He does not desire to give elaborate social functions, but he wishes to mingle in a class of society congenial to him. He wants to buy books and to subscribe to magazines; he wants to travel; he wants to feel himself able to marry without demanding enormous sacrifices of his wife; he wants to provide his children with the same educational benefits that he himself has enjoyed. He has consciously relinquished the material pleasures of the world in favor of the intellectual pleasures incident upon his profession; but, in doing so, he wants to enjoy these intellectual pleasures to the utmost. Now, although the cost of living has increased enormously in recent years, the salaries of members of college faculties have remained virtually stationary; and college instructors can no longer revel to their heart's content or even occasionally browse free from care in the fragrant meadows of a scholar's life.

(4.) If he could devote his life to instructing the young, not only in the subject he teaches, but also by his own example, in the fundamentals of life, he could feel that the world was better for his existence in it. But if he devotes his life primarily to research work and to the acquisition of knowledge which is merely interesting, and interesting to merely a very insignificant part of the world, he labels himself and his life work as selfish. At a time when he realizes that so much of the misery imbedded in the world could be removed by preventive machinery, must he not say that a life devoted to the happiness of one man and of his few associates is a selfish life? In Tomlinson, Kipling has sketched a wretch who, when called before the bar of judgment, shamefacedly confesses that he had lived for himself, and had done neither good nor evil for the mass of humanity; is not a university instructor, reasons the undergraduate, in so far as he must pay more attention to his research work than to the instruction of his students, a Tomlinson?

Accordingly, the body of graduate students who intend to be teachers in universities is composed to-day, for the most part, of persons who pursue this profession because it is the most remunerative profession open to them. And the person who cannot earn more in other fields than he can earn in teaching is necessarily a man of little brilliancy, of uninspiring personality, of a mind built for arithmetical-like investigations rather than for a broad outlook over the general realm of scholarship. The weakness of the American college faculty lies not in the character of the work which its members pursue, but in the personnel of its members, who are, for the greater part, unfit to pursue any other character of work.

BERTRAM BENEDICT.

Baltimore, January 12.

[We print this letter because it probably expresses the views of a large number of undergraduate students.—ED. THE NATION.]

Literature

YOUNG AMERICA.

Is There Anything New Under the Sun? By Edwin Björkman. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.

Mr. Björkman belongs to that interesting group of young men who are now somewhat excitedly flinging their caps for posterity. ("Youth," according to our author, is that emotional period which extends normally from the twentieth to the forty-fifth year.) He has laid hold of a new purpose, wrung from the message with which science is fraught. And this has changed him, he tells us, "from a believer in the past and in the part to a builder of the future and the whole." It behooves us to keep an eye upon the builders of the future! In the volume before us, Mr. Björkman's purpose and his views of the message of science are set forth in several essays of a rather indescribably critical-scientific-historical-psychological-philosophical-sociological character—of which the upshot is, that he is an ardent evolutionist of the latest issue of the revised edition, believing in the illimitable progress of life towards perfection, not to speak of various related doctrines. Without raising any question concerning the absolute novelty of this view,

we are ready to admit that it is a cheerful variation from the languorous æsthetic outlook fashionable among "advanced thinkers" within the memory of man. Mr. Björkman follows up the general announcements of the "new humanism" with discussions of several spirits, presumably regarded as kindred, who are significantly stirring the erstwhile stagnant pool of modern thought —James, Bergson, Shaw, Galsworthy, Söderberg. He winds up all with a programme for the art, poetry, and criticism of the future.

It falls not here to inquire whether these new wines have made the vintners drunk; it may be said, however, briefly and soberly that they have made the young men bold. The immediate effect of rendering philosophy vital has been to persuade all the young men that they are philosophers. Intensely earnest, sanguine, disdainful of the past, equipped with mother-wit and copies of "Pragmatism" and "Creative Evolution," they are ready at a moment's notice to interpret the data of science, dismiss the problems of free-will and evil, and lead us by fine new highways into the philosophical New Jerusalem. Now, the obvious risk we run in entrusting our hopes to guides so independent of spiritual history and geography is that we shall bring up at last not in the New Jerusalem, but in Rome, Athens, or Palestine. The atmosphere in which the young men have been reared has been extremely favorable to the decay of traditions; so that they are quite as likely to discover "new truths" by opening a history of Greek thinkers as by grappling single-handed in the arena with the Absolute. We cannot, in short, avoid the suspicion that the grandiose expectations of the young men, no less than their unparalleled recklessness of assertion, are due rather to their ignorance of the past than to their vision of the future, rather to the failure of their logic than to the success of their insight.

We cannot, for example, easily reconcile Mr. Björkman's magnificently consolatory assurance that "behind us, we shall find the life planes ranging themselves in chronological sequence, with the tide of life rising steadily from one to the other," with his assertion that "genuine pessimism seems to have been unknown to classic antiquity." True pessimism, says our author, is to be found in the words of Schopenhauer: "Each individual existence is a definite mistake, a blunder, something that would be better not to have been, and the object of existence should be to end it." If such comment on life were in reality a novel fruit left by the rising "life-urge" on the latest and therefore highest "life plane," we might be inclined to dwell on the inconsistency of Mr. Björkman's evolutionist enthusiasm, with the history of recent thought. But, as matters stand, we are more concerned to reconcile his assertion of the modernity of genuine pessimism with what we know of classic antiquity: with certain epigrams in the Greek Anthology—with this of Glycon, "All is laughter, and all is dust, and all is nothing; for out of unreason is all that is"—with this of Theognis, "Of all things not to be born into the world is best, nor to see the beams of the keen sun; but, being born, as swiftly as may be to pass the gates of Hades, and lie under a heavy heap of earth"; with this from the profoundly sad and beautiful chorus of Sophocles, "Not to be born, excels on the whole account; and for him who has seen the light to go whence he came is next best by far"; with Plutarch's collection for Apollonius on the evils of life from Simonides, Pindar, and Euripides; with certain passages in which Marcus Aurelius combats the dark insurgency of the thought that "all things have been and all things always will be bad, and that no power has ever been found in so many gods to rectify these things, but the world has been condemned to be bound in never-ceasing evil. The rottenness of the matter which is the foundation of everything!" If these utterances do not reflect a deliberate and mature pessimism, the word needs re-definition.

We recall these witnesses of ancient bitterness not to dampen the enthusiasm of Schopenhauer's youthful apostles—an enthusiasm which is a refreshing spiritual symptom; but to encourage sobriety in speech, which to the eyes of some of us still retains a simple and satisfying loveliness of its own. Mr. Björkman's wealth of sweeping generalizations and his poverty of facts in which the reader can set his teeth are all too suggestive of the present authority among us of a sonorous type of theorizing—in education without reference to any specific subject matter; in science without the aid of any of the sciences; in history without reference to men, events, or dates; in sociology without the support of history or economics. The product of such speculation almost invariably has all the froth of genuine yeast without any of the raising power. To illustrate the way in which Mr. Björkman's faith is built and bastioned upon the ramparts of the wind, we submit the following:

> If we consider not exceptional periods or places or peoples, but *civilized mankind everywhere and in all ages* (our italics), it may safely be asserted that *until recently* (our italics) all but an insignificantly small number of men used to be completely engrossed with the support and protection of life. Fighting was the one manly, honorable, and profitable occupation. Relief from it was found only in love—another kind of war then—and in coarse material pleasures. The perfective forces could not assert themselves, except in their most selfish and primitive form.

Though it be true, as our author declares, that "the new is always better than the old," it is desperately serious business, this discovering of novelties, and the steps of the modernist are beset with the pitfalls of irony. To say nothing of new truth, it is by no means child's play to find new forms of expression. For instance, this modish magniloquence of speech, the careless grandeur of this gesture towards civilized man everywhere and in all ages, the abysmal vagueness of this "until recently," all hark back to the village politician and the old-fashioned clergyman. Further than that—they hark back through the ages two thousand years to a precisely similar vice in speech condemned by Cicero in the treatise, "De Natura Deorum," through the mouth of the genial Cotta. "That the existence of the gods seems credible to men of all nations and classes," says Cotta, "you declared was a sufficiently valid reason why we should admit that there are gods. The argument is not merely slight, but unsound as well. For, in the first place, how are the opinions of all nations known to you? Now, I am inclined to believe that there are many peoples so wholly uncultivated (*immanitate efferatas*) as to be without any inkling of the gods." *Sequimur te, sancte deorum!* Under the august sanction of Cicero, we should like to inquire whence Mr. Björkman derives his familiarity with the percentages engaged in various occupations among "civilized mankind everywhere and in all ages." We do not know where to lay hands on the figures, but we have been inclined to believe that the decline of the monastic ideal and of religious consecration in general, the fall of the feudal system, the abolition of serfdom and slavery, the decline of patronage in the fine arts, the great rewards held out by modern industrial enterprises, together with the wide dissemination in the nineteenth century of a formulated gospel of work, have, on the whole, tended to *reduce* the leisure classes not engaged in the support and protection of life. But if the reader desires an it-may-safely-be-asserted prefixed to his opinion, he must cleave to Mr. Björkman.

Whatever the merits of this particular question, it may be laid down as a general maxim that it is as easy to prove progress with the aid of history as without it. Whether there is anything very new under the sun to justify a renascence of faith in the goal of evolution, is a problem hardly to be settled by the enthusiasm or the cap-flinging of the young men. Its determination involves an ever-renewed consultation of that profound past to whose ideas and institutions the young men are devoting but fugitive glances from the dizzy rear of the express-train that is speeding them out of it. To these exhilarated and self-appointed torch-bearers unto

the next age one is disposed to repeat the grave words of Epictetus to candidates for the priesthood:

> A man should come with sacrifices and prayers, previously purified, and his mind affected with a sense that he is approaching to sacred and ancient rites. . . . You have not the garment that is necessary for a priest, nor the hair or the girdle that is necessary; nor the voice nor the age; nor have you purified yourself like him.

And when Mr. Björkman and other members of that little knot who profess themselves in the foremost files of time assure us that we are now beginning to "see with the brilliant clearness of unobstructed vision—that the new is always better than the old," when they declare that it is now "safe to conclude that whatever life does or causes its creatures to do has for its ultimate end the preservation and the perfection of life itself"—in the face of these hot assurances we find a wholesome and restorative virtue in turning back to a somewhat sombre meditation on change recorded in what Mr. Björkman calls the "pre-scientific" age, long before M. Bergson, in the crude old times when love and war were the only occupations of men, before the "perfective forces" could assert themselves:

> The earth, too, will change, and the things also which result from change will continue to change forever, and these again forever. For if a man reflects on the changes and transformations which follow one another like wave after wave and their rapidity, he will despise everything which is perishable . . . The universal cause is like a winter torrent: it carries everything along with it. . . . Set thyself in motion, if it is in thy power, and do not look about thee to see if any one will observe it; nor yet expect Plato's Republic: but be content if the smallest thing goes well. . . . Simple and modest is the work of philosophy. Draw me not aside to insolence and pride.

CURRENT FICTION.

Under Western Eyes. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Harper & Bros.

We suppose that under a very large majority of Western eyes the Russian character and springs of action are nearly or altogether incomprehensible. Even a great picture like "Anna Karenina," with its clear marks of truth to life, leaves one in a mood of uneasy wonder as to what that life amounts to, how far the human nature it expresses is a sane or even tolerable human nature. We suspect that the "average American" thinks of the Russian people as a race of goblins, and of their existence, political or other, as of the stuff nightmares are made of. That it is a difficult and almost desperate feat to interpret for Europe these northern Orientals is acknowledged in the opening pages of this book. The narrative is supposed to be made up of extracts from the diary of a Russian, edited and supplemented by the hand of an English teacher of languages, living in Geneva.

The chronicler confesses that, although he has known many Russians, he has "no comprehension of the Russian character. The illogicality of their attitude, the arbitrariness of their conclusions, the frequency of the exceptional, should present no difficulty to the student of many grammars, but there must be something else in the way, some special human trait—one of those subtle differences that are beyond the ken of mere professors . . ." or of any mere Westerner, we take Mr. Conrad to mean. For the professor's story does not, as might be expected, suggest an interpretation of which he himself is unconscious: its last page leaves us almost as much in the dark as the first. We can only feel sure that certain actual facts have been presented, and that there is probably an explanation of them if we could only hit upon it. The central figure, Razumov, is a thinking young Russian, of scholarly habits and aims, who honestly believes in the stability and integrity of the Government. A prominent official is assassinated, and the slayer, a fellow-student, takes refuge with Razumov. Razumov betrays him to the police, and he is hanged. The victim's fellow-revolutionaries do not suspect Razumov of his part in the affair, and regard him as virtually one of them. The upshot is that presently the betrayer finds himself dispatched as a Government spy among the Russian revolutionaries in Switzerland. Here he becomes intimate with the mother and the sister of his victim, and falls in love with the latter. He lives in constant apprehension lest his responsibility for her brother's death should become known; but the hour arrives when he finds himself safe from suspicion, and an accepted lover. This is the moment of supreme test, and his way of meeting it—or the spirit in which he meets it—is the one thing in the book which appears natural and normal to Western eyes. Otherwise these pages might almost be a translation from the work of some Russian novelist—a version possessing the distinction of style which belongs to all of Mr. Conrad's writing.

The Money Moon. By Jeffery Farnol. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Whether or not, as rumor suggests, this novel is an earlier work than "The Broad Highway," its sources of inspiration are evidently the same. The action takes place in "the Garden of England," and concerns the adventures of a young man (an American, as it chances) of large fortune, imperturbable manner, and an excellent talent with his fists. Being crossed in love, he sets out upon a walking journey, walks five miles, travels ten in a hay-cart (this ride being varied by a fight with the wagoner), and brings up at the "Arcadia" of Dapplemere. The mistress of Dapplemere is named Anthea Devine, and our adventurer, Bellew, is of the opinion, at first sight of her, that she is "handsomer, lovelier, statelier, and altogether more desirable than all the beautiful ladies of King Arthur's court—or any other court soever." An incredible urchin, her nephew, has piloted him to her, and plays his ornamental part in the slight action that follows. This involves a rich and designing squire, who covets Miss Anthea for himself; a grasping and gasping tallow-chandler, who holds a mortgage on Dapplemere; and numerous peasants, servants, etc., who know their places in the comedy. Most of the male characters are either Georges or Adams, these being the robustious names Mr. Farnol evidently prefers to the "John" which has done such excellent service in recent romances—ever since Blackmore set the fashion in "Lorna Doone." Of course, our wandering George is destined to get the better of squire and tallow-chandler; to rescue Dapplemere for Miss Anthea, Miss Anthea for himself. The style is the style of "The Broad Highway"—a compound of Dickens and Borrow, pleasant enough in its reminders, but not quite clear of affectation.

In the Shadow of Islam. By Demetra Vaka. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

In "Haremlik" Mrs. Kenneth-Brown gave a study of the real life of Turkish women as contrasted with the traditional theory of it, developed long ago in Europe and cherished romantically to this day. The book found an audience, and the present story is a natural sequel. It is not a powerful piece of fiction. An American girl visits Turkey with the general intention of bringing the light of Western civilization to that darkened land. She possesses "radiant beauty": her lips, for example, "might have been chiseled by the hand of Praxiteles himself," and she is otherwise all that a heroine should be. She quickly discovers that Turks are not the totally benighted people she has fancied—that the harem, in particular, is not uniformly the abode of misery and despair, or even of ignorance. And it is not long before she finds herself strongly attracted to a handsome Turk, who makes love to her in a perfectly acceptable way. She is prevented from marrying him by an instinctive feeling that the act would entail a sort of infidelity to herself and to her race: she would have to lose her individuality and become like other Turkish wives. She draws back, to the fury of the Turk. Her consequent abduction, and the adventures which precede her rescue, are composed of good romantic materials, but they are rather mechanically composed. The truth is, the writer, who knows her modern Turkish soci-

ety well, has no natural bent for story-telling, and would do better to cast her information frankly in the form of commentary.

THE AUTHOR OF "CRANFORD."

Mrs. Gaskell: Haunts, Homes, and Stories. By Mrs. Ellis H. Chadwick. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $5 net.

"Having spent the greater part of my life in the Gaskell country, and having discussed the novelist and her stories with those who knew her intimately, I have attempted to trace her scenes and characters to their originals; and wherever possible have let Mrs. Gaskell give her own descriptions and tell her own life story"—thus Mrs. Chadwick defines her pretensions in the preface to a thick volume of Gaskelliana, proffered in lieu of the biography proper which loyalty to the novelist's express wish forbids.

Mrs. Chadwick's extended labors only serve to confirm the opinion that the novelist's injunction was as wise as it was modest. The even tenor of her useful and serene life combined with the peculiarly innocuous quality of her genius—its "benign spirit," as a recent critic has it, in more properly tender phrase—to render her particularly liable to maladroit praises. One example will show how maladroit:

Mrs. Gaskell, says her present critic, who seldom attempts to distinguish between the art of living and the art of writing, "wrote for humanity's sake rather than for art's sake. When writing these little Lancashire sketches, Mrs. Gaskell always had her Sunday-school scholars in mind, and some of her short stories were published in the popular magazines for the benefit of the working classes."

Of all that Mrs. Chadwick has zealously assembled, the identification of particular buildings, and of local scenes and customs, which often appear minutely described in Mrs. Gaskell's pages, offers most of permanent interest; it is supplemented in almost every case by adequate illustration. Knutsford, the original Cranford, is treated at length; Henry Green's "Knutsford: Its Traditions and its History" being drawn upon to an even greater extent than the quotation marks indicate. Unfortunately, however, in the case of Higgins, the Knutsford Highwayman, whose house and amazing history Mrs. Gaskell commemorated in "The Squire's Story," Mr. Green's spirited account does not appear, but a tame abridgment instead. Of course, the invariably cited testimony of the aged Knutsfordite to whom Mr. Green lent a copy of "Cranford" is not omitted ("'Why, sir! that "Cranford" is all about Knutsford; my old mistress, Miss Harker, is mentioned in it; and our poor cow, she did go to the field in a large flannel waistcoat, because she had burned herself in a lime-pit'"). A later and very entertaining chapter on Whitby, the "Monkshaven" of "Sylvia's Lovers," includes a less well-worn but equally conclusive proof of the habitual exactitude with which Mrs. Gaskell described actual places. Du Maurier

> when reading "Sylvia's Lovers," with a view to illustrating it, talked the matter over with . . . Charles Keene, and he, having made some sketches of Whitby the year before, offered to lend them to Du Maurier because they seemed to resemble the place described by Mrs. Gaskell. They did not learn until later that Whitby and Monkshaven were one and the same place.

Much less interesting are the efforts to assign fictitious characters to real originals. Readers of a later generation can better understand than share the pleasurable stir which the recognition of these portrayals occasioned in Mrs. Gaskell's own circle: "Even her children would sometimes recognize the characters, and say, 'Oh! so-and-so is just like Mr. Blank,' and she would reply, 'So he is, but I never meant it for him.'" The admission itself seems to convey a warning against a too serious insistence on such likenesses. Concerning the local worthies whose fame was thus unintentionally perpetuated—these human flies in amber—the authentic information Mrs. Chadwick offers is scanty and, for the most part, exceedingly dry.

But it is when it comes to the piecing together of a biography, or rather an autobiographical mosaic, from fragments of the author's fiction, that credulity halts amazed, between amusement and indignation. Would not the reluctant subject have found her worst fears realized here? Sketches of a few columns each in the Encyclopædia Britannica and the Dictionary of National Biography contain virtually all the data afforded by this book. Reiteration, conjecture, eulogy, and copious quotation—all too often re-duplicated—have swelled its bulk without enhancing its value. This patchwork design is bound to confuse the reader. Finding himself confronted on page 289 with precisely the same charming extract from Charlotte Brontë's correspondence which he has noted with interest on page 228, he may well wonder if he is not making a circuitous progress. The collection of comments and tributes which Mrs. Gaskell's writings and personality elicited from her contemporaries seems to be tolerably complete. Lord Houghton's dictum upon "Cranford": "The purest piece of humoristic description that has been added to English literature since Charles Lamb"—is the only familiar bit of laud which we have not found herein.

An Open Letter to Society. By "Convict 1776." New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. 75 cents net.

This is a remarkable document. It is introduced by Maud Ballington Booth, who tells us that the author has seen life in one or two of the far Western prisons. He himself explains that he is serving a sentence for the eighth time and hopes to be free in two or three years. For the rest, his account is utterly impersonal, save that the examples given are said to be the result of direct observation. There is no rancor or mawkish appeal, and the style in its composure and range of allusion suggests the days when Raleigh and Cervantes were "doing time." Quotations from Bacon, Epictetus, Homer, Shakespeare, and numerous out-of-the-way writers smile their approval upon his arguments. Whatever may be the force of his case when properly weighed, he at least succeeds in piquing the reader to know more of this well-stocked and well-poised mind and to learn what may be its criminal weakness.

After attempting to prove that, speaking widely and without reference to merely formal distinctions, there is no such thing as a "criminal class," since many in prison have some of the main and best characteristics of those without, he centres his argument on these points—the fallibility of judges in pronouncing sentence, and the motives which prompt to imprisonment, together with the working results of the present system. Of the first point he gives the scattered examples which any one might suspect really exist. A young man who forges a check for $35 while intoxicated gets the same amount of time as the forger for many thousands. While not in any way impugning the integrity of the bench, the writer insists that accidents must of necessity enter into its decisions, as well as into those of other human beings, and that one case of the kind does immeasurable harm. A prisoner with an unduly long term upon him finds himself surrounded with instances of the same crime judged more leniently, and losing his respect for justice, spreads his feeling widely. If bitterness is created in big institutions of the outer world by uneven and unjust promotions, how like hatred is the consciousness in prisons that justice is partial and ignorant. It is the writer's belief that justice would suffer less in the felon's estimation if judgment were passed, as it were, automatically, in accordance with a predetermined system. For though the element of clemency would be removed, to guard against the possibility of a judge seeming unfair is of infinitely more importance.

The great majority of persons to-day undoubtedly think of our prisons as a protector of society. To take a flagrant case, when an insane man commits murder he is locked up because people

would not feel safe with him at large. Here the motive of the punishment is perfectly clear, and in the popular mind the same motive is present, however vaguely, with respect to other cases. It is to reveal the futility of this view and to replace it that the author of the "Open Letter" takes such pains. His main contention is that our prisons, as they are now conducted, endanger society more than they protect it. Convicts lacking encouragement, and often even the decency of fair treatment, are made irretrievable criminals, in the very institutions in which it is supposed that they are being corrected before release.

All of the author's contact with prisoners convinces him that the most effective view to take of punishment is as a corrective, pure and simple. He is aware of the efforts already being made to alleviate prison conditions and to install the practice of probation, but believes that the more fundamental question of point of view must be settled before real reform can be wrought. Is a convict to be thought of as a patient and as a victim of adverse conditions? "Convict 1776" believes that he is and that as such he should receive expert treatment. He does not urge that prisons be done away with, rather that prison discipline be regulated scientifically and made flexible enough to meet the needs of individual cases. He insists also that this more charitable regard for criminals would not impair the practice of those who try to deter the weak from crime by holding before them the fear of punishment; since the punishment administered under his plan would still be severe, though not barbarous. This is, of course, the crux of the whole matter, and we do not pretend to say that the author has established his case; but his Letter will be read with interest and profit by those who are grappling with the fundamental conceptions of penology.

Social Value: A Study in Economic Theory Critical and Constructive. By B. M. Anderson, jr., Ph.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1 net.

This work obtained for Mr. Anderson the second prize in the Hart, Schaffner & Marx Economic Prize Contest of 1910. It is really the outgrowth of investigations in the "quantity theory" of money carried on at the University of Missouri in the term 1904-5. Mr. Anderson became convinced at that time that a satisfactory general theory of value must underlie any adequate treatment of the problem of the value of money, and that there was little agreement among monetary theorists concerning the general theory of value. Time only deepened the feeling in his mind that the value problem remained unsolved. Hence the present book.

It has been prophesied in certain quarters that this work will rank as one of the most important contributions to economic theory of recent years, on the ground that it has remained for Mr. Anderson—to-day an instructor in political economy at Columbia University—to establish the positive conception of value upon the basis of a sound psychology and sociology. Certainly, that is no small feat. The world has heard much about "social value" of late years. In its most definite form the theory asserts that the value of an economic good is determined by, and precisely accords with, the marginal utility of the good to society, considered as a unitary organism. This conception, Mr. Anderson contends, has never been adequately developed or criticised, though its friends have found it a convenient and useful working hypothesis. The most searching investigation of the theory has come from unfriendly critics. Pitted against these, we now find Mr. Anderson, with a highly acute dialectic and an exceptional command of the literature of economics, pyschology, and philosophy.

Social marginal utility, as a determinant of value, cannot be, in our author's judgment, the marginal utility of a good to some particular individual who stands out as *the* marginal individual in society, nor can it be an average of individual marginal utilities, nor a sum of individual marginal utilities, nor any other possible arithmetical combination of individual marginal utilities. For the term, social marginal utility, he can find only a vague analogical meaning, if any at all, unless we identify it outright with social value, in which case it is a superfluous term, which itself not only explains nothing, but rather presents complications which call for explanation. Mr. Anderson finds no place for the social utility concept in his analysis. On the other hand, he finds the conception of social value a necessity for the validation of economic analysis, and a conception which he believes present-day psychological and sociological theory abundantly warrants us in accepting.

Mr. Anderson concerns himself with a "critique of current value theory," with "the presuppositions of economic theory," and with "a positive theory of social value." In discussing the first of these three aspects of his subject he asks, Is value a quantity or a relation? Unmistakably the former, is his answer. This at the start distinguishes him from the classical economists, and from the Austrian school (except Wieser). He traces three main stages in philosophic thought, both in the ancient and the modern world—dogmatism, skepticism, and criticism. The first of these stages is exemplified in the modern cycle by Descartes and Spinoza, the second by Hume, the movement away from skepticism beginning with Kant. We have in Hegel, especially, society to the fore, and the individual real only as a part of society. The failure to recognize all this has vitiated very much thinking in the field of economic theory. "Economic thought," Mr. Anderson declares, "is to-day very largely based on philosophic conceptions which characterized the period in which economics began to be a differentiated science—the skeptical doctrines of David Hume, the close friend of Adam Smith."

His contention is that society is an organism—that there is a mind of society. He holds that the mind of society, like the mind of a man, is primarily volitional, and not intellectual. The individual monad is a myth. His machinery of thought—language and logic—is socially given him, his ideals and interests, his tastes even in matters of food and drink, are socially given—apart from social intercourse his human-mental life would be mere potentiality. The values in the mind of an individual constitute, we are told, no self-complete and independent system, either in their origin, in their interactions, or in their consequences for action. Their "presuppositions" include elements in the minds of other men, and they themselves constitute part of the "presuppositions" of the values in the minds of other men. Finally, there are values which correspond to the values of no individual mind, great social values, whose presuppositions are tremendously complex, including individual values in the minds of many men, as well as other factors, great social values whose motivating power directs the activities of nations, of great industries, of literary and artistic "schools," of church and other social organizations, as well as the daily lives of every man and woman—impelling them in paths which no individual man foresaw or purposed.

Values, our author declares, are determined by multitudinous social forces. But values must be distinguished from prices. Values are quantities; prices are the ratios in which values exchange. The function of economic values is the motivation of the economic activities of society.

It is held by many that social optimism and social pessimism are in an essential way linked with the social theory of value. It is asserted by Professor Schumpeter, for example, that an optimistic social outlook is a necessary corollary of this theory. Wieser's objection to the doctrine that economic value signifies social importance is based on the belief that the doctrine means, not merely that society is responsible for the existing value situation, but also that that situation is consequently a just and righteous one. And he is not alone in this belief. Mr. Anderson contends, however, that no implication, either optimistic or pessimistic, as to the existing social order, can be drawn

from the theory which he defends. Whether or not economic values in particular cases correspond with ethical values, whether or not goods are ranked on the basis of their import for the ultimate welfare of society, and the extent to which this is the case, will depend on the extent to which the ethical forces in society prevail over the anti-ethical. The justification of the existing social order, in his opinion, is to be sought elsewhere—the theory of economic value, as such, does not contain it.

The Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon. By Sir Henry Craik, K.C.B., LL.D. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5.50 net.

The biography of any statesman who lives through and plays a prominent part in a long period of upheaval and revolution is bound to present unusual difficulties. Sometimes it is the story of clever and rapid shiftings with the ebbs and flows of political factions, sometimes the tale of obstinate, consistent adherence to a single platform, maintained alike in days of sunshine and in days of storm. The life of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, is a salient example of the latter sort. A moderate reformer in the years preceding the assembling of the Long Parliament, he gladly supported the first measures passed by that memorable assembly, such as the abolition of the Courts of Star Chamber and High Commission, and the restriction of the crown's extra-Parliamentary revenue; and he did not oppose the bill of attainder against Strafford. But a little later he broke with the more radical wing of the Puritan party in the struggles over the Root and Branch bill and the Grand Remonstrance, and finally, with his friends Falkland and Digby, was driven over to the Royalists when war was declared. Not that he had in the least abandoned his earlier enthusiasm for moderate reform—quite the reverse; the constitution of church and state as it had been before 1641 was only slightly less repugnant to him than it was to become after 1649; between the two extremes of monarchical absolutism and persecuting episcopacy on the one hand, and unchecked republicanism and rampant dissent on the other, he had sought a middle way. He cast in his lot with Charles when the crisis came, because the retention of the middle position was no longer possible, because of the excesses of the Puritan party, and of his innate loyalty to monarchical institutions, and perhaps also because he may have thought that there was more chance of his extorting liberal concessions from Charles after a few defeats in the field should have taught him wisdom, than of mitigating the revolutionary ardor of the Roundheads.

The ideal of Hyde was ultimately unrealizable, and in that very fact lies probably the best explanation of his failure to arouse the enthusiasm of modern historians in any such way as men like either Cromwell or Strafford have done. Yet the lesson taught by his career, and by the failure of the religious and political ideals for which he stood, was one which England had to learn, before she could hope to apply the principles of modern democracy.

Sir Henry Craik's book has much to recommend it. Though frankly favorable to Hyde, it is on the whole accurate in its statements of fact, and, save for the literary side of its subject's career (which Sir Henry has deliberately forborne to discuss), it is unusually full and complete. It is beautifully printed, and enriched by numerous excellent portraits. The trouble with it is that the author does not possess that fundamental knowledge of the period as a whole which is indispensable for any permanently satisfactory biography of a man of Clarendon's importance. Evidences of this may be found at frequent intervals. Significant, for example, are the persistent attacks on the late Professor Gardiner, whom Sir Henry accuses of "contempt" and "rancor" in his judgments of Hyde; no one who really knows the seventeenth century would thus characterize the man to whom, above all others, our present full and accurate knowledge of the period is due. More serious are an indefinable lack of sureness of touch, and a complete absence of anything like "light and shade." Sir Henry does not seem in the least to realize where and what the real turning-points are. He does not distinguish the important from the unimportant; as much emphasis is often laid upon the insignificant details of Hyde's private life as upon his action in grave constitutional crises; and the final result is that a "pleasing haze" gradually spreads itself over the entire picture. In his preface, Sir Henry discusses, without arriving at any very definite conclusion, the problem of entering "the domain of History by the pathway of Biography," of determining "how far it is permissible to stray from the narrow pathway we have chosen and expatiate upon aspects of the time, which do not fall within the personal experience of him whose life we attempt to portray." The answer, as far as the finished product goes, will vary widely; but there can be no question that the background of general knowledge which the really competent biographer should have in his head, should be far wider than is usually the case in these days. However narrowly the limits of the "life" may be restricted, evidences, direct or indirect, of the presence or absence, as the case may be, of such a background are ultimately certain to crop out.

Notes

A complete edition of the works of O. Henry, to be known as the Manuscript Edition, is in preparation by Doubleday, Page & Co. Only 125 sets (each consisting of twelve volumes) will be printed; the price will be $120—$100 if subscribed before the date of publication.

The following numbers of Holt's Home University Library will be issued immediately: "The Civil War," by Prof. F. L. Paxson; "The Dawn of History," by Prof. J. L. Myres; "The Papacy and Modern Times," by Rev. William Barry; "A History of Our Times" (1885-1911), by C. P. Gooch; "The Civilization of China," by Prof. H. A. Giles; "Modern English Literature," by G. H. Mair; "The Evolution of Industry," by Prof. D. H. Macgregor, and "Elements of English Law," by Prof. W. M. Geldart. Messrs. Holt have found it desirable to change the form of future issues in such a way that they can be sold at fifty cents the volume.

In Frederick A. Stokes's list of announcements for publication this spring we note, in fiction: "Vane of the Timberlands," by Harold Bindloss; "Cap'n Joe's Sister," by Alice Louise Lee; "A Painter of Souls," by David Lisle; "To M. L. G.," anonymous; "Buttered Side Down," by Edna Ferber, and "Stover at Yale," by Owen Johnson.—Miscellaneous: "Boys' Book of Steamships," by J. R. Howden; "A Negro Explorer at the North Pole," by Matt Henson, and "The Montessori Method," translated from the Italian by Anna E. George.

Arnold Bennett is bringing out, through the George H. Doran Company, a volume of short stories, entitled "The Matador of the Five Towns, and Other Stories."

The same house announces: "The Davosers," by Dorothy Brandon; "The Noble Rogue," by Baroness Orczy; "Fame-Seekers," by Mrs. Alice Woods Ullman, and "The Simpkins Plot," by G. A. Birmingham.

Included in Moffat, Yard & Co.'s forthcoming series dealing with the regeneration of the race, and having the general title New Tracts for the Times, are the following: "Literature—The Word of Life or of Death," by the Rev. William Canon Barry; "Modern Industrialism and Race-Regeneration," by C. F. G. Masterman; "Religion and Race-Regeneration," by the Rev F. B. Meyer; "Social Environment and Moral Progress," by A. Russel Wallace; "National Ideals and Race-Regeneration," by the Rev. R. F. Horton; "The Spiritual Life and Race-Regeneration," by the Bishop of Durham; "Womanhood and Race-Regeneration," by Mary Scharlieb, and "Education and Race-Regeneration," by Sir John Gorst.

The parts of Matthew Arnold's works dealing with educational problems will be brought out in one volume by Smith & Elder; Leonard Huxley is the editor.

"Cardinal Newman's Life," by Wilfrid Ward, will be brought out shortly by Longmans.

The new "Who's Who" for 1912 comes to us from Macmillans, with 2,364 pages this year, against 2,246 last year. There are no

novel features to report, and indeed we can think of no changes that would better the general style and plan of the book.

China occupies the most prominent place in the December number of the *National Geographic Magazine*. Frederic McCormick, the well-known war correspondent at Peking, tells of the present conditions in the country and throws much light on the causes of the revolution. His sympathies are not with the rebels, for he believes that the Manchu policy of a centralized government is the best for the people. A visit to its largest province, Szechuan, is narrated by R. T. Chamberlin, who calls attention to the fact that it is one of the most productive regions in the world, through its wonderful irrigation works, some of which were constructed 2,100 years ago. Hugh M. Smith, deputy commissioner of fisheries, gives much information about the Alaskan fur seal, which since 1867 have diminished from about four million to 150,000, mainly through pelagic sealing. Through the prohibition of this and the scientific supervision of the herds he anticipates confidently the restoration of the old conditions. An interesting account of the sacred city of Kairowan, in Tunis, with its eighty-five mosques, some of which have remarkable architectural decorations, is given by F. E. Johnson. The closing article is President Taft's Cincinnati address on the arbitration treaties revised by him for publication in the magazine. There are eighty-three illustrations and two maps.

Under the title "Poets and Poetry" (Clarendon Press: Frowde) John Bailey has collected in book form a number of his reviews which have appeared in the literary supplement of the London *Times*. Though in the nature of the case lacking the freedom of essays, they contrive to bring breadth and freshness into the discussions and to fire the reader with no little enthusiasm for literature. The author's style has a background of simple eloquence, which is controlled by a habit of vigorous thought. Typical of the book is the delicate insight of the following passage:

> The fact, perhaps, is that the pleasurable excitement afforded by metre, and the higher mood in which poetry is usually written, carry us into an atmosphere in which we are less conscious of changed fashions in thought and expression than we inevitably are in prose. There is in poetry an element of strangeness which makes us ready to welcome a certain unlikeness to our ways of speech and our own point of view. But that is not so in prose.

Volumes nine to twelve of Longman's "Collected Works of William Morris" bring this magnificent edition half-way to completion. In running over the Introductions of Miss May Morris, the eye is caught by the first words in the volume containing "The Æneids of Virgil": "Now and then amid these notes I try to pause and take breath; but the poet, translator, designer, engraver, illuminator, scribe, allows one no time." It is this multiplicity of interests that forms the chief interest of Morris's life and produces the chief characteristic of his work, at least of his literary work. We are carried on breathlessly, but cry out at times for a relaxation of energy. Miss Morris, it must be added, has been happily successful through these contributions in keeping her father's manifold interests in sight without confusing the reader. In the volume just mentioned, for instance, besides giving the proper data in regard to the translation of the "Æneid" and the great illuminated book in which it was to appear, she writes an interesting account of Morris's activities as a dyer and of his difficulties in procuring durable dyes. Perhaps the most astonishing thing in Morris's method of composition was not his speed of writing, but the amount of revision his principal works underwent, though it is still characteristic that this revision commonly took the form of completely rewriting instead of the correcting and filing which less impulsive authors employ. Some hints of this method—already well enough known, for that matter—with some fragments from his MSS., we get in the Introductions to two other volumes in the present instalment, "Sigurd" and "Love is Enough." The important MSS. of the former are in the British Museum, and from one of these Miss Morris quotes a long rejected passage from the dialogue of Sigurd and Brynhild in Brynhild's chamber. Some of these lines flow with splendid passion, but even more interesting in a way is the ballad stanza from the first draft of "Sigurd," showing how the poem started in his mind:

> There was a dwelling of Kings
> Ere the world was waxen old,
> Dukes were the door-wards there
> And the roof was thatched with gold.

Miss Morris tells us that "Sigurd" was always regarded by her father as his crowning achievement. Not often does a poet estimate his own work so justly. The fourth volume contains "Three Northern Love Stories" and "Beowulf." The illustrations, excellent photogravures, give pictures of Morris and his family, Burne-Jones's designs for the great "Æneid," etc.

Miss Lilian Whiting assures us that her new book, "The Brownings—Their Life and Art" (Little, Brown), is a work "than which none was ever more completely a labor of love." It was, we are further informed, from its initiation, "invested with the cordial assent" of Mr. Robert Barrett Browning; it was also "invested with added charm" by the courtesy of various publishers; it was clothed on by the "characteristically lovely kindness" of "Edith Contessa Rucellai (nata Bronson)," who put at the disposal of the author a number of unpublished letters written by Browning to Mrs. Arthur Bronson. Its chief investiture, however—not to break the wind of the poor phrase—is due to the writer herself—an all-enveloping atmosphere, quivering with sympathy, redolent of culture, glowing with romantic enthusiasm, and iridescent and fragrant with the colors and flowers of speech. The fact is, that Miss Whiting's pen is particularly susceptible to three intoxicants—poetry, love, and society; and in this theme she tastes all three in delicious—not to say delirious—union. In this peerless pair she sees the Romeo and Juliet of her dream of the life of art. Before the exquisite idyll of their married life, language swoons and imagination clasps its hands in ecstasy. According to other biographies, there were occasional ripples in the stream of their intercourse—illnesses, misunderstandings, even some sharp differences of opinion respecting the value of spiritualistic mediums; for, in short, there was a certain human element even in the Brownings. Miss Whiting diligently breaks all the thorns from the roses, and goes about to strain the salt from the sea. No masculine contempt or black fits of passion, no feminine pique or petulance, does she suffer to serve as a foil to the cloying sweetness of the story. Yet she never forgets that she is writing primarily a social biography of the poet-lovers. Where they dined, and whom they met, description of the guests, their station in life, beauty and intellectual achievements, maiden names if matrons, description of salons, mosaics, palest green flush of Venetian windows, richly painted ceilings, portraits, pastels, rare souvenirs, swinging lamps, rustling of pearl satin gowns with flowing trains—it is perhaps by the enchanting sensuous ardor with which she realizes these things for us that Miss Whiting excels all previous biographers.

The "Encyclopædia of Sports and Games," (second ed., Lippincott), edited by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, is virtually a new publication, for the first edition was largely in the nature of an experiment and included certain activities which are not properly sports. These have been omitted in the present edition and their places taken by sports which have developed in the last decade, notably aeronautics and motoring. The former was omitted from the earlier volumes due to the non-existence of aeroplanes, and the latter because it lacked competitive character. The subject of aeronautics is treated in two parts—heavier than air machines and dirigible balloons—and is written by the well-known authority, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. The history of the aeroplane begins with the first efforts with gliders in England. The British experiments with these machines came to a sudden end after the death of Lilienthal and Pilcher, but in America the work progressed with the experiments of Chanute, Herring, Langley, and others. The actual beginning of practical flying is credited to the Wrights of America, who made their first successful flying machine with an engine in 1903, though not until 1905 did they succeed in flying a considerable distance—24¼ miles. Two years later, Santos Dumont, Voisin, Blériot, and others came on the scene. In 1908, when the Wrights made their first trip to Europe, the sport of flying began to grow by leaps and bounds. The article is capitally illustrated with pictures of all types of machines and their component parts. Ballooning is brought up to date and the picures of dirigibles are excellent.

The article on motoring gives many interesting facts. The prototypes of the present high-power motor car were the steam coaches, which were run on London streets by Trevithick in 1803. The Daimler gas engine made its first appearance in 1883, but was not practicable until 1885, in which year the Benz machine was first seen. The first application of the gas engine to motor cars was made in 1886, when Daimler fitted a motor to a four-wheeled wagonette. In the first road race, held in England, in 1894, the victor was a De Dion steam car which covered eighty miles in about six hours. Soon after that France began to make great strides in the gasoleno car and for a long time was ahead of the world in this industry. Valuable details are given of car and engine construction, together with the records of racing up to 1911.

The use and the manufacture of bicycles are described exhaustively. The article on dogs is elaborate and valuable to both owners and breeders. W. R. H. Garland, in a copiously illustrated article, writes authoritatively on driving. In the section on tennis, the part devoted to the game in this country is very deficient. The same fault may be found with the account of yachting, which is a remarkably comprehensive history of the sport on the other side of the water, but which makes only casual mention of the America's cup races. Being in four volumes, the work is much more convenient than the two-volume first edition; the type is clear and the illustrations are good.

Dr. William H. Allen's new volume, "Woman's Part in Government—Whether She Votes or Not" (Dodd, Mead), is a valuable handbook for women who desire opportunities for service to city and State. It is essentially a text-book, giving many facts, asking many pertinent questions, and suggesting scientific methods of making effective the volunteer work now undertaken in almost every field by public-spirited women. Dr. Allen's sub-title indicates that his book is intended for women with or without the ballot, but it is interesting to note that he puts on record his belief that the time is coming before long when women will not only be permitted, but will be expected, to vote.

The primary title of "The Village Labourer, 1760-1832, a Study in the Government of England before the Reform Bill" (Longmans, Green), by J. L. Hammond and Barbara Hammond, is somewhat misleading. The village laborer receives but comparatively scant consideration in a general survey of the life of the poor of this time; nor is the work strictly "A Study in the Government of England before the Reform Bill," but rather what the authors assert in the preface, an attempt "to show what was, in fact, happening to the working classes under a government in which they had no share." The authors have waded through an intricate mass of documentary records and papers, and have taken account of some traditional and hearsay evidence. Unfortunately, however, there is a suspicion that an *ex-parte* case is advocated, and that there is another side to the question. On p. 26 the authors write:

> We are not concerned to corroborate or to dispute the contention that enclosure made England more productive, or to discuss the merits of progress in the eighteenth century. Our business is with the changes that the enclosures carried in the social structure of England.

In this dissertation the reader is provided with an arraignment of the integrity of royalty, the arrogance of the nobility and aristocracy, the abuse of parliamentary power and procedure, the injustice of the judiciary, the partiality of commissioners—in fact, everything conceivable, to prove that all forces were combined with wilful intent upon robbing and suppressing the poor. A very sad case is made out, and with much truth, no doubt, but there is a significant absence of any reference to the honest objects of the Enclosure acts, and why so many were enacted during the period referred to; to their public policy as a means to agricultural progress, to whether they increased the productivity and resources of the state. No mention is made of the all-important fact that England at this critical time was, perhaps more than ever, fighting for her very existence in her wars with European nations and with America, and that the enormous expense of these wars weighed very heavily upon all classes all over the country. The efforts of such famous and earnest champions of the poor as Pitt, Fox, and Edmund Burke, as well as the very effective opposition which the Whigs exerted to the Tories and "the governing class," get no recognition. Not enough is made of the many mechanical inventions of the time, which served immensely to alleviate agricultural distress, to provide employment for laborers, and to relieve the poor generally; and there is no serious condemnation of lawbreakers.

It is not so much with the land of the Walloons as with that of the Flemings, the northern half of the country, that Clive Holland is concerned in his book on "The Belgians at Home" (Little, Brown). There is nothing profound in the volume, the facts and impressions of which were gathered by the author while touring on his bicycle. But he tells picturesquely what he has seen and furnishes a pleasant guide-book for travellers. He finds the military and official classes less insolent than is usual on the Continent. Industry is everywhere, no doubt because nearly eight millions of people must live (and they do so comfortably) on fewer than twelve thousand square miles, much of which is sandy and unfertile. In Ghent and Bruges he lingered longest, cities where the impression is apt to steal upon one that Belgium more than any other country is the land of art. Of the illustrations, all full-page, sixteen by Douglas Snowdon are in color, and twenty are from the author's photographs. There is a good index of names and dates.

Although a sister of Henry VIII and a Queen of France, Mary Tudor lacked sufficient ability and positive character to make herself more than a pawn in the political game, and, except for the years 1514-1516, led an uneventful existence that left little to record. In "Mary Tudor, Queen of France" (Putnam), Mary Croom Brown has verified and set forth pleasantly the few facts already known about her, and has described at length her family, friends, and environment. Mary's letters, however, have all been printed before, either in full or in abstract; the portraits are familiar, and the retelling of the general history of the period has not added anything to our knowledge. A few new but minor facts are adduced, the most important of which—the changing of the date of Mary's birth from 1496 to 1495—is not convincingly set forth. A little wider search in family histories and in French manuscript repositories might have yielded some new and perhaps important material. Except for the fact that the spelling of many quotations has been modernized, and that of others given in the original, the book is scholarly; and, while it was hardly necessary to retell so much familiar narrative to elucidate Mary's share in it, and while the constant presence of so many larger figures and issues robs Mary of real prominence in her own biography, this is the best life of her yet written.

In the first volume of his "Pioneer Priests of North America" (reviewed in the *Nation*, October 8, 1908), the Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J., confined himself to the Jesuit mission to the Iroquois, made famous by the heroism of such men as Jogues, Bressani, Chaumonot, and Ragueneau. In the second and third volumes, now issued (New York: The American Press), he takes up the story of the Huron mission and the mission to the Algonquins. The first of these two volumes includes an account of the early Acadian mission, with special reference to the lives of Biard and Masse. As might be expected, Father Campbell shows Peter Biard in a more favorable light than Parkman, accepting unreservedly his own account of the capture of Port Royal by Argall in 1613; but a knowledge of all the facts will scarcely acquit Biard of complicity in the attack on his fellow-countrymen, and his subsequent career hardly bears out the assertion that he possessed "the usual Jesuitical virtue of sincerity." On the history of the Huron mission, and of the lives of the Christian martyrs whose names must be forever associated with it, the author is admirably full. His account, together with Father Jones's elaborate memoir on "Old Huronia" (Fifth Report of the Bureau of Archives for the Province of Ontario, 1908), of which he has made excellent use, may be accepted as almost the last word on one of the most dramatic and tragic incidents in the history of New France.

The third volume of Father Campbell's work, devoted to the labors of Jesuit missionaries among the Algonquins, necessarily takes us much farther afield. The Hurons were confined to a comparatively small region; the Algonquins were scattered over half a continent. We follow Buteux to the upper waters of the St. Maurice; Druillettes to Sault Ste. Marie; Albanel to Hudson Bay; Allouez to Lake Superior; Marquette to the Mississippi; Rale to the Abnaki country, and Aulneau to the Lake of the Woods. The author has not only brought together material from widely scattered printed sources, but he has added new facts, dug out of the archives at Quebec, Montreal, and Ottawa, which often throw an entirely new light on the men and their achievements. Father Campbell's chief fault as an historian is a certain lack of perspective and proportion. All the Jesuit missionaries of New France were heroes, apostles, saints; superlatives are applied indiscriminately; emotionalism runs riot. However deserving, Brébeuf, Lalemant, Daniel, and one or two others may have been, there is little in the life of Aulneau to justify such praise as "a hero and perhaps a saint," and nothing whatever to support the comparison of Aulneau to Jogues—"those two young apostles." Father Aulneau, by the evidence of his own letters, quoted by Father Campbell, went to Fort St. Charles, La Vérendrye's trading post on the Lake of the Woods, because he was ordered to do so by his superior. It was "the hardest trial of his life"; it filled him with "intense aversion." When he finally reached Fort St. Charles, he gave La Vérendrye no peace until he had started him back again towards civilization, and the explorer's son had to accompany him as a guide and companion. Aulneau,

young La Vérendrye, and their men were all murdered by the Sioux, on an island in the Lake of the Woods.

"The Chattanooga Campaign," by Michael Hendrick Fitch, is the fourth number of the series called Original Papers and published by the Wisconsin History Commission. Mr. Fitch is a military man, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, who served in the Civil War in the Twenty-first Wisconsin Infantry. The present work is a somewhat detailed account of the military movements beginning with the march of the Union army from Murfreesboro, June 23, 1863, and ending with the Battle of Missionary Ridge, November 25, 1863. In matters military, Col. Fitch seems well informed, and the significance of the various movements and battles leading up to the taking of Chattanooga, as well as the importance of the whole campaign, is clearly indicated. Yet when it comes to individual battles the layman finds it difficult to follow the narrative intelligently. This seems to be due partly to the fact that the author has not the highest skill in subordinating and grouping details, and partly to the fact that the maps, all of which are adapted from Fiske's "The Mississippi Valley in the Civil War," are not elaborate enough for so detailed a narrative. We are not told what the author's sources of information were, but from the few citations one judges that the Rebellion Records have been used primarily. Col. Fitch aims to present all the facts and to draw the just conclusion, and so far as we can judge he has not fallen far short of his aim. When he ventures away from military matters, which he rarely does, his judgments reveal the point of view of the men of '61, who saved the Union.

Among the Knights created at New Year are several who have won distinction in literature and education: Valentine Chirol of the London *Times;* Prof. Henry Jones, known especially for his studies in Browning; H. A. Miers, principal of the University of London; B. C. A. Windle, president of the University of Cork, and Rider Haggard. E. K. Chambers, an investigator of Elizabethan drama, receives the C.B.

Henry Labouchere, the editor of the London *Truth,* died at his villa in Florence on Tuesday. He was born in London in 1831, and after graduating from Cambridge travelled in Mexico and the United States. Always possessed of a fondness for adventure, he joined a party of Indians at St. Paul, with whom he lived for six months. He entered diplomatic service in 1854, and for two years was a member of the English Legation at Washington. In Parliament he was always accounted an interesting figure; he was a pronounced Radical, who contrived to hold the respectful attention of the House. He was in Paris during the siege, and wrote a most realistic account of it. After some connection with the *World* he started *Truth,* which kept London both amused and alarmed at his clever personal sallies. Failing in health, he had lived in Italy since 1906.

Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, whose death in his seventy-second year is reported from London, was one of the ablest writers in the British army. Among his works are "Popular History of Ashanti Campaign," "Hostilities Without Declaration of War," "Official History of 1882 Campaign," and "National Defences."

The death is reported from England, at the age of forty-eight, of Rosamund Marriott Watson, a writer of some choice poems on nature, including "The Ballad of the Bird-Bride, and other Poems," "A Summer Night, and other Poems," "After Sunset," and "The Heart of a Garden."

The Rev. Dr. James Oswald Dykes, who died recently at Edinburgh, aged seventy-six, was principal emeritus of Westminster College, Cambridge, and the author of several works on religious subjects, among them "Beatitudes of the Kingdom," "Plain Words on Great Themes," and "The Divine Worker in Creation and Providence."

Another Scotch writer, Francis Espinasse, is dead at the age of eighty-seven. He was a close friend of Carlyle, who directed him in his literary plans. Later he contributed to the Dictionary of National Biography, and was the author of "Voltaire" and "Renan" in the Great Writers series.

The Russian novelist, N. N. Zlatovratsky, is dead. Together with others of his school he hoped for a regeneration of the upper classes through a return to the homely virtues of the peasants. "Golden Hearts," "Everyday Life in the Village," "Peasant Jurymen," and "Foundation" fairly represent the tendencies of his faith.

Science

Forthcoming science books in Holt's Home University Library include: "Psychical Research," by Prof. W. F. Barrett; "An Introduction to Science," by Prof. J. Arthur Thomson, and "Astronomy," by A. R. Hinks.

Moffat, Yard & Co. announce the immediate publication of a new series dealing with the regeneration of the race, and bearing the general title, New Tracts for the Times. The first three volumes, which will be issued this month, are: "The Problem of Race-Regeneration," by Dr. Havelock Ellis; "The Methods of Race-Regeneration," by Dr. C. W. Saleeby, and "The Declining Birth-Rate—Its National and International Significance," by Dr. A. Newsholme. Another scientific member of the series is "The Problems of Sex," by Prof. J. A. Thomson and Prof. P. Geddes.

"Medical and Surgical Science," by Dr. S. Hillier, is in Stokes's spring list.

Fannie Merritt Farmer's "Catering for Special Occasions" (David McKay) includes twelve subjects: New Year's Afternoon Teas, St. Valentine's Spreads, Easter Dinners, Thanksgiving Dinners, Wedding Receptions, Birthday Feasting, Children's Parties, etc. For each there is a half-tone engraving of a set table, two to three menus, and the directions for their preparation. Marginal decorations, attractive type, and good paper combine to make a pleasing appearance.

Mushroom collectors will be interested in the little "Mushroom Hand Book" (Ogilvie), by Elizabeth L. Lathrop. Twenty of the more common varieties are simply described, in as many brief chapters, accompanied by illustrations to mark their characteristic features. Chapter xxi gives some recipes.

How to combine unrelated bits into tempting dishes is told by Helen C. Clarke and Phoebe D. Ruton, in four hundred or more recipes, under the title of "The Cook Book of Left-Overs" (Harper). Both of the authors have had experience as instructors in cookery and dietetics.

A unique idea is Ruth Alden's "Corona Cook Book" (Abbey Co.). Each recipe is printed on a separate card and filed under its proper classification, in the manner of a card index, and the whole is contained in a trim case fashioned in imitation of a book. New recipes can be added and set in alphabetical order by the owner.

A writer in the *Revue de Paris* gives an interesting sketch of the considerable thought and experiment devoted to aviation by Frenchmen in the eighteenth century, and particularly from 1781 to 1785. The author of a secret correspondence thus describes a hydroplane invented by François Blanchard, in the inventor's own words:

On one foot, in the form of a cross, is placed a little boat four feet long and two feet wide, very sturdy, although constructed with slender rods [*minces baguettes*]; on two sides of the structure rise two poles six to seven feet long, which support four wings, each ten feet long; together these form a parasol twenty feet in diameter, and, consequently, more than sixty feet in circumference. The four wings move with surprising facility. The machine, though voluminous, can easily be lifted by two men. It is almost completed; all that has still to be done is to put on the covering, for which I hope to use taffeta, and I shall do it to the best of my ability. After that you will see me rising to whatever height I please, going an immense distance in no time, descending where I wish, even on the water, for my ship can do it. . . .

Of Blanchard's experiments we hear nothing, unfortunately, because ballooning soon became the rage. After sheep, chickens, and ducks had been sent up, men were emboldened to try it themselves. The whole country became tremendously excited, and it seemed as though the control of the air had already been won. Literature glowed with the glory of France and its "pioneers of the air." Histories of aerial navigation and treatises explaining how to fly were legion. "Monsieur Sens-frold" and "Monsieur Tout-de-feu" tore each other's hair in the *Année littéraire.* The theatre took up the craze, and on October 19, 1783, there was presented at the Comédie Italienne "Le Cabriolet volant, ou Arlequin-Mahomet," of which the following is the scenario:

A mechanician presents Arlequin with a flying carriage, which he uses to escape from his creditors. Arrived in a foreign country, he learns that a princess, having refused to marry a king who seeks her hand, has shut herself up in a tower to resist the attack of the furious, disdained lover. Arlequin assumes the robes of Mahomet, enters the tower with his machine, announces himself like the prophet, is revered, adored, and finishes by cutting off the head of the besieger.

It was natural that the new world opening before them should have gone to the heads of the poets, even as to-day a Breton poet is insisting that the aeroplane is accomplishing France's moral regeneration. One poet wrote:

Sur mer comme sur terre
Nous allons dominer,
Rien ne pourra nous résister,
Nous lancerons la foudre
Où bon nous semblera
Par les moyens du gaz . . .

Characteristically, before the science had

progressed far, Frenchmen were concerning themselves with most of the regulations which to-day are under discussion. So they required that a man should use only his own machine. No one not thoroughly skilled in the science should be permitted to construct machines. The machine should be kept in a public depot and could be used by individuals if provided with a chauffeur licensed by the Government. Considerable thought was also given to ways and means of policing the air.

New Year honors include the names of several scientists. Among the Knights are Dr. E. B. Tylor, who is eminent in anthropology; Dr. J. H. Benson, president of the Royal College of Physicians, Ireland; Dr. R. J. Collie, who has written on workmen's compensation; Dr. J. M. Davidson, well known for his work in the X-ray; A. B. Kempe, barrister and mathematician, and Dr. W. F. Barrett, the physicist.

We regret that, following an error in the daily press, we reported last week the death of Dr. Algernon Coolidge, jr., professor of laryngology in the Harvard Medical School. The notice should have referred to Dr. Algernon Coolidge, senior, of Boston, who graduated from the Harvard Medical School in 1853, and has died at the age of eighty-one.

Drama

The Children's Educational Theatre. By Alice Minnie Herts. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25 net.

The record of her six years' labor in the Children's Educational Theatre, in connection with the work of the Educational Alliance, which Miss Herts has summarized in this little volume, is a most interesting and valuable addition to modern theatrical literature. Particularly is it significant in its bearing upon the highest and most legitimate functions of the stage. No student of the social problems among the poorer classes, which are daily becoming more urgent, should fail to read it. Having done so, most persons, even ardent Sabbatarians, will regret that the operation of the Sunday law should have put an end, if only temporarily, to an enterprise so philanthropic and so logical. The object and nature of the work are probably unknown to the general public—although familiar enough to East Side settlement workers—and it is well that they should be explained. In the first place it must be clearly understood that neither Miss Herts, nor her associates, in organizing the Children's Educational Theatre, ever had the least notion of qualifying the young performers for a dramatic career, or of influencing their ambitions in that direction. The teachers did not concern themselves with elocution, pose, or gesture, or other technical accomplishments included in the art of acting, but simply strove, by an appeal to the dramatic instinct, the joy in make-believe so deeply rooted in all child nature, to stimulate imagination, instil morality, and thus administer wholesome instruction in the guise of amusement.

This actually was a practical application of the philosophy in which the theatre as an institution finds its strongest vindication. Those who would know how the end justified the means must be referred to the pages of Miss Herts, which are crammed with the most pregnant illustrations and examples. The mere fact that, in a wonderfully short space of time, these almost illiterate children were capable of giving intelligent performances of such plays as "The Tempest" and "As You Like It," is but a small part of the story. For each play there were many different casts, one as good as another, and there was a constant interchange of parts among the players. Not only this, but each child was encouraged to play his part, according to his own conception of it. Moreover the children supplied the carpenters, the scene-shifters, the property-men, and the orchestra. They helped to make the scenery and the costumes. The carpenter of to-day might be the leading man of to-morrow. Punctuality, order, industry, coöperation, obedience, discipline of every kind were rigorously enforced and eagerly adopted. In the study of diverse characters, the practice of new and strange employments, and the observance of new manners, relations, and responsibilities, the children underwent an unconscious transformation, acquiring the rudiments of a civilization of which the influence was soon reflected in their homes. It is a fascinating and suggestive story told by Miss Herts, with a most eloquent and convincing simplicity.

She leaves no room for doubt of the enormous social value of the work which was abandoned, in deference to public principle, just when its beneficial effect was beginning to be widespread. Doubtless, she is right when she declares that any attempt to reëstablish it upon a paying financial basis would make it valueless. A nominal charge for admission to performances, which if wholly free would attract unmanageable crowds—as experience has proved—is essential, but anything more would defeat the whole intent of the scheme. But she is the victim of a common delusion when she argues that the fundamental principle of her juvenile theatre—edification in amusement—is inapplicable to the commercial stage. Her own experience ought to have taught her the contrary. The parrot cry of the modern manager that he must give what the public demands has no truth in it. The public has no means of making a demand. It has to take what it can get. It generally selects the best.

Percy MacKaye will bring out, through Stokes, "To-morrow," a play in three acts.

"A Butterfly on the Wheel," a play which enjoyed much public favor in London, and is running successfully in the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre here, must be counted among the more notable productions of the season, because it is cleverly written, contains one remarkably effective act, and is uncommonly well presented. It is the work of two eminent English lawyers, E. G. Hemmerde, K. C., and Francis Neilson, M. P., and is supposed to imply a protest against the license permitted to cross-examiners in the British Divorce Court, by which an innocent defendant might conceivably be made to appear guilty. Dramatically, as a whole, it is of small account, because the premises of the presented case, though barely possible, are highly improbable and plainly manufactured to meet the exigencies of a desired situation, and because the heroine, who is involved in the legal toils, is made to behave so foolishly that her conviction in any court must have been almost a foregone conclusion. The whole story, indeed, is incredible. But the scene in which she is cross-examined on the witness stand, is an extraordinarily realistic reproduction of an actual incident in English divorce court proceedings. It does, in its way, hold the mirror up to nature and creates a very positive illusion. The interior of the court, with the presiding justice, the be-wigged and gowned barristers, the jury, witnesses, spectators, and attendants, is a copy of the original, photographic in its accuracy, and the details of the trial itself are no less accurate. The impersonation of the leading barrister for the prosecution by Sidney Valentine is a little masterpiece of legal comedy. The professional carriage of the actor, the significance of his tone and gesture, his elaborate courtesies, his irony, his virtuous indignation, his guileful insinuations, and his triumphant retorts are all features of a highly finished and thoroughly artistic study. Such work is very rare on the stage to-day. Miss Madge Titheradge, the clever daughter of the distinguished Australian actor, who enacts the harassed heroine, also acts exceedingly well, with great variety of mood and manner—in which confidence, hesitancy, confusion, and increasing alarm are vividly portrayed—and at the last, when all her defences have been broken down, with true and eloquent emotion. Every player in the cast is capable and this fact gives the representation a special value.

The exhibition of her artistic resources in Owen Johnson's translation of Maurice Donnay's "The Return from Jerusalem," now to be seen in the Hudson Theatre, is the most convincing justification of her Parisian reputation which Madame Simone has yet afforded in this country. It demonstrates her polished skill in comedy and her power of emotional expression. It is easy to understand why the play created a great stir in Paris, coming, as it did, at a time when prejudices were inflamed by the Dreyfus case, and, beyond question, it is cleverly made and in many places brilliantly written, with many elements of theatrical strength, but it is not a great or particularly significant drama. In its innumerable discussions upon the rights and wrongs of men and women—into which the question of mutual responsibilities never enters—anarchism, free love, Hebraism, and what not, it opens up no new aspect, offers no fresh solutions. Its main story of the gifted, resolute, fanatical, and in-

spired Jewess—supposed to be symbolical of the Semitic peril—is, like that of so many other thesis plays, based upon a special instance, which can have no general application. The end—under the prescribed circumstances—is perfectly logical, but proves nothing, except that the stronger nature will dominate the weaker, and that in the clash of interests the latter is likely to suffer. Michael Aubier, a brilliant Gentile author and visionary, a happy husband, and affectionate father, is fascinated by the intellectual glitter of the Jewish Judith, then loves her passionately, but hesitates to wrong his wife and children. She chides his irresolution, enlarges upon the rights of pre-ordained affinities, and upon the glorious work they might achieve together in the enlightenment and regeneration of the world. After a jealous quarrel with his wife, he starts with his enchantress, now his mistress in more senses than one, for Jerusalem, where she is transported with new racial ardor. For a space he lives in a fool's paradise, until he discovers, by bitter experience, that she is Jewess first and philanthropist afterward, and that the Utopia she dreams of is a Hebrew one. After a passionate scene they part, mutually disillusioned, and he finds himself alone in the world, bereft of happiness and hope, unless, indeed, he can effect a reconciliation with the once doting wife who is divorcing him. It is only in the conditions which existed in Paris a few years ago that such a play would seem to be laden with pregnant meaning. But it does provide a splendid opportunity for Madame Simone, whose Judith is a creature fully capable of the mischief she is supposed to do—fascinating, intellectual, and courageous, seductive and, upon occasion, volcanic.

Owing to the success of his production of "A Butterfly on the Wheel," at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, Lewis Waller announces that he has determined to enter the managerial field here on a larger scale. His attractions for next year, as planned at present, will include two companies in "A Butterfly on the Wheel"; two new comedy productions; and a somewhat ambitious presentation, presumably "Henry V," in which he will star himself. With this purpose in view, he has postponed his Australian tour set for next year until the succeeding season.

Charles Frohman has procured three new plays for production here between now and September. The first is a new comedy by Sir A. W. Pinero, called "The-Mind-the-Paint-Girl." The heroine of this piece, a music-hall singer, will be played in London by Marie Löhr. The second piece is "The Spy," an English version of "La Flambée." The third play is the "Bella Donna" of Mr. Hichens, in which Mrs. Campbell and Sir George Alexander have won success in London.

"Peter Pan" has reached its nine hundredth performance and "The Blue Bird" its six hundredth at the Queen's Theatre, London.

Some of the leading citizens of Pittsfield, Mass., being dissatisfied with the commercial management of the principal theatre in the town, have bought the house with the avowed purpose of conducting it upon lines more worthy of intelligent public support.

"Milestones," a new play by Edward Knoblauch, will be produced in London next month by J. E. Vedrenne.

A Chinese play entitled "Turandot," composed by Dr. Volmoeller, author of "The Miracle," has just been produced in Berlin by Professor Reinhardt. Sir George Alexander has procured the English rights. It recalls in a distant way the episode of the casket scene in "The Merchant of Venice." A beautiful Chinese princess has publicly announced that whosoever shall guess a certain riddle shall become her consort The penalty of failure is death, and a row of grinning heads leaves no doubt that the princess is in deadly earnest. Womanlike, however, she claims the privilege of changing her mind, and when the lucky man who has succeeded in guessing the riddle demands the reward of his astuteness she turns disdainfully from him. The ladies of her court are more discerning, and every opportunity is afforded the newcomer of consoling himself elsewhere. The sequel may be guessed. "Turandot" is rich in spectacle and in action, and the Chinese costumes and scenery make a delightful picture.

Music

Mr. Gatti-Casazza is ready to submit his third operatic novelty of the season to the patrons of the Metropolitan Opera House on Saturday afternoon. It is Leo Blech's "Versiegelt" ("Sealed Up"), and lasts only fifty minutes.

The reëngagement for three more years of Giulio Gatti-Casazza and Arturo Toscanini as manager and chief conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House also gives cause for sincere congratulations. These two men have worked important reforms by introducing here, as far as possible, the way of presenting operas which prevails in Milan, where they formerly presided. The Milan plan consists in giving only seven or eight operas each season, but not putting those on the stage until after the most thorough rehearsing. In New York such rehearsing has not been practicable in case of all the operas, because the repertory is necessarily much larger, but it has been applied as far as possible. Italian and German operas have, in the main, fared well; but owing to an apparent prejudice of the manager and his chief, French opera has been treated in a reprehensibly shabby manner. "Carmen," which, with a star cast, would be sure of eight or ten crowded audiences, has been dropped entirely, and the equally popular "Faust" is pitchforked on the stage with scant rehearsal and only one or two good singers. The centenary of Ambroise Thomas should have suggested the revival of his "Mignon," for which an ideal cast was available; but nothing has been done, for no apparent reason except the prejudice referred to.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, which has long been "permanent," thanks to the million set aside for it by Henry Lee Higginson in 1881, also makes a tour of Eastern cities once a month, while the New York Symphony, the Russian Symphony, and the Philadelphia and Theodore Thomas orchestras travel likewise, so that many of our cities are now tolerably well supplied. Probably most of the patrons of the Boston Orchestra's concerts were glad to read the announcement made a few days ago that Dr. Muck will return to Boston as its conductor next season. Mr. Fiedler, who followed him for a few years, is a good drill-master, but he lacks emotional force and poetic refinement, and his programmes have often been uninteresting and ill-constructed.

A letter written in 1889 by Theodore Thomas and printed on pp. 344-5 of the Memoirs recently brought out by his widow, gives a vivid account of the difficulties a conductor has to contend with when his orchestra is not "permanent"; that is, when its members meet only occasionally for rehearsal, playing in the meantime under all sorts of conditions and conductors, in cafés and dance halls. "When they come back to me after a short interval," he concludes, "it always takes half of the first rehearsal before they realize the proportions and proper conditions again." On one particular occasion "it was a terrible fight—over a hundred men of ability, trying for something, and one man beating the stand, shouting at the top of his lungs, scolding, entreating, etc., and finally taking out his watch to show them that all this had taken an hour." It was not till he got to Chicago that Thomas had a permanent orchestra. The New York Philharmonic, of which he was the leader for a number of years, became permanent only two years ago, when a large fund was collected to make it possible to procure a hundred first-class players who are not allowed, during the season, to play except with their regular conductor. This was, to be sure, a most expensive arrangement, and there was no certainty that the orchestra, as reorganized, would be "permanent" more than three years; but the gift of half a million at the critical moment by the late Joseph Pulitzer removed that uncertainty. It is not New York alone that is benefited by this generous legacy. With its reorganization, the Philharmonic adopted the policy (originated by Theodore Thomas with his private orchestra) of going on the road occasionally. Under its new and aggressive manager, Loudon Charlton, the Philharmonic gave fifteen concerts last year in other cities. This year the number has been doubled. Altogether the orchestra is giving eighty-five concerts this season, against sixty-five last, and forty-five the season before. The second trip, during the last two weeks of March, will extend as far west as the Missouri River. The reëlection of Josef Stransky for three more years, moreover, ensures the Philharmonic patrons performances of varied programmes that will be thoroughly enjoyable.

The telephone is now employed by organ builders for tuning purposes. The *Diapason*, a Chicago periodical devoted to the organ, refers to the fact that in many of the instruments of a prominent American builder, telephone transmitters are fixed permanently above the pitch octave in the diapason department, and the whole organ is so wired that wherever the tuner may happen to be working he can, by pushing in a convenient plug, hear through the little telephone attached to his head the exact pitch of the diapason pipes.

Munich will, as usual, have its Mozart and

Wagner festivals next August and September.

The rules have been issued of an international musical contest organized by the Council of the City of Paris and the County of the Seine under the patronage of the French Government. The contest will take place in Paris on May 26, 27, and 28 next. The days will be occupied as follows: May 26, instrument contest; May 27, choral contest, and May 28 festival concert.

Art

FROM REYNOLDS TO ABBEY.

LONDON, January 1.

The Royal Academy has been organizing winter exhibitions of old masters for almost half a century, and still manages to make them interesting, though this year the interest centres upon the work of Reynolds, the Academy's first president, and of Abbey, who receives the tribute paid by Academicians to members dying within the year, and has a special show of his own.

Of the rest of the collection there is little to be said that bas not been said before. Many paintings have no particular merit except the chance they give to critics for ingenious argument in attributing them to anybody save the painters whose names appear in the catalogue; many are already known, or are by masters of whom they do not suggest anything new to add to the much already written. There are several Rembrandts, none of the larger and more important, but two or three very beautiful and characteristic, especially a small interior—The Cradle—with figures gathered round a light emerging from the mysterious shadows, and a Portrait of a Man, put in simply, with broad, direct touches. There is a portrait of a Spanish nobleman, dignified and refined, but with hardly the technical mark of Velasquez for whom it is now claimed. There are a few Van Dycks, the most striking a portrait of Sir Kenelm Digby, with a huge sunflower at his side: striking, however, chiefly as a curious biographical record. There are examples of the various Italian schools, not one standing out more powerfully than a Music Party, by Caravaggio, a wonderfully well observed and vigorously expressed study of three men, and an eloquent reminder of the small appreciation hitherto accorded to that great master. And there are other pictures here and there that should be mentioned in passing: Among the British pictures, I should at least refer to the Portrait of Thomas Simon, by William Dobson, of whom, as of Caravaggio, far too little has been heard; to the group of Hogarths, if only to regret that most of them should appear with his name attached; to the landscapes by Wilson and Turner, though not their most distinguished. But, when all is said and even if other names should be added to this list, there is no question that the chief interest of the exhibition is in the important series by Reynolds and Abbey.

The first gallery has been devoted entirely to Reynolds. The collection includes only twenty-two paintings, but almost all can be ranked among the finest examples of his art. An exception is the Portrait of Dr. Johnson which the catalogue describes as "a repetition of the one painted for Henry Thrale and now in the National Gallery"; "a copy" will occur to most people as a better description, though it is said to have been done for Topham Beauclerc, and seems to have a genuine pedigree. Reynolds, however, was not without assistants and pupils in his studio. On the other hand, he never painted anything more splendid in color and design than the portrait of himself, seated, wearing rich red official robes, and so noble a figure that the bust of Michael Angelo, the only detail he added to a composition whose great beauty was in its simplicity, is felt not to be in unworthy company. There are other portraits of only lesser note, but my attention was more particularly drawn to the series of eight long narrow panels, the original designs for the west window of the Chapel of New College, Oxford, which I have never seen before—which have never been shown before at the Royal Academy, as far as I can remember, during the last quarter of a century. Reynolds was often decorative in his portraits, but seldom in his successful career as portrait painter did he have time for purely decorative work. His subjects for the series are Faith, Hope, Charity, Temperance, Justice, Fortitude, Prudence, and, in the eighth, the Nativity, with himself and Thomas Jervais, who executed the design in glass, posing as shepherds. There is nothing in the originals to suggest the medium in which they were intended to be carried out; they are not the cartoons to which the modern designers of stained glass have accustomed us at the Arts-and-Crafts and similar exhibitions, but elaborate and finished paintings—and fortunately they have not, like many Reynoldses, suffered from time or injudicious restoration. I have not seen the window for many years, but, as I remember it, the color struck me as rather weak and washed out. If so, this must have been the fault of Jervais, for in the originals the color is rich and sumptuous. The figures, admirably placed in the panels, are full of grace and dignity—the allegory is unobtrusive, the lines rhythmical, and you wonder, as you look, if Reynolds, had the opportunity offered, could not have rivalled the great Venetians as a decorative painter. The only drawback to pleasure in the series comes from the unintelligent hanging at the Academy. The walls are not overcrowded as in the summer exhibitions. There is plenty of space to give each picture the margin round it, which it demands. But the decoration of the walls ruins the whole scheme of hanging in the Reynolds room. These walls are red, with a gray frieze, so low that the dividing line between the two colors is passed by the long upright panels. The result is restlessness, which is the more unpardonable because it would have been so simple to add the necessary few inches of red and make this line help to frame in the paintings and form part of the arrangement.

But it is when you come to the four galleries devoted to Abbey that it is most difficult to forgive the hanging. That the effort has been made to honor Abbey by getting together a representative collection of his work is plain: there are drawings of almost every period, water-colors, pastels, paintings, studies for his large mural decorations. But it is plainer still that, by the arrangement, the least possible has been made of the collection, and that it will detract from rather than add to his reputation. The galleries are hung like an auction-room, more particularly the two filled, or almost filled, with drawings. In one there is that discordant and tedious invention, a screen for the overflow from the walls; in the other a few paintings and studies in color are included, but with so little care for appropriateness and effect that you might think the gallery a room at Christie's. In both, the frames seem to jostle each other, they fit in so tight, and there is no idea of symmetry of line or harmony of balance. Only the series of illustrations for "She Stoops to Conquer" tells with anything like effect, and this is because a group, or an attempt to form a group, has been made, and a space somewhat apart from the others reserved for it.

Without the help of the exhibition our generation would realize the enormous influence Abbey has had on illustrators, not only in his own but in almost every country of Europe. He was always a master of pen-and-ink; the few designs in wash now on the walls show how much less successful he was when he worked with a brush. He had real feeling for line, he knew better almost than any draughtsman what technically could be done, what avoided, with his medium. He was also sensitive to the charm of grace and graciousness in a pretty woman, of picturesqueness in an old building or an old bit of furniture. He was conscientious, and was known to travel from one end of Europe to the other for a background or a costume. And of this you are conscious in the illustrations for the Old English Songs and for the Goldsmith, which are here. They are full of life, full of observation. Seriousness, care, and truth are the foundation of that more superficial

charm which is all his innumerable following have managed to imitate. But when you turn to the later Shakespeare series, you cannot help feeling that gradually Abbey looked to the tale or the verses less for the drama and movement and meaning than for the figures his models could pose for, that his observation was more for detail in itself than in its relation to his theme. His men and women are doing nothing, they are posing; his architecture, beautifully drawn as it usually is, was evidently studied apart from the scene of which it is the background. Everything is correct, but lifeless. The change may not be so apparent in the comedies, for they gave him the subjects with which he was most in sympathy—motives that suited his light, graceful, and dainty method. But it is only too evident in the tragedies which, if they alone survived, would hardly justify to future generations his fame as illustrator. And yet, with careful hanging, I have no doubt that Abbey's comparative failures could now at the Academy have been overshadowed by his great achievement in the illustrations of his finest period.

This preoccupation with the model and detail is more apparent in his paintings than in his drawings. Not so much in some of the earlier watercolors that have the same unity, the same vivacity as the illustrations for "She Stoops to Conquer"; nor even in a somewhat later picture, like The Pavane, dated 1897, where the figures moving in the stately measure of the dance, against an embroidered curtain worked out with the patient elaboration of the Pre-Raphaelites, are so essentially parts of the pictorial pattern that, despite the minute study of detail, you forget the model and the studio altogether. But you cannot forget them in some of the more ambitious subjects—Hamlet, The Trial of Queen Katharine, Lear and Cordelia. These are hung in the Central Hall, with the Crusaders Sighting Jerusalem and the Duke of Gloucester and the Lady Ann, this last by far the best in the painting of detail, in the grouping, in the arrangement of color. The effect of the five seen together is unexpectedly dull and perfunctory. The lighting may be one cause of this, and the hanging another. Certainly, the color seemed to me more brilliant when I saw the same canvases in the different summer exhibitions of the Academy to which they were first sent. But the fault lies also to some extent with the painter's treatment of the subject. In each his motive was pictorial anecdote, to which there can be no legitimate objection, if it is treated pictorially. What were some of the masterpieces of Veronese and Tintoretto, of Rembrandt and Velasquez but pictorial anecdote? Abbey, however, does not give the anecdote as a pictorial whole, throbbing with life and color, told in rhythmical lines and well-balanced spaces. You see the models posing, the studio properties being built up. True, he succeeded infinitely better than the younger men, like Frank Craig, Cadogan, Cowper, and the others, of whom he has been the inspiration and who now reap the laurels that should have fallen to him. True, you have only to go to the Royal Exchange to understand how much more decorative he is in composition, after all, than any of the British painters who have covered its walls, including Brangwyn and only excepting Leighton. But compare him to the Frenchmen who do these huge decorative *machines*, to Jean-Paul Laurens, or Gervais, for instance, and you are forced to admit that Abbey had not the knowledge or the power to compete with masters of the craft. Or go no further than the Caravaggio in the same exhibition, and you will understand the difference between the painter's spirited rendering of men as he sees them actually busy about their own work, and the patient study of models posing. Or, again, take the pictures of Baron Leys, who undoubtedly was Abbey's master: the people in them are real people and are all occupied with their respective tasks or amusements, not merely hired models sitting or standing in the desired pose. And, in this connection, it is suggestive to contrast Menzel's official pictures at Berlin, in which real ceremonies are being conducted before your eyes, with Abbey's Coronation of King Edward VII, the most important canvas in the collection: not a royal commission, but done for Messrs. Agnew, primarily for reproduction, and now the property of King George. Here Abbey had as subject a tremendous pageant and tremendous space in which to deal with it. It, too, was pictorial anecdote in its fashion, and the King and Queen the chief actors. But what do you see when you look at the great canvas? The first things your eyes fall upon are the armorial bearings that decorate the stonework above the central group. Then, with much trouble, searching through the confused mass of figures, the King is discovered on his throne. Whatever may be said of the late King, it cannot be denied that he was a man of distinct character in appearance and the right appreciation of his importance as a royal and imperial figurehead. Here he is as sleek and slim and insignificant as a tailor's dummy. But for the many familiar portraits and photographs of Queen Alexandria, she might not be discovered at all. Those who have been present at either of the recent Coronations at Westminster will tell you that the pageant was so skilfully arranged as to leave the King and Queen the prominent actors throughout. In Abbey's version they are the least prominent.

I saw nothing of Abbey's mural decorations, as the only records of them at the Academy are small studies for part of the Pittsburgh series. The pastels I thought so amazingly brilliant when I first saw them, here strike me as dingy and disappointing, but I am sure that for this impression the hanging is responsible. It may be because the critics have made no allowance for the hanging that, so far, they have shown little appreciation in their notices, though it may also be because they do not regret the chance of slighting the Royal Academician who, it happens, was an American. The liberality of the Academy in admitting Americans as members is often praised, but not invariably appreciated, at least in England. The present treatment of Abbey is a case in point, while it is curious to note the tendency of late to belittle even Sargent in favor of smaller men who have learned everything they know from him.

N. N.

Meissonier and Puvis de Chavannes will be added shortly by Stokes to the Masterpieces in Color series, and De Hooch and Vermeer to the Painters' series. The same house has in hand Ernest F. Fenollosa's "Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art."

The exhibition of paintings by Walter Greaves at the Goupil Gallery in London last May was the signal for a very Donnybrook fair for critics. That anything connected with the personality of Whistler should be the occasion of a fight is not surprising. Mr. Greaves, who has already reached his three-score years and ten, was a pupil of Whistler's, and not known even as that. Then suddenly he is discovered, exhibited, interviewed, his art written up for all it's worth, and written down for less than nothing. Acclaim and execration fell in one sudden douche upon his "top-hat and rusty frock coat." He was naturally surprised, not to say bewildered. Mr. Marchant's exhibition has been transported by Cottier & Co. to New York, and is now on view at No. 3 East Fortieth Street, where it is to hang for a month. There are thirty-nine oil paintings, including half a dozen portraits, and a group of thirty-odd drawings, the latter the work of Mr. Greaves and his brother Henry, done in collaboration.

The visitors to the exhibition here, and in all likelihood they will be many, may very well feel that though Mr. Greaves was a pupil of Whistler, he should not have been; or at any rate that he should not have remained so for so long a time. This thought will arise in respect to the product and quite aside from any question of personal relationship and loyalty. A pupil who had so little in common temperamentally with his master would not be expected to tolerate him so patiently. If, in the matter of personality, this gentleness, not to say meekness, suggests an attractive amiability of character, it spells, in the matter of authentic artistic impulse, something very like an indictment of weakness. Walter Greaves did not, indeed, need the impulse from Whistler to catch the contagion of oils and canvas. Before that and before his majority he was a painter, as witness the

Boat Race Day, Hammersmith Bridge, a canvas which we should weigh against all the remainder. For the novice who produced this captivating crowd, a more ill-adjusted influence than Whistler's can hardly be imagined. Doubtless the association with the facile master was an inestimable privilege, and certainly some inspiriting guidance was needed for a season of strengthening aid. But Whistler was the man to duck him, not to teach him to swim. In the dispute as to the indebtedness of master and pupil, some of the sponsors for this Chelsea artist suggest, quite as much by innuendo as by direct statement, that the facts of the master's attitude, patronizing, overbearing at times, indicate a deliberate submerging of the younger man. This is not the sense in which we intend the word. It was Whistler's art, rather than Whistler's oracularity, that tyrannized over Mr. Greaves. And for this he has to blame himself, or, it may seem more just to say, the measure with which the gods doled out his talents.

Frederick Wedmore, the art critic, was knighted at New Year.

Miss Emma Barbee Shields, the portrait painter, died in New York on Sunday, at the age of forty-eight. She organized the American Association of Allied Arts, and later the Lewis Nathaniel Shields Art Club.

The report comes from Munich of the death, in his eighty-seventh year, of Ludwig Voltz, the well-known painter of horses and hunting scenes, and also an illustrator.

Finance

THE EQUITABLE FIRE.

The burning of the Equitable Life building, in the heart of the Wall Street district, on Tuesday morning of last week, and the burying under its ruins of securities owned by many hundreds of different people, and estimated in value all the way from five hundred million to a billion dollars, was an incident which throws an instructive sidelight on finance from the mere fact that it caused so little financial commotion. When Wall Street first learned what had happened, there were several more or less sensational possibilities which tentatively appealed to its imagination. The stock market might be panic-stricken over the chance that all these securities had been destroyed. It might fall into fright, regardless of that possibility, over the question of what would happen to firms or individuals who had contracted to deliver, on Tuesday or Wednesday, securities to which their owners could get no access for at least a week. Or it might fall victim to misgiving and doubt over what an unreasonably frightened "outside public" and an unscrupulous Stock Exchange "bear party" would do.

As a matter of fact, the market did not indulge in fright at all. It reasoned immediately, first that securities in a modern fireproof vault were put there because they could not, in that vault, be destroyed by fire; secondly, that the Stock Exchange, or, if necessary, the courts, would see to it that no unreasonable enforcement of contracts for delivery was applied; thirdly, that even if the outside public did fall into fright, it was considerably less able to throw its securities on the market, with the vaults of the Equitable sealed, than it would have been before the fire.

The Stock Exchange governing committee had to take action first, in the matter of deliveries by brokers whose securities were locked up under the Equitable ruins. By the rules of the Exchange, a sale of stocks or bonds made one day on the floor must be completed on the next day by delivery of the actual securities to the buyer. What the committee did last week was interesting in that it fixed a new precedent for the New York Stock Exchange, and perhaps for any other exchange. The ruling the first day suspended all of the day's deliveries except by mutual consent; the second day it suspended deliveries "by all parties directly or indirectly affected by the Equitable fire." In itself such arbitrary action is not unusual. At the height of the panic of 1873, the governing committee closed the Stock Exchange for ten days, and similar action was taken by the Pittsburgh Stock Exchange in 1907. In many Western cities, during the panic of four years ago, the Legislatures declared special holidays to prevent enforcement of contracts, and that was also the action taken during the San Francisco fire of April, 1906, when the problem of buried securities was much what it was in New York last week. Again, the London Stock Exchange governors, at that institution's fortnightly settlement following our Northern Pacific corner of May 9, 1901, suspended the "buying in" of Northern Pacific stock against default in delivery, and fixed an arbitrary "carry-over" price.

In its circumstances the San Francisco episode provides an interesting analogy. The destructive earthquake occurred on April 18, at five o'clock in the morning. Four hours later the San Francisco Clearing House held a meeting and decided to close the banks that day. By two o'clock in the afternoon, the fire was sweeping through the whole banking district, without check.

When the Clearing House next met in a private residence on April 23—five days after the earthquake—the declaration of legal holidays from day to day had already begun; that being the only means whereby banks could get their affairs into shape to pay depositors and meet their other obligations, and, furthermore, the only manner in which the business houses and individuals—all of whose securities and money were locked up in the vaults under the ruined city—could postpone maturing debts. The San Francisco Stock Exchange had closed; only the United States Mint resumed operations.

On April 25, a week after the fire, business began to revive. By that time the banks had established temporary offices in residences, and, in order to relieve the needs of people who were without ready money, a temporary bank, known as the Clearing-House Bank, was established in the office of the Mint. The respective banks made deposits with the Clearing-House Bank by means of Eastern transfers through the Mint. Beginning May 1, advances were made to depositors by means of warrants payable at the Clearing-House Bank to the debit of the respective banks, these payments being limited to $500 to any one customer. Two days later, on May 3, the banks opened credit accounts; and on May 7 it was arranged to have a daily clearing of special checks, and the limit of $500 was removed in regard to payrolls, freight, taxes, etc.

From that time to May 19 banks did a large business in the so-called special accounts, and before the 19th, when at last a Clearing-House settlement was made of all old checks deposited up to the evening of April 17, virtually all restrictions had been removed, and customers were furnished with whatever facilities were needed. On May 21 a Clearing-House settlement was made of all checks deposited or received during the period when embargo existed on banking transactions, and on May 23, five weeks after the fire, the Clearing House formally opened for business. But the special holidays did not end until June 2, after continuing forty-five successive days.

A question of particular interest, bearing on last week's New York episode, is this: When were the great safe-deposit vaults of San Francisco opened, and what was the condition of their contents, after the white heat of a blazing city had for two whole days surrounded them? People who were on the spot at the time recalled, last week, that the vaults were opened ten days or so after the conflagration had entirely ceased, and that the contents of every modern fireproof vault in the business district of San Francisco were found to be uninjured.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abraham, J. J. The Surgeon's Log. Dutton. $2.50 net.

Agnew, Joseph. Life's Christ Places. Scribner.

Alexander, J. The Truth About Egypt. Cassell. $2 net.

Applin, Arthur. The Stories of the Russian Ballet. Lane. $3.50 net.

A Reply to an Attack Made by One of Whistler's Biographers on a Pupil of Whistler, Mr. Walter Greaves, and His Works. London: William Marchant & Co.

Arnold, Matthew. Thoughts on Education. Selections, edited by Leonard Huxley. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Baker, Mrs. Hebron. The Wynastons. Broadway. $1.50.

Baldwin, J. M. Thought and Things. Vol. III, Interest and Art: Being Real Logic. I, Genetic Epistemology. Macmillan. $2.75 net.
Bindloss, H. Vane of the Timberlands. Stokes. $1.25 net.
Birukoff, Paul. The Life of Tolstoy. Cassell. $1.50 net.
Blair, E. H. Indian Tribes of the Upper Mississippi and the Great Lakes Regions. 2 vols. Cleveland, O.: A. H. Clark Co.
Briggs, E. P. Fifty Years on the Road: Autobiography of a Salesman. Kansas City, Mo.: The Author. $1.
Bryan, G. H. Stability in Aviation. Macmillan. $2 net.
Bürgel, B. H. Astronomy for All. Translated by S. Bloch. Cassell. $3 net.
Carpenter, Rt. Rev. W. Boyd. Some Pages of My Life. Scribner.
Casson, H. N. Ads. and Sales. Chicago; McClurg. $2 net.
Child, F. S. A Country Parish. Boston: Pilgrim Press.
Clark, J. B. "Blue Sky," The Life of Harriet Caswell-Broad. Boston: Pilgrim Press.
Clayton, Joseph. The Rise of the Democracy. Cassell.
Coolidge, F. J. The Little Brown Sandals. Broadway. 75 cents.
Craig, E. G. On the Art of the Theatre. Chicago: Browne's Bookstore. $2 net.
Craufurd, A. H. The Religion and Ethics of Tolstoy. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Curtis, W. A. A History of Creeds and Confessions of Faith. Scribner.
Dale, J. T. Heroes and Greathearts, and Their Animal Friends. Heath.
Deeping, Warwick. Joan of the Towers. Cassell. $1.20 net.
Dewar, Douglas. Jungle Folk: Indian Natural History. Lane. $4 net.
Douglass, T. O. The Pilgrims of Iowa. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $2 net.
Doyle, Edward. Ginevra: A Play of Mediæval Florence. Doyle & Co. $1.
Edmunds, E. W., and Hoblyn, J. B. The Story of the Five Elements. Cassell.
Encyclopædia Britannica. Eleventh edition, Vol. 29, Index.
Eucken, R. Life's Basis and Life's Ideal. Translated by A. G. Widgery. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Fraser, J. F. The Land of Veiled Women. Cassell. $1.75 net.
Gallatin, A. E. Whistler's Pastels and Other Modern Profiles. Lane. $2.50 net.
Gardner, E. G. The Painters of the School of Ferrara. Scribner.
Graves, C. L. Post-Victorian Music. Macmillan. $2 net.
Harker, L. A. Mr. Wycherly's Wards. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Hogg A. G. Christ's Message of the Kingdom. Scribner.
Hunt, M. L. Thomas Dekker; A Study. (Col. Univ.). Lemcke & Buechner. $1.25 net.
Hutton, W. H. A Disciple's Religion. Scribner.
Immortality. The Letters of Edward Dundas and John Eliot. Broadway. 50 cents.
Ingram, C. W. Southern Symphonies. Broadway. $1.25.
Jackson, H. E. Great Pictures as Moral Teachers. Philadelphia: Winston Co. $1.50.
James I of England. New Poems. From a Hitherto Unpublished Manuscript in the British Museum. Edited, with notes, by A. F. Westcott. (Col. Univ.) Lemcke & Buechner. $1.50 net.
Jevons, W. S. Theory of Political Economy. Macmillan. $3.25 net.
Le Bosquet, J. E. The War Within: Thoughts Upon Some Modern Temptations. Boulder, Colo.: First Congregational Church. $1.40.
Lindley, Elizabeth. The Diary of a Book-Agent. Broadway. $1.
Lowe, P. R. A Naturalist on Desert Islands. Scribner.
MacCulloch, J. A. The Religion of the Ancient Celts. Scribner.
McDougall, W. Body and Mind. Macmillan. $2.75 net.
Mansûr, Abdullah. (G. Wyman Bury). The Land of Uz. Macmillan. $2.75 net.
Marsland, C. The Angel of the Gila. A Tale of Arizona. Boston: Badger. $1.50.
Nevill, Ralph. Floreat Etona. Macmillan. $5 net.
Nüchter, Friedrich. Albrecht Dürer. Trans. from the German by L. D. Williams. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Osbourne, K. D. Robert Louis Stevenson in California. Chicago: McClurg.
Palgrave's Golden Treasury. Edited, with notes, by Allan Abbott. C. E. Merrill Co. 50 cents.
Pen, Pencil, and Chalk: A Series of Drawings by Contemporary European Artists. Lane. $3 net.
Poole, R. L. Sebastian Bach. New edition. Scribner.
Problem of Motherhood. Various authors. Cassell. 75 cents.
Pryce, R. Christopher. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1912.

The Week

The introduction of a bill cutting down by something like 50 per cent. the duties in the iron and steel schedule is a good stroke on the part of the Democrats of the House. It pushes again to the front the broad question of tariff reform, and puts the Republicans on the defensive. The immense development of the steel industry, its concentration largely in the hands of one gigantic corporation, the statements made at various times by some of its foremost representatives as to the ability of this country to produce at lower cost than any other, and the great volume of exports which bears out these assertions —all these things combine to give to the proposal for reducing duties in this line an exceptionally strong position. If the reduction goes through Congress and is approved by the President, the Democrats will have to their credit the actual achievement of a substantial measure of tariff reform; if it is blocked by the Republicans, they will have a good issue to go before the people with. Incidentally, Mr. Underwood has given an effective answer to the accusation that he is for tariff reduction in other things, but a standpatter when it comes to Birmingham's interests or his own.

In such a matter as the Wilson-Harvey affair, everything turns on the exact facts of what took place. Col. Watterson's statement is admirable in point of expression, but leaves much to be desired in point of accurate information. He makes much of Gov. Wilson's manner in the course of the conversation, which impressed him as "autocratic, if not tyrannous," and he tells us that Col. Harvey was "apparently overcome by Gov. Wilson's austerity"; but he also says that "nothing of a discourteous kind—even of an unfriendly kind—passed during an interview of more than an hour." Furthermore, it appears from Col. Watterson's statement that whatever Gov. Wilson said as to "whether the support of *Harper's Weekly* was doing him an injury" was said in reply to a "direct question" from Col. Harvey. Now, at what stage of the interview was this question asked? Was Gov. Wilson's answer to it the subject of any further talk at the time? Was there any correspondence afterward between Wilson and Harvey? Upon the answer to these questions depends the whole character of the incident. "I have from Col. Harvey and Gov. Wilson," says Col. Watterson, "statements according to the memory of each touching what did actually happen and was spoken on the occasion named. These do not materially differ. They coincide with my own recollection." Let us have these statements, and let the public judge whether what Wilson said was simply the frank utterance of a truth in reply to a friend's candid request for information, or, as so many hasten to assert, a deliberate act of selfishness or ingratitude.

Among the acts thus far of the Constitutional Convention, now preparing a new basic law for the State of Ohio, are the extension of its committee organization beyond the point desired by its president, the Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow, the ruling out of lobbyists from the floor and smoking rooms, and certain provisions intended to check gag rule. The numerous committees now include those to consider the legislative and executive branches of government, the bill of rights, and county, town, and military affairs, as well as the more radical matters of woman suffrage, the initiative and referendum, and labor legislation. Lobbyists, whose exclusion from the smoking rooms is the work of a Socialist delegate, we understand, must register and reveal their backers, as well as remain without the doors. Moreover, the time-honored device of moving the previous question will be more difficult of execution than in the past, as it will require the demand of ten instead of five delegates, and the actual stopping of the debate can be brought about only by the wish of two-thirds of a quorum instead of a majority.

Senator Root, in his address before the New York State Bar Association on Friday of last week, displayed his characteristic precision of thought and effectiveness of expression. It is true, as he stated, that two distinct factors are to be distinguished in the tendency to criticise our courts: the one relating to questions of efficient procedure, the other to the attitude of the courts towards matters that have in our time become burning questions. We cannot go to the whole length of agreeing with him in the assertion that the defects coming under the first head are to be charged solely to the bar, as distinguished from the bench; though unquestionably it is upon the bar, above all, that the duty devolves of bringing about a better condition. Laws bearing upon court procedure are in crying need of amendment, and lawyers—in and out of Legislatures—must put their shoulders to the wheel if this is to be done; but even as the law stands, much depends on both the temper and the ability of individual judges. As to the other class of grievances against the courts, Mr. Root says some things which it is eminently desirable that impulsive reformers should lay to heart. Impatience with decisions of courts based on an honest interpretation of constitutional provisions has, in many quarters, gone to mischievous lengths; and Mr. Root does not exaggerate when he declares that to indulge this disposition means nothing less than to place in peril our system of government.

The four candidates for Senator Simmons's seat, which becomes vacant next year, have entered into an agreement to keep the expenses of the contest as low as possible. While these terms may be lacking in exactness, they are in all probability quite sufficient to preclude any such expenditures as have disgraced recent Senatorial canvasses in more than one State. It is not necessarily a question of corrupt use of money. The argument as applied to a primary, or what is virtually a primary, as in this North Carolina contest, is rather the inability of a candidate without great resources to meet the legitimate cost of the struggle. In the absence of a law limiting the amount that may be spent, a gentlemen's agreement is a very proper procedure. Senator Simmons is a candidate for reëlection, and opposing him are Gov. Kitchin, ex-Gov. Aycock, and Chief Justice Clark.

With the official acceptance of the Court-House site in New York a truly notable struggle for an important public object comes to a happy close. The occasion should not be permitted to go by without a word of congratulation, for it teaches a lesson whose application is manifold and constant. And, what is perhaps most encouraging of all, the lesson is one that has been brought out in several widely different directions within the past twelvemonth. It is that in a course deemed important to the public weal, it is always worth while to make a fight, however heavy the odds may seem against it. There was a time when it seemed the manifest destiny of City Hall Park to be sacrificed, for good and all, to the same spirit that had long ago caused it to be impaired and disfigured by the Post Office building and the Tweed Court House. But no sooner was a determined stand made against this danger than it turned out that the forces of civic pride and civic foresight were capable of being rallied against it in a way that surprised even those most interested in the cause. They have now not only repulsed the threatened invasion, but opened the way for the complete restoration of the park, and for a future development of public buildings and grounds at the heart of the city.

Replying to expressions of fear from Southern farmers that negro tenants will become discouraged with their occupation because of the low price of cotton, a Southern newspaper points out that the present situation is not unprecedented. For many years prior to 1909 such tenants got along on the proceeds of their cotton crops, and they did so without the advantage of owning their horses and mules, as many of them do now. Nor did they "ride around in rubber-tired buggies, as many of them do now," or have large bank accounts, "but they kept on ploughing." The chances are, in the opinion of this observer, that the negro tenants are taking the existing depression about as calmly as are those for whom they have worked. A pertinent question in this connection is, Where can the negro go if he deserts the farm? Wages are higher by the day in employment upon construction work, but "there is an even balance about the farm-life that appeals to the negro of good sense and thrift and enterprise." If all this speaks well for the negro, a word of commendation for both races is found in the statement that the relationship between the negro farm-hand and the farmer has been improving.

The completion of the over-sea railway to Key West is admittedly "one of the most remarkable achievements in railway construction in the world." Built on keys and on coral rocks, this great viaduct is literally a road across the sea. By it twenty hours are saved between New York and Cuba, and Key West, 156 miles from the city of Miami and 55 miles out in the ocean, is riveted to the mainland. It is a notable step forward in the peaceful American advance into the Caribbean, and may make Key West an important transfer station for some of the liners that are planned to use the Panama Canal. For his faith in this extraordinary enterprise, his courage to carry it out, and his ability to raise the means, Mr. Flagler deserves the acclaim he has received.

The reception accorded to Synge's best-known play in the redeemed city once more invites the attention of the world to the hollowness of the Philadelphia legend. In Philadelphia, street-railway strikes are exceptionally violent. In Philadelphia, the new gospel of efficiency first saw the light. In Philadelphia, the baseball champions of the world seem to have taken up their permanent abode. And now the Irish poet's "Playboy," traversing this western world to a crescendo of riot and assault, attains its climax of egg-throwing in Philadelphia. That the tradition of Philadelphia's soporific atmosphere should persist in face of such repeated and startling demonstrations of vitality and progressiveness, simply shows that it is much harder to kill a legend than the originator of the legend. The most sophisticated of Babylons might be proud of the way in which the decency of the stage has been vindicated in Philadelphia by means of a warrant of arrest against the Irish Players sworn out by a saloonkeeper.

Wordsworth long ago contended that literature could not afford to be snobbish in the choice of its subject-matter. In his desire to redeem the commonplace he found as great poetic possibilities in a washtub as in a conch shell. And since his time the danger of neglecting the humble actual conditions of life has disappeared forever. With Zola, Gorki, Tolstoy, and Ibsen hammering out the destinies of the poor, the literature of the nineteenth century closed in a democratic pæan. The twentieth century, however, promises much greater gains in this direction. Elated apparently by the interest which writers have shown for them, the humble have taken to setting forth their own conditions. A seamstress presents the simple terms of her life in France and receives a prize. A switchman tells what his duties were, and all the periodicals offer him their columns. Now come "The Diary of a Book-Agent" and the autobiography of a travelling salesman, "Fifty Years on the Road." This we doubt not is carrying the movement farther than Wordsworth ever intended it to go. With his belief in the high calling of the writer, he was glad to have poor Michael or a Highland girl speak out, but he preferred to do their writing for them. Before the century is over it may be expected that even stones and running brooks will find some way of doing their own preaching.

A practical solution for a problem that the daily press has to meet every day and has not yet succeeded in solving, is suggested in President Butler's remarks on the character of college presidents:

> All college presidents are liars *ex officio*. I remember, some years ago, when my dear friend Dr. Canfield became chancellor of the University of Nebraska, he was called a liar by a local newspaper within thirty days. He was walking with President Eliot of Harvard one Sunday afternoon, while we were all together attending an educational meeting, and Mr. Eliot said to Mr. Canfield: "Well, Canfield, I see that you are a liar." "Yes," said Canfield, "I am," and added, "I suppose, Mr. Eliot, they have often called you a liar?" "Oh!" said Mr. Eliot, "worse than that; they have proved it."

Hence it is as plain as daylight that hereafter, in sending a reporter to the office of the *Outlook*, or setting a man to write a story about the Contributing Editor of the *Outlook*, one should get a college president for the job and avoid all possible differences of opinion.

At the banquet of the Booksellers' League held in New York on Wednesday of last week it was admitted that the

book business needed stricter ethics. Readers who are looking for good books are growing tired, it appears, of being misled, and booksellers resent being made the dupes of the deception. No less startling was the picture drawn by the president, Mr. B. W. Huebsch, of the general reading public:

> Only a handful of people ever read books worth while. There is, of course, quite a demand for trash, but the fact remains that the masses read absolutely nothing; there is an alarmingly wide chasm, I might almost say a vacuum, between the high-brow, who considers reading either as a trade or as a form of intellectual wrestling, and the low-brow, who is merely seeking for gross thrills. It is to be hoped that culture will soon be democratized through some less conventional system of education, giving rise to a new type that might be called the middle-brow, who will consider books as a source of intellectual enjoyment.

What a relief it would be to hear of a forthcoming story: "This is slop, and is recommended to the serious-minded at those times only when they are too tired to think or feel."

Young Mr. Shuster has not left his gift of plain speech behind him at Teheran. In an interview given to the Vienna newspapers, he minces no words about the part Great Britain has chosen to play. Persia, Mr. Shuster declares, is ruled from the Russian and British legations, where the signs of a reawakened national life were anxiously scanned and expeditiously stamped upon. The profit goes all to Russia; for it is within the Czar's sphere of influence that nearly all of desirable Persia, including the capital, is situated. Great Britain is presumably content with her station on the Persian Gulf and a free southern route into India. But of what avail is it to have brought Russia's influence several hundred miles nearer to that jealously guarded trade route? In the *Contemporary Review*, that veteran and well-informed student of international affairs, E. J. Dillon, declares that Persia was mortgaged long ago to the two Powers, and that only the inevitable is now taking place. What has really happened is that Persia's unexpectedly setting out to pay off the mortgage and rebuild her house so alarmed the covetous mortgagees that they did not hesitate at highway robbery to keep the redemption money from being paid.

The Socialist showing in the supplementary elections for the Reichstag has been productive of a double surprise. After the outright capture of sixty-six seats in the first series of contests it seemed that the reballotings would bring the Socialist strength up to the maximum of their preëlection expectations, or 120 seats. But the first day's results in the secondary elections were disappointing: the Socialists gained only seven out of seventy-five seats contested, and their indicated representation in the Reichstag sank to 85 or 90. This forecast in turn was upset by a remarkable succession of victories in the second day's reballotings, which brought the Socialist strength up to ninety-nine, and with thirty-five seats still to be fought for, fixes their probable number in the next Reichstag at 110. There seems to be little doubt that Herr Bebel's followers will constitute the strongest single party in the Diet, and with all other parties of the Left will be able to outvote the Conservative-Centrist coalition to which the Government has looked for its majorities during the last two years.

On the subject of the recent Moroccan negotiations between France and Germany, there is an extremely frank and persuasive statement in last week's *Outlook*, by the German Ambassador at Washington, Count von Bernstorff. The German Ambassador declares that "no one who knew the conditions in Morocco as they really were, and not as one perhaps wished them to be, could entertain the slightest doubt that a French protectorate must in course of time be established." It follows that "for the German Government there was only one way open to protect German commercial interests in Morocco, viz., by securing France's protection of these interests." No difficulties would have arisen between Paris and Berlin had it not been for the French colonial fanatics, who "could not await the ripening of the Moroccan fruit." There followed the French expedition to Fez, and Germany's move at Agadir. One query is suggested by Count von Bernstorff's statement. He declares that there could be no doubt as to the "price" Germany would ask, namely, increased guarantees in Morocco and compensation in the form of colonial territory. As to the first demand there can, of course, be no question. But if, as the German Ambassador admits, a French protectorate in Morocco was logical and inevitable, why should "compensation in the form of colonial territory" be accruing to Germany?

The French Government now faces the task of organizing its protectorate machinery in Morocco. The precise forms in which the French domination will be expressed are of no great importance. There is little variation to the protectorate scheme of government. The native ruler remains as nominal head of the Government, with European "advisers" to keep him in the narrow path. The finances and the army pass under the foreign control, and in the case of the latter we usually find the building up of a native military force under European officers. But in the case of Morocco, it is recognized that there is the serious work of pacification to go hand in hand with the business of organizing a government. The French troops are at present in control of the maritime province of Shawia, the principal capital, Fez, and the frontier zone between Algeria and Morocco. Elsewhere there may be severe fighting before the French authority is completely established. An army of 100,000 men may not be too large for the work in hand.

The introduction of votes for women on a basis of full equality with men is foreshadowed in the speech from the throne at the reopening of the Swedish Parliament. The Scandinavian countries are to-day in the forefront of the movement for woman's emancipation and seem determined to hold their place. Women are now on an equal footing with men in Finland and, with certain modifications, in Norway. It is natural enough that woman's claims for political recognition should make their way first in those countries where the women, taken as a whole, come nearest to the cultural level occupied by the male electorate. But it is something more than school education that is at work. The social life of Scandinavia knows much less of the traditional restrictions and proprieties that characterize the relations of the sexes the world over. From Scandinavia we have come to expect morbid treatment given by women to the problems affecting woman's welfare, sincerely in the case of an Ellen Key, sensationally in the case of a Karin Michaelis.

ROOSEVELT THE PLOTTER.

Evidence accumulates every day that Mr. Roosevelt is engaged in an intrigue to defeat President Taft at all hazards. The plotting really began from the day of Mr. Taft's inauguration. The audacious man had refused to take orders from his predecessor. He had the impudence to suppose that he was President, not Roosevelt. That was enough. Taft would have to be taught the perils of insubordination. When Roosevelt sailed for Africa, he sent a telegram pledging "loyalty" to Taft, but it was another case of "Art thou in health, my brother?" and then the dagger under the fifth rib. From the beginning until this day, Roosevelt and the Roosevelt circle have devoted themselves to undermining the President. Their course has been one of consistent belittling and backbiting. Some of his measures they have attacked openly; others they have sought to discredit by the meanest insinuations in secret. With less generosity than a red Indian, with unconcealed disloyalty to friendship and to the party, they have gone about by every means in their power—by trick and hint and sneer and scorn—discrediting Mr. Taft so as to make his reelection seem impossible, and so to rob him of the renomination to which under all the rules and proprieties he is entitled. It has been one long exhibition of faithlessness and truculence.

The hope was, of course, to alarm the party managers and to frighten Taft off the field. It was believed that by ceaseless iteration of the assertion that he could not be elected, he would become so discouraged or disgusted as to withdraw from the contest. That scheme, however, fell to the ground. The President announced that nothing but death could keep him from fighting for a second nomination. This dashed the first confident expectation of the conspirators. But they soon concocted another plan, and that is now in full operation. The past week has seen it uncovered. Briefly, an organization was formed and heavily financed to place Roosevelt in the running. Of its intent and methods we may judge by what it has set about doing. The aim was to create, by the lavish use of money and all kinds of artful appeals to the disgruntled and the expectant, the appearance of a "spontaneous" demand for Roosevelt in various parts of the country. There was to be cleverly engineered a self-moved uprising of the party for Roosevelt, which would compel him to yield his personal wish not to be a candidate. And we have duly had the carefully prepared voluntary "demonstrations" in Missouri and Illinois, in Ohio and West Virginia and elsewhere. The bombs which the Roosevelt dark-lantern men had painstakingly planted were exploded according to an agreed programme.

And who are the men, with what motives, that are now working desperately to pull down the President, in order to set up Roosevelt? There are, of course, exceptions among them. A few are of the sort who still cling to their old ideals of Roosevelt. But the majority of those who are supplying the funds and instigating the plot are financiers of the standing of George W. Perkins and Dan Hanna, with some rich men under indictment; while former office-holders and eager candidates are numbered by the hundred. Look up the record of many of the men who are now clamoring for Roosevelt as the greatest citizen of the world, and you will find that they are politicians out of a job, postmasters dismissed for cause, or district-attorneys whom Roosevelt himself was on the point of ousting for drunkenness, and whom President Taft refused to continue in office. And every little fellow who wants to be sheriff or county clerk, every man among the bigger fry who is ambitious to go to the House or Senate, and who feels that under present conditions he has no chance, is prompted to add his voice to the irrepressible and unforced demand of the people that Roosevelt be a candidate once more.

That he will be is as yet by no means certain. It is plain that he does not relish the idea of having to go out and fight for the nomination. And if he thinks that his winning is doubtful, he will surely not rush into the battle. Nor would he desire a nomination that might be followed by defeat. It is, therefore, not at all impossible that, if the tide does not a little later seem to be setting in his direction overwhelmingly, he may dig up and publish a letter written some weeks ago and declaring that he would under no circumstances be a candidate. Such astute manufacturing of evidence in advance, to be used only if the occasion requires, is a manœuvre with which he has made us familiar. Yet it is not these contingencies, one way or the other, that are most attracting the attention of sober-minded men throughout the land, but the nature of the proceeding itself in which Mr. Roosevelt is now engaged. He is working like a mole underground. The most open, manly, and chivalrous of human beings is acting like a fellow in the cellarage. Without reason given or cause assigned, he is pushing on a plot to undo one for whom he has professed the most ardent friendship and a President whom he has certified to his fellow-countrymen in the most glowing words of his vocabulary. This is the thing which is startling all who believe in honorable political methods, and is rapidly heaping upon Mr. Roosevelt a burden of suspicion which even he cannot long endure. There are many different ways in which he would like people to think of him, but he cannot wish them to regard him as a treacherous friend and a midnight plotter.

THE PRESIDENT'S EFFICIENCY MESSAGE.

To the President's sweeping recommendation for the extension of the merit system, contained in his message of last week, a double interest attaches. The scope of the reforms he proposes—which indeed he has indicated on former occasions—is of itself such as to demand the attention of the nation. His proposal contemplates nothing less than the extension to "heads of bureaus in the departments at Washington, and of most of the local offices under the departments," of the same system of appointment, retention, and promotion for merit as now applies to nearly all the positions of lower grade in the Federal service. The President explicitly faces the fact that this change must involve the relinquishment by the Senate of its power of confirmation as to these higher offices and the abandonment of fixed terms of years for their tenure. "So long," he says, "as appointments to these offices must be confirmed by the Senate, and so long as appointments to them must be made every four years, just so long will it be impossible to provide a force of employees with a reasonably permanent tenure who are qualified by reason of education and training to do the best work."

But a distinctive interest is given to the recommendation by the fact that it

occurs as incidental to the question of efficiency and economy, and not primarily as a measure of general administrative or political reform. The message deals in the main with the labors of the Efficiency Commission, which has been successfully looking into details of departmental management and instituting changes which, as the President shows, have resulted, and will result in the future still more, in important savings for the Government. The aspect of the beneficial results of a system of appointment and promotion for merit which is thus brought to the front is one that in these days will find ample recognition. The idea of the heightened efficiency attainable, even in energetically conducted private enterprises, by the adoption of carefully thought-out methods, has recently acquired a prominence never before known. That the merit system, so long derided as a hobby of impractical doctrinaires, should thus be brought into effective relation with a movement which is the quintessence of practicality is striking testimony to its recognized success in actual experience. In the earlier days its advocates rested their case chiefly on its necessity for the purification of politics, and they were eminently right in so doing; but they also stoutly asserted its value from the standpoint of efficiency, and they have been abundantly vindicated.

The President enumerates several ways in which the extension of the merit system to the higher posts in the Government service will conduce to efficiency and economy. All of these are highly important; but one that he does not specifically name is perhaps the most important of all. Invaluable as has been the advance that our present methods embody, as compared with the old spoils system, the civil service has thus far presented an anomaly the removal of which is necessary to its complete vitalization. The subordinate employee sees fitness rewarded by appointment, and fidelity and efficiency rewarded by promotion, but sees this process end precisely at the point where its results might be expected to be most significant. The skill and experience he may have acquired in years of service are ignored by the Government when it comes to the filling of posts. At the head of the bureau, or the post office, or the Custom House, or the Internal Revenue office, is placed a man brought in from the outside and appointed for personal or political reasons. The difference, not only as regards the qualifications of these heads of offices, but also as regards the ambition and energy which may under such circumstances be expected of subordinate officials, is obvious. The adoption of the President's recommendation would mean a really fundamental step in administrative progress.

If that step should be taken, our country would be entering upon no novel experiment, but simply doing that which the Government of every advanced modern country except our own has long practiced. The ground has been thoroughly laid for it; the merit system within its present very large domain has been tried and tested, and at no time has it been found necessary to take a backward step. With such a record, we must not rest content at a half-way stage. What England and Germany do as a matter of course, it ought now to require no tremendous effort to bring our country to do. What remains of the spoils system in the Federal service still has consequences the same in kind, though not in degree, as the whole overshadowing growth had in the old days; and the functions of government have so enlarged, its expenditures have become so enormous, that the interest of the people in procuring the best possible administration is of more consequence than ever before. The advance pointed out by President Taft is bound to come sooner or later; but he has done a great national service by pressing it upon the attention of Congress, and thus speeding the time when it will be effected.

IRISH HOME RULE.

The next session of the British Parliament does not begin until the middle of February, but the opening guns in the Home Rule campaign have already been fired. The question will undoubtedly be as bitterly fought as any issue that has come before Parliament during the present generation, not excepting the contest over the Finance bill of 1909 or the limitation of the powers of the House of Lords last year. Both of these questions, though of the highest importance in themselves, were in a sense the preparation for the coming battle. It had long ago been recognized that Home Rule was impossible if the upper house retained its veto power on legislation. And it was the Lords' ill-advised eagerness to bring their position to a test that was partly responsible for the rejection of the famous budget. As the Unionist party would describe it, Home Rule is the price paid by Mr. Asquith to Mr. Redmond for being allowed to remain in office. The Liberals, on the other hand, would call Home Rule merely one feature of the democratic programme of which the Parliament bill, Old Age Pensions, and Lloyd George's Insurance bill formed other parts. Even the Liberals would not attempt to maintain that without Mr. Redmond's support any portion of their programme could have been made into law. But if every political alliance for mutual advantage is a bargain, the Liberal-Labor-Nationalist alliance in Parliament can afford to stand up under the charge. At any rate, the question has by this time gone far beyond words to realities.

There is one consideration which at first sight would seem to preclude the probability of a violent contest over Home Rule. The question has already been brought before the country, though indirectly. In both general elections of 1910, the Opposition did its best to make Home Rule the paramount issue. It argued, and with undeniable force, that the shackling of the House of Lords meant the break-up of the Union; and for that matter, the Liberals were not greatly concerned to deny the charge. If, then, the country refused to turn Mr. Asquith out of office, the inference would be that the people either approved Home Rule or were indifferent to it. Either supposition would indicate clear sailing for the new bill. But when all is said and done, there were other issues before the electorate in 1910. If Home Rule by itself had been submitted to the people there would probably have been a more emphatic expression of opinion, one way or the other. The Opposition will probably argue that the present Parliament has no mandate on Home Rule. It will be the opposite of what they argued in 1910, but consistency in times of stress is a minor consideration. The Unionists' chief hope is undoubtedly in a referendum on the subject.

At the same time it is not a very strong hope. The present Government, after two general elections within a single year, is content to sit tight. It will

try to pass a Home Rule bill in three consecutive sessions, and thus make it law without the consent of the Lords. And the Unionist attack, from present indications, will be directed not so much against the enactment of any bill as against the enactment of a bill such as Mr. Redmond wants. Protestant Ulster, of course, has been threatening fire and sword if Home Rule comes to pass. Sir Edward Carson still talks of marching from Belfast upon the Dublin Parliament. Political feeling, according to the latest reports, is running high in the north of Ireland. But, on the whole, it may be said that the threat of civil war has failed to impress the country at large. Instead of war, Ulster is now threatening pacific resistance. It will refuse to pay taxes to the Dublin Parliament, and see what the Catholic majority is going to do about it.

But the Ulster Protestants are not content to wait until the Dublin Parliament becomes a fact. The *Spectator* announces a policy which may find expression in the coming debates in Parliament. "We are glad to have absolute warrant for stating," says the *Spectator*, "that if the Government are mad enough to insist on passing, as well as producing, a Home Rule bill, the men of Ulster will demand that the measure shall not operate within their boundaries." It is an extraordinary proposal which calls for the splitting up of Ireland into two political entities, with the Catholic provinces of Munster, Leinster, and Connaught under a Parliament at Dublin, and Ulster retaining its present status as a section of the United Kingdom under the direct authority of the Parliament at Westminster. The reasons cited for the proposal are familiar. The Protestant minority will never consent to be governed by the Catholic majority, and prosperous Ulster will not let itself be plundered by the tax-gatherers from Dublin in favor of the poverty-stricken provinces of the south. The *Spectator* is aware of a weak point in its own argument, and attempts to explain it away. Even "Protestant" Ulster is not really Protestant. In that province, too, the Catholics are in a majority. It is only in Belfast and certain counties that the Protestants are in the ascendency. Hence the bill should provide that any county which refuses to come under the Dublin Parliament shall be at liberty to retain its present status. The *Spectator* admits that the Government cannot accept this demand; but it argues that the claim will force the Government into a position where it must either abandon Home Rule or be prepared to enforce it at the point of the bayonet.

To the outside observer, the *Spectator's* demand is quite as impossible as that journal admits it is. What is not so apparent is that bloodshed is the only alternative. The debates in Parliament will bring forward the question why the Ulstermen, even though they are in a minority, should have so little confidence in their superior political training, their wealth, and their powerful backing in England, as to foresee themselves utterly subdued and pillaged by the Irishmen of the south. Is it conceivable that two-thirds of a nation will proceed to oppress and plunder the remaining third? Is it conceivable that the Imperial Parliament will tolerate any such policy? The fears of the Ulstermen give the impression of being partly hysteria and partly deliberate exaggeration for political effect.

WITHHOLDING PUBLIC RECORDS.

The battle now on in the War Department between Dr. Ainsworth, the Adjutant-General of the army, and Dr. Wood, the Chief of Staff, is, curiously enough, of especial interest to historical students and writers the country over. Not because they care which of these former medical officers runs the army, but because they are hoping that something will happen to remove Gen. Ainsworth from the control of the records of the War Department. With the rise of this remarkable officer most newspaper readers are familiar. Originally an assistant surgeon in the army, he was assigned in 1887 to the Record and Pension Bureau, and there his special genius quickly manifested itself. Here is his achievement as set forth in "Who's Who":

> Devised and introduced the index-record card system, by means of which all military and medical records have been reproduced in such a way as to make the full history of any soldier immediately available. Upwards of 50,000,000 index-record cards have been prepared and placed on file. The adoption of this system has resulted in a permanent saving of over $500,000 per annum.

Now, this brilliant service to the Government has very properly been recognized. The War Department and Congress alike appreciated it, and so Dr. Ainsworth became successively colonel and chief of the Record and Pension Office in 1892, brigadier-general and chief in 1899, and Major-General and Military Secretary of the entire army in 1904, his title being changed to the historic one of Adjutant-General in 1907. For virtually the first time in the history of the service, this important position was given to a man who had never served in command of troops. Congress was, of course, willing, because Dr. Ainsworth's service had been of especial value to it. If a Congressman wished a soldier's record, Ainsworth got it to him in the shortest order. It might have taken weeks before, and sometimes months. But after Dr. Ainsworth took hold, order appeared out of chaos. The same has been true since Gen. Ainsworth has had entire charge of the records of the War Department. Let a Congressman desire any information and as many clerks as can be used on the task will work overtime, and the major-general in charge will wait until midnight at his desk, if necessary, in order to sign the letter. It is not surprising, therefore, that Congress should have gratefully included in the first draft of the pending Hay Army bill a provision that, four years hence on reaching the age-limit, Gen. Ainsworth should retire as a lieutenant-general, a rank reserved prior to the Spanish War for Washington, Scott, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and Schofield.

Unfortunately, when a man of ability has devoted his life to a single thing like a card-catalogue system, he is very apt to confuse the means and the end. Gradually, so the historians have found, the all-important thing in Gen. Ainsworth's mind has become the preservation untouched of that record. All the public documents under his charge have become like so many typhoid-fever patients, to be nursed with tenderest care and to be seen only by the nurses and the doctors. To this rule the only exceptions have been Congressmen or their especial friends. Let a mere teacher of history, an insignificant college professor, or a writer of books, seek access to original records, and Dr. Ainsworth knew what to say. Brisk, sharp, and to the point was the never-failing rebuke for such audacity. In only one case known to us was this guardian of the

threshold passed; the historian came armed with a letter from the Commander-in-Chief in the White House, whereupon the sentries fell back.

But the ordinary seeker after information in the archives has no such luck. If the matter about which he inquires has been printed, he is referred to that publication, and if he objects that he is after the originals, and not a transcript which may or may not have been altered, his objection is overruled with the finality of the Supreme Court. The other day a contributor to the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, who wished to compile the records of the graduates of Harvard in the army of the United States, was rash enough to think that the records of the War Department were there for precisely this kind of purpose. The Adjutant-General quickly undeceived him, and he writes sadly as follows:

> The Adjutant-General of the War Department will not furnish information contained in the archives in his custody. The following endorsement appears on one of my applications for facts: "Under the rules of this Department the information requested cannot be furnished for historical purposes." I digress to say, I am willing to pay public servants for any work done at my request, and submit an impertinent inquiry: Under what "rules" do pension attorneys with sordid and sinister motives acquire knowledge of this character?

Not so long ago Dr. Dunbar Rowland of the Department of Archives and History in Mississippi attempted to get material from Gen. Ainsworth for the military history of his State. He received the usual refusal, but was not to be put off so easily. Then Gen. Ainsworth used a trump card. "It is simply out of the question," he wrote, "to permit any one not under the control of the Department and not trained in the use of card files to have access to those files. . . . To make an exception in your favor would open the door to a flood of appeals from others who would demand, and rightfully, that similar favors should be shown to them." "You must regard," concluded this autocrat, "the decision as final." Dr. Rowland was impertinent enough to remind Gen. Ainsworth that the State Government had aided him in perfecting the records of the War Department, and declined to accept any decision as final which refused him access to the public records.

But his efforts were in vain, and Gen. Ainsworth's rules are now applied to all historical material in the War Department. For example, no one can get at the reports there of Gen. Robert E. Lee, nor at the papers of Jefferson Davis. And complete historical writing about the latter is impossible at present, until Gen. Ainsworth is overruled. To us it appears as if it should be only necessary to call attention to this grave abuse and to point out that in the Public Records Office in London searchers after historical material, whether from England or from the United States, enjoy the freest access to all records. The records are public property, and to be used as such. Card catalogues are good in their way, but the Department's worship of them has been carried beyond all bounds. Historical students the country over will gladly petition Congress to give Gen. Ainsworth his lieutenant-generalcy, but upon one condition—that he retire at once. Meanwhile, we can only advise those who want historical facts in Gen. Ainsworth's custody to seek them through Congressmen. We are told that this works well.

BUREAUS OF INFORMATION.

Among the many attempts to define the present age, the two most met with are extreme and quite opposed to each other. One waves aside antiquity as a blundering waste of good opportunity, and is all for the progress of the present; the other, with a sigh for the days that are no more, proclaims that man's mind has grown feeble with age. The first view is, of course, blind with conceit; the second recalls Edmund Spenser's "Teares of the Muses," in which he decided, at a time when English poetry was beginning upon a flight never since equalled, that there was little hope for its future. In the array of evidence which both sides have presented we are surprised that no inferences have been drawn from one important institution of our modern civilization—the more so because it might be made to point in either of the two directions. We mean the bureau of information.

Looked at in one way, it should bring great joy to modernists. It seems to indicate that the mind of man has not lost its capacity for storing up a mass of facts. Bacon took all knowledge for his province. But did Bacon have more at his tongue's end than the man who sits in the Grand Central Station and declares without pride or swelling the precise moment at which you can catch the next train for Hartford, New Rochelle, or Peru, Indiana? New trains are continually added, schedules are changed, but the position of informer is easily filled. Or what shall we say of that gentleman at the desk of the National Library in Paris in which there is no public catalogue of books printed before 1880, because this same gentleman can tell you what you are seeking if you come anywhere near the title? Or how shall we explain the floorwalker in the modern department store?

But there is another side to all this. The question is whether the very accessibility of information does not tend to relieve the ordinary man of the need of thinking altogether. It is all very well to plan for leaders who, with every convenience, work out titanic ideas, but if the fact-collecting masses cannot understand them, the superman thus created will be of little avail. At any rate, average man, it should seem from a wide range of instances, is being pampered. Formerly when a citizen heard the fire-bell, he counted the strokes and, consulting his brief guide to locate the neighborhood of the conflagration, tried to reason out whose house or shop it could be. It couldn't be Mr. Jones's shop, because he allowed no smoking on the premises; it couldn't be Mrs. Smith's house, since she had no open fireplaces. The chances were the reasoning would be faulty, but conclusions proceeded from premises, and the process of actual thinking took place. Now the moment a person is interested in a fire he calls up "Central" and finds out all about it. Oh, Central! mother of all bureaus! When the clock stops, there is no more the pretty calculation from the position of the sun that my lord will soon be home, and that it is time to put on the potatoes. Again Central is consulted, and Central always knows the "correct time." All of which may be better for my lord and for the potatoes, but scarcely for his lady's powers of thinking. Withal, the mind is becoming nervous and irritable. In Miss Abigail Athington's memory runs the incomplete stanza:

> Life is like a flower
> Turning toward the sun;
> Ah, if I had power
> To . . .

To what? To . . . she cannot endure

not knowing. Instead of sitting down and trying to determine where she learned that stanza, and so to piece it out for herself, she must write to another bureau—the Queries and Answers columns. And, sure enough, a subscriber from Nipissing, Mich.—the editor having given it up—completes the last verse.

It is no doubt comforting, even inspiring, to reflect that in any large community, or say, in a university town, can be found the answer to every reasonable question—that experts in all conceivable subjects are at your service when handy books of reference and "Central" fail. But it might perhaps be just as well for the mental fibre of the present generation if once in so often a censorship were put over questions, or if to any person were permitted only a given number a month. It would then come over mankind how little it depends upon its own powers of reasoning. Perhaps then the excitable maiden would refrain from inquiring, "At what time does the eight o'clock train for Buffalo start?"

REWRITING THE DECALOGUE.

A careful reading of Sunday sermons as reported in Monday morning newspapers shows that there is increasing interest in the Ten Commandments. Such interest manifests itself principally in the endeavor to revise the Decalogue by bringing its message into closer touch with the questions of the day. Clergymen are naturally the principal factors in the movement, though occasionally a President of the United States or a retired captain of industry takes a hand. The changes proposed are of all kinds, but it may safely be said that none of them runs towards a simplification of the Biblical phraseology. On that point, the language of Exodus leaves little to be desired. There is a fine epigrammatic sting about phrases like "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not steal," "Six days shalt thou labor," which gives them a place beside some of the very best things by Mr. Chesterton. The modern improvements tend rather towards amplification, addition, and substitution. Frequently a preacher will emphasize the necessity of a Decalogue of eleven, twelve, or even more commandments. Occasionally one of the ten original injunctions and prohibitions will be discarded as out-of-date. Most revisers, however, cling to the old number, contenting themselves when the need arises with substituting one of their own commandments for one enunciated on Sinai.

We have no quarrel with the men who are engaged in translating the words of the old Law into terms of the present day. There have been revised versions of the Bible, and one of them has seen fit to throw over completely the language of the Authorized Version in favor of the language that obtains, let us say, in the current magazines. We are not prepared to say where the line should be drawn in such modern revisions, or whether there should be any line drawn at all. In course of time it may become necessary to alter the Biblical text in accordance with Professor Lounsbury's conception of the evolution of grammar, and write, "Be not afraid, it is me," or "Moses stood and said, whom is on the Lord's side." Usage has the final word. If usage commands, whom will dare to say nay? Not us, for one.

To the extent, therefore, that the Bible is the handiwork of man, it cannot hope to be exempt from the universal law of the day which ordains that we shall give the public what it wants. If the public wants a Decalogue with twelve commandments in it, we presume the public ought to have it. If the public wants its moral law put into simplified spelling, that, too, will come in good time. Much less reason is there, consequently, for refusing the pulpit the right to give the public what it wants in the way of Ten Commandments trained on the specific issues of the moment. In spite of what we have said regarding the admirable simplicity of the language of the Decalogue, there is no denying that that interesting document is altogether too abstract for our own times, is sadly lacking in news value. What the times require is a Decalogue with a "kick" to it.

There is all the less ground for criticising the growing class of Sunday editors of the text of Moses, because the movement is distinctly in accordance with a principle which obtains everywhere in the modern world, and in this country more than elsewhere. This modern principle is that laws are primarily made to be amended, revised, and repealed, and only secondarily to be executed. Among us, if a law is not obeyed, we shrink from enforcing it. We rather pass a second law which also is not obeyed, but which at least gives voice to the people's dissatisfaction with the first one. Thus with the Decalogue. If its ten provisions are violated, add some more, or subtract some, or rewrite some, or change the order. It would be old-fashioned to be content with driving home the Ten Commandments as they stand. We need the touch of actuality, the specific case, the accusing finger. And, unfortunately, whatever inspiration rested upon the author of the Tables of the Law, the Decalogue does not make mention of insurance thieves, beef barons, and locked doors in factory buildings.

By this time, it has been made clear how far our sympathies run with the Decalogue revisers. It is only a word of warning that we would here inject. The thing is in great danger of being overdone. Unauthorized individuals are drawing up all sorts of Decalogues of their own, admirable enough in their way, but by their very multiplicity somewhat deficient as guides to conduct. There are numberless little Mount Sinais in action. We have Decalogues beginning "Thou shalt brush thy teeth twice a day and raise thy bed-room window from the bottom"; or "Thou shalt read faithfully the publications of the Bureau of Municipal Research." It is all very confusing.

FRENCH BOOK NOTES.—HISTORY.

PARIS, January 12.

"Valentine de Milan, Duchesse d'Orléans" (Plon—444 pages, 8vo, 7.50 francs), by Emile Collas, is an attractive book made possible by modern methods of historical study:

> I have made use of published works and of the manuscripts kept in our archives and libraries, printed books, and unpublished documents. I believe I have written conscientiously and impartially, otherwise this book would not be history but legend or romance. . . . I have indicated, I think, the certain or only probable character of the facts which have come before me.

The result is an enlightening "life and times" of a gentle, righteous, refined, and cultivated princess of Italy, who was married in her early youth to a French prince not unlike herself, though capable of princely infidelity. Together they had to struggle against a world very unlike themselves, vainly and in sadness at the time, but for their people's good, as the long run of time has shown.

Valentine Visconti, whose father was

shortly to become Duke of Milan, made her appearance in Paris, Sunday, August 22, 1389, in the coronation cortège of Queen Isabeau, who was to be her fiercest persecutor. The book opens with a minute picture of this royal procession, its personages and costumes, and the people's rejoicings, and of King Charles VI, already half-mad, dodging round street corners to look at it. The fatal dance of the Sauvages, the power of Valentine to soothe the King's fury and the Queen's accusation that Valentine was casting spells over him; the people's passion against her and her enforced exile from Paris; the birth of her son, the poet Charles d'Orléans; her relations with foreign ministers and her private life; the assassination in Paris of her husband, Louis Duke of Orléans, by Jean sans Peur, Duke of Burgundy; her return to Paris, and patient suit before the King to avenge her husband's memory; the capture of the city by Jean sans Peur and her death in new exile; the woes which her defeat brought on France until Joan of Arc, who also triumphed only in death, came to chase the English from France and crush the Burgundian; the coming of Valentine's posterity to the throne of France in the persons of Louis XII and Francis I; the troubling of her and her husband's bones in the great Revolution, and their final dispersion in the new Revolution of 1848—all this furnishes material and local color and plots for any number of historical romances, yet it is history quite authentic. "Every one knows the name of Valentine of Milan; no one, or next to no one, knows her history. . . . It had not been written; I have tried to give it in this volume."

Louis Batiffol, whose successive volumes, documentary and readable, have made him a chief authority on Louis XIII, takes up a side question, "Were Anne of Austria and Mazarin married?" in the *Revue Hebdomadaire* (December 23, 1911). It has a certain actuality from recent discussions of the correspondence between the two; and in France even century-old history is so largely controversy that it is still sometimes insinuated Louis XIV might well be son of the Italian Cardinal and not of the Bourbon King. There was no great impediment in the way of their marrying after the death of Louis XIII, for Mazarin was not a priest; but M. Batiffol brings out all the improbability of it.

Richelieu on his deathbed pointed out Mazarin to the King as the only man able to save the political situation; and the King in turn made his Queen, Anne of Austria, promise not to give up Mazarin after his own death. Louis XIV lived under the two until his twenty-third year, evidently without suspicion, although his love for his mother cannot be doubted. Madame de Motteville, the close companion of Anne of Austria's widowhood, in her Memoirs, which have all the air of sincerity, seems never to have heard of any rumor of the kind; and Cardinal de Retz, who loved neither the Queen nor Mazarin, and was likely to have known, was evidently equally ignorant. It was only when the Fronde with its agitation against the Cardinal's policies began, that the idea was broached as an easy and popular explanation of his power. To make it more credible, it was added that the "secret but not clandestine" marriage had been celebrated by Père Vincent (St. Vincent de Paul)! All this went no further than a *mazarinade* at the time; but sixty years later it fell somehow into the heavy German consciousness of the Princess Palatine, Duchess of Orléans—and she hastened to accredit it before posterity.

The letters between the Queen when regent and the Cardinal (both were between fifty and sixty years of age) were written in a cipher which Mazarin himself complains he cannot always read. By very uncertain transcriptions, a school of higher criticism has everywhere translated their undoubted "amitié," which seems natural enough under the circumstances, into a supposed "amour," which M. Batiffol argues from known facts is altogether improbable. The date and circumstances of the marriage of Louis XIV and Madame de Maintenon have never been known; yet no one (except Mark Twain) has doubted it, for the sufficient reason, among others, of its contemporary acceptance shown, for example, by the severe and knowing Saint-Simon. For Anne of Austria and Cardinal Mazarin there is not a trace of anything of the kind. Cardinal de Retz said of historians of his time:

> I admire the insolence of persons of no condition who imagine they have penetrated the inmost hearts of those who take part in great affairs. I found one day on the study table of Monsieur le Prince (le Grand Condé) two or three works of such servile and venal souls, and he said as he saw me looking at them: "Those wretched writers make of you and me what they would have been in our places!"

"La Mère de Napoléon" (Fontemoing —315 pages 12mo, 3.50 francs), by C. de Tschudi, should be welcome to the many interested in the mother of Napoleon. Madame Mère, as she was called, never put on any of the numerous crowns he distributed among his eager family. At most, she saved the money that came to her with the pathetic foresight of a widow who had brought up her wonderful eight children in straitened circumstances. "*Pourvu que ça dure* (provided it lasts)!" was her saying all through the days of glory, in which—

> The Kings sat down to dinner, the Queens stood up to dance.

She lived until 1836, more than twenty years after it ceased to last, nearly fifteen after her Napoleon died in St. Helena. Another Emperor Napoleon, who came later for eighteen splendid years, had her body taken back to her native Corsica in 1857 and built over it the chapel tomb with the proud inscription in letters of gold on black marble—*Mater Regum*.

Baron Larrey, son of Napoleon's surgeon, has written of her in two volumes and Frédéric Masson has dealt with her in his extraordinary writings on Napoleon's family. This little book of Madame de Tschudi is easy reading and carefully compiled from all that has hitherto been published. It tells her story, domestic, maternal, heroic, with sympathy, even in the Corsican family's vendetta against Josephine (they went further and found worse in Marie Louise). Particularly interesting are the chapters of the life in Corsica, where Doctor Johnson's General Paoli appears agreeably for those who like to "situate" their historical personages in generations of their own acquaintance. The father was a spendthrift, loving wine and women and variety of life like his youngest son, the Jerome Bonaparte who lightly married his Baltimore wife, and as easily left her. It is characteristic that the nearest friend of Napoleon's mother, until death separated them in 1835, was the German princess whom Napoleon imposed on Jerome as a wife. This could hardly have been the foresight of duration, although Catherine of Westphalia alone, among the Bonaparte wives, left posterity able to furnish French Pretenders down to our own day. The next generation may see the American line of Betty Patterson left alone to perpetuate the name.

Madame de Tschudi notes that, although Napoleon's mother consented to sign the legal protest, which was effective in French law, against Jerome's American marriage, she long hesitated to repudiate its validity, which the Pope recognized to the end. She does not seem to have had the same scruples about Josephine's marriage, which Napoleon took care should not be judged by the Pope, but by the local *officialité* of the diocese of Paris. The latter case brings up another unsettled question of history, which even Henri Welschinger does not seem to have appreciated in his work on the "Divorce of Napoleon." It concerns the marriage of Marie Louise, with Neipperg, for which it has always been difficult to assign a date. Their son, the late Prince de Monte Nuovo, whose legitimacy was not questioned from the first, was born a few weeks after Napoleon's death; but Marie Louise's remarriage was long before a matter of common report. Even the House of Austria had to keep up a certain observance of the proprieties. Did they not act on the public sentiment that the Church, that is, the Pope, had never recognized the an-

nulment of Josephine's marriage with Napoleon?

In any case, Napoleon's mother seems to have entered cordially into her son's second matrimonial venture, although she took occasion to warn him that Marie Louise was *nulle* if not worse. Madame Mère shared her son's exile in the island of Elba; and to her he confided his departure to try his fortune over again in France. After Waterloo, the actor Talma, who was the reader of Queen Hortense, saw the last act of the tragedy at Malmaison, where Josephine had lately died. Napoleon and his mother bade farewell for ever. Two tears rolled down her cheeks as she clasped his hand: "Adieu, my son!" Napoleon answered sadly, "Adieu, my mother!" And they kissed for the last time. That was all, for real life has no rhetoric.

"L'Impératrice Joséphine" (Calmann-Lévy—360 pages, 8vo, 7.50 francs), by the Baron de Méneval, is a life taken "from the testimony of her principal historians." The author is a grandson of Napoleon's secretary, whose memoirs he has edited. He tells his story clearly and with fair completeness, from its beginnings in the West Indies to the end while Napoleon was exiled in Elba. The only unpublished material which he seems to have used for this very readable and favorable life of Josephine is a collection of letters of Queen Hortense, which he has in his possession. Perhaps the most striking words are those in which the daughter defends her mother from the point of view of history. She had lived to see the irruption of what would now be called "interviews" into sober history from the dead past. "I have read all the works which have appeared," she writes in 1825; "the conversations have not common sense. How can you repeat what was scarcely heard, so fugitive that tone and features sometimes say more than language . . . It is new and piquant to speak evil of my mother—for myself, I have long been used to it. For that matter, we are great puppets made to play to amuse the passing reader and gain money." In 1834 she writes: "History is already beginning for us—and where are they looking for what concerns us? In libellous pamphlets which have been left unanswered since 1815." The mother of Napoleon in her exile had long since used her common sense and refused to see Madame de Staël: "She will go off and write things which she will say I said to her!"

A pretentious play of 1911, professing to be historical, but only insolent with the passion of historical controversy, has tried unsuccessfully to bring before the Paris public the old stories of Josephine and a Monsieur Charles, supposedly an officer under Napoleon at Milan. Henri Welschinger has remarked in a few caustic words of year-end review that there is no proof of the story nor even of the identity or existence of the man! Our author has taken less account of these controversies than Madame de Tschudi, who finds in Josephine's relations with Barras an excuse for the hostility of the Bonaparte women towards her from the start. His book will ground the reader pleasantly and with a knowledge of authentic testimonies in the history of one whose life he well sums up:

> In spite of reproaches deserved or undeserved, Josephine in the people's memory remains one of the best-loved sovereigns of France. She was the good genius of Napoleon. . . . In spite of the efforts of iconoclasts to mutilate the features of the gracious Creole, Josephine will remain the "good Empress" for those who place at the head of all qualities those which come from the heart—gentleness, kindness, goodness.

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

There lies on the table before me a slender novel with paper cover in red, white, and blue. It bears the imprint of a Chicago publisher and the date 1908. On the front cover is an illustration of a man and woman kissing with all the abandon of stage kisses. There is also a frontispiece of a similar nature, and the advertisements of Post Card Booklets that occupy the vacant pages are not the most refined company for any self-respecting writer to keep. There is no indication of an author, however, for this volume has evidently found its readers among a class that do not consider matters so impertinent as authorship. The suggestive title (in red letters) is "Love Adventures of a Milkmaid." Poor Mr. Hardy! how he might shudder to recognize his offspring in such guise! For this is none other than "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," by the author of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." It was first published, as we learn from Mr. Lane's bibliography of Hardy, in the *Graphic Summer Number* for 1883, and later appeared (January 25, 1884) in the pocket edition of George Munro's Seaside Library. Mr. Lane gives no account of its later history; and he has missed several of the earlier links in the chain. The book was not first issued by Munro in January, 1884; there was an earlier issue of the pocket edition on December 15, 1883. Still earlier was the Seaside issue, No. 1686, not in the pocket edition, dated July 14, 1883. But most interesting of the intermediate versions is what is no doubt the first American issue of the story, in Harper's Franklin Square Library, June 29, 1883, which reproduces the four full-page illustrations (three of them signed by C. S. Reinhart) of the *Graphic*. The American versions of the text are full of printer's errors, each adding some to those of its predecessor, until we reach the pocket edition of Munro, many times reprinted since 1883; one could hardly imagine a text more badly printed, more full of mistakes, more distressing to read, than this, which is in all respects identical with that of the Chicago "Love Adventures."

Harpers have long since discontinued the publication of this story, on request of the author. It seems clear that Mr. Hardy wished to have it suppressed, regarding it as a youthful indiscretion. Like the king in the fairy tale, he has abandoned his child in the woods; but things have gone quite according to the usual formula. The babe has been found by some charcoal-burner; has been brought up in obscure and humble circumstances; has grown into a stalwart and attractive youth, *le bel inconnu*. All that remains is the inevitable discovery of parentage, return to the palace, and investiture with princely regalia.

The tale is not altogether unworthy of its parentage. Being in a comic vein not very congenial to Hardy, the narrative is not to be taken seriously as a transcript from life. But its persistent survival shows that its incidents are such as to hold a reader's interest; and there is great charm about the early chapters, written much in the spirit of a fairy tale. We make the acquaintance of a mysterious melancholy foreigner, a Baron in fact, who plays somewhat the part of fairy prince, with the difference that he is not destined to marry Cinderella. Cinderella is the milkmaid, who is taken to her ball under circumstances almost as romantic as in the fairy tale. She meets her Baron in the midst of the forest, finding her wonderful dress, which is described as a "sort of heavenly cobweb," in the hollow of a tree. Very pretty is the scene in which, having donned this gossamer creation, she is unable to get out of the tree by the rift through which she entered, and the Baron is obliged to free her by tearing away "pieces of the wooden shell which enshrouded Margery and all her loveliness." After the ball, she is obliged to give up her beautiful things in the very place in which she had received them. Kindling a fire of dry sticks, the Baron prepares to burn up the dress. In vain the agonized Margery implores him to spare something of the finery:

> He was as immovable as Rhadamanthus. "No," he said, with a stern gaze of his aristocratic eye. . . . He gave the fire a stir, and lace and ribbons, and the twelve flounces, and the embroidery, and all the rest crackled and disappeared. He then put in her hands the butter-basket she had brought to take on to her grandmother's, and accompanied her to the edge of the wood, where it merged in the undulating country in which her granddame dwelt.

The story has the usual interest of the Wessex setting. Any one doubtful of the authorship of the "Love Adventures" would be soon convinced, not merely by the names of Anglebury and the Swenn, but by the landscapes with their strange large poetry. In the first paragraph we read of a valley shrouded in mist: "Nature had laid a white hand over the creatures ensconced within the vale, as a hand might be laid over a nest of chirping birds." With the next paragraph we arrive in the midst of the dairy scenery that makes so great a charm of "Tess":

> The noises that ascended through the pallid coverlet were perturbed lowings, mingled with human voices in sharps and flats, and the bark of a dog. These, followed by the slamming of a gate, explained as well as eyesight could have done, to any inhabitant of the district, that Dairyman Tucker's under-milker was driving the cows from the meads into the stalls. When a rougher accent joined in the vociferations of man and beast, that same inhabitant would have distinguished that Dairyman Tucker himself had come out to meet

the cows, pail in hand, and white pinafore on: and when, moreover, some women's voices joined in the chorus, that the cows were stalled, and proceedings about to commence.

A comparative hush followed, the atmosphere being so stagnant that the milk could be heard buzzing into the pails, together with the words of the milkmaids and men whenever they spoke above gossiping tones.

No further account need be given of the Romantic Milkmaid. It does not take a Dick Swiveller to discover the merits of this obscure Marchioness. It will be seen that she is a little undergrown sister of Tess, and for that reason to be cherished and secured from utter neglect.

JOSEPH WARREN BEACH.

Correspondence

MR. TAFT'S FITNESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial of January 11 you ask for a "bill of particulars" of the reasons why Mr. Taft should not be renominated. Have you not furnished this bill yourself? For, in another editorial, on December 7, entitled "The President's Apologia," you say that the question "will turn very largely upon the estimate of his personality, of his fitness for the work of a party leader and a national Executive"; and then, after questioning whether he has "the steady push of the born Executive," whether "his tolerance does not tend to make him slack," and intimating that he is too often compelled to "repair damages" which "a surer insight and a more resolute attitude would have prevented," you refer to the "happy-go-lucky" preparation of "his ill-starred Winona speech." "Dilatoriness and carelessness," you say, "were never more glaringly exhibited or more terribly punished." But "behind this laxness lay a graver fault. Mr. Taft was playing with fire and did not know it." "He never knew that the gun was loaded! But ignorance of this kind is almost fatal in a political leader. If he does not know by instinct or cannot discover by careful inquiry what the people are saying of a capital measure, the inevitable result is that he will make such blunders as Mr. Taft has made, and, too late, wake up to what he has done and seek to retrace his steps."

A President, you say, "should stand forth as an inspiring leader, capable of winning not merely cold approval, but warm devotion, and of raising a shining standard to which an acclaiming multitude will repair." Are you not, in these words, unconsciously describing some one you do not intend? But however that may be, you add: "That Mr. Taft has thus far shown either the eminent sagacity or the consuming energy needed for the task of leadership thus described, not *even his best friends* can assert. And the conviction is becoming slowly established that he will not be able to do so in the future."

Many other items might, indeed, be added to those which you have already supplied. There was the fulsome adulation of Aldrich at Boston; there was the appointment of the blundering and incompetent Ballinger, and the sticking to him after his unfitness had been shown by legal evidence and from his own lips; there was the imposition of the degrading conditions that made the revolt of Pinchot necessary; there was the corrupt use of the Federal patronage to coerce the political action of insurgent Congressmen, as shown by the Norton letter; there was Controller Bay; there was his support of the infamous political gang in his home city, Cincinnati, and the practical recantation of his Akron speech against Boss Cox, a speech which had been made amid a better environment than that now surrounding him. Failure has been written everywhere upon his record—the defeat of his party at the last Congressional election, his repudiation by his own State and by his own city at its recent municipal election; his failure to secure reciprocity, largely due to the effect upon Canadians of his own blundering words, of which you yourself say in your editorial of December 14, "Mr. Taft's unlucky phrase did yeoman service for the anti-reciprocity men." The list of mistakes and failures can be indefinitely extended, but why go on?

But you go further, and you say (January 11): "That the Progressive Republicans had some warrant in 1909 and 1910 for being dissatisfied with President Taft, we do not deny, but this is 1912, and they are bound to point out the exact things in his policy and attitude *to-day* which they condemn. Is it the tariff? His position on that is at least as aggressive as theirs; they cannot make an issue of that. Is it conservation? He is *now* as fully committed to the doctrine as they are," etc.

Now, some of the matters criticised above occurred within the past few months, but if they had not, what think you of a candidate who, under pressure of his desire for renomination at a closely approaching election, reverses the voluntary conduct of his earlier days? Will a mere place upon the mourner's bench at this moment make good the record of a Presidential term?

WM. DUDLEY FOULKE.

Richmond, Ind., January 14.

[Our point was, not that Mr. Taft is not open to criticism, but that his Progressive opponents do not say what present fault they find in him. Would Mr. Roosevelt, for example, endorse our correspondent's "bill"?—ED. THE NATION.]

"TELLS HIS TALE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter to the *Nation* of January 11, Prof. J. M. Hart criticises the Oxford Dictionary's explanation of Milton's

> And every shepherd tells his tale.

Let us examine Professor Hart's argument, first, as to its linguistic interpretation of *tells his tale* as a phrase idiom, and, secondly, in the light of the poetic situation.

The use Professor Hart makes of the Oxford Dictionary's quotation from "Cursor Mundi," 7164, to show that *tell his tale* is used in a numerical sense before the nineteenth century, is far from convincing. We are here dealing with an idiomatic phrase. Surely no one wants to dispute that *tell* often meant "count," and *tale*, "sum" or "number." The question is, does the idiomatic combination *tell his tale* ever mean "count his sum"? In the first place, the "Cursor Mundi" passage is not an instance of the phrase *tell his* (or *a*) *tale;* it is another idiom, meaning "count by number"—here, "a thousand that was counted by number." This passive clause when turned into the active voice becomes "that he counted by number," and in no sense "he counted his number"; the pronoun *that*, not the word *number*, is object of *counted*, just as *charges*, not *tale* or *number*, is object of *told* in Browne as quoted. The idiom *count by number* is further illustrated by the Oxford Dictionary quotations; *e. g.*, Ormin 4550, "whase wile tellenn hemm *By tale*"; "Cursor Mundi," 13302 (Cott.), "Tuelue thai war to tell *in tale*."

In the second place, by Professor Hart's own admission, the next two quotations have nothing to do with the idiom *tell his tale* in a numerical sense. His innocent-looking parenthesis in veiled subordination, "where the meaning of *tale* is 'account' rather than 'count,'" at once throws the two illustrations entirely out of court. They show absolutely nothing about the numerical sense, either of the stereotyped phrase *tell his tale*, or of the entirely different phrase which they illustrate, *tell little tale of*. The formal distinction between *teld* and *told* is the least of the differences between the two idioms.

In the third place, the words from the "Complainte of Scotlande"—*to pas the tyme quhil euyn*—are poor evidence for the odd interpretation, "while evening is here," or for the fact that "evening is proverbially the time for laboring men to exchange stories." *Quhil euyn* here means simply "till evening." One need seek no further than Shakespeare for examples: "Macbeth," iii, 1, 43:

> . . . we will keep ourself
> Till supper time alone; *while* then, God be with you!

Schmidt cites other instances. The Century Dictionary quotes further examples from B. Jonson and J. Earle. There are several instances in Lodge's "Rosalynde," in which pastoral language prevails; one of them is nearly identical in phraseology with the passage in "Complainte of Scotlande": "He, after supper, to pass away the night *while* bedtime, began a long discourse," etc. Certainly, this does not mean "while bedtime is here."

Now as to the poetic situation. We are not asked, as Professor Hart says, to conceive "that all the shepherds, immediately on rising, proceed to exchange stories." Surely it is sufficiently well known that Milton's description in "L'Allegro" represents a progress through a day. It begins when the lark startles the dull night; then the dappled dawn arises, the cock gathers his dames about him, the poet walks out against the full blazing sun, the mower has begun his work, the shepherds (having let their flocks out to pasture) gather under the hawthorn to shelter themselves from the now hot sun, Corydon and Thyrsis are at their savory dinner set, afterwards binding up the now dry sheaves, and so on till "to bed they creep." The natural conception here, fully borne out by previous English pastoral poetry, is that the shepherds, having set their flocks a grazing, when the morning is becoming warm, meet in the shade of the hawthorn to pass the time. Indeed, if we must insist on realism, that is just what happens in the Second Shepherds' Play—after counting their sheep, the shepherds meet under

the thorn (conventionally, for it is cold) to compare notes, just as Cuddie and Willie do in Browne. Milton's "hawthorn in the dale" is the identifying mark showing that, having done their morning's work, the shepherds meet in the shade to pass the time "while evening."

The Second Shepherds' Play is indeed illuminating; it shows the world of difference between realistic English shepherd life and the conventions of pastoral poetry. Obviously, "L'Allegro" is nearer the latter in spirit, like "Lycidas." Spenser's "Shepherds' Calendar" throws much light on the subject. In "March," the shepherds meet in the morning (line 3) near a hawthorn to tell tales, remaining until sunset (115). In "April," letting the flocks out to graze, they sit in the shade (31), singing to each other till night (160). In "May," while the flocks are feeding (173), Piers tells a tale which (conventionally) lasts till night (315). In "June," while the birds are in full song (7-8), Colin sits with Hobbinol in the shade (1-2) and "complains" till night (117). In "August," shunning the heat (48), Willie and Perigot hold a singing match which ends at night (197). In "September," the shepherds "talke and tellen" till night (254). In "October," Piers and Cuddie

> . . . cast with what delight to chace
> And weary thys long lingring Phoebus race (3).

It is evident in all this that the shepherds do not wait for evening, "proverbially the time for laboring men to exchange stories." The idea is invariably that the shepherds on rising let their flocks out to graze, and then meet in the shade to amuse themselves till night, by singing, telling tales, etc. Note the time arrangement in the closing lines of "Lycidas." But if the meeting of shepherds for mutual amusement in the morning is inconceivable in this conventional pastoral poetry, and we are to insist on realism in "L'Allegro," what shall we do with *all* the shepherds meeting under one hawthorn in the dale and counting their flocks? Where are the sheep? And what is the method of counting? Finally, Spenser helps us as to the proper meaning of *tells his tale*. In the sense of shepherds telling stories *before* night, this phrase occurs in the "Calendar" four times, and in an equivalent form once more ("February," 239-40).

JOHN S. KENYON.

Butler College, Indianapolis, January 15.

GEN. WOOD AND THE HAY BILL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I notice in an editorial in the *Nation* (January 4) certain statements relative to my attitude concerning the legislation commonly known as the Hay bill. The statements made are misleading.

The Quartermaster-General, for the last three years, has stated that he needed more officers to discharge properly the duties incumbent upon his Department; last year an increase of thirty officers was made partly to meet this need. In addition to the permanent officers in the Quartermaster's Department, there are a number of detailed officers whose details create vacancies which are filled by the promotion of other officers, and, consequently, in no way interfere with promotion; nor do they constitute a drain upon the line, for additional officers to take these places are provided; but, in addition to the permanent officers of the Department and the regularly detailed officers, a considerable number of officers of the line are performing duty which is, in many instances, the same as that devolving upon the permanent and detailed officers of the Department. This class of officers (the attached) is a direct draft upon the line, as the places in the line are not filled. My opinion in this matter is that, instead of reducing the number of permanent and detailed officers, as proposed in the consolidation plan, the number should remain as at present, in order that we may be able to reduce the number of attached officers, who come directly from the line and whose places are not filled, thereby further reducing the already greatly depleted force of line officers.

I also objected to that feature of the bill which provides, in effect, that the heads of the corps which it is proposed to consolidate should be retired with the grade of major-general. This seemed unwise, as these officers now have the maximum grade provided by law for their corps, and heads of other corps (Engineers', Ordnance, Medical, Judge-Advocate-General's, Signal), all equally efficient and headed by equally competent officers, are discriminated against, as they will retire as brigadier-generals.

I also feel that the head of this Supply Corps should be a detailed officer, detailed for a period of four years; otherwise, he will be a permanent officer at the head of a department or bureau which will disburse approximately three-quarters of the total expenditures incident to the army. It is easy to see how undesirable the creation of the position under conditions of permanency would be.

LEONARD WOOD.

Washington, January 10.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS AND BUSINESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The conclusion in your financial article of January 11, that the effect of the Presidential election upon business and the stock market has so varied in different years that no rule can be laid down, has been reached by more than one financial writer. The following figures, however, point to a more positive conclusion.

Before me is a table of the total gross earnings from operation of the railways of the United States for each of the forty years from 1871 to 1910 inclusive, from which has been figured for each year, the percentage of gain or loss in these earnings, compared to the preceding year. These gross earnings frequently have been used by students as an indication of the activity of the business of the country, and I so use them in this letter.

If we add together the percentages of gains for thirty-two years and deduct the total of the percentages of losses for eight years and divide by the total number of years, the average yearly gain for the period is found to be 5.31 per cent. Similarly, averaging the yearly gains and losses for the ten Presidential years only, we find that the average yearly gain for those years is 4.85 per cent., or not significantly different from the general average. If, however, the Presidential years when the result of the election was sure, are separated from those when it was doubtful, and the average of each of the two groups is obtained, the result is very different; for the average gain in earnings of the five sure years is 8.12 per cent. and of the five doubtful years 0.44 per cent., or over eighteen times, as much gain in one group as in the other. The determination of which elections are sure and which doubtful is, of course, a matter as to which judgments may differ. The elections taken as sure in obtaining the above results were 1872, 1880, 1900, 1904, 1908, and those taken as doubtful, 1876, 1884, 1888, 1892, and 1896. Nineteen hundred and eight is perhaps the year about whose classification the most serious question can be raised, but if this year is taken as doubtful, instead of as sure, the average gain of the four sure years would be 12.02 per cent. and the six doubtful years would show an average loss of 0.88 per cent. Another question may be raised whether "sure" is too strong a word, but it will serve its purpose if it is taken to characterize those elections which the men with the best sources of information had reason to feel to be decidedly less doubtful than the others. Still another question is how far railway earnings are, in fact, an index of business activity in the various years.

If, however, we are willing to accept these figures, it seems a fair deduction that the sure Presidential election has very little effect, but that in the Presidential years when the campaign is doubtful, the effect of the election is very marked. Inasmuch as all the sure elections have been won by the Republicans, who, so far as the tariff, money, and other business questions are concerned, have been the conservative party during the past forty years, it may fairly be contended that the sure years were good for business, not merely because they were sure, but because the conservative party was expected to win. If this is true, a Presidential year when the election of a radical candidate was sure, might prove very detrimental to business.

JOHN WELLS MORSS.

Boston, January 18.

MR. PENNELL AND MR. GREAVES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There have been sent me numerous copies of a pamphlet issued by a London picture dealer and entitled a "Reply to an Attack." This pamphlet, I imagine, will be issued in New York in connection with a show of pictures which I understand is to open to-morrow. The object of the dealer turned author or compiler is evidently to injure me incidentally, but specially to advertise a much advertised person and his wares.

But, in order to prove me guilty, he makes me responsible—head lines and all—for a cabled interview which I never saw until it was sent me in print, and which contains statements I repudiate.

Secondly, he charges me with writing an article in your columns which I did not write (as you know), did not inspire, and did not read until the *Nation* reached me by post.

Thirdly, he quotes conversations at which he was not present, making me say exactly what he wishes, no matter how ridiculous to

any one but himself—in one case completely proving his point against me—concerning a matter I never discussed. It is in this fashion this terrible indictment has been manufactured against me. It is but another example of British incorruptible honesty and the influence of education and expert knowledge on the lower middle classes.

JOSEPH PENNELL.

London, January 10.

[The article in question, "Whistler and Greaves," signed "N. N.," was printed in the *Nation* of June 8, 1911. It was reprinted in London with our permission. But it was not written by Mr. Pennell, and we had no intimation that it was to be ascribed to him.—ED. THE NATION.]

THE EARLIEST LIFE OF MILTON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The review of the "Cambridge History of English Literature," Volume VII, in a recent number of the *Nation* (October 19, 1911), while mentioning important omissions from the bibliography of Milton, itself omits the anonymous so-called "Earliest Life of Milton." No contemporary account of Milton is more important than this. It was discovered in 1889 among the papers of Anthony Wood, to whom it furnished most of the material for his "Life of Milton." It was first edited in the *English Historical Review* for January, 1902, whence it has been reprinted. It is perhaps most accessible in Miss Lockwood's admirable edition, recently issued, of three tracts of Milton, together with three of the earliest accounts of his life.

CHARLES G. OSGOOD.

Princeton University, January 20.

Literature

EARLY MYTHS.

The Golden Bough. Part III: The Dying God. Part IV: Adonis Attis Osiris. By J. G. Frazer. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.25 each.

The third edition of "The Golden Bough," now in course of publication, bears fresh witness to the author's indefatigable industry. The first edition (1890) consisted of two volumes, the second edition (1900) of three volumes, and the third edition, further enlarged, is to consist of six parts, with the following titles: "The Magic Art and the Evolution of Kings" (two volumes); "Taboo and the Perils of the Soul" (one volume); "The Dying God" (one volume); "Adonis Attis Osiris" (one volume); "The Man of Sorrows"; "Balder the Beautiful"; the last two are now in preparation. The "Lectures on the Early History of the Kingship" (1905) are made up, the author states, of extracts from his earlier works, and the related "Psyche's Task" (1909) is a collection of facts going to show that out of crude savage beliefs and practices there has come good for government and private life. The parts of the new edition follow in a general way the order of topics in the first and second editions. It is unnecessary to speak of Dr. Frazer's amazing erudition, it is known to all the world; his footnotes constitute an extensive bibliography of the subjects he treats. And with all his statistical minuteness he is master of a delightful style—he enlivens his lists of details with well-told incidents, artistically conceived descriptions of scenery, and portrayal of lifelike mythical personages, and occasionally makes excursions into the field of reflection on human life and hopes. His main purpose in his encyclopædic series of volumes is to describe and explain the part played in religious ritual and creeds by the idea of the death of some divine being.

In "The Dying God" he answers the question, Why put a man-god or human representative of deity to a violent death? The motive, he replies, for slaying a man-god is fear lest with the enfeeblement of his body in sickness or old age his sacred spirit should suffer a corresponding decay that might imperil the general course of nature, and with it the existence of his worshippers, who believe the cosmic energies to be mysteriously knit up with those of their human divinity. In support of this view he cites a considerable number of cases, among modern savage and half-civilized peoples, in which kings are or were put to death when their strength failed, and ancient and modern cases of the limitation of the royal tenures of office; and he adds a chapter on the killing of the tree-spirit, a custom that he supposes to be in support of his theory. We are here in a region in which exact information concerning motives of action is lacking; but when the procedures cited by Frazer are examined, it appears that most of them may be satisfactorily explained as having arisen from political caution or from individual ambition. Desire for power is a common human weakness, and to satisfy this desire it sometimes becomes necessary for an aspirant to oust an incumbent of an office. In our own times there are not lacking communities in which revolutions are customary, a successful revolter becoming the head of the government, only in his turn to be ejected by a rival. Savages are not without ambition, and there are examples of changes of governments brought about by chiefs tired of being subordinates; in civilized times succession in the Eastern califate was frequently determined in the same way. But in savage tribes it has been not only individual ambition that has brought about changes in political headship. A chief as a rule held his position by virtue of his capacity for leadership, and might be deposed by the popular voice when he proved to be unworthy. When the kingship was established it was equally necessary that the king should be capable, and it was not unnatural that he should be set aside when he became weak through sickness or from some other cause. Fear of such failure on his part might lead to the establishment of a rule that he should reign for a limited number of years. As to the manner of his taking off, it was quite in accordance with savage custom that he should be put to death by regularly appointed persons or by any aspirant to headship, or should be forced to commit suicide. All this is simply a form of civil government. The old belief in the sacredness of rulers colored the attitude of early tribes towards their kings without essentially modifying their political system—semi-divine kings (and magicians), who control weather and crops, must retire when their strength fails. This general explanation may apply to the procedure of the Shilluk (a people living on the White Nile) whose treatment of their king offers a striking parallel to the killing of the priest of Nemi, the "king of the wood"—in both cases an aspirant lurks about the king's abode to fight and slay him, and the king, if he encounter his enemy, must defend himself in single combat. In this custom, and in others referred to above, there are details that are not intelligible to us—their history goes back to an unrecorded past. But what we know of them seems not to justify Frazer's large generalization—it does not appear that the later conception of the death of a man-god, prominent in some religious rituals, arises from the identification of the king (or the magician) with a god, who dies in the person of his human representative in order that the performance of his functions as preserver of the people may not be imperilled by his physical or mental weakness.

The view that certain rituals go back to early ceremonies celebrating the decay and revival of plant-life has been made familiar by the writings of Mannhardt, Frazer, and others, and is now widely adopted. It is the theory that best accounts for the details of the cults of Adonis and some other deities (and for the cults of "mother-goddesses" also) as these details have come down to us. Such deities usually become preëminent, and when they are identified with heavenly bodies (in later constructions, Osiris, for example, is sometimes the sun, sometimes the moon), this is a natural result of the disposition to connect them with great natural objects or great nature-gods. The characterization of a deity as patron of vegetation does not, however, necessarily involve the hypothesis that he is a development of an old corn-spirit; he may be an independent clan-god who had originally oversight of all things or in the course of time absorbed the functions of the corn-spirit. In the "Adonis Attis Osiris" Frazer describes at length the cults of

these deities, and adds chapters on sacred men and women (he holds to the religious origin of sacred prostitution in Western Asia), Oriental religions in the West, the calendar of the Egyptian farmer, the doctrine of lunar sympathy, and mother-kin and mother-goddesses. Much doubtful or irrelevant matter is contained in the chapters on the burning of various gods and demigods and on "volcanic religion." Elsewhere also in the two volumes under consideration there are citations of authorities that do not prove the points at issue, and deductions not warranted by the facts adduced; examples are the ascription of divinity to Hebrew kings and identification of them with the gods they worshipped ("Adonis Attis Osiris," p. 16 ff), the identification of Egyptian kings with the dead Osiris at the Sed festival (*ibid.*, chapter x), and the hypothesis of the transference of the soul of a slain divinity to his successor ("The Dying God," p. 198 ff). In so large a subject there must be differences of opinion, and a reviewer can only state his own views. But, whatever objections to Dr. Frazer's theories may be felt, there can be no doubt that the large collection of materials in the "Golden Bough," the author's wide sympathy with forms in which men have expressed their attitude towards the supernatural Powers, and his candid spirit entitle him to the gratitude of all students of the history of religion.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Country Lawyer. By Henry A. Shute. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Take liberal quantities of the "Old Homestead," inject a gun-play episode from Wild West melodrama, with a bad man and a bar and a sheriff and a coroner's jury, add a horse-trade in the style of David Harum, a fight transplanted from "Tom Brown at Rugby" and a barn fire from anywhere, with the panic-stricken horses bent on rushing back into the flames. Then slip in an anti-race-track campaign, adapted from that which has written Ichabod upon the hoardings about the once populous fields at Sheepshead Bay and Saratoga and Belmont Park. Next toss in a bit of New York clubdom and fashion taken from the engaging fiction with which young authors from the Middle West enliven the fifteen-cent magazines; borrow also from the penny dreadfuls their horrid tale of an upright young man trapped in a lonely house by the lure of a lying letter from a dark, wickedly beautiful woman. After that mix in a few court-room scenes and sprinkle with legal terms.

All this done, you have still before you only a part of the astounding collection of odds and ends from a story-reader's memory which make up the scenery and the substance of Mr. Shute's latest book. Now introduce into this medley a hero made in the manner of David Graham Phillips, but modified by a Yale training in athletics, a very young heroine borrowed from the gallery of romance of a bygone generation, a great number of rural "characters," and you have completed the makings of the story.

Behind it all is an idea of the old-fashioned lawyer and a loving memory of an old-fashioned life in New England. Through it runs a moral as plain and often as didactically set forth as those of Maria Edgeworth herself. Most readers will prefer Mr. Shute when he writes about boys.

The Centaur. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Not long ago, Mr. Blackwood bestowed much skill in the "word carver's" art upon a perversion of an idea borrowed from "Alice in Wonderland." The book (he called it "The Education of Uncle Paul") was full of beautiful things wrought cunningly out of lovely and quaint fancies. One of them was "the Crack between Yesterday and Tomorrow," through which one slipped between the sixth and seventh stroke of midnight into a timeless land of all lost things. The guide who showed the way thither was a little girl and that strange remote beast, the Cat, kept one company, none being wiser in the mysteries of the unseen. Perhaps the Cat came out of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird"—but that is a detail. All the beauty of the thing was tainted, because, as you go along with the vision, your child guide turns into something quite different—just as the lovely false ladies in the "Faerie Queen" used to turn to creatures loathsome and venomous. The difference is that here is an artful pretence that the change is not for evil. Yet the little girl has become a soul-mate to an elderly uncle! In his new story, also, Mr. Blackwood may plead the excuse of curious excellence in carving. He has been able to produce quite singular hypnotic effects upon the imagination with his grotesque fancy that strong moods of the great Mother Earth linger fantastically embodied from an elder age of nature and innocence. He almost makes you believe that imprisoned in the flesh of a half-mad Irish war-correspondent and scribbler or in that of a wholly mad wordless Russian peasant may lurk the soul of a centaur; that by dint of cutting the ties that bind them to the silly routine of a piddling generation they may get "back to nature"; and that they actually do put off civilized manhood for a four-footed freedom, with tossing manes and swift hoofs spurning the green turf of gardens of delight in the highest Caucasus. Upon the development of this preposterous fancy the author has lavished immense pains. Obviously, however, the taint of decadency is present here, too. For the man sinks into the slough of his mad vision just as he might into the drink or the drug habit. And the effect upon the reader is very much the same as if he likewise were drugged.

The Third Miss Wenderby. By Mabel Barnes-Grundy. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

Many times has been said or sung the story of the *enfant terrible* who develops into the minx and thence into the enslaver of men, women, and children. Here is another biography of this popular, one may say populous, dame, yet the author has succeeded in infusing no small amount of liveliness and freshness into the old subject. Rather original material are Diana's childish experience of religion, her out-of-door exploits with her boy companion whom she finds indispensable, but tramples on; her adventures of escape from the thraldom of boarding-school. It is when she settles down into nursery-governesshood that the track grows more beaten and correspondingly commonplace. Diana's capers sit less becomingly on a woman than on a child. Yet she remains a fairly lovable sort of person and has the sense to throw over the wrong lover and smile upon the right one. Pranks are the author's true field. There she dashes about in unconfined joy. With the approach of the conformities comes a slight sense of harness.

CHINA.

Eighteen Capitals of China. By William Edgar Geil. With 139 illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $5.

Mr. Geil's third book on China marks some improvement upon its predecessors. He has conceived an excellent idea in visiting and describing, in turn, the capitals of each of the eighteen provinces of China proper, and in no way, perhaps, could a better off-hand impression be obtained of the diversity in climate and conditions to be found in the Empire. The Chinese, like ourselves, are both a northern and a southern race, exhibiting marked divergences in details from a common race type, while their social and intellectual life centres more definitely than ours in their headquarters of administration. The necessity, in the old days, of repairing to them for those literary examinations which entitled the successful aspirant to hopes of office has always been attended by a necessity equally imperative for the passmen to live in close contact with officials in order to procure places among the officeholders. This process has brought about a similar concentration of scholars and men of means, who, generally speaking, are men of the same class. In a country possessing no easy means of communication or travel the

inevitable gravitation of like to like in human society has brought to its various capitals the best products of its culture.

The author of this ornamental volume has developed his plan of depicting each of these seats of power and learning in the same rather scrappy fashion in which he rendered his account of a journey taken four years ago along the Great Wall. With no knowledge of the language and no sufficient background of historical or scientific training, he has been compelled to rely both for facts and conclusions upon the information imparted by foreign residents in the places he visited, or upon such translations of the abundant native literature on them as could be begged or borrowed. The result is a collection of excerpts and jottings, rather superior in interest to the assortment of items he collected about the Great Wall and the Yangtse River, presumably because he met in his later journey more Europeans who could inform him, but still disappointing in its promise of being a material contribution to our knowledge of China past and present. The scrapbook aspect of the volume is emphasized by Chinese proverbs placed at the head of every page, which, whatever their intrinsic merit, like the flowers that bloom in the spring, have nothing to do with the case. Dr. Martin, in a kindly introduction to this volume, compares the author to "the blind Huber of Geneva, who made himself an authority on bees"; but he has had to depend rather upon the minds than the eyes of others, which is a different matter. Moreover, serious students of China in the twentieth century will demur at having their subject relegated to the empirical status of the science of natural history in the eighteenth.

Mr. Geil is at his best in the remoter capitals, about which the outside world as yet knows very little. The two adjoining provinces of Kwang-si and Kwei-chow are to-day not only the least visited of any region of the Empire, but they contain, together with the whole southwestern corner of China proper, many descendants of the aborigines of the country. The account to be obtained of them from this narrative is sketchy in the extreme, but it suggests possibilities of fruitful results from investigations by any trained student who cares to travel and study there in association with the missionaries who are conducting a successful work in elevating a neglected people. Some suggestive similarities are to be found between their customs, as described here in quotations from a Chinese local history, and those of inhabitants of the Great Archipelago, of which Mr. Geil seems to be unaware. Child marriage and the marriage-market, or dance, as shown here, are more or less common in primitive societies, but the following account, quoted from a Chinese author, reveals an identity with an ancient method of dyeing practiced in Java too specific to be accidental:

> For the dress material of the women they pour wax, cut out like flowers, then pour on dye, scratch off the wax, and the flowers become manifested! This scheme is used to make the adornments for their dresses in addition to the cotton embroidery placed on their sleeves. Hence the name Flowery Miao. For the dress of the men they tear down cloth in strips which are spun into rugs. . . . The men wear on their heads black turbans, and the women insert horsehair into their own and make them so bushy that a single head resembles a magpie's nest.

Two features will strike the ordinary reader of this book with surprise; they are the safety and ease of travel on all the main routes in China and the extraordinary variety and beauty of much of its scenery. When we reflect that less than a score of years ago much of the country over which Mr. Geil travelled alone with his servant was unknown and inaccessible to a white man, and that anti-foreign outbreaks were then occurring in every province, the change that has come over the minds of the common Chinese is vividly realized. At present, if one is willing to endure dirt and delays with cheerfulness, there seems to be no place where one may not penetrate, though the ease of approach does not, of course, mean absence of personal hardship in surmounting the difficulties of bad roads, execrable lodgings, and a wonderful vivacity on the part of prying natives and of insects of prey. As to scenery, the Western world, which has long conceived of China as a vast plain behind a muddy coast, will be amazed to learn that in above a million square miles of hills and mountains it presents every aspect of splendid and romantic beauty or abundant culture, from the arid ranges south of Mongolia to the tropical luxuriance of rainy Yunnan. Mr. Geil's account of the country, despite some shortcomings, reflects the mind of a hardy and appreciative observer in warm sympathy with the best there is in a people who are now thoroughly resolved to depart from their ancient ways and regain their prestige in the world. The awakening, he thinks, means first and foremost a determination to secure their land from foreign aggression. The arts and industries of Christendom may be assumed later. "Arsenals," he says, "are in evidence at every great centre; cannon and all other munitions of war are being made within the Empire. This is not the case at one town merely or at two, but at every capital—and we deal here only with capitals, where the pulse of the nation is easily felt. The whole Empire seems to be arming, not in extraordinary haste, but with thoroughness, with doggedness; and with resources wherewith no one European nation can compare. The fact stands; let who will interpret it."

The Last Stuart Queen: Louise, Countess of Albany: Her Life and Letters. By Herbert M. Vaughan, F.S.A. New York: Brentano's. $4 net.

Louise of Stolberg-Gedern, as wife and widow of Charles-Edward Stuart, possessed only a phantom queenship, which brought her little more than jealousy and cruelty while her husband lived. After his death, content with the name of Countess of Albany, she seldom pressed her claims to recognition as a sovereign, but within her household she quietly cherished the signs and honors of royalty. The royal arms appeared upon her seal and upon her plate, her servants addressed her as "Majesty," and Mme. de Staël and others of her friends wrote to her as "chère souveraine." She is less known, however, for her English queenship than as the companion of the Italian poet Alfieri in a happy intimacy of nearly thirty years. Except in the shadowed romance of its beginning, the course of their love ran too smoothly to concern the outside world: it is really only after the death of Alfieri that the Countess becomes a figure of individual interest. In the years from 1804 to 1820 her *salon* in the Casa Alfieri on the Lung' Arno was the social centre of the literary life of Florence. For Sismondi and Foscolo the Countess had a long-continued and affectionate interest, fully returned by the two young writers. Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Morghen, Byron, Moore, Rogers, and Everett were among her foreign visitors. The distinction of her own conversation consisted in its placid common-sense, the result of rich experience and of wide reading. According to Sismondi, she possessed in singular degree the ability to draw forth the powers of her guests.

Mr. Vaughan's biography of the woman in whom so many interests thus centre is a careful piece of work. He has used the best published studies dealing with the Countess, has found many interesting references to her in out-of-the-way sources, and has consulted the several collections of her unpublished letters. He treats in fullest detail the first two periods of her life, slighting, in the proportion of his work, the years when she was "Queen of Florence." Yet it was only then that her life was really social: her long devotion to Alfieri had limited her interests even more strictly than the early pretensions of her husband. It was only then, moreover, that her mind reached its full maturity. The letters of her earlier years are slight and insipid, while her correspondence with Sismondi and Foscolo is well worth reading. Mr. Vaughan translates many of her letters in the body of his work, and prints in

an appendix seven French and Italian letters hitherto unpublished. His judgment of the character of the Countess is discriminating and impartial: quite without idealism, and not unwilling, in certain serious matters, to stoop to hypocrisy to gain her ends, she was yet unselfish and loyal both in her love for Alfieri and in her relations with her many friends. Mr. Vaughan's treatment of Alfieri, on the other hand, is unsatisfactory. Very little is said of Alfieri's poetic activity, yet the Countess was no less concerned than was the poet himself for his immediate success and his enduring fame. In his definition of Alfieri's moral personality Mr. Vaughan is narrow and, in our opinion, unwarrantably severe.

An American Railroad Builder, John Murray Forbes. By Henry Greenleaf Pearson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

This concise and attractively written biography deals with an interesting personality already familiar to many through the publication in 1899 of Forbes's "Letters and Recollections." Born in 1813 into a cultured Boston family, whose business associations were with the Oriental trade, he had the advantage of the best educational training then obtainable, and a unique opportunity to develop his powers in commercial matters. At the age of twenty-four he had completed a three years' resident partnership in Canton, China, as a member of the firm of Russell & Co., and was back in Boston as the American representative of the house, with a comfortable fortune, valuable financial associations, and an undiminished store of energy and vitality.

From his manifold activities the biographer selects for primary consideration in this volume the part played by Forbes during the construction era of American railways. Michigan in its enthusiasm over the possibilities of the new form of transportation, had undertaken projects under State ownership far beyond its financial ability, and in 1845 the railways were for sale at attractive bargains to those who had courage to push the projects and sufficient capital and confidence to await results. It was the kind of problem which attracted men of Forbes's type, and his interest was quickly aroused. He assumed the burden of financing the purchase of the Michigan Central, then a dilapidated railway property one hundred and forty-five miles long, extending from Detroit to Kalamazoo, with strap-iron track, in many cases worn out or broken, four passenger "depots," and $68,000 worth of rolling stock, including a twelve-ton locomotive. Forbes became its first president as the only means of procuring the necessary capital. During his nine years' presidency the Michigan Central was completed to Chicago, notwithstanding the bitter competition of the Michigan Southern. Eastern connections were established at Detroit, and the property was put upon a productive basis. In 1855 he withdrew from active association with the road, retaining his directorship, but was quickly called back from retirement in 1857 to use his invaluable financial connections in warding off threatened bankruptcy.

With large vision, he saw the possibilities of the new West, and was one of the early advocates of transcontinental railways. After the Civil War he became associated with the Burlington property, for three years as president, during a period when the allurements of the construction-company device had proved too tempting to a majority of the board of directors, many of them Boston business associates. It was the indignant determination with which Forbes in this instance drove out the rascals, the scrupulousness with which he always refused to place himself in the position of both buyer and seller of railway supplies, the manner in which he insisted upon the fundamental principles of common honesty, which make his figure tower so high above the mass of his associates. Because of these characteristics his efforts to obtain capital for his projects never failed. Moreover, it is remarkable that in the period before the appearance of problems arising out of unreasonable rates and unfair discriminations, he should have recognized so fully the force of public opinion and the public nature of the railway industry.

One chapter is given to his public service, a service of patriotic devotion with no thought of reward in the way of office-holding. It includes four years of intense activity during the Civil War, with a mission to England, and continuous correspondence and publicity work. He belonged to that determined group that would put the war through to the very end, and that protested "against crying 'Peace' when there is no peace." After the war he stood for negro suffrage maintained by military power. He helped in founding the *Nation*, fought vigorously against the greenback policy of the war, opposed ship subsidies, combated the machine element in his party, and withdrew his support when Blaine was nominated. His life was a self-effacing unwearied struggle to maintain his standard of citizenship, and he well deserved Emerson's comment upon him:

> How little this man suspects, with his sympathy for men and his respect for lettered and scientific people, that he is not likely in any company to meet a man superior to himself. And I think this is a good country that can bear such a creature as he is.

Copts and Moslems under British Control: A Collection of Facts and a Résumé of Authoritative Opinions on the Coptic Question. By Kyriakos Mikhail. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

It is so obvious that the English occupation has been to the advantage of Egypt, that we are apt to lump things in a general statement. There is little doubt that the administration of Lord Cromer was successful because of his personal qualities and ability; but no one acquainted with the facts will characterize that of Sir Eldon Gorst in the same way. Many of the results of the earlier régime were sacrificed to a false sentiment during the later. It now remains for Lord Kitchener to repair the damage that has been done and, after putting affairs back where they once were, to make improvements of his own. It is to his "impartiality," vouched for by Sir Edward Grey, that the Egyptian minority is looking with expectation and hope.

The traveller on the Nile sees multitudes of brown men, natives, and they all look alike to him. But they are not alike by any means. There are two religions represented, and in the East "religion" is the synonym of "nationality." These people are to be counted as two in spite of the sects into which they are divided. Except for the fez there is no obvious sign by which the lay eye can instinctively distinguish between a Copt and a Mohammedan. But the two are distinct. The Copt is the lineal descendant of his Egyptian ancestor, and he is in the minority; the Mohammedan is an importation, an alien, and he is in the majority. But they are living side by side, with common needs of education and desiring equality of individual opportunity. For some reason the English have not seen fit to adopt the American plan of secular education divorced from religious instruction, but have attempted to combine the two. The result has been that in almost every case the children of Moslems have been taught from their sacred book, the Koran, while the Christian Copts have been shut out from the benefits that should have come to them in the proportion of their taxation. That they here have a grievance is beyond question, but the remedy which they desire is one that should not be granted to them, and the advantage given to the Moslem in the matter of religious education is one that should be withdrawn.

This is only one of the complaints voiced by the Coptic Congress held in Assiut in Egypt last March, and now set forth in detail in a volume published by the Coptic Agent in London. The other matters relate to entry into the civil service in positions higher than clerkships in cases of proved capacity and merit; political promotion as a reward of ability; the open door in connection with all administrative positions; a

system of minority representation on local councils, patterned after the Belgian; and such a recognition of their religion as shall enable them to observe its rules in regard to the Sunday-Sabbath.

Over against the petition of the Copts was a series of propositions set forth by the Moslem Congress on May 3 following: that the religion of Egypt must be the Mohammedan; that Coptic demands cannot be entertained; that the teaching of Christianity in the Government schools must be abandoned; and that the elementary schools must remain Islamic in spite of Coptic taxation for their support.

This indicates the problems facing the Egyptian administration. It seems strange to an American that they exist in connection with religion and education, and his obvious solution would be the adoption of the American plan of independence between state and creed for the one, and secularization for the other. The day-of-rest problem is more involved in a way, but business considerations enter here, and the practice of banks and public offices generally favor the Coptic position. The question of the civil service and its reform is one in which Americans have had some sad experiences, but seldom any more flagrant than that alleged against the British agent and his underlings, in which "a recent examination for nine posts in the Sanitary Department was cancelled as soon as it was found that nine Copts were at the head of the list." This would be worthy of Tammany at its palmiest!

The contrast between the Coptic "demands" and the Moslem pronunciamento does not need extended remark or detailed comment. What Egypt needs is an impartial hand, not one that shall shower partial favors upon the Moslems, even though they be in the majority.

The Comedy and Tragedy of the Second Empire: Paris Society in the Sixties, including Letters of Napoleon III, M. Pietri, and Comte de la Chapelle, and Portraits of the Period. By Edward Legge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

Last year Mr. Legge brought out a book on the Empress Eugénie since 1870. His present volume is a rather tantalizing blend of gossip and history relating chiefly to the last decade of the Second Empire. A similar story of gaiety and extravagance and superficial splendor was told long ago by a Hebrew named Daniel, only his hero's name was not Napoleon III, but Belshazzar. Mr. Legge describes the life of the Imperial court with the zest of a glorified society reporter: and yet the historian cannot afford to overlook the clues he offers to many of the individuals who helped to make the Second Empire what it was.

In general, his book, like several others that have appeared in the past ten years, tends to create a mythical Napoleon III, hardly more lifelike than the earlier misconception. Hugo and Kinglake made Napoleon the Little out a Borgia in 18mo; Legge pictures him as an unselfish, benevolent despot, who might have been a William of Orange had circumstances permitted. He was neither. But it is well that all that is favorable should be emphasized, in order that those who will may judge him intelligently.

Intrinsically, the most important historical material furnished by Mr. Legge refers to the war of 1870. He prints many telegrams that passed between Eugénie and Napoleon during the terrible month of August. If further evidence shall confirm him, posterity will perforce conclude that the Empress played an heroic rôle as regent, and was worthy to be placed beside Maria Theresa. The ministers and courtiers on whom she had a right to rely lost their pluck and their head, but she did not. Besides these documents, Mr. Legge gives others referring to the Emperor's exile, to his attempt to interest Bismarck in a Bonapartist restoration, and to his pain-harricd last days. Did Napoleon rouge at Sedan? Is Dr. Evans's account of the Empress's escape from Paris correct? To these and many other minor questions Mr. Legge has answers. He is not an historian; he writes a slip-shod style; he is, rather, a discursive story-teller, who can both entertain the general reader and supply the discerning historical student with many pertinent suggestions.

Notes

Putnams are bringing out "Woodrow Wilson and New Jersey Made Over," of which Miss Hester E. Hosford is the author.

An authorized translation of the Infanta Eulalia's book, "The Thread of Life," will be issued shortly by Duffield & Co.

Several volumes of fiction will be published in the near future by Little, Brown & Co., among them: "The Saintsbury Affair," a mystery story by Roman Doubleday; "Young Beck," by Judge McDonnell Bodkin; "Lonesome Land," by B. M. Bower, and "The Bandbox," by Louis Joseph Vance.

Jack London's collection of short stories, entitled "A Son of the Sun," is in preparation by Doubleday, Page & Co.

"The Russian People," by Maurice Baring, which has already appeared in England, will be brought out in this country by George H. Doran Co.

"A Knight in Denim" is the title of a new novel by Ramsey Benson, announced by Scribners.

Freytag's "Das Nest der Zaunkönige" has been edited, with introduction and notes, by Prof. E. C. Roedder; it is in the press of D. C. Heath.

New books promised for this month by L. C. Page & Co. include: "Three Wonderlands of the American West," a volume describing the Grand Cañon, Yellowstone Park, and the valley of the Yosemite, by Thomas D. Murphy; "Chile and Her People of To-day," by Nevin O. Winter, and "Rayton: a Backwoods Mystery," by Theodore Goodridge Roberts.

"The Life of George Borrow," compiled from unpublished official documents, his works, correspondence, etc., is announced by John Murray of London; the author is Herbert Jenkins.

Houghton Mifflin Co.'s announcement of new books to be published this spring includes, in fiction: "A Hoosier Chronicle," by Meredith Nicholson; "The Wrong Woman," by Charles D. Stewart; "Christopher," by Richard Pryce; "The Heart of Us," by T. Russell Sullivan; "Lost Farm Camp," by Henry Herbert Knibbs; "The Plain Path," by Frances Newton Symmes Allen; "Alexander's Bridge," by Willa S. Cather; "Tales of a Greek Island," by Julia D. Dragoumis; "Polly of the Hospital Staff," by Emma C. Dowd; "The Luck of Rathcoole," by Jeanie Gould Lincoln, and "High Bradford," by Mary Rogers Bangs.—Outdoor Adventure, and Nature Books: "The Last Cruise of the Saginaw," by George H. Read; "The Jonathan Papers," by Elizabeth Woodbridge; "The Important Timber Trees of the United States," by S. B. Elliott; "Content in a Garden," by Candace Wheeler; "Winter"; "The Spring of the Year," both by Dallas Lore Sharp, and "Two Years Before the Mast," by Richard H. Dana, jr., which contains the new supplementary matter of the recent holiday edition. — Biography: "Lee the American," by Gamaliel Bradford, jr.; "The Life and Work of William Pryor Letchworth," by J. N. Larned; "The Story of Christopher Columbus," by Charles W. Moores; "Walt Whitman," by Bliss Perry; "James Russell Lowell," by Ferris Greenslet, and "Sidney Lanier," by Edward Mims, the last three in the American Men of Letters Series.—Economics: "The Factory," by Jonathan Thayer Lincoln; "Socialism and Character," by Vida D. Scudder; "Freight Classification," by J. F. Strombeck, and "The Home-Made Kindergarten," by Nora Archibald Smith.—Religion: "The Adventure of Life," by Wilfred T. Grenfell; "Kant and Spencer," by Borden Parker Bowne; "Egyptian Conceptions of Immortality," by George A. Reisner, and "The Religion Worth Having," by Thomas N. Carver.—Poetry: "Little Gray Songs from St. Joseph's," by Grace Fallow Norton; "Scum o' the Earth and Other Poems," by Robert Haven Schauffler, and "The White Hills in Poetry," by Eugene L. Musgrove, an anthology of the White Mountains, with introduction by Dr. Samuel M. Crothers. —Miscellaneous: "The History of Plymouth Plantation," by William Bradford, edited by Worthington C. Ford, 2 vols.; "Secession in California, and the Man Who Defeated It," by Elijah R. Kennedy; "Copyright: Its History and Law," by R. R. Bowker; "The Classical Psychologists," edited by Benjamin Rand; "Greek Lands and Letters," by Francis G. and Annie C. E. Allinson, new edition; "The Satchel Guide for 1912," by W. J. Rolfe; "The Promised Land," by Mary Antin; "Essentials of Poetry," by William Allan Neilson; "Nietzsche," by Paul Elmer More; "Miss John Bull," by Yoshio Markino; "Henry Ibsen, the Prophet of the

Present," by Otto Heller; "The Rolling Earth: Outdoor Thoughts and Scenes from the Writings of Walt Whitman," selected by Waldo Browne, with an introduction by John Burroughs, and "Harvard Essays on Classical Subjects," edited by Herbert W. Smyth.

Two first editions of "Paradise Lost" are included in the library of the late Dr. Joseph F. Payne, a portion of which will be sold the end of this month at Sotheby's.

Two Fellows on the Kahn Foundation for the Foreign Travel of American Teachers will be appointed for one year beginning July 1, 1912; the stipend is $3,000, with an additional $300 for the purchase of books, souvenirs, photographs, etc. Applications for appointment should be made on a formal blank, which may be obtained from the secretary of the Foundation, Sub-station 84, New York city, and should be filed by March 1.

The Baltimore Association for the Promotion of the University Education of Women offers a fellowship of $500 for the year 1912-1913, which is available for study at an American or European university. Applications, made on proper forms, should be in the hands of the chairman of the Committee on Award—Dr. Mary Sherwood, The Arundel—before March 30.

British Central Africa, now the Nyasaland Protectorate, is described by a former Governor, Sir Alfred Sharpe, in the *Geographical Journal* for January. He dwells especially on its economic development which has been so great that it is now virtually self-supporting. This is largely due to the cotton plantations, on which has been raised, by a careful and long process of seed selection on the Government agricultural stations, "the highest priced upland cotton in the world." To encourage the native cotton-planting industry there is a free distribution of seed, with a remission of half the hut tax to all natives who pay their tax in cotton. Falls near the capital, Zomba, are used for producing power. There are many excellent roads but the great need is better facilities for the transportation to the seacoast. An account of a trip around the Dead Sea by motor boat is given by J. E. Spafford of Jerusalem, with beautiful photographic illustrations. In the course of it the magnificent gorge of the river Arnon was explored. Its side cliffs "rise perpendicularly about 300 feet and are only about 20 feet apart, here overhanging, there overlapping, or dovetailing into one another."

Youths who have pored over "Treasure Island" or shuddered with delight at the atrocious deeds of Blackbeard and Captain Kidd will find entertainment in "The Book of Buried Treasure," by Ralph D. Paine (Sturgis & Walton). Captain Kidd in particular is dealt with in full. "His name reddened with crimes he never committed and made wildly romantic by tales of treasure he did not bury," he is, declares the author, fairly entitled to sympathy. The record, consisting of the original documents, some presented for the first time, shows that he was indeed "unfairly dealt with by his patrons, misused by his rascally crew, and slandered by credulous posterity." The other chapters, with such alluring titles as The Wondrous Fortune of William Phipps, The Bold Sea Rogue, John Quelch, are equally interesting but less carefully prepared. For example, an account of treasure on Oak Island is given with the same credulity which the author elsewhere gently satirizes. In reality there never was any treasure there—what was considered a cement floor was pronounced by experts at Columbia University to be natural limestone, and the rock on which eager eyes read a direction to fabulous wealth a few feet below proved to be only a piece of water-marked basalt. Mr. Paine's breezy style, however, carries the reader to the final chapter, Practical Hints for Treasure Seekers, which is provided particularly for "parents of small boys who have designs on pirate hoards."

"The Cavalier Poets," by Prof. Carl Holliday (Neale Publishing Company), is a good companionable volume, appropriately dedicated to the daintiest of the modern cavalier singers, Mr. Austin Dobson, and designated for the general reader. To lovers of poetry in that fortunate category, it recommends itself by offering, at the same time, somewhat extended sketches and appreciations of the poets and a choice anthology. In the first half of the book, Professor Holliday portrays with warmth of sympathy and effective touches of color, though not always with the finest discrimination, the characters of Herrick, Quarles, Herbert, Carew, Waller, Suckling, Crashaw, Lovelace, and Cowley. In the second half, he presents the familiar but ever delightful lyrics of a score of the minor choir of the seventeenth century. It is to be regretted that the general reader has so often to content himself, as here, with hasty proof-reading, and a provokingly incomplete and perfunctory list of texts and reference books.

William Valentine Kelley's "Down the Road" (Eaton & Mains) does not get very far. It is meant for those people who do not supinely indulge in the sybaritic luxury of thinking for themselves, but who resolutely entrust their souls to some forthright, authoritative adviser. This venturesome throng should welcome these essays on Nature, Life, Literature, and Religion, for the only subject that is really discussed is morality, or sometimes the more piquant one of immorality. Whether the subject be Walt Whitman, "that most blatant and bombastic of egotists," or "Parsifal," that most blasphemous farrago of nonsensical nebulosity, or Oscar Wilde, that "preposterous megalomaniac, suffering from a tympanitic tumefaction of the organ of self-esteem," the reader is everywhere made to feel that there is "no higher court to which appeal can be taken for a work of art or any other work which reason and morals condemn." These delicately suggested judgments are embalmed in a style notable for fluent inexactness of phrasing and touched with that graceful humor so frequently developed by long years passed in the amenities of theological wrangling.

The latest in Clifton Johnson's American Highways and Byways series (Macmillan) is a volume on "The Great Lakes" region, beginning with the valley of the Genesee and the Erie Canal, and closing with chapters on the Rock River valley of Illinois, and the site of the battle of Tippecanoe, in northern Indiana. The author's mixture of narrative, description, and conversation runs along easily, is generally entertaining, and sometimes amusing, but it does not get the reader very far onward towards a connected conception of the Great Lakes, even from the point of view of the sightseer. There has been a great deal of literature on the subject, but the field is still open to some author who can grasp the significance of this great fresh-water system in its various relations and present it to the reader in fitting form.

In "The Autobiography of an Elderly Woman" (Houghton Mifflin), the latterday grandmother speaks her mind about a number of things, pleasantly, but plainly. By the decisiveness of her utterance, even while she complains of having fallen from authority to ineffectual protest, and by her stout confidence in the advantages of her own present point of view, we should know her for the "spry old lady" she claims to be. And by the same token we can readily believe that under provocation she might prove "sometimes a defiant old lady," as she penitently confesses. Though full of illustrative domestic incidents, each having for its nucleus some baffled elderly desire—for the right to clean her own attic once more to her own satisfaction, for the obsolete prerogative of dandling her grandchildren *ad libitum*—what she has to say scarcely amounts to an autobiography proper. Its intention is discursive and interpretative—not in the least narrative. And yet nothing could be further from the serene impersonality of a "De Senectute." Its lively personal note engages the reader's amused attention. One learns to sympathize with the chagrins of a would-be-active old age pent amid solicitudes and affectionate anxieties. One smiles at the Yankee vein of practical philosophy that tempers natural impatience to indulgent acquiescence and robs surrender of its bitterness.

The Third Annual Report of the State Historian and Archivist of West Virginia, Virgil A. Lewis, is similar to the preceding ones, and, like them, reveals great activity in the new department. Unfortunately, it also shows that this industry is not well directed. The bulk of the report is taken up with a long discourse on the "Soldiery of West Virginia," in which the history of the war heroes is traced over a period of a hundred years. Several contemporary documents are woven into the narrative, but there is no attempt to make public all the material bearing on any phase of the subject. West Virginia history is rich in events; and, with diligent search of archives and family papers, a volume of documents on any one of the numerous episodes here lightly touched upon could have been published which would have enriched our knowledge of a territory that has proved so often the strategic position in our history.

It is not impossible that in his life of the Duchesse de Berry, entitled "A Princess of Adventure" (Scribner), the author, H. Noel Williams, may have imagined he was making a serious contribution to historical literature. There is, outwardly, all the needful scholarly apparatus—a preface with a rich bibliography, a detailed table of contents, copious footnotes, and a full index; but the result, we regret to say, is mostly twaddle. The book is permeated by a flavor of court scandal, doubtful anecdotes, sentimentality, and millinery. Madame de Berry's own "Mémoires," published by Nettement, as well as other au-

thentic sources, have, it is true, been drawn upon liberally, but the whole bears the stamp of sensationalism, pure and simple. One or two random selections may serve as samples. This is what happened immediately after the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux:

Shortly afterwards, the King and the Royal Family arrived upon the scene. "God he praised!" cried Louis XVIII. "You have a son!" And he handed a magnificent cluster of diamonds to the mother. "That is for you, and this is for me," he added, taking the new-born child in his arms. Then, calling for the clove of garlic and the Jurançon wine, he rubbed the boy's lips with the one and moistened them with a few drops of the other. The little prince endured this ordeal without flinching.

And here are the author's reflections on the instalment of the Duchesse de Berry at the Pavillon de Marsan, after her husband's assassination:

These apartments were not entirely strange to the princess. She had slept there on the night of her triumphant entry into Paris in 1816, the eve of her marriage, at Notre Dame. Ah! how happy, how full of joyous anticipation, she had been then! How little did she imagine that in less than four years the prince whom she was to wed on the morrow would he snatched from her by one of the most terrible crimes in the blood-stained annals of French history! And all her surroundings had been in harmony with her feelings; everything had been made ready to welcome the happy bride. The apartments had been upholstered and decorated in the most cheerful of colors; choice flowers in exquisitely-carved silver bowls or porcelain vases had stood on every table; gilded mirrors had reflected her smiles, etc.

We do not think Louise Mühlbach could have improved on this. Although the heroine of his story lived until 1870, the author closes the volume with her final departure from France in June, 1833, when she "passed forever from the fierce glare of publicity into the calm shadows of private life." The publishers have wasted fine press-work and some interesting illustrations on this useless book.

Alfred Zantzinger Reed contributes a valuable study to the literature of American government, especially as it concerns the relation of the State to local subdivisions, in his monograph, "The Territorial Basis of Government Under the State Constitutions" (Columbia University Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law; Vol. XL, No. 3). He takes the local units within which governmental agencies and party organizations operate as the foundation of the State's structure, and studies comprehensively the effect upon them of provisions in American State Constitutions, past and present. "The two especial weaknesses of our State system of political subdivisions," he finds to be "their complexity and the manner in which they discriminate against urban centres." The first evil, the result largely of haphazard Constitution-making, he concludes, is the most difficult to remedy, but the less important. The other, which has grown with the rapid increase in the urban population, is due to the fact that "it is not in human nature for a rural clique, accustomed to deal with urban problems according to their own ideas as to what is best, to face with equanimity the prospect of urban domination." He sees a way out in the direction of a greater degree of home rule, and suggests in conclusion that "the change from a centralized government to a broad system of local charters for rural and urban territory alike would so diminish the importance of the Legislature that the precise composition of this body would, with little friction, settle itself along lines dictated by economic conditions." The author's marshalling of facts and his summary of conclusions should make the volume a valuable work of reference for those who hereafter may set themselves to the difficult task of bringing some degree of order out of the existing chaos.

"The Three Greatest Maxims of the World" (Pilgrim Press) is the title of a volume of sermons, or, as the author prefers to call them, "familiar, practical addresses to students," by the Rev. Albert Josiah Lyman of Brooklyn. It is a dangerous practice for a parish minister to depart from his usual manner of discourse and compose a deliverance for the occasion, when invited to preach before a college audience. The result is usually an academic utterance which is not at all calculated to be a means of grace to an academic gathering composed of undergraduates. Dr. Lyman, however, has avoided the usual pitfalls, and his addresses are simple, straightforward utterances of wholesome and sound moral truth. They are ethical rather than religious, and if their truth is not high, it is vigorous, clear, and fitted to real needs. The style is incisive and succinct, as of a man chiselling words on marble and wasting no strokes.

"Black and White in South East Africa" (Longmans), by Maurice S. Evans, is an exceedingly lucid statement of the arduous and intricate problem which lies before the people of South Africa in dealing with the native races. The author is admirably fitted for his task, having been for thirty-five years a resident in the land and for thirteen years a member of the Natal Legislature. He was also a member of the Natal Native Commission of 1906-7, which visited every part of the province and of Zululand to study the sociological and political conditions. His book throughout shows his deep interest in the native and his sympathy for the white man. He describes the natives in their primitive state as a "wonderfully law-abiding race" with a clear idea of what is right and wrong. Physically, he says, "a really fine Zulu is a magnificent specimen of a man." Their language is melodious and copious, and in some respects "more full and expressive than our tongue as spoken by the common people. Different classes of cattle may be described in Zulu by a single word, which would require several sentences, accompanied by a diagram in English." The author's full account of the present condition of the natives as landholders and hired laborers, after seventy years of close contact with the white man, brings out very clearly their passive power of persistence in holding to their ancestral tribal customs and traditions. It is the great obstacle to be overcome. The elevating effects of missions, education, and wise government are touched on, and much stress is laid upon the changes wrought on the European, many of them exceedingly regrettable, by his intercourse with the African. In one chapter, he treats what he terms the "sub-problem" furnished by the Asiatic and colored people, that is, the mixed race or Eurafrican.

The reconsideration of the whole scheme of native government is earnestly advocated, the segregation of the races being the keynote of the policy recommended. This could be accomplished by giving the natives large allotments of reserved land and by not permitting them to share in the government of the whites. The tribal system, "a potent factor in the past in conserving much that was good in character and life" and that is essential to the native's progress and advancement, should be strictly adhered to, his rights being cared for at the seat of government by a council for native affairs. To diminish the host of black servants who enable the white man to live a life of sloth, ease, and pleasure, he would endeavor to impress upon him the true dignity of labor. And in this connection it is interesting to note that an organization has been formed in the Transvaal, with the object of encouraging white labor. Mr. Evans has evidently made a careful study of the negro problem as it exists in this country. "I would," he says in one of his concluding paragraphs, "that some of those patriotic and far-seeing citizens of the Southern United States, who feel overwhelmed by the questions raised through the admixture of races in their own country, could visit us and study our problem in its present phase in the light of their own tragic experience." He also commends heartily the wise suggestion of Sir Matthew Nathan, a former Governor of Natal, that an international commission should be appointed to investigate the relations of black and white in the various countries in which they come in contact. But the outlook would be still brighter, he thinks, if the work of the "most influential and possibly the wisest of the negro race in the United States," Booker Washington, could be imitated in Southern Africa.

Prof. Frank Frost Abbott of Princeton University is the author of an attractive little volume on "The Common People of Ancient Rome" (Scribner). In character and purpose the chapters of this book are similar to the author's essays and sketches published a year or two ago, under the title of "Society and Politics in Ancient Rome." The opening chapter details the various channels of influence by which the Latin language spread gradually through so large a portion of the Mediterranean world and laid the foundation for the Romance languages of later centuries. Professor Abbott objects to the usual view that the victory of the Latin speech over the language of the physically victorious Germanic peoples was simply a case of the survival of the fittest, and chooses rather to find the reason in "the sentimental respect which the Germans and their leaders had for the Empire and for all its institutions." But was this sentimental respect anything but recognition of superior fitness in those elements of the Roman civilization which called it forth? The two chapters next in succession deal with the Latin of the Common People and the Poetry of the Common People, both in a scholarly manner and yet intelligible to the reader who has not himself mastered Latin. The linguistic and literary portion of the volume ends with an inconclusive attempt to account for Petronius, or, otherwise, to trace the origin of the realistic romance among the Romans. Of the remaining chapters the most in-

teresting are an account of Diocletian's attempt to reduce the cost of living by fixing a table of maximum prices, in the year 301 A. D., and a chapter on Corporations and Trades-Guilds. The chapter on private benefactions is rather extreme in its unqualified statement that "under the old régime [before the influence of Christianity] charity was unknown." There were human hearts among the Romans, and where human hearts are there charity is never wholly wanting.

Science

The Sun. By Charles G. Abbot. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50 net.

The eminent Padre Secchi, more than a third of a century ago, was the first to devote an entire treatise to the sun. His book was followed by the popular works of Proctor, Young, and Ball. Now we have Pringsheim's scholarly "Vorlesungen," and the present work by Abbot, which relates acceptably the Smithsonian researches and all the recent discoveries at the Yerkes and Mount Wilson Observatories, with many novel explanatory hypotheses and an array of facts that may prove of interest to geologist and botanist, meteorologist and engineer. While Young's book was wholly satisfactory twenty years ago, the unparalleled advance in solar research, even since his lamented death, has quite revolutionized this department of astronomy; and instead of using so much of Young's material, we think Mr. Abbot would have done better to write a wholly new book *ab initio*. However, his book is far from deficient in excellencies; and acknowledged master as he is in his own line, he has no reason to fear stating with the utmost fairness all hypotheses, whether his own or another's.

Mr. Abbot keeps constantly in mind the utilitarian methods of Langley, his great predecessor, in prosecuting lines of inquiry that have, or may be expected to have, practical bearing on matters mundane. Is the solar radiation uniform or variable? What losses does it suffer in the earth's atmosphere? Are there changes of transparency in the sun's outer layers sufficient to alter appreciably the earth's supply of radiation? How much solar radiation does the earth reflect unused to space? How does the earth's temperature depend on solar radiation and on the transparency of the air? If there should be variations of solar radiation, how great changes of temperature of different stations on the surface of the earth ought to follow, and how long would such responses be delayed? In short, are solar studies applicable to weather prediction? What methods, if any, can be economically used to store and employ the sun's energy for power or heating? What influences do changes in the intensity or color of the light falling on different plants produce on their growth and fruitage? May advantageous variations of plants be promoted by the control of their radiation supply? What can be done with solar rays for the promotion of health? What, after all, is the sun, and how can we best explain the principal solar phenomena? The author perceives, as every keen student of solar physics must, the present impossibility of answering satisfactorily all these lines of inquiry; but his book is an excellent exposition of what is known and what is surmised about things solar. His reply to the last of these questions, while not settling it in every one's mind, is nevertheless by far the best English statement of modern scientific views concerning the sun's constitution. Preferring as a basis Secchi's theory as formulated a third of a century ago, Abbot presents Young's well-known and oft-quoted views, followed by the later modifications of Halm and Schmidt and Julius, accepting also as sufficient the Helmholtzian hypothesis of maintenance of solar heat by simple contraction, and very judiciously regarding the evidence as to radio-active processes as undetermined and inconclusive. Much is made of the recent eclipse observations of Mitchell, and the Mount Wilson discoveries of a magnetic field in sunspots are emphasized. The important influence of our own atmosphere on the heat received from the sun; fluctuations of solar radiation, a subject in which Mr. Abbot is *facile princeps;* solar influence on plant life; and the sun as merely the nearest one of the stars, in connection with the broad question of stellar evolution, are among the topics adequately treated.

Save a few trite adaptations from Young, the illustrations are excellently chosen, and the photographic reproductions serve to bring out the points intended with all requisite lucidity. One of the best chapters deals with the utilization of solar energy; yet years upon years of sedulous research of the acutest minds, from Nasmyth to Vogel, leave the practical solution of this greatest of problems apparently as remote as ever; and, after all, one is tempted to agree with the author that it is rather in the investigation of its curious features that research on the sun has progressed the furthest. Another decade may perhaps change all this.

"Butterfly and Moth Book," by Ellen Robertson-Miller, is in Scribner's spring list.

From England comes the report of the death of Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake, who will be remembered for her strong stand in behalf of the medical education of women. After studying medicine under Dr. Lucy Sewall in Boston, Mass., in 1866, she matriculated in the medical faculty of the University of Edinburgh, and when refused a degree she brought action against the University. She was granted the M.D. by the University of Berne in 1877. She founded a school of medicine for women in London and one in Edinburgh. Her writings include: "American Schools and Colleges," "Medical Women," and "Care of Infants."

Drama

Maurice Maeterlinck. By Montrose J. Moses. New York: Duffield & Co. $1.25 net.

Mr. Moses's "Study" deals briefly with the "Man" and the "Poet," handles the dramatic fully and systematically, and dismisses the "Philosopher" with a brief and cautious epitome. The book is unindexed, but contains useful bibliographies.

Respect for Mr. Moses's admirable diligence in research must not prevent us from speaking plainly on the point of his qualifications for the part of critic. The question is not so much one of truth or error (Mr. Moses, like other men of wide reading and much docility, is often right), as of a vagueness and looseness of apprehension which makes his error harmless and his truth ineffectual. There are formulæ in his book which, taken alone, might denote thought, but which are commonly followed by something so irrelevant or so contradictory as to belie the supposition that the first thought has been actually grasped. In criticism Mr. Moses can hardly view an idea in emphatic detachment or in significant relation. Ideas are for him things not to be used, but to be invoiced; his explanations recall the answers in college examination papers based on the undigested notes of a half-understood lecture.

We confine ourselves to one illustration of this inconsequence and slipperiness of mind. The following passage is found on page 306:

> Maeterlinck's sweetness and light have never obscured his force; they have opened a way, as his dramas did in the theatre, for the unknown to become accessible to man's inward scrutiny. The sage exists only where the soul is aflame with the golden glow of truth, and this golden glow abides only at the heart of all virtue. For, as he says, "the more clear ideas we possess, the more do we learn to respect those that as yet are still vague."

The first sentence assures us that Maeterlinck possesses force, and, in support or illustration of that thesis, alleges that his work opens paths into the unseen. We are, then, told, apropos of nothing in the context, that wisdom is inseparable from fervor (surely, a most questionable dictum), and that fervor depends on virtue. These two propositions are expressly deduced from the apparently quite irrelevant affirmation that our respect for vague ideas grows

with our acquisition of clear ones. The seeker for other examples is referred to pages 16-17.

The two following sentences (pages 196-197), which are consecutive, suggest one phase of the author's style: "Here he has a keen exemplification of quotidian happenings in the midst of eternal verities." "'La Mort de Tintagiles' is a typical picture of Maeterlinck's proneness to set the lyrical amidst black rivers of fright." The competence of the proof-revision may be illustrated by these examples: "Rautenderlein" (profanely suggestive of "raw tenderloin"), "school that *halcd* Poe," "*sickled over* with the pale *castc* of thought" (the italics are ours).

Mr. Moses cannot provide matter for the thoughtful, because he does not think; he does not write clear English, and so has not produced a useful, popular handbook. If he would renounce his present ideals of thought and style, and confine himself to plain facts and plain English, he could do work that would entitle him to commendation.

"Sumurûn," the pantomimic play, which was one of the earliest successes of Max Reinhardt, and which took Berlin and then London by storm, has now reached New York, where it seems likely to repeat its earlier triumphs. Winthrop Ames is entitled to the credit of its importation, and has produced it, with the original company, music, and effects, in the Casino Theatre. If it is not, when regarded as a work of romantic imagination, altogether so wonderful as it was represented to be in certain rhapsodical preliminary notices, it is a real novelty of indisputable artistic and dramatic value. But its chief importance is as an object-lesson in the potency of skilled gesture and trained facial expression, and in the true meaning of stage management. As a play, it possesses no transcendent merit. In its outlines it is simply a lurid Oriental melodrama, made out of incidents largely borrowed from the "Arabian Nights," and not always so clear in action as—in the absence of words—it ought to be. A wretched hunchback, enamoured of a lovely dancer, who despises him, sells her to a fierce old Sheik, in order to separate her from the Sheik's son, who also is pursuing her. The hunchback then swallows poison. Meanwhile the Sheik's favorite, Sumurûn, favors the young cloth-merchant, Nur-al-Din, and contrives to smuggle him into the harem while her master is amusing himself with the dancer in an upper room. Presently the old Sheik, awakening from sleep, discovers his son, who has followed secretly, and promptly cuts his throat. The dying youth uses his last breath to tell of the treachery below, and the old Sheik, with gigantic strength, lowering him with one hand down the spiral staircase, while holding a scimitar in the other, descends to wreak vengeance on the lover of Sumurûn. He has Nur-al-Din at his mercy, when the resuscitated hunchback—whose supposed corpse has been subjected to all kinds of grotesquely horrible vicissitudes—plunges a dagger into his back, and so brings happiness to the lovers.

All this, of course, is melodrama of common quality, but in representation it becomes fanciful, animated, grotesque, and thrilling romance. The story is told with a smoothness, rapidity, and wealth of illuminative gesture and expression, that never permit the interest of the spectator to flag, and keep his attention so fully occupied that he has no time for that sober reflection which is most fatal to illusion. And the characterization, owing to the vividness and appropriateness of the gesture and to the illuminative play of facial expression, is not only vital, but in one or two instances extraordinarily vital. The performance, in short, is particularly strong in those very respects in which most representations by the modern school of actors are apt to be weak. It is remarkable also for the incessant life of the scene, the sustained coöperation of all the players, the artistic simplicity, fitness, and decorative quality of the scenery, and the striking effects created without any sense of costly spectacular effort. The power of enlightened stage management is exemplified in the most convincing way, and it is in this fact, and in the general excellence of the acting, not at all in the dramatic quality of the piece itself, that the true significance of the exhibition is to be found. Several of the individual performances are exceedingly good. Preëminent among them is that of the dancer—whose evil charm is the cause of the final catastrophe—by Leopoldine Konstantin. A more eloquent embodiment of feminine guile, wayward passion, and imperious temper could not easily be imagined. Paul Conradi's Sheik is a most imposing and menacing figure, and Emil Lind, as the hunchback, contributes a notable study of jealous despair and rage. All the other actors are capable. A word of special recognition is due also to the incidental music of Victor Hollaender, which is thoroughly Oriental in character, and harmonized most effectively with the action of the scene. There are few living stage managers who could not profit by the lessons to be learned from this artistic production.

Charles Frohman has purchased the English-speaking rights of "Primrose," the latest comedy of Messrs. de Caillavet and de Flers, which has had a prolonged success at the Comédie Française. There is a possibility that the piece may be seen in New York this season. He has also accepted the scenario of a new play which Henry Bernstein will write for Ethel Barrymore. The heroine is the wife of an English diplomat who is compromised by the discovery of important French military documents which have been stolen by attachés of the British embassy.

According to London report, Sir A. W. Pinero's new comedy, "The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl" is a sort of companion picture to "Trelawney of the Wells." The latter was a study of Bohemian and theatrical life in the early Victorian days and the new piece is said to be a similar study, dealing with present-day conditions and composed of course in the author's lighter vein.

Sir Herbert Tree recently visited Paris to see the representation of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" at the Odéon. He is thinking of playing M. Jourdain himself in an English adaptation to be made by Somerset Maugham.

Edmund Day, actor and playwright, died in New York on Monday, at the age of forty-five. He had played with Booth and Barrett and with Alexander Salvini. Besides certain "playlets," he wrote "The Round-Up," "The Sheriff," and "The Widow's Might."

Music

G. Schirmer has just published the vocal score of Wolf-Ferrari's opera, "The Jewels of the Madonna."

The latest novelty given at the Metropolitan is the merry one-act comedy by Leo Blech, "Under Seal." Probably never was an opera staged so inexpensively. The whole opera takes place in the sitting-room of the young widow, Gertrude, who has matrimonial designs on the Burgomaster, and the scene is a typically German one, comfortable but formal, with stiff furniture, the inevitable tiled stove, and a decorative scheme of family silhouettes hung in a group. However, the setting, except a carved wardrobe, counts for little in this amusing little opera, and the story also is simple, but, taken as a whole, with some charming musical bits, it whiles away an hour most agreeably.

There are two love stories in the plot, that of the Burgomaster and the pretty widow, and that of the Burgomaster's daughter and the son of his worst enemy. The young man's mother is living; she is the victim of debt and, consequently, of the official attention of Lampe, the Court messenger, who is determined to sell out all her belongings. She clings to a family heirloom, a fine carved wardrobe, which the widow Gertrude agrees to keep as her own, to save it from Lampe. This wardrobe is the scene of much fun. When Lampe has sealed it, after making sure that it does not belong to Frau Gertrude, the law forbids its being opened, but the law is not obeyed, with the result of many droll incidents. Goritz, who acts the part of Lampe, is the centre of interest. A more amusing picture of an important German official could not well be imagined, and he is ably assisted in his fun-making by Mme. Gadski, Mme. Mattfeld, Miss Alten, Jadlowker, and Weil. The most charming musical bit of the whole opera is the lively duet of courtship between the Burgomaster and the widow. The quartet of the lovers and the two widows is an admirable bit of workmanship, and, like many other episodes in the opera, it shows Blech to have thorough command of the technique of composition. He has written five other operas—"Cherubina," "Alaja," "Alpenkönig und Menschenfeind," "Aschenbrödel," and "Das War Ich." At present he is one of the conductors of the Royal Opera in Berlin, where he shares the work with Dr. Muck and Richard Strauss.

Josef Stransky was the first to conduct the opera "Versiegelt" anywhere. When he conducted it for the first time in Hamburg it was after weeks of rehearsal, for, as he says, it "must go as if fired out of a gun." The details may be difficult, but the final result is delightful.

The first performance of the Chicago Opera Company at the Metropolitan Opera House will be given Tuesday evening, February 13. It will be "Carmen," with Mary Garden in the title rôle. Success has attended Mr. Dippel's performances; in Chicago it was found necessary to give two extra performances a week. On Tuesday night of last week in Chicago, Wolf-Ferrari's latest work, "I Gioielli della Madonna" ("The Jewels of the Madonna") had its American première and achieved a triumph. The distinguished composer was present, and Carolina White, Amadeo Bassl, and Mario Sammarco, together with Cleofonte Campanini, who conducted, received ovations. The company will open its Eastern engagement in Philadelphia, Monday evening, February 12.

Richard Strauss's latest opera, "Der Rosenkavalier," has already had more than fifty performances in Dresden. Humperdinck's "Königskinder," though a year old, has not yet been heard there, but is now in preparation. The season is to wind up with a Strauss week.

Felix Weingartner has completed a violin concerto which Fritz Kreisler will be the first to play, as he was the first to play the Elgar concerto. Weingartner is also said to be at work on a new one-act opera and on making a new version of Weber's "Oberon."

The death is reported from Vienna of Hermann Winkelmann, the operatic tenor, at the age of sixty-six. After his great success as Siegfried, Wagner assigned to him the title rôle in "Parsifal" at the Baireuth festival in 1880, and he soon became noted in this part.

Art

The Art of the Romans. By H. B. Walters. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5 net.

Into a subject which has lately been the occasion of much erudite mystification, Mr. Walters introduces a refreshing element of common sense. We have been told to see an original invention in the custom of continuous narration—an inevitable expedient whenever there is much to tell on any long field which it is not convenient to subdivide. In the incapacity of the Roman sculptors to think out a clear and workmanlike relief we have been invited to find the germ of a new illusionism. In the ineptitude of Constantinian sculpture we have been assured there lies a new æsthetic of atmospheric envelopment. All these theories Mr. Walters faithfully records without accepting. A former historian of Greek art, his attitude towards Roman art is rather cold. This makes his book less interesting reading than, say, Mrs. Strong's "Roman Sculpture," but this coldness will be shared, we think, by all who approach the subject from the point of view of artistic quality.

It is customary to reserve Roman architecture and portraiture from such strictures. Even here it seems to us that Mr. Walters's tenderness is not quite justified. He fails to note the constant disproportion between material and design which makes Roman architecture nearly always unduly heavy. In portraiture Mr. Walters exaggerates the typical character of Greek portrait art. From the Egyptian painted heads, which are in a true Hellenistic tradition, we must assume that the earlier Greeks excelled the Romans here as elsewhere. Among the Roman busts, astonishingly real as they are, not half a dozen can bear comparison with fine Renaissance portrait heads. In short, the art of the Romans is that of a people which, with abundant ambition and unlimited wealth, fundamentally had no taste. Their case is not so unlike our own here in America, and our hope lies in a broader and more intelligent eclecticism than was theirs.

Mr. Walters might well have dwelt more appreciatively upon the beauty of Augustan naturalistic ornament. Here Mrs. Strong is a more sympathetic guide. The question remains open whether this lovely development, so fruitful centuries later in the Italian Renaissance, is, after all, not merely the afterglow of Alexandrianism. The subject is worthy of more investigation than it has received. The present book covers the field, including the minor arts, with especial chapters on Roman art in Gaul and Britain. For the sake of completeness some attention might have been given to Roman art in Africa and the Levant. In the latter region, however, our author accepts Strzygowski's theory of an unbroken Hellenic development. And, indeed, on the basis of our present knowledge, Athens and Cyrene may be regarded as the Eastern outposts of specifically Roman art.

Though there is plenty of special literature in the Roman field, comprehensive manuals are few and inadequate. So Mr. Walters's judicious survey, with its many illustrations, should appeal strongly both to the student and to the general reader.

Walter Crane's collected addresses in "William Morris to Whistler" (Macmillan) preaches the dignity of applied art and criticises the capitalistic régime as hopelessly inimical to the best interests of art. Mr. Crane's attitude towards the arts and crafts movement in England and America, however, is hopeful, and he is inclined to make the best of a crooked world as it is. The book, which is prettily decorated with the author's vignettes, cannot be called a weighty one.

"Illuminated Manuscripts" (Putnam), by J. A. Herbert, is a worthy addition to the Connoisseurs' Library. It covers the European field with scholarly accuracy and clearness, is amply provided with illustrations, and, except in a too succinct treatment of French illumination after the thirteenth century, offers little ground for adverse criticism. In connection with the Hours of Turin, the plausible attribution of some of the miniatures to the Van Eycks should have been noticed. In fact, the possible relation of Gothic illumination to lost mural painting deserved a word of discussion, and the growing richness of American public and private collections might have been recognized. But the book is primarily intended for the English reader and corresponds pretty closely to his opportunities and limitations. Being especially strong on the English side and on the early periods generally, it nicely supplements the current manuals.

At the December meeting of the British School in Athens Mr. Wace gave an interesting account of some important discoveries made by Mr. Thompson and himself in connection with the Macedonian Exploration Fund. The districts explored were Orestis and Elemiotis, with the part of Perrhæbia which is still Turkish territory. Near Elassona two prehistoric sites were noted, resembling the Thessalian sites, from one of which vases of the so-called Late Minoan II style are said to have been found. Another prehistoric site was discovered on the banks of the Haliakmon, near Serfije, and in the same district a cemetery belonging to the early iron age. In Orestis were found three Greek sites of the classical period, the names of which are unknown In Northern Perrhæbia the explorers came upon a long Latin inscription of Trajan, dated 101 A. D., of great topographical and historical importance. The results show what a fruitful yield Macedonia will be for excavators of prehistoric, classical Greek or of Roman sites.

Excavations at Ostia, the ancient port of Rome, are continued with much energy. The principal street of the town has now been laid bare for a length of nearly 500 yards. Its width is as much as eight yards, and it is flanked with porticoes and paved throughout, so that the effect is quite imposing. Not far from the gate by which it left the town was found a splendid female winged figure, a combination of the types of Athena and of Victory, which we may suppose decorated the gate itself. An extensive cemetery situated outside the city walls has been partly explored. In the sand beneath the tombs cremation burials of the third century B. C. have been found. Many of the public buildings of the town have been completely cleared and the intervening spaces explored, so that the most important quarter of the city now forms a connected whole. The baths which had been excavated in 1888 have been further examined, and their beautiful mosaic pavements with marino scenes in black on a white ground have been brought to light. Under the palæstra adjoining these baths a large reservoir has been discovered. Moreover the barracks of the *vigiles* have been completely excavated, as well as the quarter behind the theatre, where remains of a Christian church were found, which was probably erected in honor of Quiriacus, the first bishop of Ostia (268-270 A. D.), but at least three centuries after his death. The foundation of the city of Ostia, which is now under exploration, is to be connected with the Ostian questorship in 266 B. C., since no trace of anything earlier has been discovered on the site.

Finance

WHEN NEW YORK LENDS TO EUROPE.

Resumption of gold exports from New York last week, with $2,500,000 in all shipped to Central and South America, was correctly explained as meaning that Europe, which had obligations to settle in those markets, was drawing on New York's gold for the purpose. The same thing happened at this time in 1910, but with this difference—that whereas Europe was then our heavy creditor on balance, and was ordering the southward gold shipments as partial discharge of the debt, we ourselves are now the creditor market, so that Europe virtually has to increase its American indebtedness to command the gold.

Simultaneously with these shipments came news of an impending $125,000,000 loan by the German Government. When that large operation was announced there was still outstanding, from the short loans made by New York to the Berlin banks last month, the sum of $50,000,000. It had been expected that these loans, which were near maturity, would be paid off this month. Instead, the Berlin banks, on learning of what the German Government expected from them, have not only asked for extension of their New York obligations for three months, but have considerably increased the indebtedness. This might fairly enough be described as the indirect financing of the German public loan by American capital.

The incident emphasizes again the contrast between the money plethora here and the European markets' lack; but it goes a little further. To match the existing status, one would have to go back a decade. Our foreign trade balance, at that time, had piled up exactly as it has lately been doing; home industry was halting; we were believed to have $250,000,000 loaned out on Europe's markets. When tight money seized upon Europe, after the Transvaal War and the blockade of the gold-fields had begun in October, 1899, we not only increased those loans, but entered the market for European public securities. Our bankers took $28,000,000 of the British Exchequer's war loan of August, 1900; $100,000,000 of the loan of May, 1901, and $80,000,000 of the loan of April, 1902. We loaned $20,000,000 in 1900 to the German Government, and bought the new bond issues of Continental cities. Wall Street of those enthusiastic days declared that New York had become, or would very soon become, the recognized money centre of the world.

Nobody makes that claim to-day. We have learned since 1900 that, in all such cases, America will soon have need again of whatever capital it may temporarily have placed on the European markets, and a very considerable slice of Europe's own capital besides. The question which remains is, how far the subsequent revival of American industry, on that earlier occasion, was a result of the great stores of capital accumulated at our market's order, and how far it was mere coincidence.

This brings up the general question of our real financial and industrial position. If an observant man were asked to describe the characteristics of the hour in financial and industrial markets, he would undoubtedly point out, first, disappointment that the sudden revival which was somehow to come in sight on the morning after New Year's Day had not materialized; secondly, that all the consuming community seems to be economizing; thirdly, that all the producing community has been putting its house in order; fourthly, that the American market, and every one connected with that market, has been paying off its debts; finally, that, as a result, an impressive credit balance has heaped up in our bank reserves, in our home money market, and on the foreign markets, subject to our draft. Supposing he were next to inquire in Wall Street exactly what this combination of circurstances meant, it would be exceptional if he did not presently run on the following answer, from entirely respectable authorities: The people have lost heart. Times are hard. Business is unprofitable. The Government is to blame. The Trust prosecutions have caused it all. A Presidential election is impending. Dark hours are ahead of us. The United States has seen its best days.

So much for the very probable comment, in the present mood of American finance, on the condition of financial and industrial slack-water which now surrounds us. If, however, some stray observer who had given careful attention to the ups and downs of American financial fortunes in the past were asked for his opinion, he might possibly answer somewhat differently. He might suggest, for instance, that completion of the liquidating process after a great economic crisis is necessary before good times come again, but that the process is painful.

This he might supplement by the remark that New Year's Day is not a landmark in finance; that underlying conditions on January 25 are apt to be much what they were on the 25th of December; that economy by the consuming community means reaccumulation of wealth; that the way for a man or a community to get on a sound economic basis after a period of over-extension is to pay off pressing debt, and not (as in 1909) to pile up more; that America's present position in the money markets of the world shows how far that salutary process has been carried; that the hour before dawn is an hour when it seems as if it would never be light again, and that the most familiar and most stupid trick of misguided human nature is to lay on the shoulders of Government the blame for our own extravagances and blunders. Perhaps an observer thus familiar with the past might conclude with a citation from eminent authority, to the effect that "the man who is a bear on the future of this country will go broke."

To any one, indeed, with the broader view of financial history, the whining and whimpering of the day (in highly respectable financial circles) seems just a bit pathetic. It is heard, let it be observed, in much the same quarters as informed us, in 1901 and 1905 and 1906, that nothing could possibly stop the progress of inflation in the American financial boom. Booms had collapsed before, but this would not. Overspeculation and overexploiting had in the past led directly to financial crisis and prolonged depression; but things were different now. Such achievements nowadays merely guaranteed the perpetual and successful continuance of the inflating process. Financial principles and economic law had been revised.

Perhaps the attitude of numerous financial oracles at the present moment is a logical corollary to their attitude of those years. It is true, such conditions of liquidated markets as to-day's used to be the infallible prelude, at a greater or less distance, to the new revival of finance and industry. They were undeniably so in the dark hours at the opening of 1879 and 1897. But doubtless economic law has been turned upside down, in the sequel to reactions as to booms. Whoever chooses to accept this cheerful theory is at liberty to do so. The only passing comment called for is, that the declaration, five or ten years ago, of the new economic order which would not admit of relapse, panic, liquidation, forced economy, or hard times, has not been so precisely verified by the sequel as to encourage belief in the abolition of precedent as applied to the state of affairs which now exists.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1912.

The Week

By a nearly two-thirds vote, the House on Monday passed the bill reducing the iron and steel duties. The Democrats voted solidly for the bill, with the exception of the Colorado Representatives, who balked in behalf of the local interests in zinc ore and lead ore. Among the Republican "insurgents" there was a division on the subject; twenty of them, however, voted for the bill. No better strategic step on the tariff issue could have been chosen by the Democrats as their initial move. Among the members of the insurgent faction of the Republicans in the Senate, there must, in the present condition of their campaign against Mr. Taft—not to speak of their own record on tariff reduction—be a very strong disposition to range themselves on the side of this measure, which presents so little ground for objection from any point of view except that of the out-and-out standpatter. There seems, therefore, to be a very good chance of the bill being passed by the Senate; and if this shall be done, the President will be placed in a decidedly undesirable position. The indications clearly are that he will intrench himself squarely behind his oft-asserted position that tariff changes should be made only in pursuance of the results of investigations by the Tariff Board. Possibly, however, he may find a way, with the aid of the recent report of the Bureau of Corporations, to reconcile his conscience with the signing of the bill. Politically, it must be admitted that he will find himself distinctly uncomfortable whichever way he decides.

We think that a somewhat wearied public will experience a certain relief at Col. Watterson's departure for his Florida home, "beyond the reach even of the telegraph." He has been a trifle too much with us in these past few weeks. His repeated interviews and statements, his "time-limit" and his "court of honor," have generated a good deal of heat but have yielded very little light. From his first appearance in the Wilson controversy until the one which he assured us Tuesday morning was his last, he has been as incoherent as clamorous, and self-contradictory at the very moment that he was most positive. Yet his conduct has been of a piece with the character that discerning people long since came to attribute to "Marse Henry." With engaging personal traits and a gift of piquant expression, Col. Watterson has not built up for himself a reputation for either steadiness or political sagacity. He now exclaims of Gov. Wilson: "May God protect Democracy from such a leader." This will do to place alongside his confident prediction in 1892 that if Mr. Cleveland were nominated for the Presidency, his party would simply march "through a slaughter-house to an open grave." One would think that a man with such a ludicrous prophecy to his credit would now refrain from calling upon the country to mark his words, or asking high Heaven to bear witness to his political authority.

In accordance with his policy as outlined in his annual report, and in response to a House resolution, Secretary Stimson has transmitted to Congress his suggestions for the abolition of the "political army posts" and the concentration of the troops in a few economical stations. No less than sixteen posts, and possibly eighteen, should, he says, be abandoned at once, and there is a supplementary list of seven which might go a little later. Among the latter are some of the costliest in the United States—notably, Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming, upon which has been spent $4,925,486 to make it a brigade post, and incidentally to gratify the constituents of Senator Warren of Wyoming, chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs. This expenditure has hardly been completed. It will take courage, therefore, to abandon such an enterprise as this. Like Fort Logan H. Roots, in Arkansas, Fort William Henry Harrison at Helena, Montana, and Plattsburgh Barracks, New York, Fort D. A. Russell was built with a lavish hand. Our posts are unlike those of any other nation the world over, in that they represent a far larger outlay, proportionately.

Equally important with this desirable reform, in which Secretary Stimson should have the support of Congress, is the announcement that the Philippine garrison is to be cut in half, to only four regiments of infantry and two of cavalry. This will come as a great relief to the army, and speaks volumes for the confidence of the authorities in the complete pacification of the archipelago. There will still remain, of course, the Philippine Scouts, numbering 5,732 men, and the Constabulary of 4,305 men, which is under the control of the civil government. Although officered chiefly by Americans, these are composed of natives; evidently the powers that be have full confidence in the loyalty of these troops. While this step will decrease the cost of administering the archipelago, the simultaneously announced project of putting 12,000 or 15,000 troops into Hawaii as a permanent garrison reflects little credit upon the wisdom of the War Department. Hawaii is portrayed as the most important strategic point we have. As a matter of fact, high military and naval authority has long pointed out that it can only be a source of weakness. Any fleet bound for our Pacific Coast would sail by it and all its garrison, and troops stationed there would be lost for service at home.

The lack of a clearly defined platform for Ohio "progressivism" is apparent in the work of the State Constitutional Convention. The Socialist member from Cleveland would seek progress in a rigid prohibition of injunctions, a ban on the use of the State militia to preserve order in strikes, and by forbidding private police or detectives to give evidence in the courts. President Bigelow himself is virtually ready to sacrifice everything else to get through an absolutely untrammelled initiative and referendum. But he is known as a militant adherent of the single-tax idea, and so from the agricultural element come proposals to put in an ironclad prohibition of the single tax, and to include in the Constitution the present statutory tax-rate limitation. The latter was enacted last spring under vigorous pressure from Gov. Harmon, and is popular among farmers, who have found their

December taxes decreased as compared with former years.

Some of Mr. Bigelow's followers want progress on the liquor question in the shape of a mandatory license clause, so drawn as to deny the power of the Legislature to enact State-wide prohibition, if not local option by counties. On the other hand, Mr. Bigelow's pet measures are absolutely hopeless without the aid of many "dry" votes which cannot be procured if his influence becomes entangled with the attempt to curb the power of the people to restrain the liquor traffic. And here the temperance people have the distinct advantage, as the existing Constitution gives them all the power they want. All in all, the indications are that the Convention must temper its progressiveness with great caution if its work is to stand any chance of adoption by the voters. Ohio is tired of the kind of government served up in the past by its George B. Coxes and John R. McLeans, but that feeling is not concentrated as a moving force behind any of the specific measures relied upon by extremists. Yet in this very fact lies the real opportunity of the Ohio Constitutional Convention. If it has the insight to make a correct analysis of present and prospective evils, and the wisdom to attempt only the possible for the present, while clearing the path of obstructions to future progress, it will make a name for itself.

The indictment of the ex-Director of Public Safety of Philadelphia and three others, including the head of a contracting company, is the direct result of the Catlin Commission's investigation into municipal conditions last autumn. At that time Director Clay challenged the authority of the Commission and refused to answer its summons, whereupon the Bullitt Committee proceeded to pile up a mass of uncontradicted testimony tending to show such irregularities as the alteration of specifications in contracts after they had been let to a favored firm, by which substitutions of inferior material were possible. The charges upon which the indictment has been drawn recite, further, such allegations as the showing to the contracting company of plans and specifications in advance of the regular advertising for bids, and the falsification of the city records. The accused company seems to have obtained about all of the public-building contracts under the Reyburn Administration, and a total of $200,000 is alleged to have been misappropriated in connection with its performance of them. The accused declare that they have "a perfectly good defence," but they are saving it for the trial.

For a genuine political novelty, commend us to the Primary bill which the voters of South Dakota are to pass upon in November. The independent column is to be put first upon the party ballot, but this is conservatism itself in comparison with the attempt to divide every party into an official majority and minority, which shall be recognized as such and represented by county majority and minority "proposal committeemen." These committeemen are to propose majority and minority "group principles and candidates" for the following primary. A decided innovation is the arrangement for official party endorsement of candidates for appointive positions, either State or Federal. Such endorsement is to be determined by open vote of the State Central Committee. Correlative of party endorsement is party recall, which is attained by having candidates make a written promise to resign office upon condemnation by a two-thirds vote of the Central Committee after trial of charges upon oath. There is also to be a postmaster primary, with a similar provision for resignation.

HAMILTON, Ga., January 24.—Developments following the lynching here on Monday night of four negroes, one of them a mulatto girl, for the alleged murder of Norman Hadley, indicate that the mob certainly put at least two innocent persons to death and probably three, and there is no convincing evidence that the fourth negro had anything to do with killing Hadley.

Such is Judge Lynch's usual accuracy! Moreover, if the telegraphic accounts are to be trusted, the cause of the murder was the undesired attentions of Norman Hadley, a white man, to a negro girl. "The developments," it is reported, "have caused great indignation, and a determined effort will be made to ferret out the members of the mob." Well, it is to be hoped that something will be accomplished by way of example, for once; what has happened at Coatesville is not encouraging, however. But this Georgia horror ought to open people's eyes to the hollowness of the old excuse for lynching. In not one-third of these mob-murders to-day is criminal assault alleged as the cause.

Reading of the proceedings in the trial of the meat-packers, one asks again whether the American business man, including the Big Business Man, is an ass or a clever devil. The duty on hides is now an academic question. They were made free during the tariff revision operations of two years ago. But few have forgotten the bitter struggle that preceded the act and the cries of anguish that were raised against this murderous assault on a great American industry. Where was that great industry? The Western beef-packers' accounts, as now revealed in court, show again and again that, on cattle shipments ranging between $75,000 and $100,000, the value of the hides amounted sometimes to one hundred dollars, sometimes to two hundred dollars, but seldom rose to any significant sum. Evidently, then, animal hides have no commercial value to the packers, and we ask again, what interest was threatened by the cutting down of the duty on that commodity? We are accustomed to have Wall Street go panic-stricken in anticipation of events which, when they do come, are received with perfect equanimity. Did the beef barons suffer from the same form of aberration? Or is something the matter with their bookkeeping system, as the Government contends?

The introduction in the Senate at Albany of the new game law for this State gives hope of better things. The confusing old law has been changed into a practical act of the permissive type by the Conservation Commission, while special knowledge in the codifiers who assisted in the work has led to the inclusion of a number of wise provisions. Thus, deer-taking has been limited to bucks and the beginning of the season retarded, as experience has proved that when the leaves are fallen and bucks alone can be shot, there is a marked reduction of fatal accidents. The work of the State fish hatcheries is to be helped by warfare on harmful species, whose catching will be aided by a system of permits. Quail are to be protected by an absolutely close season, save on

Long Island, and shore-birds by a shortening of the present open season. Encouraged by the success of the present State game farm in supplying pheasants and eggs, the Commission asks for $75,000 to establish six other such farms. It is also the Commission's belief that by the issuance of a fishing license at $1 and the proper management of the State's 40,000 acres of shellfish beds, an additional revenue may be obtained which will make its entire work, including forest protection, more than self-supporting.

It now appears that the transfer of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's art collection from the South Kensington Museum to New York is but the natural culmination of the activity that brought the works together. It need arouse no surprise either in the country which loses the treasures or in that which gains them. Nevertheless, expected as the event has long been, it does not lose any of its significance. London is experiencing something like a shock at the actual removal of long-cherished works of genius, and New York will have a suitable thrill of satisfaction, patriotic and artistic, in receiving them. Not the least striking feature of the affair is its connection with such non-artistic things as taxes. It is the abolition of the tariff duties on works of art on this side, coupled with the menace of death duties on the other, that seems to have determined the moment for the enrichment of our art treasures.

Robert Browning having had his say about grammarians, it is not amiss to see what a great grammarian thinks of Robert Browning. Something recently set Professor Gildersleeve of Johns Hopkins and the *Journal of American Philology* to rereading, after many years, "The Ring and the Book," moved thereto, says Professor Gildersleeve, "by a recent perusal of the Old Yellow Book, which, to be frank, has for any one familiar with handling original documents more real life in it than all the figures and fancies and philosophies that the genius of Browning has conjured out of it." As a grammarian, Dr. Gildersleeve has little patience with Browning, and has now and then been tempted to carry out the suggestion of an eminent scholar, "once a thrall of Browning," who wrote, "You might have something stronger to say about his abuses of English syntax." Professor Gildersleeve finally yields to the temptation and writes as follows:

> To me the English language, which I worship, however ignorantly, is a sacred thing; and he who does despite to the body of it, who deliberately twists its sinews and dislocates its joints, is a cruel monster, no matter what his genius; and such a monster of genius is Browning. I am not discussing his style, his inversions, his tiresome alliterations, his parentheses or what the Chicago ladies call in baseball parlance his curves. Nor do I find fault with the suppression of the relative. That is a return to the glorious liberty of the sons of the days of Elizabeth. But Browning's infinitives are to the gramatical soul so many mopping and mowing fiends; and it is this antigrammatical perverseness that makes it hard for me to follow up his other perverseness. There are hard writers, there are obscure writers. Some of the greatest writers are hard writers and we must submit to their conditions. But obscure writers deserve—

all that Professor Gildersleeve now proceeds to say. Thus an old topic is made refreshing by a new point of view.

London is reported to be holding up its hands in astonishment over the spectacle of New York gone "duke-mad." New York society, blandly remarks one newspaper, is not used to dukes, and its excitement seems strange to democratic Britons, to whom the very word has become a term of opprobrium. We are not concerned to defend New York "society," but it is the simple truth that its unfamiliarity with dukes has not prevented matrimonial alliances between them and some of its members. But there is a real problem in this matter of our attitude towards representatives of royalty. If we do not appear excited over them we are in danger of being denounced as boorish; and if we treat them like Presidential candidates, we are false to our traditions, in a word, duke-mad. Madness of this sort, fortunately for our self-respect, is not confined to America. We have no dukes to send abroad, but a wheat-king is just as good, if we are to judge by the reception that James A. Patten got in Manchester, not so many years ago. Our leading pugilist might have thought the people mad wherever he went in England. Indeed, we should not be surprised to find that the most detailed accounts of the activities of the Duke of Connaught among us were printed in the most duke-hating journals of his own nation—newspapers that would doubtless make their own the famous classification of society given by a Labor M.P.: "From a dustman down to a duke."

The wholesale lynching in Ecuador of political revolutionists seeking to embroil their country in fresh turmoil is hardly an imitation of American customs which we could term flattery. But if it represents an earnest desire to put an end to political conspiracies and to give the country relief from another needless revolution, the motives of the lynchers can be respected if not their methods. It is certainly high time that Central and South America took this matter of internal peace into their own hands. They cannot fail to have read Secretary Knox's recent plea that the Administration might be authorized to administer all the custom houses on the Caribbean in order to end internal disorders. It would be wise for the Latin-American republics to remove all excuse for what would be a most dangerous undertaking for us and for them.

Mr. W. Morgan Shuster's latest restatement of the case against the Russian Government in the matter of Persia lost nothing of its effect because the speaker is reported to have made no attempt at declamation or invective. The men who listened to Mr. Shuster's explanations at the London dinner Monday night came mostly from the Radical wing of the Liberal party. But that fact does not deprive their attitude in opposition to Sir Edward Grey's policy in Persia of significance as an index of what a considerable portion of the English people feel in the matter. It should be remembered that open criticism of the country's foreign policy, to the extent it is now being carried on, is a new thing in English politics. Consequently it would be from Radical quarters that the innovation would come. While it would be rash to say that Sir Edward Grey's official position has been endangered, it is safe to predict that future Ministers under a Liberal Government will have to take into account the growing feeling both against secret diplomacy as revealed in the recent Morocco crisis and against avowedly selfish diplomacy such as Sir Edward Grey has pursued in Persia for the sake of retaining Russian friendship in European affairs.

THE AWKWARD DETAILS.

Thus far the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt, over the bleeding corpse of President Taft, has been regarded by his boomers only as a glorious idea. The general plan seems alluring and magnificent. There is to be a mighty spontaneous movement, the Great Lakes calling to the Gulf and all the Rocky Mountains clapping their hands. At the right moment the idol of the nation is to signify his consent and then there will be nothing left but acclamation in the Convention and delirious joy among the people. It looks as easy as it is grand. Unfortunately, however, all such splendid conceptions have to be worked out with a lot of details that may be irksome but are necessary. An enthusiast once took an aspiring project to Lord Salisbury, acknowledging that he had not yet given any study to the unimportant details. But Salisbury coldly observed: "In these matters, details are everything." We may be very sure that they are in politics.

It may be instructive to consider a few of the awkward details through which the Roosevelt march to glory will have to make its way. Some of them are moral obstacles. There is the Third Term precedent, together with Mr. Roosevelt's specific declaration that he respected it and would under no circumstances seek or accept another nomination for the Presidency. There is, too, the difficulty of gross disloyalty to a friend who has never been unfaithful to him. A good deal of logic-chopping and hair-splitting will also be forced upon the champions of the transparently honest man. They will have to explain that for him to say "never," is to mean "as soon as possible." They will need to argue that a spontaneous and irresistible uprising of a great people is the same thing as a carefully worked up and secretly financed excitement. Impatient Rooseveltites may, indeed, think to brush away moral details like these as of no account at all, though we think they will find them formidable before they finish. But there is another order of obstacles, of an intensely practical kind, with which they will have to reckon, and which we desire here to indicate.

A National Convention is a thing of rules and precedents. It is not a lot of cowboys got together to yell, but a gathering of delegates who must proceed under a fixed order, work through officers and committees, and pass from one step to the next with due regularity. And before they nominate a President they must adopt a platform. That is as invariable as it is sensible. Convictions must be expressed before candidates are chosen. Now, what is the Platform Committee at Chicago next June bound to report? Is it not certain that it will give the Administration of President Taft very high praise? The Republican party could not do anything else without stultifying itself. It elected Mr. Taft President, it pledged itself to the nation that he would carry out its declared policies, and it would now be not only unprecedented but absurd for it to fail to enumerate with laudation the public services of Mr. Taft. Can any man even imagine a Republican platform this year which did not remind the people what the President has done—praise his arbitration treaties, endorse his fearless enforcement of the Anti-Trust law, applaud his devotion to civil-service reform, his wise selection of judges, and so on? Any other course is inconceivable.

Now, let the mind be applied for a moment to the way in which this detail —doubtless, a wretched one, from the point of view of a transcendental Rooseveltian—will work out in practice. The platform is sure to be highly laudatory of Taft, and then the Convention is expected to turn round and throw itself into the arms of the man who has been stabbing Taft in the back! Is there any way of doing that gracefully? On the Rooseveltian supposition, the platform would have to be punctuated at the moment with denials and deadly annotations. It would be something like the following:

> We record our warm approval of the high-minded and patriotic Administration of President Taft—and we are going to pitch him out of the window as soon as the Roosevelt stampede begins.
>
> We invite special attention to the noble work for the peace of the world wrought by a Republican President in negotiating treaties of universal arbitration—and we propose to nominate the man who denounced them as reeking with hypocrisy.
>
> We are fully resolved to uphold the hands of President Taft in enforcing the law against Trusts—and then we shall ask the country to vote for a candidate who has declared that course to be nonsensical.
>
> We cordially and proudly approve William Howard Taft—and now the party will please note the ease with which Theodore Roosevelt will knock the stuffing out of him.

This is not purely fanciful. Dancing on a rope over Niagara, or swallowing swords, would be child's play compared with what the Republican Convention will have to do if it sets out to praise the President and then do him to death. The original Roosevelt idea was, of course, that Taft would take himself out of the way. When the commander-in-chief indicated his will, how could the mere "lieutenant" withstand him? But the impudent and obstinate President is going to fight, and that creates a condition of affairs which bristles with difficulties. In a word, the grandiose notion of nominating Roosevelt without sitting down to count the cost thereof bids fair to be wrecked on miserable and overlooked details.

OUR CRIMINAL MACHINERY.

The execution of the murderer Wolter at Sing Sing on Monday coincided with the publication of Police Commissioner Waldo's annual report, and his strictures on the administration of the criminal law in this city. Wolter's crime was one of the most atrocious and abhorrent conceivable. By an unusual manifestation of energy and expedition in connection with the trial, together with quick and effective work on the part of the police, the conviction of the author of this horrible crime followed close upon the deed, the interval being little more than a month. But in spite of this, and of the total absence of mitigating circumstances, the carrying out of the sentence has come only at the end of twenty-two months of delay. Such a condition of things as this exemplifies is scandalous. We may explain it, but we cannot reconcile it with the requirements of common sense or the simplest dictates of public policy. Whatever the cause, it must be removable; and no more pressing duty rests upon public-spirited members of the bar than that of bringing about a reform under which such demoralizing absurdities shall be impossible. That the reform can be brought about requires no proof; but if any proof were needed, it would be completely supplied by the simple fact that in communities living under the same system of law as ourselves, and not a whit less jealous of the rights and liberties of the individual, no such preposterous phenomenon is witnessed. The thing is unknown in England.

Some of the statistical and other statements contained in Commissioner Waldo's report are calculated to impress sober-minded men with the seriousness of this whole question. The large number of murders in our American communities, and the small proportion of them in which the murderer is brought to justice, are, in a general way, matters of common knowledge; but most persons will nevertheless experience a shock of surprise when confronted with the actual figures for New York. In the year 1911 there were 148 murders in this city and only 13 convictions. It is somewhat worse than that for the three preceding years; but the average annual number of murders for those years is seen to have been 117, while the average number of convictions was only 25. Mr. Waldo gives the figures for London for these same three years, 1908-10, and they are in striking contrast. The average annual number of murders in the metropolitan police district of London, with its population of 7,000,000, was only 20 against our 117; and for these 20 murders 15 persons either were convicted or committed suicide before police action. If the same proportion had existed in this city, instead of 30 persons who either were convicted or committed suicide, there would have been 88 who thus expiated their crime; and on the other hand if London had had murders in the same proportion to its population that New York had in those three years, the annual number of these crimes in the British capital would have been 164 instead of 20.

It is but fair to point out that, as Commissioner Waldo indicates in his report, we have in this city a markedly smaller proportion of policemen to the population than has either London or Paris; and this is a phase of the subject which merits serious consideration. But we feel sure that, whatever other causes may be adduced for the explanation of the unenviable prominence of our country, or of New York, in the statistics of homicide, one most important factor in the case is the want of vigor, and especially of expedition, in our judicial procedure in relation to crime. For the multitudes who live on or near the edge of criminality, the difference in moral effect between the spectacle of a stern and prompt execution of the law and the laxity and delay and needless and meaningless technicality that so often characterize the administration of it in this country is utterly incalculable. Nor is the effect of this upon the commission of the most heinous crimes to be measured simply by proceedings relating to those crimes. Such instances as those cited by Mr. Waldo of misplaced leniency in regard to other offences are of potent influence upon the tendency to commit murder as well; for nothing is better known than that murder, in a large proportion of cases, is but the culmination of lesser criminality on the part of the offender.

And there is a wider aspect of the whole matter which, in these days, must be regarded as of vital importance. The bracing up of the processes of justice, the removal of any reasonable reproach that attaches to them, is peculiarly needful at a time when the judiciary is exposed to so much attack. We are evidently only at the beginning of a period of onslaughts on our judicial system. These come from all sorts of sources, and rest on all sorts of foundation, genuine or spurious. But the ordinary citizen will not exercise careful discrimination. His attitude will be determined not by a nice balancing of specific considerations, but by the general impression produced on him. When some sensational writer tells him that the courts are rotten, that "the interests" are getting control of them, that we must have a general cleaning-up of the judiciary if the country is to be saved, he will not stop to analyze the causes of his readiness to listen to this sort of talk. He will not stop to reflect, for instance, that Wolter was not a rich man and that no "interests" had any concern with him; he will not think about the Wolter case explicitly at all. But during the past twenty months, his mind will frequently have dwelt on the unaccountable delay of justice in this case, and in others of somewhat the same character; and it will all have been set down automatically to the discredit of the courts. Their defence against reckless and unscrupulous charges is weakened by every circumstance which, whether tending to sustain those charges or not, breaks down the instinct of respect for them as efficient agencies of justice; and it should be the earnest endeavor of every friend of the courts to strengthen them against this source of danger.

AN ENGLISH PLEA FOR BOUNTIES.

In the *Oxford and Cambridge Review*, Mr. Hillaire Belloc proposes, for the encouragement of wheat-growing in England, a definite bounty system. His scheme is absolutely simple; the basis on which the determination of the bounty is to rest is perfectly well ascertained. And the argument he makes for it is as straight as a string. No Imperial preference, no "fair trade," no appeal for the need of tariff taxes as a means of compelling concessions from foreign countries, no protectionist notion of pulling yourself up by the bootstraps. Mr. Belloc finds in the history of British wheat-growing proof that the uncertainty of a paying price was so impressed upon the farmer during the period of low prices in "the late seventies and the eighties" that he has ceased to look upon that occupation as a standard use for his capital, and cannot be induced to take it up, even when it does pay, for fear of a repetition of those disastrous experiences. The proposal, therefore, is to insure him against that uncertainty by a Government guarantee of a minimum price. This is the payment of a bounty to bring up the amount he gets for his wheat to 33s. 6d. per quarter—about $1.03 per bushel—whenever the market price of wheat in England falls below that figure. When the price was at or above this mark—and it is considerably above it at the present time—there would be no bounty; when the commercial price was below it, the farmer would still receive a satisfactory return upon his investment. And with this certainty guaranteed, Mr. Belloc is confident that the wheat production would become "double, and more than double," what it now is, "with no appreciable call for extra capital."

Two great merits are claimed by Mr. Belloc for this scheme. One is that "the whole amount sacrificed in the experiment would be ascertainable and would go to the avowed object of the experiment." The other is that instead of the cost of carrying out this public policy being levied on consumers of wheat as such, it would fall upon the nation as a whole and form simply an item in the annual budget. In both of these contentions he is quite right. Since the bulk of England's wheat supply would come from abroad, and since this foreign supply would be subject to no tariff tax,

the price of wheat to the English people would not be raised; only when that price was low, an appropriation would be made from the national exchequer to see the farmer through. And tho amount of this appropriation would, from the nature of the case, be subject to a fairly rigorous limitation; for even at the price of 33s. 6d. per quarter, the amount of wheat that could be raised within the United Kingdom could not pass a certain pretty moderate limit. Just what the cost might be is a question he disposes of too lightly; but, if his proposal should ever reach the status of a practical political question, it will be interesting to see whether the honesty and directness of the method will make it acceptable to the British public. The amount involved is, comparatively speaking, so moderate, and the object proposed is one that has so much appeal to English predilections, that it may possibly find favor; but in general the strength of protectionist systems has depended pretty largely on the fact that their cost has been enveloped in mystery.

How completely this is the case in our own country we know. The three hundred million dollars, or thereabouts, which are paid in at our custom houses in the shape of duties on imports afford no measure whatever of the cost of the protectionist "experiment." They are not even related to it in the sense of forming part of that cost, from which the rest might be guessed. The true cost of protection is to be sought in the enhanced prices of the goods produced under cover of it, and sold to the American consumer at rates above those for which he could obtain them from abroad, if his Government permitted him that liberty. What this difference is, nobody knows; but in a large proportion of cases it is a percentage somewhat like that indicated by the tariff rate on the commodity in question; and that increased price is paid on the entire American product, the volume of which the amount of importation does not indicate. If the American citizen were called upon to hand over the whole amount in the form of government bounties to the manufacturers, the protectionist system could not endure for six months. A couple of billions a year, say, to be provided for in the annual budget, would be too much for the ordinary American's complacency. There may be, along with the standard protectionist fallacies, some sound arguments in favor of encouraging infant industries, insuring diversity of employments, and the rest of it; but they could not stand for a moment against the whirlwind of protest which a two-billion dollar appropriation would call forth.

As to Mr. Belloc's proposal, we fear it will be broken on the rocks upon which so many other attempts of the kind in England have made shipwreck. A plausible case may be made out for a particular step in that direction, so long as we ignore its general bearings; but there's the rub. It would cost but a trifle, says Mr. Belloc, and see how much it would accomplish. Well, even as to the cost, he commits some serious errors. The most the bounties would have come to, at any time in the past five years, would, he says, have been £2,000,000; but, curiously enough, he reckons the bounty on the actual wheat crop, and not on that doubled crop which it is the very object of his scheme to bring about. And he is far too easily assured that wheat will never get back to anywhere near the prices that prevailed in the eighties. It is precisely against that kind of contingency that the farmer will wish to be secured; and in that event, and with his doubled or trebled crop, the bounties might well go up to forty or fifty million dollars. But that is not all, nor the worst; there are other classes—perhaps not so worthy of attention, but still men and Englishmen—that will assuredly wish to be taken care of, when they see the farmer so considerately provided for. It may not be patriotic, or perhaps even logical, but it is extremely natural, and must be reckoned with. Many another interest might point to capital unused, which a trifling appropriation from the public treasury would be sufficient to set going; and there would be no stopping-place in the process. In consideration of all the vicious meddling with economic forces from which the free-trade policy has kept England exempt for three-score years, it will take a tremendously strong case for a particular exception to convince Englishmen that they would be justified in departing from its fundamental principle.

THE GERMAN ELECTIONS.

The Socialists, with their numbers more than doubled, are now the strongest party in the Reichstag. They have wrested from the Catholic Centre the leadership which that party has held for a generation. An analysis of the Socialist victories shows that they were won at the expense of every other party. To this extent the final outcome of the elections completely reverses the implications of the first ballotings of three weeks ago, when it seemed that the moderate parties were in danger of annihilation, and that the German nation was henceforth to fall apart into two irreconcilable divisions of Conservatives and revolutionists. To-day this is far from being the case. Of the fifty-seven seats won by the Socialists, fifteen came from the Conservatives, twenty came from the smaller factions in alliance with the Conservatives, ten came from the Centre, and ten from the National Liberals and Progressives. The loss of ten seats by the Centre is more significant than the mere number would indicate, because the Centre is a religious organization and is by nearly every one regarded as immune against the vicissitudes of mere lay politics. Thus it appears that more than four-fifths of the Socialist gains were made at the expense of the conservative and reactionary elements with which the Government has thrown in its fortunes. The swing away from obscurantism is illustrated in the fate of the Anti-Semite faction, which was thirty strong in 1907, and is now reported to have been virtually wiped out.

That the trend is not so much towards the revolutionary tenets of the Socialist party as away from the reactionary policies of the Conservative-Centrist alliance, is seen by a further analysis of the showing made by the Liberal and Progressive parties. These taken together have suffered, as we have said, a loss of eleven seats; they were 106 in 1907 and are 95 now. Such a decrease would not be formidable under any circumstances. It was to be expected this year when we consider that the German people, long restive under a régime of high prices and large government expenditures, would naturally turn to the Socialists as the official party of protest. The Socialist club, swung by an angry electorate, would naturally crack

heads in all directions. But, actually, the club was swung with a great deal of discretion. Of the seats gained from the National Liberals and Radicals, the former lost eight, the latter only two. In other words, the National Liberals, because of their frequent coöperation with the conservative elements hitherto constituting the majority, have come in for a much severer punishment than the Radicals, who have refused to enter into flirtations with the parties of the Governmental *bloc*. Even now there is already talk of patching up a Government majority out of Conservatives, Centrists, and National Liberals. It is the Radicals alone who, among non-Socialist parties, have fought valiantly for a democratization of German public life, for the establishment of a responsible Ministry, and for the revision of the iniquitous suffrage system in Prussia.

To the Emperor William, the present situation must be peculiarly galling. His battle-cries against Socialism have been answered by the election of a Socialist from his own Imperial constituency in Potsdam, and the defeat of the Socialist candidate in the "palace" district of Berlin by only seven votes. There is some irresponsible talk of a dissolution and a new election. But it is hard to see what profit that would bring. The only promising way of beating down the Socialist strength would be to bring on a foreign war and force a "khaki" election. But that would be a bit of Machiavellian statesmanship of which not even William II's enemies believe him capable. What the Emperor must consider is the change in temper that has come over the German nation in the last four years. In 1907, Von Bülow went to the country on the colonial question, and, by forcing the issue of patriotism, succeeded in cutting the Socialist strength in two. This year, too, there seemed to be a fair opportunity for the chauvinist argument. Germany had come out of the Moroccan controversy with little credit, because, as the general belief went, of English interference. Anti-English feeling has run high. The big-navy men have been ringing the changes on Germany's mission and her old place in the sun. Apparently here was reason enough for expecting a sharp popular rally to the side of the Government. But the German elector seems to have kept a cool head. Loyalty to the fatherland in time of real need was one thing —Herr Bebel has declared that in a war with France he would shoulder his musket for the frontier—and the reactionary record of the Conservative-Centre alliance was another. The narrow Agrarian policy which holds the frontiers closed against foreign foodstuffs in spite of soaring prices, the Conservative opposition to electoral reform and the institution of true representative government —these issues had bitten in too deep to be washed away in a wave of anti-English resentment.

It is precisely against the recurrence of such crises as agitated Europe last year that the presence of 110 Socialists in the Reichstag should work effectively. Their services to the cause of international peace constitute a record which the world recognizes and in which the Socialists take increasing pride. Though the Kaiser's Government succeed in building up a working majority out of anti-Socialist elements, it is impossible to believe that the Imperialist fire-eaters will have things their own way. The Socialists and Radicals, by standing together, can compel moderation in the matter of naval armaments. They can force a foreign policy determined by the desires of the German people and not by the views of the militarists and bureaucrats. This, in turn, involves the establishment of parliamentary machinery for making effective the will of the majority. The institution of a responsible Ministry is one of the questions that are bound to come up in the present Reichstag. On that issue, it is difficult to imagine the National Liberals refusing to join hands with the other parties of the Left and thus forming a solid majority in favor of true representative government.

THE SITUATION IN CHINA.

The imminence of startling changes continues to be announced with daily regularity from Peking and Shanghai, yet the condition of affairs in China remains very much what it was a month ago. Even if one could separate the fact from the amazing tangle of rumor and guesswork concerning the rapid shiftings of Manchu policy, it would still be rash to base any forecast of the future on what the morning's news brings forth. The same would be true of any attempt at interpreting the daily actions of the individual leaders on either side. The one fact that does stand out is that a temporary deadlock between Imperialists and revolutionists has been reached, and for reasons that are not at all mysterious. Both sides are now taking stock of their resources and weighing the chances of a renewed appeal to arms. The republicans have gone as far as the original outburst of revolutionary ardor can carry them. This does not mean that the revolutionary spirit has spent itself, but that if the war is to be carried on, the republican leaders must henceforth busy themselves with the matter-of-fact problems of finance and organization. A swift revolution can work itself out spontaneously, but a protracted civil war brings up difficult questions of practical statesmanship.

At Peking, it is apparent that the Manchus have recovered from panic. The seriousness of the situation is recognized, but in spite of rumors of abdication and flight, the Throne seems to be surrounded by influences tending strongly against unconditional surrender to the republicans. The Imperial clan believes that there is a fighting chance, and, putting the financial question aside, such a chance really does exist. The northern provinces have not risen against the monarchy, and the Imperialist forces in those provinces have hitherto remained loyal, notwithstanding the recurrence of local outbreaks of mutiny. The very fact that the republicans have consented to discuss terms and agreed to one armistice after another must have given encouragement to the Government. The military weakness of the Manchus has probably been exaggerated. They are, of course, overwhelmingly outnumbered by the Chinese, but they constitute a fighting clan amidst an unwarlike population, and, with the aid of tribesmen from Mongolia, which has remained loyal to the Throne, should be able to give a good account of themselves. But the Imperialists, like the revolutionists, are in need of money. With a full treasury at Peking, it is very likely that the Imperialist armies would have been set in motion before this.

It is thus possible to describe the present lull in the war, with its accompanying negotiations, intrigues, and jockeyings, as conditioned in large measure by such simple causes as inadequate finances, the winter season, and the need

of time for recuperation in both camps. Things are much what they were a month ago, with this exception, however, that the influence of the foreign Powers is beginning to enter more intimately into the problem. Here again, we have much rumor and comparatively little specific fact to deal with. But there seems to be no ground for questioning the general correctness of the assumption that the sympathies of Japan and Russia are with the present dynasty, whereas British and American opinion inclines towards the revolutionists. The reasons are not hard to find. Both Japan and Russia have profited territorially by the feebleness of the Peking Government, and might expect to go on doing so. A patriotic republican régime at Peking might not only put a stop to the territorial spoliation of China, but might endeavor to exact an accounting for past transactions. It is quite true that, with China plunged in civil war, there might be some rich pickings for the outsider, but civil war cannot go on forever. If one horse or the other must be backed, Japan and Russia would undoubtely prefer the present Government to continue. Even abstract reasons may enter into the question. Thus the spectacle of a Chinese republic would not be pleasing to autocratic Russia, and might be regarded as an internal menace by Japan.

If British and American sympathies are enlisted on the side of the revolutionists, it is also because of a mingling of practical and sentimental reasons. As nations with a trade interest rather than a territorial interest in China, the two Powers would naturally favor a movement aiming at the modernization of the Empire on lines of European political and economic development. A more specific cause is the predominance of British interests in Southern China, where the revolutionary movement is strongest. Self-protection demands a friendly bearing towards the revolutionists, and, besides, the republican cause is a good risk to back. It is a game in which there is little to lose and a good deal to gain. Added to this, there is the natural inclination on the part of Anglo-Saxon sentiment in favor of free political institutions.

A MODERN SPANISH MYSTIC.

Ticknor, in his "History of Spanish Literature," speaks of ascetics and mystics as "the natural produce of the soil of Spain." Perhaps it might be more accurate to say that they were the natural produce of a period of Spanish history. The sixteenth century was indeed marked by a notable advent of mystical writers, of whom Santa Teresa, Luís de Granada, Juan de Avila, Fray Luís de León, and San Juan de la Cruz are the best known. The seventeenth century had also one great mystic, Miguel de Molinos, and the influence of mysticism was still apparent in the plays of Lope de Vega and of Calderón, and upon the convases of Murillo; but, with the passing of the seventeenth century, mysticism seems to have waned in the peninsula.

It is, therefore, with no little interest that the student of Spanish letters must have followed the mystical tendency in the writings of Miguel de Unamuno, which, dimly foreshadowed in his early novel, "Paz en la Guerra," later appeared as the source of inspiration of much of his memorable commentary on the "Life of Don Quijote and Sancho," and which, more clearly expressed in some of his essays, has received its most intimate expression in his recent volumes of poetry, "Poesías" and "Rosario de Sonetos Líricos." This ever-increasing strain of mysticism will cause his readers to look forward with some eagerness to its culminating exposition in the form of a prose treatise on "The Love of God," on which the rector of the University of Salamanca has been at work for several years.

Paul Rousselot, in his well-known work on "The Spanish Mystics," says of them that they "proceed from catholicism and never depart therefrom. So they have nothing that smacks of heresy; their religion of love is not destined to conceal suspicious innovations, and there is perhaps no other example of a religious mysticism that has remained so absolutely faithful to catholicism, while being so general and so widely diffused." This is true of all the great Spanish mystics of the sixteenth century. Even Fray Luís de León, who once held the chair of sacred literature in the old University of Salamanca, and who was, perhaps, the most heterodox of them all, bowed meekly to the authority of the church, and accepted his long chastisement at the hands of the Inquisition with due humility. The chief Spanish mystic of the seventeenth century, too, Miguel de Molinos, was only found to be heretical after his enemies had made repeated efforts to bring about his downfall. Pope Innocent XI read his writings with great pleasure and discovered in them no heresy.

One of the characteristics likewise of the outbreak of mysticism in France of some years ago is its ultra-catholicism. One has only to recall certain passages of Verlaine, of Barbey d'Aurévilly, of Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, of Hello, and the last years of Huysmans, to find abundant proof of this. "The Catholic Church has the Truth," says Ernest Hello. "The Catholic Church dominates all centuries. It speaks of eternity with a certain familiarity."

The mysticism of the present Rector of Salamanca, however, is of no such bland assurance. His ears are closed to the voice of authority; but they are strained to catch the "still small voice" of truth, and in the fierceness of his spiritual struggle to apprehend this voice and to convey its message to the world, his utterance appears at times unorthodox, to say the least. His sonnets, entitled "The Prayer of the Atheist" and "My Heretical God," in his latest volume of verse, bear witness to this fact.

These titles also indicate a paradoxical turn of mind, which is apparent in the headings of other poems in the same collection, as, for example, "The Life of Death" and "The Blood of the Spirit." His frequent use of paradox throughout his writings has been attributed by some unfriendly critics to a desire for eccentricity, though no one ventures to deny that he uses this rhetorical device with power; and on more than one occasion he has taken it upon himself to rebuke his detractors and to defend his own sincerity:

> They will say, and I can hear them, that I only seek and search for ingenious paradoxes, that I may seem original, but I merely say to them that if they do not see or feel all the passion and fire of my soul and the profound longings and ardent zeal that I have put into these commentaries on the life of my master, Don Quijote, and of his squire, Sancho, and that I have put into other works of mine, if they cannot see or feel this, I repeat, I pity them from the bottom of my heart, and I hold them to be vile slaves of common sense, materialistic minds, in darkness reciting in chorus the old couplets of Calainos.

Both in his foundness for paradox and in his desperate "attempt to apprehend the absolute," Unamuno reminds one of the eminent modern Portuguese poet, Anthero de Quental. In the poetry of the latter, however, the dominant note is discouragement and bitterness. Some one has defined a pessimist as a "mystic gone wrong." Such is Anthero de Quental. The doubt of Quental, like that of the poet of "The City of Dreadful Night," leads to inaction and despair. That of Unamuno, on the other hand, is the doubt that grapples with vast, elusive problems with a sturdy optimism, obtaining from the very struggle a creative faith. "His imagination was filled with glorious follies," says Unamuno in speaking of Don Qui-

jote, "and he believed to be truth what was only beauty, and he believed it with a living faith, with a faith that engenders works, with a faith that brought to pass what his foliy had disclosed to him, and by the mere belief in it he made it truth."

His is the doubt that only those with faith can know, the doubt that only those can feel whose love of the truth is so austere that they cannot accept it on another's testimony. "For only those who doubt, truly believe," says Unamuno, "and those who do not doubt, do not truly believe. True faith is maintained by doubt; with doubts that are its sustenance is it nurtured and acquired from moment unto moment." Like Jacob, he has wrestled with the Lord to learn His name, and like Jacob he has been wounded in the struggle, but also blessed. Nowhere is this struggle so well portrayed as in his "Salmos," the most noble expression of a doubting faith in Spanish literature:

Oh, phantom of my sad tormented breast;
Reflection from my brain on the remote
Far rim of space beyond the farthest stars;
My deathless I;
Realization of timeworn desire;
Dream of my anguished heart;
Father, Son of my soul;
Oh, Thou, whom while affirming we deny,
Denying, yet affirm,
Art thou in Truth?

The mysticism of Miguel de Unamuno has much in common with that of the great English poets, of whose works he is an ardent reader. There is nothing in it that recalls the recent French perverted mysticism, that affected mysticism which caused Baudelaire, "amidst the imaginations and frenzied dreams that sprang from a continual orgy of opium, hashish, and alcohol," to subscribe to the following rule of life: "To say every morning my prayer to God, that fount of strength and justice, to my father, to Mariette and to Poe, as intercessors: to pray them to endow me with sufficient strength to accomplish all my duties." The mysticism of Unamuno is free from artificiality or sham

To this modern Spanish mystic the spiritual life is the only real life. That of the phenomenal world, so accentuated to-day, is only vain and fleeting, an illusion of the senses. "And how did you come, oh marvellous knight," he exclaims, in his commentary on Don Quijote, "to the depth of wisdom, which consists in regarding as invisible and fantastic the things of this world, and so, by virtue of thus regarding them, in not being disturbed thereby?" A certain amount of asceticism always characterizes such a temperament. When the writer first met Señor de Unamuno he received an invitation to dine with him, but a date some days in advance was indicated, as the Rector had not yet finished his "period of fasting." He abominates that "fatal power of the belly," as he terms it, "that obscures the memory and dims the faith, enchaining us to the fleeting moment."

Though Don Miguel de Unamuno may well be termed a mystic, he is no mere dreamer. The force of his logic has been recognized throughout Spain, and his opinions are respected by men of widely divergent views. One Spanish critic, in speaking of his volume of "Tres Ensayos," asserts that it is "the first work of a thinker that has appeared in Spain since the publication of the works of Don Juan Valera." "The Rector of Salamanca is one of the most robust and enlightened minds of those that ennoble contemporary Spain," says another. Not only is the mind of Unamuno logical, but it is filled with ideas, which he has always had the courage to express "in season and out of season," and it is a rare sign of the strength of his personality that, though often opposing the accepted ideas of the Catholic Church and of the *alta aristocracia*, he has yet been able to retain his position at the head of such a stronghold of orthodoxy as is the University of Salamanca.

Unamuno has been called to speak, or, as he himself puts it, "to preach" in many cities of Spain and even of South America, upon various occasions of importance, and by his wonderful power of expression and his peculiar point of view he has always won the sympathy of his audience. On a recent stay in Salamanca the writer attended a sort of revival of the old floral games, at which Unamuno was the chief speaker. A handsome queen and court of honor had been chosen from among the fairest of Salamanca ladies, and well-groomed young men read harmless poetical effusions with great tenderness. Upon the coming of the Rector all was trepidation and excitement; and when he had finished a most powerful address upon the real needs of the youth of Spain, and upon the deplorable lack of that mental and moral training that makes for true poets and noble women, the audience welcomed his avoidance of the expected platitudes and greeted his criticisms with enthusiasm.

As a writer, Miguel de Unamuno is no less remarkable than as a thinker. His vocabulary is unusually rich and varied, and he is exacting in his choice of words. The philological training that brought him to his chair of Greek in the University of Salamanca has made him familiar with the original meaning of words, which he sometimes uses in a way to surprise the casual reader, who may be ignorant of their antecedents. He does not scruple to coin new words, if he needs them. His prose is subtly musical. Read, for example, the following lines from "Paisajes":

There rise, at the margin of the river, rows of slender popiars, languid and erect, infusing in him who contemplates them the sensation of supreme simplicity that this humble tree evokes. For the poor poplar of the river-banks is a tree that seems to incarnate in the landscape the spirit of those *primitives* who painted glory with the tints of the dawn; it is a tree that has something of sweet liturgical rigidity about it.

There is no other modern Spanish writer whose prose is at times so lyrical, except perhaps Pío Baroja in his "Vidas Sombrías."

The verse of Unamuno is, as one critic has put it, "surprising and disconcerting to all who have no ear," but to one who knows, it has a "singular rhythm, evocative of the old Hebrew chants." This is true of the "Salmos," which will be the most enduring of Unamuno's poetical work. His theory of art is expressed in a short poem of six stanzas, the title of which is significant, "Denso, denso," and he has realized in most of his verse his aspiration to make it "sinewy, without fat, with solid flesh, compact." One must not conclude, however, that he is hostile to all light and graceful rhythm; witness this brief selection from a poem dedicated to his wife:

Soft and gentle eyes of mine,
Streams that shine
Ever brimming o'er with peace,
As I drink in your calm glance
That enchants,
To my soul is borne release.
. . . . . .
Oh! my stars of morning bright,
Springs of light,
Whence the peace that I foresee;
Through you may God on me gleam
And redeem,
And through you come nigh to me!

His poems of childhood often remind one by their singing rhythm, as well as by their quaint humor and pathos, of the verse of Eugene Field.

The appearance of Señor de Unamuno is striking. Like his Basque progenitors, he is taller than the men of purely Spanish blood. He is of a sinewy frame, with great power of endurance. His hair and pointed beard, once black, are iron-gray. His eyes, deep-set under heavy brows, are keen yet kindly. His friends are many, from the street urchins of Salamanca, who know that the Rector always has a friendly interest in them and their games, to the King of Spain, who has been heard to speak of him as "my friend Unamuno." They embrace all classes, even those who might be expected to shun him on account of the freedom of his views. An Augustinian monk is one of his closest friends. The students of Salamanca naturally worship "Don Miguel," as they call their president, for an indifference to public opinion and a fearless advocacy of one's own views always appeal to manly youth.

His days have been passed, for the most part, in almost patriarchal sim-

plicity in the society of his devoted wife and children, amidst the "golden stones" of Salamanca, his adopted home. In a recent letter he speaks of his life as follows:

> Like my Basque country, I have no history, or rather it is all purely internal. Since my birth in Bilbao on the 29th of September, 1864, of a Basque family, nothing has happened to me that can interest a reader. . . . As to my internal life of storms and longings, of constant metaphysical and religious crises, it is scattered through my writings.

EVERETT WARD OLMSTED.

Cornell University.

CANADIAN BOOKS OF 1911.

OTTAWA, January 25.

Perhaps the most noticeable feature of the year's output of books published in or about Canada is the number devoted to a description of the country as it is to-day. These books, generally written by transatlantic visitors, and based more or less on first impressions, are bound to be somewhat superficial. Yet it would be unjust to place too much emphasis on this characteristic, as the authors are in most cases men of judgment and experience, able by education and training to see things in their proper perspective. Their books are books of the hour, designed to inform those who have not had the opportunity of visiting Canada of the elements that enter into the country's remarkable efforts towards industrial and commercial expansion. They are directed particularly to English readers, and to the growing classes of English readers who are interested in the Dominion as a prospective home or a field of profitable investment. They are not books that will live; and it is quite probably true that their authors did not expect them to do more than answer their immediate purpose. In doing that, they become, however, an important factor in the ambitious schemes of Canadian public men. If they serve no other purpose, they are at least likely to swell the streams of men and money flowing into the Dominion, for, with few exceptions, they confirm all that had been said as to the material resources of the country, and praise unreservedly the broad, statesmanlike policy of the Government for their development.

Arthur E. Copping's "Canada To-day and To-morrow" (Cassell) may be taken as a type of these books of contemporary Canadian history. His optimism is never in doubt. It breaks out in the opening paragraph:

> For those who mark the current of events, Canada's great destiny is written plain. Canada in a few decades must possess more people and more realized wealth than Great Britain. Whether the centre of Imperial control will then cross the Atlantic is a point on which prophecies differ. Memories enshrined in Westminster Abbey will tend to conserve the ancient seat of government. Yet there is weight in the surmise that the logic of numbers will ultimately prevail.

Having foreshadowed the great destiny of the country, Mr. Copping devotes the rest of his book to a discussion of the foundation on which he believes it to be based: mineral and agricultural wealth, lumber and fisheries, unrivalled water-power, transportation facilities, natural and acquired, and a broad, far-sighted, and comprehensive national policy designed to procure the right kind of settlers and unlimited capital. In a second book, "The Golden Land" (Musson), Mr. Copping deals more specifically with the British immigrant, the conditions he must expect to face on the Canadian prairies, and the qualities that make for success.

R. E. Vernède, in "The Fair Dominion" (Briggs), covers in sketchy fashion the country and its varied characteristics. He is not profound, but, on the other hand, he is not prosy, and he has at least succeeded in giving an unusually graphic and sympathetic picture of village life in French Canada. One phrase, drawn from his experience of French-Canadian rural life, and its contrast to the bustling, money-making atmosphere of English-speaking Canada (one might add, English-speaking America), is worth remembering: "To make money circulate is a virtue, no doubt; but courtesy and simplicity and prudence are also virtues that not the greatest country that is yet to come will find itself able to dispense with."

In "Canada's West and Farther West" (Musson), Frank Carrel describes in journalistic English, with a somewhat appalling wealth of facts and figures, the incidents of a month's journey from Quebec to Victoria, with side trips down the Okanogan and Yoho Valleys in British Columbia.

F. A. Talbot, in "The New Garden of Canada" (Cassell), touches upon a virtually unknown field. Travelling on horseback through the Yellowhead Pass, he spent some time studying the economic and scenic value of the interior of New Caledonia, or Northern British Columbia, and his account of what he found there makes decidedly interesting reading. The far western province supplies the scene of another new book, J. T. Bealby's "Fruit Ranching in British Columbia" (Black), an authoritative account of one of the most promising industries of Western Canada. A work of much wider interest is W. P. Rutter's "Wheat-Growing in Canada, the United States, and the Argentine" (Black). Submitted as a thesis for the degree of master of commerce at Manchester University, Mr. Rutter's book brings together a valuable mass of data on the climatic and other conditions affecting the yield and marketing of wheat in these three countries.

Frank Yeigh, in "Through the Heart of Canada" (McClurg), offers a readable account of the country from the picturesque rather than the utilitarian standpoint. W. L. Griffith's "The Dominion of Canada" (Little, Brown; reviewed in the *Nation*, August 17, 1911), is an attempt, and on the whole a satisfactory attempt, to bring within the compass of a single volume a popular description of the country, its history, and present development; the social conditions of the people, the Parliamentary and economic systems of the country, its physical features and natural resources. F. A. Talbot, in "The Making of a Great Canadian Railway" (Musson), tells the story of the planning and construction of the second Canadian transcontinental railway, the Grand Trunk Pacific. J. T. Bealby's "Canada" (Black) is a popular account of the Dominion for younger readers, made more attractive by a series of excellent colored illustrations by T. Mower Martin and other Canadian and English artists.

The books hitherto mentioned have been devoted principally to Western Canada. The year's list, however, contains several volumes belonging more particularly to the eastern end of the country. Such a book is F. G. Aflalo's "A Fisherman's Summer in Canada" (Scribner), devoted to the author's unsuccessful attempts to land a Cape Breton tuna, and to other sporting experiences in the Maritime Provinces. Horace G. Hutchinson's "A Saga of the Sunbeam" (Longmans) is an entertaining narrative of the latest voyage of Lord Brassey's famous yacht, from the Moray Firth by way of Iceland to Newfoundland, Quebec, and Montreal. W. G. Gosling's "Labrador: Its Discovery, Exploration, and Development" (Lane) is an exhaustive, but somewhat ill-digested account of that much-discussed region. A more welcome contribution to Labrador literature is Dr. C. W. Townsend's admirable condensation of Cartwright's Journal, "Captain Cartwright and His Labrador Journal" (Dana Estes), with an introduction by Dr. Grenfell. An even more valuable reprint is the Champlain Society's edition of Hearne's "Journey from Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean," with introduction and notes by J. B. Tyrrell, the explorer of the Barren Grounds.

The Canadian section, or rather the British North American section, of Lucas's "Historical Geography of the British Colonies," has this year been rounded out by the publication of J. D. Rogers's "Newfoundland" (Clarendon Press; reviewed October 26, 1911). Mr. Rogers ingeniously explains the appearance of this supplementary volume, the substance of which it was originally intended to incorporate in the volumes devoted to Canada. When the series was pro-

jected, he says, it seemed likely that before its completion, Newfoundland would have been absorbed into the Dominion. But Newfoundland still remains *sui generis*—hence this book.

Turning once more to Western Canada, we find two books, equally instructive and entertaining, added to the quite respectable literature of the Canadian Rocky Mountains. One is Mary T. S. Schaffer's "Old Indian Trails of the Canadian Rockies" (Putnam; reviewed September 28, 1911); and the other Prof. A. P. Coleman's "The Canadian Rockies" (Frowde). Another book of the same class, but dealing with a more northerly region, is C. Sheldon's "Wilderness of the Upper Yukon" (Scribner; reviewed December 7, 1911). Thompson Seton's "Arctic Prairies" (Scribner) describes in characteristic fashion the journey of this artist-naturalist through the Barren Lands north of Great Slave Lake, and what he found there for his pen and pencil. W. S. Herrington's "Evolution of the Prairie Provinces" (Briggs) traces briefly the history of the discovery and development of the Canadian Northwest; while John McDougall adds another volume to his reminiscences of frontier life in the same vast country, in his "On Western Trails in the Early Seventies" (Briggs).

Several important books of Canadian biography appeared in 1911, notably the work on "The Scotsman in Canada" (Musson), by Dr. W. W. Campbell and Dr. George Bryce, the former dealing with Eastern Canada and the latter with Western Canada. One must read these two substantial volumes to realize fully the extent to which men of Scottish birth or descent have been connected with every large Canadian movement, whether of exploration, war, politics, education, or trade. A less ambitious volume in the same subject is John M. Gibbon's "Scots in Canada" (Musson). Madame Albani's "Forty Years of Song" (Copp Clark) contains the reminiscences of this greatest of Canadian singers. The "Diary of Mrs. John Graves Simcoe" (Briggs), edited by John Ross Robertson, throws an exceedingly interesting light on the social and political life of Upper Canada in the days of Gov. Simcoe.

Two books devoted to the lives of the faithful missionaries of the Catholic Church are Katherine Hughes's "Father Lacombe" (Briggs), and T. J. Campbell's "Pioneer Priests of North America" (America Press; reviewed January 18, 1912). The former tells the story of the splendid life-work of a man universally beloved in Western Canada, where he still labors, in his eighty-fifth year. Father Campbell's two volumes describe the work of the Jesuit missionaries of New France among the Hurons and Algonquins, and form a continuation of his earlier volume on the Iroquois mission.

Several chapters of Sir William Butler's "Autobiography" (Constable; reviewed August 31, 1911) are devoted to his life in Canada, and particularly to his journeys through the Western country many years ago, when railways and wheat-fields were not yet dreamed of. Beckles Willson's "Nova Scotia" (Stokes) is a popular history of the old province down by the sea. As a piece of splendid book-making, and an interesting memorial of the Tercentenary Celebrations at Quebec, the "King's Book of Quebec," edited by the Dominion Archivist, Dr. Arthur G. Doughty, is worthy of more than the passing mention that can be given to it here. L. J. B.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the *Nation* of last week I gave some account of a little-known story of Hardy's and its strange underground history in America. "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid" is not the only story abandoned by the great novelist. It was by accident that I came upon a little tale to which no reference is made in Mr. Lane's bibliography, a tale actually lost to the public so far as I can learn. It likewise appeared in the Seaside Library (No. 1155), but was apparently not issued in the pocket edition. It is entitled "What the Shepherd Saw." The Seaside issue, dated December 19, 1881, includes five other tales, all, like this one, suitable to the Christmas season. Among the authors, the only name distinguished in the annals of polite literature is Thomas Hardy. It is scarcely to be supposed that Hardy's tale was here printed from MS. or with authority. Four of the other tales are taken from the Christmas number of the *Graphic* for 1881.

This Christmas story is particularly interesting for its setting. The four scenes of which it consists are all laid in winter moonlight, and they are shown us through the eyes of the sheepboy of Lambing Corner. We are reminded of the shepherd's hut in "Far from the Madding Crowd," and its background of starlit sky and dim pasture-land. But more interesting than the hut itself is an ancient monument that is made to play a prominent part in the story:

> To the south, there rose one conspicuous object above the uniform moonlit plateau, and only one. It was a Druidical trilithon, consisting of three oblong stones in the form of a doorway, two on end and one across as a lintel. Each stone had been worn, scratched, washed, nibbled, split, and otherwise attacked by ten thousand different weathers; but now the blocks looked shapely and little the worse for wear, so beautifully were they silvered over by the light of the moon. The ruin was locally called the Devil's Door.

Against this background is enacted the tragic drama: and upon this stone the trembling sheep-boy is compelled to swear a solemn and terrible oath. Even in a Christmas tale Hardy cannot forego his predilection for the sombre and discouraging aspects of life. As usual with him, the catastrophe is the result of an accident, a misunderstanding; and the malignancy of fate pursues not merely the criminal but the innocent witness of the crime. Characteristic, too, is Hardy's poetical use of the Druid monument to suggest a contrast between the fleeting lives of men and the hoary ages that stretch before and after. The reader will recall how the stormy career of Tess came to an end upon her capture among the ancient stones of Salisbury Plain. The main intention of "Two on a Tower" was to set the transitory lives of these two lovers against a background of the eternal stars. This large poetic conception is not incompatible, in any of these cases, with great simplicity of style. Like the story of the milkmaid, "What the Shepherd Saw" sometimes suggests in manner the charm and naïveté of the folktale. The tale impresses me as, on the whole, quite within the class of those included in the "Group of Noble Dames," and as worthy of being recovered for the lovers of Hardy.

JOSEPH WARREN BEACH.

Correspondence

THE FLOOD OF LEGISLATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Until within a few years it seems to have been taken for granted by everybody that Legislatures and Congress must meet every year and enact laws. The result of this belief is seen in the vast number of statutes enacted every year in the various States and by Congress. Recently, however, there has been a great awakening of the people to the immense amount of statute law which this system has produced, much of which is unnecessary and a good deal of which is positively mischievous, and attention again and again has been called to the matter, not only by laymen, but also by lawyers, who are popularly supposed to fatten upon this craze for legislation. No less a body than the American Bar Association has animadverted upon this growing evil and has put the seal of its condemnation upon it.

In old days, when the people were governed by Kings, it was of the utmost importance that Parliaments (the assembly where the representatives of the people met and gave voice to the wishes of the people) should be frequently convened, and our ancestors did well for their day and generation when they insisted that Parliaments should be summoned frequently. But now, when the people govern through their representatives, the condition is reversed, and the frequent assembling of the people's representatives and the multitude of laws passed by them have become unmitigated evils. This state of things is due, of course, in part to the choice of bad representatives.

It is proverbial that that which is everybody's business is nobody's business, and this great, if homely, truth undoubtedly explains and accounts in great part for the evil which we are discussing. The generality of men do not take interest enough in public affairs to select proper representatives, and this to a large extent accounts not only for the many bad and worse than useless laws we have, but also for the great multitude of merely inexpedient or needless laws. By reason of the apathy of the voters the control of public affairs falls into the hands of the politicians who make it their business. Few voters would choose, for directing their own private business or making rules and regulations for the conduct of their private affairs, the men whom they

elect to public office, for the management of the most important public business intimately affecting the welfare and happiness of every citizen of the Commonwealth.

But this is by no means all. Not only do we send to the Legislature to represent us men of whom we know next to nothing, but we send them without any instructions beyond the general instruction that they are to enact laws—not specific laws, not well-thought-out and needful laws, but just laws of some kind or other, no matter what, so that there be laws enacted. For what other purpose are Legislatures convened? There is one and only one legitimate thing which a legislator can do, and that, obviously, is to legislate. The result is that in the long lapse of years the legitimate field of legislation has become choked with vegetation. Every inch of it is planted until there is no longer room to insert the tiniest seed. What is the result? The result inevitably is and must continue to be that illegitimate fields of legislation will be cultivated.

Clearly, there is but one way to put a stop to the enactment of unnecessary laws, and that is obviously not to elect your Legislature until it becomes necessary to pass some needed law and then to send your representatives to do that and that only. It should seem that nothing could be simpler. And now for the practical working of the scheme.

In the writer's State the law provides for the holding of town meetings every year in the spring (city elections are held at divers times, but this could easily be arranged). Why not provide by law, or by a change in the Constitution, that at these spring meetings this question should annually be submitted to the voters: Shall the Legislature meet this year? If this question should be answered in the negative by a majority of the voters in the State, it would end the matter for that year. If the question were answered in the affirmative, then, of course, the ordinary proceedings would go forward for the regular elections of representatives which are held in the autumn. Owing to the novelty of the proceeding and to the force of habit and the inevitable opposition of the politicians, it might be expected that at first the old order of things would obtain; but as the people came to consider the advantages which would come to their business by being relieved of the annual uncertainty and turmoil occasioned by the convening of the Legislature, it may be expected that they would, after a time, try to see how long they could do without this annual irritant, and would end by discovering that the occasions for the assembling of a Legislature would be few and far between, since we already have laws enough and to spare.

The plan suggested would have other and far-reaching beneficial results. As a remedy for bad laws and as a consequence of the dissatisfaction with present methods, of late there has come to be a demand more or less insistent for new methods of legislating. We hear a great deal about the initiative and the referendum. These, however, are schemes of questionable merit and doubtful expediency. It seems to be generally admitted that the people cannot successfully legislate *en masse*. The people often know what they want, and doubtless there are times when the majority are right. When men's minds are really stirred and actively at work, and time enough is given to prevent acting from mere impulse, there is a great deal of truth in the maxim *vox populi vox dei*. But it does not follow from this that the people *en masse* are best fitted to formulate in terms of law the will to which they seek to give expression. This would seem to be better done by a few who truly represent their constituents. If the Legislature were no longer to meet every year as a matter of course, but only when it was specially summoned, it would only be called for special and definite purposes, and would be expected to enact only special and definite laws concerning the subject-matters which led to its being summoned, and thus the objects sought by the initiative and referendum would be effected in the best and most legitimate way. The circumstances which would lead the citizens to summon the Legislature would direct and shape the legislation needed.

In another way, the plan would work well. Since the Legislature would be called together only when there seemed to be a real need for legislation, it would only be called when the people were really interested, and this very interest of the people would lead them to see to it that only men in whom they had confidence were sent to the Legislature. The direct result of this would be a higher type of legislators.

The question will be asked, of course, how the affairs of government would be administered in the intervals between the assembling of the Legislature. The answer is, in the same way that they are administered in the States where the Legislature meets only once in two years. The executive and administrative officers would be elected as before. Provision would be made that the annual appropriations and assessment of taxes should be carried on from year to year automatically. The only difficulty would be that increased appropriations could not be made until a new Legislature should be summoned, but, in the minds of many persons, this result would not be regarded as an unmixed evil.

And, finally, a great, if not a fatal, blow would be struck at the professional politician and lobbyist, whose occupation, depending as it does on annual Legislatures, would be gone.

Nor is the proposition above outlined so revolutionary as would at first sight seem to be the case. In many States at the present time the Legislature meets only once in two years, and there is nothing in the scheme proposed herein which would prevent the assembling of the Legislature biennially, or, indeed, annually, as now, if it seemed desirable. But, if it is desirable to have only biennial sessions, why not triennial or quinquennial? Why not do away with all fixed times of convening the Legislature, and let the people call the legislators together when they see fit. Whether such a system could be extended to the sessions of Congress, is a matter of much doubt and difficulty; but, if it could be so extended, we should see a consummation devoutly to be wished.

JAM SATIS.

Boston, January 26.

THE COLLEGE PROFESSOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is doubtful whether any teacher will reply to Mr. Benedict's communication in your issue of January 18; though manifestly unjust, it will be ignored by them. But it may not be amiss for one of the same student body as Mr. Benedict to take exception to certain of his statements.

No one will deny that teachers are poorly paid, but your correspondent apparently thinks that this reflects upon the character and ability of men engaged in teaching. Is it not rather almost the one sign of idealism in a very materialistic land and age? He objects to the time and energy devoted to research leading to no very practical result. Is not such devotion good to behold in the few, in contrast with the utilitarianism of the many? He quotes Kipling against selfishness. Did not Kipling write the line "Each for the joy of the working"? He has many hard things to say of teachers—few are "of the higher intellectual types," those who are successful are "selfish," most have "little brilliancy" and "uninspiring personalities," the majority are "unfit to pursue any other character of work." In teaching, as in any profession, there must be some men not particularly brilliant, nor of especially inspiring personality, but I venture to say that the average here is at least as high as in medicine or law; and for one brilliantly successful business man there are hundreds of struggling clerks. I may say that for five years it has been my privilege to associate with various members of a university faculty, and I have found all singularly unselfish and anxious to aid and encourage, and able to inspire those who come under their care.

In "The American Commonwealth," Vol. II, p. 720, Mr. Bryce writes (after speaking of the small salaries of college professors):

> Under these conditions it may be found surprising that so many able men are to be found on the teaching staff of not a few colleges as well as universities. . . .The reason is to be found partly in the fondness for science and learning which has grown apace in America, and which makes men of intellectual tastes prefer a life of letters with poverty to success in business or at the bar.

Though I would avoid personalities, it is but just to note that the man perhaps most prominently put forward for the Presidency of the United States received the greatest part of his early training in the graduate school which Mr. Benedict has had most opportunity to observe. "Of thorns men do not gather figs, neither of a bramble bush gather they grapes."

SAMUEL C. CHEW, JR.

Baltimore, Md., January 20.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The "Undergraduate View" of the profession of teaching, presented in your issue of January 18, must no doubt receive its most important correction, if at all, from those outside that profession. But concerning one of its elements, the conception of scholarly research as opposed to altruism, testimony may be accepted from a high authority on ethics; and the opportunity may be welcomed of recalling to mind the following memorable passage from the chapter on Self-Sacrifice in Prof. George Herbert Palmer's work on "The Nature of Goodness":

Perhaps the most admirable case of self-sacrifice is that in which no single person appears who is profited by our loss. The scholar, the artist, the scientific man dedicate themselves to the interests of undifferentiated humanity. They serve their undecipherable race, not knowing who will obtain gains through their toils. In their sublime benefactions they study the wants of no individual person, not even of themselves. Yet, turn to a man of this type and try to call his attention to the privations he endures, and what will be his answer? "I have no coat? I have no dinner? I have little money? People do not honor me as they honor others? Yes, I believe I lack these trifles. But think what I possess! This great subject; or rather, it possesses me. And it shall have of me whatever it requires." In such service of the absolute is found the highest expression of self-sacrifice, of social service, of self-realization. R. M. A.

University of Illinois, January 23.

MUNICIPAL REFERENCE LIBRARIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In commenting editorially on the plan to establish a civics or municipal reference library in the city of Chicago, the *Nation* of December 28 gave publicity of the right sort to a subject that should be brought more forcibly to the attention of enterprising citizens than has heretofore been the case.

Such a library, as the *Nation* suggests, is the municipal counterpart of the legislative reference library now found in nearly one-half of our State capitals. It aims primarily to supply to city officials in their various capacities the most scientific and authoritative treatises on all phases of municipal administration, whether involving executive, legislative, or judicial functions, or the establishment of a garbage reduction plant which shall bring in revenue by producing a marketable by-product of the reduction process. To this library should come any officer or employee of the city, confident that there he will find the published experience of others who have earlier faced and solved the problems that now confront him.

Municipal administrative problems of all types have for some time been receiving almost as close attention in legislative reference libraries as have the problems of State management, on the principle that the successful administration of a part is essential to the success of the whole, and that State officers are the servants of all the citizens. In some cases this has been done under legal authorization, as in California, in others by the broad interpretation of general powers and duties, as in New York. Progressive city libraries have also undertaken this work in many instances without applying the name "municipal reference" to it. Further, at least two of our State universities are acquiring good working libraries, and will render public service in connection with their municipal research bureaus. Public institutions of this kind, administered from a purely non-partisan, non-political, and strictly scientific point of view, make unnecessary any similar privately-managed bureau, such as is found in some of our municipalities.

In adopting this plan Chicago will be following Baltimore, Milwaukee, and St. Louis, but will no doubt attempt the work on a somewhat larger scale than any of them, and will be preceding—if the plan matures immediately—Cleveland, Pittsburgh, and New York in furnishing another example of the principal tendency in modern library extension, a tendency towards specialized service rendered for the public good.

In saying that Chicago is planning an adaptation of the "Wisconsin Legislative Bureau" the *Nation* permits the impression, now widespread, that the idea of a legislative reference bureau originated at Madison. That bureau has won for itself many deserved honors, and can well spare to its sister bureau at Albany the correct distinction of having inaugurated this work ten years before it was undertaken in Wisconsin. John Boynton Kaiser.

Urbana, Ill., January 24.

"NAKED-AS-A-JAY."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The expression of "Naked-as-a-jay" for négligé, which your reviewer of "Mis' Beauty" (*Nation*, January 11) doubts to be a genuine negro folk etymology, is a true one. I have myself heard it in Baltimore on a trolley car.

Can you pardon another of the same type?

Mr. Washington: I's powerful glad to see you, Mr. Jones. You's still on terra cotta, I see.

Mr. Jones: Yes, Mister Washington, I's still on terra cotta.

This, quite as difficult to believe, was overheard by the writer standing on the steps of MacCoy Hall, Johns Hopkins University.

Oscar Woodward Zeigler.

All Faith Rectory, St. Mary's Co., Md., January 22.

ST. BERNARD AND NATURE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a prominent academic Quarterly a recent reviewer of Henry Osborn Taylor's book, "The Mediæval Mind," quotes the author's phrase: "St. Bernard, whose meditations shut his eyes to mountains, lakes, and woods," and comments thus:

> This does scant justice to him who anticipated a famous sentiment of Shakespeare and Wordsworth, in the following words (Epist. 106): "Experto crede: aliquid amplius invenies in silvis quam in libris; ligna et lapides docebunt te quod a magistris audire non possis."

This is not the first time these words have been innocently used to prove the love of nature in the masterful and mystic ascetic who dictated them. They are alluring: "Thou wilt find something more in forests than in books; trees and rocks will teach thee. . . ." If we choose to regard merely their apparent meaning apart from the context, and apart, one may add, from the mind and temper of Bernard, they may seem to voice sentiments not unlike those of the exiled Duke or even the Lake Poet.

But first, as to the context. Bernard's letter was written to persuade a friend to embrace the monastic life. Its arguments speak the language of Scriptural allegory further amplified in Bernard's allegorizing style. The saint has been making the point that his friend should follow Christ, rather than read about Him in the prefigurings of the Prophets:

> For now He is come out from His hiding-place among the prophets, . . . now from the dark and shadowy mountain, as a bridegroom from his chamber, He has leapt forth into the Gospel's open ground.

The "trees" and "rocks" had scarcely more concrete existence in the saint's mind than the above palpable figures. One should not take a single sentence out of its allegorical context, and accept it literally because the literal meaning happens to suit more modern sentiments, which had no place in Bernard's ascetic mind.

Moreover, it is easy to show that St. Bernard had no eye for nature, or, indeed, for anything delightful to the senses. One can find the evidence in the second chapter of Abbé Vacandard's excellent "Vie de Saint Bernard." The abbé gives in a note the passage quoted by the reviewer of Mr. Taylor's book, and then another from the old Latin "Vita," in which the saint says to his companions that he gained his best understanding of Scripture by prayer and meditation *in silvis et in agris*, where, he added with a smile, he had no masters except the oaks and beeches. This is just what he was conveying in the letter to his friend, that his friend also should reach Christ by prayer and meditation, rather than by listening to masters or reading many books.

The error in which the reviewer seems to have fallen illustrates the perils besetting the interpreters of what is written in another age by men with mental habits differing from our own; for their words often do not mean what we should mean using the same phrases. J. H.

New York, January 26.

Literature

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

The Relations of the United States and Spain: The Spanish-American War. By French Ensor Chadwick. 2 vols. With maps. Charles Scribner's Sons. $7 net.

Rear-Admiral Chadwick completes his great work on Spanish-American relations with two volumes on the war. The same clarity with which he followed the diplomatic coils of a century prevails in the narrower field. Based mostly on official records, which are profusely quoted, and containing as well the valuable residuum of the newspaper accounts, it keeps the means of control ever present without impairing the readable quality of the narrative. Admiral Chadwick is impartial and objective, yet always interesting. His pages are generally written with such force and dignity that the recurring solecism laid (for lay) is doubly unfortunate. Such slips should not escape the proof-readers. On the whole, this book makes the widest appeal and is of enduring value. It will long preserve the memory of the gallant author who was himself a great part of the events he so modestly and judiciously describes.

No exhaustive review of this great work is possible, but a few general considerations may be raised. The military problem involved in the war is

this: How could and did an immensely rich republic, with only a rudimentary army and half a navy, respond to the emergency of an oversea war? The demonstration is something less than satisfactory because the foe was Spain, save for courage, pitifully weak in all the requirements of warfare. The military analysis of the war implies a constant comparison between the army and navy. Hence we should hasten to show that the parallel is fair and in neither instance invidious. Both services, but the army more, worked under appalling disadvantages. To difficult tasks of fleet action, bombardment, and blockade, the navy sent heterogeneous squadrons under commanders who had never conducted squadron manœuvres under modern conditions. But the navy had the advantage of a strong centralized control at Washington, of highly trained officers, and of well disciplined crews practiced in the indispensable exercise of target shooting. The army, on the contrary, suffered under divided control at Washington, with a grossly incompetent Secretary of War; the training of the officers had been at best limited to regimental routine; only a fraction of the enlisted men knew the duties of a soldier. Under these conditions it is highly creditable to the army that in courage and enterprise among the line officers and men an absolute parity existed with the navy. The navy indulged constantly such gallant follies as shelling trenches from torpedo craft, and the army loved such useless perils as those of El Caney. If in Winslow's grappling the cables under the guns of Cienfuegos and Hobson's sinking the Merrimac the navy scored the most conspicuous feats of personal gallantry, the army merely lacked similar opportunities. And, equally, neither service is quite free from reproach. Against Commodore Schley's amazing and inexplicable delay in proceeding from Cienfuegos to the blockade of Santiago, we must set the deplorable "round robin" to Washington calling for a retreat from Santiago. Regular army officers may disclaim complete responsibility for this unhappy document by insisting that it arose in the overheated imagination of an erratic officer of volunteers.

The difference between the two services was that, while the navy had abundance of brains in high command, the army had not. To follow up this theme would be both indiscreet and superfluous. We need only note the contrast between the haphazard, undirected attack on Santiago on land and the extraordinary blockade Sampson was simultaneously conducting. The unfortunate Shafter not merely had no plans, but also, while ignoring Sampson's correct plan of seizing the coast defences at the mouth of the harbor, embarrassed the navy by inconsiderate demands, and the War Department by unreasonable alarms. Gen. Shafter was more a victim than an offender; but his case cannot be too emphatically cited as an instance of the danger of high command awarded for political and personal cause. Although he rejected Sampson's sensible scheme for the joint reduction of San Juan, Gen. Miles conducted a correct miniature campaign in Porto Rico, and did something to show that the art of strategics was not wholly disused in America. Gen. Greene accomplished at Manila a function chiefly diplomatic with tact and energy. But in the main the war was a striking demonstration that no effective army existed among us, though there were excellent regiments, and that it was impossible to improvise within a few months a force having the coherence and discipline of a real army. Moreover, the war showed that the morale and efficiency of the generals had been sapped by the wrong kind of experience in post or behind desk. In this regard we were no better off in 1898 than we had been in 1861. Probably the need would gradually have produced the supply; but, meanwhile, had we been operating against a third-class Power of the slightest military capacity, we should have met with initial disaster. The check of Italy in Tripoli is a slight indication of the certain humiliation that awaited us had we faced troops capable of assuming an intelligent aggressive. This unpalatable fact cannot be brought home too strongly, since nearly all the vices of organization, appointment, and promotion that crippled the army of 1898 are still intrenched to-day, and the nation and Congress and even certain high army officers seem quite comfortable in the conviction that, after all, the army somehow muddles through. Sometimes badly led armies do, but at fearful cost, as the British in South Africa; and sometimes they do not, as the French in 1870. In quitting this subject we wish to say that the fault for what was and what is amiss with the army lies almost wholly with Congress and the people. We have nothing but respect and admiration for those officers who bravely and uncomplainingly served, though hampered as to supplies, reasonable security and dignity, and right opportunity for higher military education. The credit for what was well done in the late war goes to the officers of the line; the discredit for what was ill done we must all share. At least it was shown that years of peace had done nothing to sap the courage of our regimental officers and privates. Whatever our blundering on the offensive, the answer was emphatically given to the European scoff that, become a mongrel people, we were no longer capable of the courage and loyalty that make armies formidable.

With grave deficiencies of material, the navy did admirably the work lying before it. Dewey's swift annihilation of the Spanish fleet in Subig Bay, Admiral Chadwick shows, is as unduly depreciated now as it was over-exalted then. Sampson's blockade off Santiago will become classic in naval annals, and the running fight with Cervera was, even with the Brooklyn's famous loop, which has been discussed beyond its importance, nearly letter-perfect. In the light of what we now know, the scouting in the North Atlantic and the bombardment of San Juan were ill-advised and wasteful. Against these errors may be set the Oregon's remarkable run from the Pacific, and a number of minor brilliant engagements, some characterized by too great hardihood. Even more than by its specific accomplishment, the navy shone through its intellectual initiative. Much of the best information service ashore was done by naval officers of Lieut. Blue's type. Sampson's plan for enfilading the shore defences of Havana from the sea, and thus hastening a conclusion, was probably feasible. It was Sampson who vainly poured into Shafter's sick ears the real strategy of the Santiago campaign—first to reduce the sea batteries. Yet the information service of the navy utterly failed at the most critical times. The torpedo-boat Porter, detailed to detect Cervera in the Caribbean, learned of his presence there three and a half days after the news was common knowledge in New York. It was four days after Cervera entered the port of Santiago that explicit orders to blockade him reached Schley at Cienfuegos, and though the distance is only three hundred and fifteen nautical miles, it was nearly six days more before Schley actually began the blockade. We wish to put no unkind or sinister interpretation upon these facts, but they suggest a combination of bad luck, bad judgment, and lack of enterprise that in the presence of a formidable foe would have been disastrous. Since then wireless telegraphy has revolutionized naval scouting, but it remains one of the most important branches of the service, and it still is the most neglected in our navy. In fact, the naval lessons of the war with Spain have been studiously neglected, and instead of learning what was then and still should be the real strength of our navy, we have been heedlessly dragged into the prevailing costly fashion of building dreadnoughts at the expense of a well-balanced defensive fleet.

From the purely military standpoint Sampson is unquestionably the single great figure of the war. Subject to all manner of mischance and even abuse, unfairly thwarted both of the enjoyment and of the tangible rewards of his remarkable success, his place among the great admirals is already secure. He was the pioneer admiral of the era of smokeless powder and long-range guns as Togo is the pioneer admiral of the

era of wireless telegraphy. Yet the personal hero of the war is no American, but Cervera, and with him his captains. With imperturbable dignity and sagacity he set himself against the *pundonor* that required the wanton sacrifice of the Spanish navy, and when he saw that folly reigned, he consented to be its victim with magnanimous alacrity. In debate and in submission he was perfectly disinterested, completely tactful, wholly magnanimous. And his commanders seem to have been worthy of such a chief. The records of their councils show them accomplished officers and strategists. Had their Government given them coal and ammunition for practice, a very different account would have been rendered of this naval forlorn hope. Admiral Chadwick's pages are nowhere finer than when he is revealing the mind of Sampson, whose flag captain he was, and the heart of Cervera.

Upon the diplomatic sequel of the war, which is fully related by our author, we do not wish to dwell. There is some humiliation in passing from these memories of the two admirals to President McKinley's handling of the peace negotiations. His charge to the Paris commissioners was a classic instance of the McKinleyan dialectic. It asserted, in substance, that while the United States had acted and continued to act from the highest and most disinterested motives, it held itself free to take any course that its interest might dictate. From that ambiguous word the rest naturally followed. The actual demand for the Philippine Islands rested upon a widespread sense that they were very valuable. It was this sentiment that President McKinley voiced without prejudice of his altruistic standards. But in fairness it should be added that there was a general muddled sense that we had incurred some sort of a moral responsibility in the premises. In vain Judge Gray of the Peace Commission cabled to Washington the hard sense and sound morals of the matter: "Attacked Manila as part of legitimate war against Spain. If we had captured Cadiz and Carlists had helped us, would not owe duty to stay by them at conclusion of the war. On contrary, interest and duty would require us to abandon both Manila and Cadiz." These words still constitute a meritorious document in ethical analysis; the country at the moment desired morals not much, and analysis not at all.

Of this last rather sordid stage of the century-long contention between the United States and Spain, Admiral Chadwick, believing the outcome to be providential, is the chronicler rather than the judge. And, in fact, the crises of the war and its immediate antecedents fell not under the jurisdiction of policy of any sort, but under the sway of popular passion. And this is true of both nations. It was public opinion inflamed by the yellow press that made President McKinley omit the last efforts to preserve peace. It was the cheering of Western crowds that made the mildest of men the initiator of over-sea empire. It was public opinion that required the futile voyage of Cervera's fleet and its ultimate sacrifice. There is no more pathetic reading than the dispatches of the commanders at Santiago and Manila, caught between the prospect of hopeless combat and the certainty of unmerited disgrace at home. It was in deference to public opinion that the Spanish Ministry offered Cervera ships that were not afloat and supplies that did not exist. When one reads this grotesque correspondence and recalls the general dealings of Spain with her unsupported champions, the cynical conviction imposes itself that, while we sometimes treated her less than handsomely, her whole record as regards us entitled her to no better treatment than she got. There remains the question whether strong leadership, at the beginning and end of the war, might not have controlled public opinion in America. Since such leadership failed, let us pass to the broader issue, whether in this day of journalism and democracy wars can still be declared for policy and conducted by the rules regardless of press and people. At first blush one is tempted to believe that the old-fashioned statesmanship and generalship are become obsolete, both yielding to the politician and newspaper proprietor. Yet certain conditions of national discipline seem still to permit the untrammelled sway of statesmen and great military leaders. One must not forget Japan. It would be obviously inexpedient to inquire whether her success in conducting from above tremendous military and naval campaigns indicates a more advanced or a more backward civilization than our own. May such digressions testify to the stimulus your reviewer has found in reading Admiral Chadwick's masterly history.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Question of Latitude. By Laura P. Luffman. New York: John Lane Co.

Imagine a sort of Anglicized and expurgated version of "The Virginian," told from the point of view of the cultivated heroine; the scene laid in Australia, the hero a young sheep-drover, the heroine an English girl of aristocratic breeding visiting Australian relatives. The story relates with rather wearisome detail Millicent Mainwaring's painful experiences in the vulgar suburb of Melbourne, where her relatives live, and her gradual reconciliation to her new surroundings. Of course, she has a well-born and highly educated English lover, and, of course, she learns to perceive the superiority of the athletic sheep-drover, who has, however, something in the way he wears evening clothes which suggests the prince in disguise. To show that though a diamond, he is in the rough, the author makes him tell the heroine that she is "beastly selfish." He does not tell her what is quite as true, that she is a hopeless prig; perhaps because he is something of a prig himself. After the marriage, Millicent discovers that he is really a wealthy ranchman, of excellent family and irreproachable English connections. The most interesting people in the story are the Australian relatives, but this is not high praise.

The Quest of the Silver Fleece. By W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

The writer of this book has made himself generally known as, but for Booker T. Washington, the most prominent champion of his race in America. Himself a man of cultivation and achievement, he passionately desires that his fellows may all have an equal opportunity to rise. And while Mr. Washington has adopted the working principle that the education of the negro should proceed, in the main, along industrial lines, Mr. Du Bois resents the implication that any special principle of the sort need be regarded. The chief scene of the present story is the neighborhood of a school for negroes in Alabama, which has been carried on for many years by a Northern woman, in spite of the opposition of the whites of the region. The school is planned like one for Northern white children, without special industrial features, and depends for its support on chance gifts. To this school comes a Northern girl, not by choice, but because she has prepared herself to teach, and this is the only position she can get. Her brother is interested in cotton, and instructs her to study the conditions in the vicinity of the school. She finds that these conditions depend chiefly on the will of a single planter, Col. Cresswell, a Southern gentleman of the old school, who, though relatively impoverished by the war, still owns the whole countryside, and holds his negro tenants in a state of virtual peonage. His son, Harry Cresswell, is a Southern villain, also of the old school, polished in manner, but a drunkard, a liar, and a libertine. No girl among the tenants is safe from him. Among his victims is a beautiful mulatto name Zora, whose mother is a witch and a procuress. Supply an honest young negro to fall in love with her, and you have all the elements of popular melodrama. The Silver Fleece is cotton, and the action involves a great cotton "combine," which enriches the Cresswells without in any way improving the position of their negro dependants. The young man in love with Zora presently leaves the school to go to Washington, and only fails to be made Treasurer of the United States in

the course of a year because he cannot tell a lie. This is hardly a less credible incident than the death-bed repentance of the colonel, and his endowment of the negro school with the greater part of his fortune.

We must suppose that when the author says he has set down nothing the counterpart of which he has not seen or known, he is thinking of his picture of the lamentable estate of the Southern negro laborer to-day. He wished to write a sort of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to date, and he shows us a black man little better off than the black men of Mrs. Stowe, and a white man little more decent than the race of oppressors she made abhorrent to the world sixty years ago. We rub our eyes at the helplessness and depravity here pictured. Can these things be true in the representative sense Mr. Du Bois attaches to them? There is no doubting the sincerity of his belief that they are so, as witness the petition with which the book closes:

L'ENVOI.

Lend me thine ears, O God the Reader, whose Fathers aforetime sent mine down into the land of Egypt, into this House of Bondage. Lay not these words aside for a moment's phantasy, but lift up thine eyes upon the Horror in this land;—the maiming and the mocking and murdering of my people, and the prisonment of their souls. Let my people go, O Infinite One, lest the world shudder at

THE END.

The Man in the Shadow. By Richard Washburn Child. New York: The Macmillan Co.

It is a pleasure to come across a volume of stories so wholesome and really alive as these. To escape from divorce and the eternal triangle is much; to become acquainted with a group of sensible, brave, and interesting people is far more. If one were asked to recommend to an intelligent foreigner a book of stories which would give him a just impression of American life and ideals, one could scarcely do better than direct him to "The Man in the Shadow." The tales are not sectional or provincial in spirit; they are "all-American." They do not look backward to a past or passing era; they are genuinely, though not aggressively or slangily, of the present. Like Mr. Child's longer story, "Jim Hands," they show us young America at its sound and delightful best. Not, of course, that they all deal with young people; but they are filled with the spirit of youth—the spirit of hopefulness, of faith in humanity, above all, of courage.

At times the stories recall by their merits the work of Mr. Kipling; for instance, "Shark," a tale of the West Indian seas, and "The White Hand," which centres upon the building of a great dam in Dakota. But from the cheap cynicism and sentimentalized brutality which mar some of Mr. Kipling's work they are entirely free. Many of them are intensely dramatic, but none is finer than the simple and restrained little story called "Service." This and the title-piece are perhaps the strongest in the volume. Occasionally in some of the tales the diction is a little overstrained: but at their best they are as sound and fine in workmanship as in substance.

PROFESSOR MACKAIL'S ESSAYS.

Lectures on Poetry. By J. W. Mackail. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3 net.

We have followed the career of Mr. Mackail—what lover of letters has not?—with extreme interest from the first publication of his "Epigrams from the Greek Anthology" to this present volume, which marks the close of his tenure for five years of the professorship of poetry at Oxford. He has written much that is graceful and much that is penetrating, if not profound; from the first he has been the accepted representative of what since Pater's day has come to be recognized as the peculiarly Oxford spirit in *belles lettres*. The little history of Latin Literature, which to our taste remains the finest product of his pen, was to have been the work of his master, Professor Sellar, himself a follower of Pater, and it shows the strong infiltration of Pater's manner through that intermediary. Mr. Mackail exhibits all the charms of that influence, but he exhibits also the ever-increasing languor and sterility of a movement that was pointed away from the promise of life. The world has moved since Pater's day; the forced æstheticism of his philosophy begins to exhale heavy odors; there is not life here, but death. Mr. Mackail clings to the old manner, and it is not without significance that his work, particularly in the three volumes of his Oxford professorship, has become gradually less vital, more anæmic (shall we say?), more artificially imitative of thought. "The Springs of Helicon" (1909) was incisive, for the most part sound, and not without sturdiness of ideas. "Lectures on Greek Poetry" (1910) was brilliant in places, but essentially unsound in its assimilation of the classical muse with the mistress of Morris and Swinburne and Rossetti. Of the present volume it would be uncritical to say that it has not many excellent and charming pages, but it would be equally uncritical not to admit that something approaching futility is the final impression.

This may seem rather sweeping condemnation of work which has shown so many eminent distinctions as Mr. Mackail's; it is, indeed, justified only on the principle of *corruptio optimi pessima*. Nor is the present volume lacking in notable sections. The chapter on Virgil and Virgilianism, in its erudite yet human study of the movement to which Virgil's minor poems belong, recalls the measured and weighty charm of the "Latin Literature." The chapter also on Shakespeare's Sonnets is distinguished for its sane treatment of an unduly perplexed subject. One passage from this chapter we may quote as an illustration of Mr. Mackail at his best:

> Of Shakespeare's sonnets at least, in this respect, the best word that has been said, if not the last word that can be said, is in the line and a half of Sophocles prefixed by Francis Palgrave to his edition more than forty years ago:
>
> ὦ θεοί, τίς ἄρα κύπρις ἢ τίς ἵμερος
> τοῦδε ξυνήψατο;
>
> The words, like all Sophocles at his finest, are untranslatable: and like Sophocles at his most characteristic, where he goes to the very heart and centre of life, they have two qualities: first, that they are extraordinarily simple and direct; and secondly, that they settle upon the note of wonder, the endless and fathomless miracle of existence; not explaining, not passing judgment, but seeing the wonder of life with that clear and yet impassioned vision which is the last reward that life has to give.

We see here, no doubt, the blending of classical and romantic literatures, which in its upshot is really a betrayal of the classical. Mr. Mackail makes no distinction between the wonder of revery which is preëminent in the romantic poets, and the reasoned wonder which prevails in the classical poets, and, fundamentally, in Shakespeare. Nevertheless, we understand perfectly well the romantic notion of wonder which Mr. Mackail here has in mind; his own principle of taste is definite in conception and is expressed with restraint and charm. Unfortunately, he does not always express himself with this measure, nor does the main thesis of his book convey a quite definite idea of any sort. He writes on a variety of themes from Arabic poetry to Keats, but throughout he has one intention, to define poetry itself and to show its indefectible power through the ages; and it is just in this central purpose that the fault of his method becomes most conspicuous. At bottom it is the purely emotional and elusive in poetry that attracts him. "Criticism," he asserts, "in its true sense, is simply appreciation"; that is to say it is not fundamentally an exercise of judgment, but an attempt to surrender one's self to the mood of the poet, and to make admiration synonymous with wonder. Thus, "when we criticise 'Endymion,' when we discriminate in it between what is good and what is not good, or what is frankly bad, we run the risk of falling into just the mistake that Keats himself had the genius and the insight to avoid"—a statement, by the way, which is as false to the self-critical genius of Keats as it is to the critical spirit in general. When Mr. Mackail

attempts to combine his taste for the purely emotional and elusive with a logical definition of poetry, the result is too often the mere repetition of the commonplace in language which has the effect of a kind of sentimental obscurantism. For instance, he would combine Taine's sharp conception of poetry with the romantic conception of inspiration; this is the result:

> All poetry is the projection on a visible plane of a vast and exceedingly complex mass of poetical tendencies and potentialities. It is a living organism with powers of absorption, assimilation, reconstitution.

A commonplace has not often been involved in a vaguer combination of scientific and romantic terms. At bottom Mr. Mackail is here not concerned with the simple idea that the character of poetry at any given time is influenced by a mass of complex forces and that this character changes with the times; his real concern is to envelop this commonplace in a misty atmosphere of wonder. In the end, when the procedure is known, its repetition grows tedious and irritating.

There is a ferment of ideas now at work in Paris and Germany. The old romantic philosophy has on the one hand been carried to its logical limits by Bergson and his kind; on the other hand are arrayed those who, in divers ways and often blindly, are seeking a new basis of stability amid the flux. The movement may reach England in ten years and America in twenty. Meanwhile, there are those in our own universities, as well as at Oxford, who are troubled by certain practical implications of the romantic philosopby, yet fear that a break with the romantic tradition of literature will mean a relapse into the dryness of the pseudo- or neo-classic literature of the eighteenth century. In this dilemma they endeavor to isolate the literature of the past century from the whole movement of philosophy and life of which it was a part, and deal with its imaginative elements æsthetically, as characteristic indiscriminately of classical and romantic and all true poetry. To this effort to treat literature *in vacuo*, so to speak, yet with a strong romantic bias, Mr. Mackail's later work belongs, despite his vague definition of poetry as a "living organism" moving with the *élan vital* from stage to stage of progress.

A Retrospect of Forty Years, 1825-1865. By William Allen Butler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

There can be disappointment even in a charming book. We pick up the memoirs of the man who wrote "Nothing to Wear" in full expectation of seeing reconstructed before our eyes the New York in which Miss Flora M'Flimsey had her being. We find very little specific information upon the city of three-quarters of a century ago, geographic, historic, or social. We must be content with a brief sketch of Broadway in 1834 when the Battery was still the hotel centre and fasbion held forth south of City Hall Park, and with random topographical references of half a generation later, when society had established itself in the region between Washington and Madison Squares. Our disappointment arises from precisely that point of view against which Mr. Butler whimsically protests. He fails to see why, after a busy and successful legal career, a profession of which he was exceedingly fond, his reputation should be made to depend upon a random piece of society verse tossed off in an idle hour. The writer of the present memoirs was a gifted amateur, but his book is almost devoid of the deadly literary prattle in which the amateur abounds.

Outside of his profession, Mr. Butler's interests seem to have centred in the field of broad national politics, and we get from his hand several chapters of readable comment on the rise and progress of the anti-slavery movement, with which he was heartily in accord; readable chapters, but covering ground that is familiar enough. When a boy the author had made the voyage to Europe. He went a second time in 1847, and gives us a brief but spirited account of his travels, done in the clear, terse, unaffected manner that marks the book throughout. He met Lord Macaulay and "listened in breathless silence while he gave a monologue on the Temple and the Rules of the Order." Other great figures of the day are sketched in a happy sentence or two. We speak of this European narrative because it throws the personality of our writer into characteristic relief—an active, somewhat self-contained, but sympathetic man of fine intelligence, unpretending but far from commonplace, witb a pretty gift of quiet humor. As we put the book aside we find that, after all, we have had our picture of ante-bellum days in New York, painted not directly, but impressionistically, through the revelation of an attractive character whom we are tempted to regard as a type of the finest citizenship in the metropolis of fifty years ago. The memoirs, which cover only the first forty years of a life that ran to nearly twice that length (1825-1902), were written in 1899.

The Swedish Settlements on the Delaware. By Amandus Johnson, Ph.D. University of Pennsylvania. 2 vols. $6 net.

With most students of American history, we fancy, acquaintance with the annals of the colony of New Sweden has hitherto gone no further than the chapter which Gregory B. Keen contributed twenty-five years ago to Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History of America," the papers edited by Fernow in Vol. XII of the "Documents Relating to the Colonial History of the State of New York," and, for the period of beginnings in Sweden, Dr. J. F. Jameson's monograph on William Usselinx. To this short, but fairly satisfactory, list are now to be added the two substantial volumes by Dr. Johnson, forming the latest issue in the Americana Germanica series, published by the University of Pennsylvania. For a colony which existed but twenty-six years before it was ingloriously absorbed by the Dutch of New Netherland, 670 pages of text, weighted with footnotes and authorities, besides more than 200 pages of appendices and index, may seem an excessive allotment. Certainly, were any considerable portion of our colonial period to be treated on such a scale, "the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." As a piece of historical research, however, these volumes have to the full the merit of definitiveness. If there are any sources, printed or manuscript, which the author has not examined, they are unknown to the present reviewer; nor is it likely that the task will ever have to be done again.

Dr. Johnson begins with a survey, concise but sufficient, of the political, social, and religious conditions in Sweden from 1611 to 1660; and of the growth of industry and commerce, together with the activities of various trading companies, during the same period. The history of the New Sweden Company falls into three periods. The first, covering the years from 1637 to 1642, saw the establishment of the colony under Peter Minuit, with Dutch aid; the buying out of the Dutch stockholders by the Swedes, and the dispatch of four expeditions to America. In 1642 the company was reorganized, and in the course of the next seven years five more expeditions were sent out, the members of the last of which were fated to endure much suffering at the hands of the Spaniards. Two more expeditions were sent in 1653 and 1654. Then came the Dutch conquest under Stuyvesant, a reorganization of the company in 1654-55, the twelfth and last expedition in 1655-56, and the unsuccessful efforts of Sweden, not remitted until 1673, to recover its lost province.

The chronological course of the narrative is supplemented by interesting accounts of the life of the colonists, their relations with the Indians, the English, and the Dutch, and the attempts to build up a permanent and lucrative trade. Four chapters on the tobacco trade of New Sweden, under the third period of the company, should be specially noted. Appendices give brief biographies of leaders of the enterprise, some of the material of which might better, we think, have found place in the text; lists of officers, soldiers, servants,

and settlers in New Sweden; texts and translations of a number of important documents; and a bibliography. There is an exhaustive index. The numerous illustrations, including reproductions of contemporary maps and documents, are well executed, and the mechanical make-up of the volumes is sumptuous.

War and Other Essays. By William G. Sumner. Edited with Notes by A. G. Keller. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.25 net.

It could not be said of many great scholars that their brief essays were more characteristic of them than their books. Yet this statement is made in regard to Sumner by Professor Keller, in his introduction to this posthumous collection of essays. The reasons for it are simple. Sumner was, above all else, a teacher, and in the stress and arduous duties of his academic life, he could not find consecutive leisure to give to his longer works the completeness, dash, and finish which mark his lectures and essays. That the essays here gathered together are, in fact, characteristic of the great thinker, is in itself a sufficiently high recommendation, and those who are familiar with his work would hardly ask for more. The present volume includes seventeen of the most brilliant of his briefer contributions, all of which have been previously published in some form. They are prefaced by a clarifying and sympathetic introduction, and supplemented by a complete bibliography of Sumner's writings. A good frontispiece portrays the author as he was in his prime.

The title essay is a clear, incisive, level-headed examination into the rôle which war has played in the development of civilization and the advancement of the human race. A few extracts from this masterpiece, published for the first time in the opening number of the new *Yale Review* last autumn, will not only give a concise statement of the author's views on war, but will serve to illustrate the style of diction in which the essays are written, and the type of thought which distinguishes them all:

> We find, then, that in the past, as a matter of fact, war has played a great part in the irrational nature-process by which things have come to pass. But the nature-processes are frightful. . . . If we are terrified at the nature-processes, there is only one way to escape them; it is the way by which men have always evaded them to some extent; it is by knowledge, by rational methods, and by the arts. . . . Shall any statesman, therefore, ever dare to say that it would be well, at a given moment, to have a war, lest the nation fall into the vices of industrialism and the evils of peace? The answer is plainly: No! War is never a handy remedy, which can be taken up and applied by routine rule. No war which can be avoided is just to the people who have to carry it on, to say nothing of the enemy. . . . There is no state of readiness for war; the notion calls for never-ending sacrifices. . . . A wiser rule would be to make up your mind soberly what you want, peace or war, and then to get ready for what you want; for what we prepare for is what we shall get.

This book offers a fund of enjoyment and enlightenment to any sober-minded and intelligent reader. But there are two classes of persons who will especially profit by its perusal. These are the sociologist and the statesman or constructive politician; for Professor Sumner was both of these. The essay on sociology might well stand as the introductory chapter to any thoughtful treatise on the subject, while "The Family and Social Change," "The Status of Woman," "Witchcraft," "Religion and the Mores," and "The Mores of the Present and Future," are fine types of detailed sociological investigation. The essays on "The Absurd Effort to Make the World Over," "State Interference," "The Forgotten Man," and "Do We Want Industrial Peace?" are keen attacks upon the weak points of socialism, the last-named being of especial interest when read in connection with the essay on war. The wave of imperialism which swept the country in the last years of the nineteenth century inspired the essays on "The Proposed Dual Organization of Mankind," "The Fallacy of Territorial Extension," "The Conquest of the United States by Spain," and "The Predominant Issue." The last of the essays, in point of arrangement, "Our Colleges before the Country," was one of the first in point of composition, and stands by itself, being an attack on the privileged position of the classics in college curricula, written at a time when those studies were much more firmly intrenched in that position than they are now.

Notes

"Intimacies of Court and Society," by the widow of an American diplomat, is announced by Dodd, Mead & Co.

The publication of a limited edition of "The Colonial Homes of Philadelphia and its Neighbourhood," by Harold Donaldson Eberlein and Horace Mather Lippincott, is contemplated by J. B. Lippincott Co.

"The Works of Thomas Deloney," edited with introduction and notes by F. O. Mann, are about to be added to the Oxford English Texts (Frowde).

D. C. Heath & Co. will issue Molière's "Le Médecin malgré lui," edited with notes and vocabulary by Dr. R. L. Hawkins, and Hebbel's "Agnes Bernauer," edited with introduction and notes by Prof. B. M. Evans.

Prof. Oliver Morton Dickerson is publishing, through the Arthur H. Clarke Co. of Cleveland, "American Colonial Government, 1696—1765: a study of the British Board of Trade in its relation to the American Colonies, political, industrial, administrative."

John Spargo's "Applied Socialism" and Gilbert E. Roe's "Our Judicial Oligarchy" are in the list of B. W. Huebsch.

Doubleday, Page & Co. have in the press "Many Celebrities and a Few Others," by William H. Rideing.

The Putnams have in preparation: "In the Amazon Jungle," by Algot Lange; "Outdoor Philosophy," by Stanton D. Kirkham; "Human Efficiency," by Horatio Dresser; "Astrology and Religion Among the Greeks and Romans," by Franz Cumont; "Grammar and Thinking," by Alfred Dwight Sheffield, and "The Religious Experience of St. Paul," by Percy Gardner.

The same house, as American representatives of the Cambridge University Press, announces: "Lyrical Forms in English," edited with introduction and notes by Norman Hepple; "Nathan der Weise," edited by J. G. Robertson; "Stories from Chaucer," retold from "The Canterbury Tales," with introduction and notes by Margaret C. Macaulay; "The Sufficiency and Defects of the English Commission Office," by A. G. Walpole Sayer, and "The Abbot's House at Westminster," by J. Armitage Robinson.

Messrs. Longmans are bringing out "A Peasant Sage of Japan," translated from the Hotokuki by Tadasu Yoshimoto, with an introduction by Dr. J. Estlin Carpenter. The book recounts the long labors for social reform of Sontoku Ninomiya, who died in 1856.

The Scottish Text Society proposes to issue during 1912 "Abbregement of Roland Furious," by James Stewart of Baldinnes, prepared from the manuscript in the Advocates' Library by Thomas Crockett; "John of Ireland"; "Bibliography of Middle Scots Poetry," compiled by William Geddie; an edition of the Makculloch and Gray manuscripts, by George Stevenson, and the third volume of Gregory Smith's "Henryson."

Maeterlinck has created a prize of 16,000 francs, said to be derived chiefly from the money which he received from the Nobel award, to be given every two years to the author of the most remarkable book published in the French language.

With the January number, just issued, the *South Atlantic Quarterly* celebrates its tenth anniversary. The journal was founded "to furnish the young writers of the South a medium for the publication of their work," and thus to forward "the interests of Southern literature and scholarship." But it has kept free from the narrower sectionalism, its columns being open to writers from all parts of the country, and it is to-day one of the few journals in which vital subjects can be treated seriously and without some yielding to the popular clamor for superficial interest. In its present number Dr. Philip Alexander Bruce considers the question, "Was Poe a Druukard?"; Prof. Edward Raymond Turner deals with "The Morocco Crisis of 1911." "William Tecumseh Sherman as College President," by Prof. Walter F. Fleming; "Lee and Psychography," by Gamaliel Bradford, jr.; "William Pitt and His Recent Critics," by Dr. William T. Laprade; "The Autobiography of Richard Wagner," by Prof.

William H. Wannamaker, and "The Appeal to Ancestry in Literature," by Prof. William Wistar Comfort, are other contributions.

Another issue of the erudite and useful, but not exactly inspiring, Wiener Beiträge (Vienna: Wilhelm Braumüller) gives us "James Shirley: Sein Leben und seine Werke," by J. Schipper. This volume, rather thicker than the average of the series, contains a frontispiece reproducing the Bodleian portrait of Shirley, and a German version, by the editor, of "The Royal Master."

Much bright entertainment is offered in Edmund Lester Pearson's "The Librarian at Play" (Small, Maynard), a collection of papers all but two of which have appeared in the Boston *Transcript*. Some of the work is sheer fooling, but not bad fun. The narrator, who appears throughout the series, has a position in the public library of a New England town, and fills his odd moments (which characteristically seem to outnumber his even moments) by ingenious reflection on literature. So he invents an "interest gauge" which, placed in the back of a volume, measures a reader's attention. It creates no surprise when a man who drops in to read his own book breaks the gauge, but that a scholar poring over a German monograph forces the indicator up only a little way is, of course, scandalous. Further heresy appears in the "Desert Island Test," when a marooned man having with him the hundred best books which he himself had selected, now rues his choice:

> Sept. 1, 1907. One of the goats ate the Æneid to-day.
> Sept. 2. The goat is ill, and I have had to give it one of my few pepsin tablets.

Some of the papers give an amusing picture of the relation of the library to the public. The following in the paper "By Telephone," is not wholly incredible:

> "Well, I want to see a picture of Mrs. Browning. We have a portrait here, and my aunt says it is George Eliot, and I know it is Mrs. Browning. Now, if you could just hold up the book—why, how perfectly ridiculous of me! I can't see it over the telephone, can I? Why, how absolutely absurd! I never thought at all! I was going to come to the library for it, only it is so horrid and rainy, and then I remembered that I saw in the paper about your answering questions by telephone, and I thought, why, how nice, I'll just call them up on the 'phone—and now it won't do me any good at all, will it?"
> "I'm afraid not."

Nearly fifty years are spanned in Joseph H. Choate's "American Addresses" (Century), the contents of the volume ranging from the occasion of the Metropolitan Sanitary Fair in 1864 to that of the semi-centennial of the founding of the First Training School for Nurses in 1910. Notable among the addresses thus brought together are that on "The Tweed Ring," delivered in Cooper Institute in 1871 after the downfall of that organization; that at the Harvard Alumni dinner of 1883, when Mr. Choate's tactful remarks smoothed the way for an unexpectedly gracious response from General Butler, to whom the Board of Overseers had refused the LL.D. which it was customary for Harvard to confer upon Massachusetts Governors; "Trial by Jury," given before the American Bar Association in 1898; and "James Coolidge Carter," before the Bar Association of the City of New York in 1906. A preface explains the circumstances of each address. They are marked by the urbanity and the humor that have contributed to their author's high reputation as a public speaker.

"The Writing of News" (Holt), by Charles G. Ross, is a little book, but contains a deal of advice which, if observed by the novice in newspaper work, would hasten his practical education on the reportorial staff. The author, assistant professor of journalism in the University of Missouri, must have been a busy collector of clippings, and his "don'ts" cover well-nigh all the prejudices that have come to be laws among editors and copy-readers. No blue-penciller can fail to recognize, in the list headed "Bromides," such old friends as "sickening thud," "breakneck speed," "hair-breadth escape," "busy marts of trade," "shrouded in mystery," "vouches for the authenticity of," and "serious, but not necessarily fatal"—phrases selected at random from an appalling list of the combinations that cause hardened desk men to grind their teeth. Professor Ross has turned out an effective summary of what a working newspaper man should do, or avoid doing; and he has written with such clearness that the lessons should impress even the youngest classroom student training for a profession which until recent years was the only profession regarded as requiring no special educational equipment.

Although Tom L. Johnson did not begin the dictation of his autobiography until five months before his death, all of "My Story" (Huebsch) except the final chapter, which covers barely a twelvemonth, is his own composition. Part of the book has appeared in *Hampton's*, and it has been completed and edited by Elizabeth J. Hauser. Perhaps because it was dictated, the narrative is very vivid, and in its eagerness to get forward, and its carelessness or unconsciousness of finish, it is representative of the man whose activities and convictions it depicts. Episodes and situations are not always told with sufficient fulness for perfect clearness, and a chapter here and there is marred by a superfluous setting-forth of the writer's hostility to "Privilege." Johnson was not a phrase-maker, and he does not appear at his best in the forum. But these are minor blemishes upon the man's own relation of a decidedly interesting career. If he had merely deserted business for politics, as his fellow-townsman and opponent, Hanna, did, he would have left a very different and far less notable story behind him. It is the change wrought in his whole way of thinking by the almost involuntary reading of one of Henry George's books, and the deliberate perusal of others, that gives his life its significance. That change-and its consequences fill the mass of these pages. One sententious remark is worth quoting: "You can't legislate men or women into being good, but you can remove artificial stimulants to make them bad."

It is a sturdy and aggressive personality that Moorfield Storey and Edward W. Emerson set forth in "Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar: a Memoir" (Houghton Mifflin). To his own generation in Massachusetts Hoar was known as an able lawyer and judge, in whom learning, wit, and brusque manners mingled in what were often bewildering proportions; as an active political leader vigorously opposing the claims of slavery; and as a public-spirited citizen who helped to make his native town of Concord famous. In the larger field of national politics he will be remembered as, for a brief time, Attorney-General in Grant's Cabinet, from which office he was abruptly dismissed for the frankest of political reasons; and as a member of the joint high commission which framed the Treaty of Washington for the settlement of the Alabama claims. The old charge of having conspired with Grant to pack the Supreme Court, so as to procure a reversal of the first legal tender decision, has been sufficiently refuted by Judge Hoar's brother, the late Senator Hoar; and the present biographers have wisely refrained from again examining the question in detail. Perhaps the most valuable parts of the volume, on the whole, are those which trace the course of Massachusetts politics, particularly between 1840 and 1860, when Hoar's activity was most pronounced. It is interesting to note, however, that in contrast to his outspokenness and independence in those earlier years, he remained after the war a stanch Republican, and had little sympathy with independent movements for political reform. Personally, Judge Hoar appears in these pages as a typical Puritan, stern in family relations as in public life; yet with warm affections, devoted to his friends, and among his intimates an agreeable companion. There are some pleasant glimpses of the Concord and Boston literary set in which he moved from the beginning, of the Saturday Club, and of Harvard.

Major J. Orton Kerbey describes his experiences as "An American Consul in Amazonia" (New York: William Edwin Rudge) in a gossipy, after-dinner style. The book contains much useful information as to the topography and commercial possibilities of the Amazon region of Brazil, and very interesting accounts of the social and official life in Para and of the manners and customs of the people. The writer is amazingly frank, even to the extent of reflecting upon his own reputation, and of exposing official secrets relative to the astonishingly lax methods adopted by the Government in its appointment of incompetent and underpaid consuls. On being appointed consul to Para he was asked, "Where is Para?" to which he replied, "I'm blessed if I know." He describes an interview with Mr. (then Secretary) Blaine as follows: "When I intimated that I did not know anything of Para, he replied, 'That's the trouble with all of us. I am sending you out there to learn something about it; . . . and the facts are, we have more plugs than holes to put them in, but I told you I would find a hole for you,' and he kept his word. He put me in a very hot hole." He complains that "a consul is expected to dress becomingly, to make a respectable appearance as an American gentleman, yet it is impossible for him to do so on his salary. After the performance of my regular duties, I succeeded to eke out an existence by contributing to the press." On one occasion the position of vice-consul was vacant, and every American in the place, "from the missionary down or up, was an applicant. I did not make a nomination because I did not find an American I could conscientiously recommend." In referring to the

wealth and commercial possibilities of Amazonia the consul writes:

The forests of rubber trees are said to be practically inexhaustible. There are thousands of miles of this territory which is reached by rivers that are navigable by large ocean vessels. Large ocean steamships ascend the Amazon over 3,000 miles, to the base of the Andes, in Peru, delivering their cargoes almost at the doors of the merchants, and carrying away the valuable products of the valley, viz., rubber and cocoa. . . . Everything necessary to sustain civilized life is imported generally from Europe, while America takes the bulk of the exports. . . . Not an American steamship ascends the Amazon above Para.

The book contains some valuable information for the American manufacturer and exporter. It appears that "a large number of both English and German commercial travellers are in every city along the coast. These remain year after year in the country, becoming familiar with the language of the people, as well as with the trade. There were never less than three to five at my hotel in Para, yet I never saw or heard of a single American business agent during my residence there."

Gilbert Chinard of Brown University has carried through an elaborate and careful investigation in his volume, "L'Exotisme américain dans la littérature française au XVIe siècle" (Hachette). It was suggested to the author by his earlier studies, in the wake of M. Bédier, of Chateaubriand in America, and is obviously influenced by M. Lefranc's "Navigations de Pantagruel." But M. Chinard has another purpose than merely to record the descriptions of cosmographers and travellers; it is to determine the attitude of the sixteenth-century writers towards the inhabitants of the New World. America has, indeed, had a varying reputation, exemplified by the different meanings which different ages have given to the words Huron, Mohock, or Apache. Most students are familiar with Montaigne's descriptions of the natives of America in the essay on "Cannibals," who seem to him as sensible, on the whole, as the inhabitants of Europe, even though "they wear no breeches." But M. Chinard has brought together less known passages from other prose-writers and poets, in which the times "when wild in woods the noble savage ran" unconsciously antedate Rousseau's theories of the natural goodness of man. Of course, in the second half of the sixteenth century, the vogue of the pagan moralists, such as Seneca and Plutarch, as opposed to the religious writers, both Catholics and Huguenots, might well favor the idea that justice could be found among those yet unenlightened by Christianity. M. Chinard has produced a scholarly, even if not exciting, volume. He seems, however, to have passed over Charles Fontaine's "Les Nouvelles et antiques merveilles," 1554. The preface of that work contains interesting and not too wild ideas about Indians. One of the divisions of the volume is "Sommaire du livre des nouvelles isles," which deals with journeys of Columbus to Western lands, and mentions customs and fantastic animals.

Weekly essays on religious subjects by Louis Howland, first published in the Indianapolis *News*, are collected under the title "Day Unto Day" (Bobbs-Merrill). The style is something like that of the late R. H. Hutton, although without Hutton's depth of insight. The author seems to hold himself aloof in some degree from the movements he describes and from the spiritual struggles into which it is his desire to inject a helpful word. He is not passionately anxious to convert anybody, either from evil ways or to his own way of thinking, but he is desirous that the topics of which he writes, which are the large religious subjects of most general interest, may be considered from all points of view, and that his readers may be brought to a moderate opinion. He discusses the various seasons of the Christian year, and such themes as Heresy, Hypocrisy, Moderation, and ex-President Eliot's Religion.

If old historical memoirs must be revamped, a good model of the harmless type is the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott's "Life of Madame de la Rochejaquelein" (Longmans). Devoid of originality, it follows, in liberal quotations, Mme. de la Rochejaquelein's own memoirs, as well as those of the Comtesse de la Bouëre, and the Marquise de Bonchamps. There is no attempt at character-drawing, but neither are there objectionable anecdotes. To those who are not familiar with the story of the Vendeans, and who have not access to the English translation of the memoirs of the Marquise de la Rochejaquelein, fathered by Walter Scott, the volume may be recommended. It contains some good reproductions of quaint portraits and a useful map.

Mrs. Newell Dwight Hillis has written a book concerning "The American Woman and Her Home" (Revell). Its homilies are addressed to the married woman of leisure, and voice, in a tone of exhortation, precisely those promptings of the social conscience to which this class is susceptible. In her commendation Mrs. Hillis never strays far from the domestic ideal or from the Church's methods of social service. She deplores the decline in popularity of "the most wholesome of all exercises—housework," regrets that "certain minor parts of the household art are unjustly falling into desuetude among the well-to-do," since "some use of the needle is sedative to nerves and stimulating to constructive thought," and would recommend the pre-nuptual administration of "a technical education in housekeeping" to obviate the divorce evil. But might not the more heterodox of the sex inquire whether the unanimous harking back to the household task and the foreordained "sphere" would be any more salutary—or, indeed, possible—for women than a universal reversion to the agricultural type would be for men? Sweeping is just as good an occupation for a woman as wood-chopping is for a man, but certainly no better.

"Völkerorganisation und der moderne Staat" (Egon Fleischel & Co., Berlin) is the title of the German edition of ex-Ambassador David J. Hill's work which was published by the Columbia University Press some months ago. The translator, Günther Thomas, has creditably acquitted himself of his task, and the book is welcomed by German readers as a scholarly treatise on questions which the politician, the statesman, the journalist, and even the businessman who is an active factor in the world of his profession or the life of his community, cannot afford to ignore.

Nicholas Paine Gilman, sociologist and economist, died recently at his home in Meadville, Pa., aged sixty-two. He graduated from the Harvard Divinity School in 1871, and was for some years pastor of Unitarian parishes in New England. Since 1895 he had been professor of sociology and ethics in the Meadville Theological School. The following books bear his name: "Profit Sharing Between Employer and Employee," "Laws of Daily Conduct," "Socialism and the American Spirit," "A Dividend to Labor," and "Methods of Industrial Peace."

Emil Jonas, whose death is reported at the age of eighty-seven, had made many translations into German from the Swedish and Danish. He was in the service of the Danish Government, having come from Germany, and was the editor of a German paper in Copenhagen. He wrote plays, books of travel, and fiction.

The death is reported from Salt Lake, Utah, of Hermann Bang, the Danish author and lecturer. He had been in this country two weeks, and had recently made a tour of Russia and Germany.

Science

"A Beginner's Star Book," by Kelvin McKready, is in Putnam's list.

As agents of the Cambridge University Press, Putnams promise "The Theory of Experimental Electricity," by Dampier Whetham.

The loose title of Charles M. Skinner's "Myths and Legends of Flowers, Trees, Fruits and Plants" (Lippincott) gives an idea of the free and easy way in which the author treats his subject. Strictly speaking, trees *are* plants, but that is of little matter when one is in search of the sensational in plant-traditions. Moreover, it is not worth while in preparing such a book to be scientifically precise, especially if one is to give no citations of authorities. It is better to let it be understood at the outset that the compilation is for purposes of diversion, rather than of instruction. And, furthermore, when an author deliberately sets out to amuse himself as well as his readers, ordinary limits may be boldly transgressed. In the present case, one can imagine the author as laughing in his sleeve at his employment of unnecessarily uncommon terms, such as luminative, usances, emblemize—three words in the first page of text. He probably had a good deal of amusement also in restating some of the myths and legends, recasting a few of them in language belonging to yellow journalism. The treatise is in no sense critical or authoritative; it is simply a medley of odds and ends, picked up at random, and seldom joined together. The book cannot be looked upon as a serious attempt to present in good faith the folklore of the vegetable kingdom. Of such attempts, more or less successful, there are a good many, but this is not one of them. Of the entertaining character of this little treatise, in its own way, there is no question.

"The Bacillus of Long Life, a manual of the preparation and souring of milk for dietary purposes, together with an historical account of the use of fermented milks from the earliest times to the present day and their wonderful effect in the prolonging of human existence" (Putnam), by Loudon M. Douglas, has been written in

the interest of the sour-milk propaganda. Metchnikoff had observed that individuals and peoples whose diet consists largely of sour milk attain great age, and he began scientific experiments based on the assumption that the bacillus causing the souring and not the milk itself was responsible for this fact. He argued that the large intestine in mammals, although for the most part functionless, is well developed and contains a great number of bacteria. As a result of these bacteria, various poisons are evolved which are absorbed into the blood and circulate through the body, causing structural changes in important organs. He discovered that the lactic acid bacillus is a "friendly" bacillus, in that under proper conditions it will destroy many of the dangerous bacilli finding lodgment in the body. The lactic bacillus is discovered in many substances in nature, occurring in the sap of the vine and in most fermented liquids, but it is not present in fresh milk. When it acts upon the sugar of milk it changes it into lactic acid, thereby giving the milk a sour flavor. It is useful for several diseases of the gastro-intestinal tract which are due to auto-intoxication, the chief symptoms of which are furred tongue, foul breath, headache, mental depression, sallow skin, nervousness, and anæmia. Some physicians think that it is also helpful in gout and rheumatism, and as a food in malignant diseases of the gastro-intestinal tract. It has, too, been used before operations in order to cleanse this tract. The general principles of preparation of soured milk are, first, to pasteurize and kill all the organisms present, and then, after allowing the milk to cool, to sow in the pure lactic bacillus. The milk should be absolutely fresh and clean, as free as possible from bacteria and from all preservatives, the presence of which would kill the lactic bacillus. It goes without saying that this preparation should be carried out in a clean sterile room. It can hardly be said that up to the present time the sour-milk theory has proved as useful as was hoped. Many physicians who at first employed the bacillus widely have now virtually discarded it. One can scarcely agree with Mr. Douglas that cultures of the Bulgarian bacillus, which is said to be the most active lactic bacillus, should be used by people in health as a probable preventive of disease.

So fixed are the stars in relation to one another that if Confucius or Aratus or Saint Augustine were to view them to-night, there is no constellation but would be perfectly recognizable to them. Asterisms alone are unchanging, while all else on earth is subject to unceasing change. Little wonder, then, that the mystic and poetic mind has woven about individual stars and their groupings a lore of exceeding interest and charm. It is these stories and traditions that are traced back to original sources in "Star Lore of All Ages: A Collection of Myths, Legends, and Facts Concerning the Constellations of the Northern Hemisphere" (Putnam), by William Tyler Olcott. Few practical astronomers have the time and patience, let alone the learning, to compile such a book as this. Arago might have done it, or Schiaparelli; but astronomers to-day are too busy with their spectrum plates and parallaxes and variables to take time for collecting myths and legends. Allen's "Star Names and Their Meanings" has made the work easier, and the writer has drawn upon pretty much every English authority from Lockyer to Maunder. The origin and history of ancient star groups are sketched, and then something above fifty of the northern constellations are taken up in order, from Andromeda, the Chained Lady, to Vulpecula cum Ansere, the Fox with the Goose. Especially well done is the collection of famous masterpieces, reproduced from original sources, from the Avenue of Ram-headed Sphinxes, at Karnak, and the Temple of Castor and Pollux, at Girgenti, to the Dance of the Pleiades, by Elihu Vedder. The strictly astronomical illustrations, on the other hand, are not very well done, the cuts of nebulæ and constellation diagrams being far below the technical standard of the best American works. A supplementary volume dealing with the southern constellations will be well worth the while, in compiling which, as well as in revising the present work, the Arabic, old German, and Italian literatures should not be neglected.

Charles Finney Cox, general manager of all the New York Central lines west of Buffalo, and a scientist of note, died last week after a short illness, aged sixty-six. He was a fellow of the New York Academy of Sciences, its president in 1908-1909. He was also president of the New York Microscopical Society in 1888, a prominent member of the Linnæan and New York Zoölogical Societies, and one of the founders and chief promotors of the Botanical Gardens, of which he was treasurer at the time of his death. Due to his important contributions to microscopical botany and zoölogy, he was elected fellow of the Royal Microscopical Society of London. He was an active philanthropist and interested himself in several branches of charitable service. "Protoplasm and Life" was his chief publication.

Drama and Music

On the Art of the Theatre. By Edward Gordon Craig. Chicago: Browne's Bookstore. $2 net.

In this highly suggestive, able, but occasionally exasperating volume, Mr. Craig sums up, in old and new matter, his various indictments of the modern theatre, prescribes remedies for some of the obvious ills which afflict it, and expatiates upon the tantalizing theories by means of which he hopes that, in the course of a few generations, it will be transformed into an ideal temple of Olympian drama. He differs from many idealists in having a solid foundation for the lower stones, at least, of his castles in the air. He knows the modern theatre thoroughly in all its manifestations, is conversant with the achievements of all the subsidized and independent dramatic experiments in London, St. Petersburg, Paris, Berlin, Munich, and elsewhere, and is as ardent a student of the past as he is a sanguine prophet of the future. It is only when he attempts to base solid results upon fanciful conceptions, that he becomes incoherent and incomprehensible—perhaps, even to himself.

In his premises he is perfectly sound. No man could lay his finger more unerringly upon the chief causes of the decadence of the contemporary theatre. With the authority born of personal experience he points out how the spirit of commercialism has destroyed all honorable artistic ambition, and blocked original enterprise; what an insuperable bar to progress the actor-manager has become; how the initiative of actors has been killed; how the inevitable lack of trained intelligence is completing the ruin that speculative greed began. Nothing could be more true or more lamentable, and he is perfectly right in his contention that the state of the theatre cannot be improved materially until more actors shall be inspired by love of art rather than of notoriety; until the race of trained and competent producers, now nearly extinct, has been replenished, and endowed with the authority absolutely essential to the preservation of that discipline without which good work is impossible. And there can be little doubt that properly equipped stage-managers—perhaps the most essential preliminary to any hopeful scheme of theatrical reform—could be provided by such a dramatic college as he hopes to establish. Twenty such institutions could be obtained for the cost of one subsidized national theatre and would be twenty times more beneficial.

Up to this point he is sane and practical. But his further theories, if adopted and pressed to their logical conclusion, would result, not in the elevation, but in the destruction of the theatre as it is now understood—the theatre that reflects humanity in its different aspects—and would substitute for it something more symbolistic and possibly more artistic, but infinitely narrower in scope. With his scornful denunciations of the merely "realistic" most thoughtful persons will agree cordially, and it is clear that in many kinds of plays, though not in all or even most, symbolic scenery harmonizing with and emphasizing the mood and drift of the stage action might be employed to great advantage. But Mr. Craig, in the highest flights of his fancy, seems to desire, and expect, the total elimination of the speaking actor, leaving the interpretation of the drama to mute figures—preferably mechanical—music, allegorical dancers, and special painted and atmospheric effects. In such a consummation, he argues, all the component parts of drama, as he enumerates them—action, sound, line, color, and rhythm—would be embodied. Actually of course, it would be a sort of pantomimic vision, with musical accompaniment, not true drama at all.

It is a pity that the ability, the imag-

ination, the zeal of Mr. Craig should be enlisted in the service of so dangerous a fallacy. He maintains, in support of his theory, that instruction—he knows, of course, that it is the function of the theatre to instruct and inspire as well as to amuse—is absorbed more readily through the eye than the ear, and that, therefore, the spoken word on the stage is of comparatively minor importance. This must mean that from his ideal theatre the whole literary element—the exchange of thought, declarations of purpose, sentiment and character, wit, satire, equivoque, poetic thought, apt repartee, pointed comment—might be excluded altogether. It is not necessary to discuss a proposition so preposterous. It is true, as he says, that in the perfect work of art, whether in the theatre or out of it, there can be no mistake or uncertainty. Therefore, he argues, the speaking actor is a danger, because he is the victim of emotions conjured up by the workings of his intellect and is likely to act according to those emotions and not those of the fictitious character. Undeniably this is the case with the vast majority of ordinary, imperfectly trained players, who always talk about "feeling" a part, without in the least suspecting that they are only "feeling" and exhibiting themselves. No actor, of course, can free himself absolutely from the influence of his own personality, but no actor achieves greatness until he has learned how to keep his personal feelings and impulses in subjection while counterfeiting those of the assumed part. No healthy body, says Mr. Craig, can be the slave of the mind, whereas this is just what happens in the case of every sane, self-respecting man, and is the condition to which every earnest and ambitious actor ought to aspire. To produce players with this capacity ought to be one of the chief aims of the ideal dramatic college. Mr. Craig is in danger of falling into the heresy that spectacle is the highest mission of the stage, instead of one great cause of its decadence.

Muriel Harvey, daughter of Martin Harvey, is soon to make her first appearance upon the stage, in a speaking part, as the central feminine figure in the new comedy by R. C. Carton, which is to be produced in the London Comedy Theatre. She is said to have remarkable ability.

On the departure of Oscar Asche and Lily Brayton from the London Garrick, Arthur Bourchier will resume operations there with a new modern comedy in four acts named "The Firescreen," by Alfred Sutro. That, in course of time, will be followed by a new comedy from the pen of Monckton Hoffe, the author of "The Little Damozel."

Rudolf Besier is to make the English adaptation of "Büxl," a piece that has caused a great stir in Berlin, for Frederick Harrison of the London Haymarket. It is the work of Arno Holz and Oscar Jaschke. The story opens in the condemned cell of a prison, and finishes in a brilliant Parisian salon, the principal character having been condemned to death on a charge of murder which he has undeniably committed. And yet the play is an amusing comedy! The hero is one of those daring, irresponsible creatures who ignore the ordinary laws that govern society. At the last moment he contrives to escape from his prison, jumps into a motor car awaiting the Crown Prince, and is whirled away to a citadel in the mountains, the chauffeur believing that his royal master sits behind him. Up there all sorts of strange adventures happen to him, not the least of them being his unexpected encounter with the Prince himself. Eventually he makes his way to Paris, there to play the part of social lion.

Alexandre-Charles-Auguste Bisson, the French playwright, died on Saturday of last week, at the age of sixty-three. He was a chevalier of the Legion of Honor and an officer of public instruction. Among his twenty-one plays may be mentioned "Quatre coups de canif," "Un Lycée de jeunes filles," "Le Roi Koko," "Les Surprises du divorce," "Les Trois Anabaptistes," "Le Péril Jaune," "Mariage d'Etoile," and "La Femme X," which last was played by Madame Bernhardt in this country last year. In collaboration with Théodore de Lajarte he wrote some works on music.

"The Aristoxenian Theory of Musical Rhythm," by C. F. Abdy Williams, is one of the Cambridge University Press publications announced by Putnams.

Sir Edward Elgar is about to compose for the Coliseum an Imperial masque, entitled "The Crown of India." The book and lyrics of the masque will be written by Henry Hamilton. The production is promised for the early spring.

Dr. Horatio Parker gave a talk, at the MacDowell Club, last week, on his opera "Mona," soon to be produced at the Metropolitan Opera House. He explained that the action of "Mona" was supposed to take place in the southeastern part of Britain, about one hundred years after the beginning of the Christian era. He described the various persons of the drama and said he had characterized them by particular tonalities. Thus the music for Gwynn is based upon the tonality of B major; for Mona, in her womanly aspect, on E flat major, and in her character of predestined leader of the people on E minor; for the theme of love, on G flat major, which the composer characterized as the "legitimate offspring of the keys of B major and E flat minor," etc. This scheme was not the result of cogitation, but was remarked by the composer after his sketches had been made.

Dr. Parker considered that Wagner had perfected the *leitmotiv* idea, that no one had since advanced it, and said that he had incorporated some fifty or sixty such motives in "Mona." The composer then paid his respects to the modern French musical system, and said that the six-tone scale and augmented triad were perfectly non-committal, tonally, and that they did not stand on one foot, but with both feet in the air.

The story of the opera, text by Brian Hooker, concerns itself with Mona, princess of Britain, predestined by Druidic prophecy to be the leader of a rebellion against Rome. She is loved by Gwynn, a bard and peacemaker, and son of the Roman Governor by a British captive. The action hinges on Mona's repudiation of Gwynn's love in favor of her mission as leader, and ends by her slaying Gwynn through misunderstanding of his true character.

Art

Byzantine Art and Archæology. By O. M. Dalton. Large 8vo, with 457 illustrations. New York: Henry Frowde.

This scholarly work by a young officer of the British Museum is, with the exception of architecture, virtually a complete directory of all matters Byzantine. It is the sort of thing that a leader of a graduate course would wish to place in the hands of his students. Yet Mr. Dalton is keenly alive to the æsthetic implications of his subject. His two chapters on the origins, general characteristics, and geographical distribution of the Byzantine style are far the best studies existent in English, and appeal quite as strongly to the intelligent layman as to the special student. As an introduction to the subject this book is less available than Charles Diehl's excellent "Manuel de l'art byzantin," but it is intended rather as a thesaurus for reference than as a beginner's guide.

Mr. Dalton is an enthusiastic convert to what we may call the East-Christian theory, and here it may be permissible to sketch the recent discussions concerning so-called Byzantine art. Vasari distinguished between an "ancient Grecian manner" (*maniera greca antica*), by which he meant vaguely all classic art, and an "old Grecian manner" (*maniera greca vecchia*), by which he meant Byzantine art. For the "old Grecian manner" he entertained a profound contempt, which until lately all critics of art have inherited. Thus has arisen the orthodox conception of Byzantine art as a sort of deplorable by-product of Constantine's transit to the Bosphorus, as, accordingly, an Eastern debasement of the art of Rome. Infect at its origins, the hieratic art of Byzantium is supposed to have been lethal in its progress westward. Its formalism is represented as everywhere the foe of local life and promise. The formation of national styles in Italy and elsewhere, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, is usually dramatized as a conscious struggle of vigorous new life against the stifling influence of invading Orientalism. "Throwing off the Byzantine yoke" has become a stock phrase of criticism.

In this rather absurd distortion of the facts was just a glimmer of theoretical and æsthetic truth. Where the theory failed utterly was in falsifying the feeling of the mediæval artist. Throughout Western Europe the "old Greek man-

ner" was eagerly welcomed. The researches of Wickhoff, Thode, and Frey have shown that never was the Byzantine style more piously studied than at the moment when the Franciscan movement called upon the pioneers of Italian painting to express new emotions. The Byzantine art of the thirteenth century was to Cimabue and Cavallini what a full century later the art of Rome was to Donatello and Ghiberti. Far from being the enemy of local endeavor, the art of Byzantium single-handed kept alive in Western Europe the practice of figure design and, withal, some faint remnant of the glory that was Greece. The art of Rome virtually died in the terrible centuries of the invasions. Fortunately, it left the means of resurrection in surviving monuments and in the hearts of the Italian people. But for upwards of five hundred years, only the art of the Christian East stood between Western Europe and such elaborately infertile barbarism as we see represented in the illuminations of the Celtic manuscripts. Since the merit of Constantinople as the conserver of classic learning and literature has always been conceded by historians, it is truly strange that her art should have been regarded as hostile to civilization. As a matter of fact, nothing is more certain than that all sound craftsmen of the early Middle Ages were as Byzantine as they knew how to be, while the various phases of incompetency exploited by romantic historians as national beginnings are usually so many failures to master the Byzantine models.

That Byzantine art was merely the decadence of the Greco-Roman manner was doubted years ago by Courajod, who pointed out Asiatic analogies for many Byzantine developments. This hint has been brilliantly amplified by Strzygowski. He finds that Byzantine art, rising in regions unpenetrated by the Imperial style of Rome, is a direct descendant of Hellenistic art. But of a Hellenism profoundly modified by Oriental contacts. In the great Greek cities of Asia Minor and Syria we must seek the formative points, and these imply remoter regions, probably Mesopotamian, where the interpenetration of the two artistic tendencies began and was carried far. Christian Egypt shared in the process, but there specific local tendencies dominated. Now it cannot be said that Strzygowski has fully demonstrated all this. He prefers, indeed, fine examples of the guidepost sort, to exhaustive statistical and geographical collations. But it seems reasonably clear that we must seek the decorative and pictorial origins of the Byzantine style in Syria or beyond; the chief architectural beginnings, in Asia Minor, where the central dome was developed.

Constantinople became the main distributing centre of the style only after the Muslim hordes had pillaged the Greek cities of Asia. But Byzantium improved and standardized her Asiatic heritage, especially in architecture and mural design, so that the traditional designation of Byzantine for this entire art is fairly well justified.

How was this style transmitted to Western Europe? Partly through Byzantine artists, who, century by century, were called to foreign courts; more constantly and effectively through the steady stream of precious small objects which flowed westward from Constantinople and Palestine. Miniatured manuscripts were undoubtedly the chief means of diffusion. Hardly in second order come carved ivories. Influential in a lesser degree were pictured textiles, and metal-work, beaten, graven, or enamelled. It was the fine craftsmanship and essential moderation and fitness of this art that made it truly exemplary to all the new nations of Europe.

It would be foolish, however, to deny that this art was over-Orientalized. It showed a most un-Hellenic horror of the void, and was too profuse of its delicate ornament. Its stateliness often depended upon a rather tame and obvious decorum of arrangement. It can be praised unreservedly only in the design and structure of the finest domed churches, and in the magnificent color and decorative appropriateness of the earlier mosaics. By and large, this formalistic art could be acceptable only to persons whose emotional experience was narrow and unindividualized, and whose acceptance of external authority was unquestioning. The moment a Saint Bernard or a Saint Francis preaches romantic and individual ideas of religion, the death warrant of lingering Byzantinism is read. But it vanishes from Western Europe not as an invader that has been repelled, but as a well-loved preceptor esteemed even in superannuation.

It would be interesting to show how the traditional notion of an inertly uniform Byzantine art has yielded to recent investigation. Chiefly through the initiative of French and Russian and German scholars, England and America playing a respectable minor rôle, the chief monuments of Turkey in Europe, Greece, Russia, Asia Minor, Syria, and Palestine are now accessible in excellent reproductions, and we are able to note a considerable variety and even progress within what to Vasari was the uniformity of the "old Greek manner." In the mosque of Kahrié Djami, at Constantinople, and in the ruined churches of Mistra, we see that in the fourteenth and following centuries Byzantine painting was actively renovating its stereotyped compositions. At Mount Athos itself, in the sixteenth century, we find odd and pathetic reflections of the Italian art of the Golden Age. But we should be careful not to overestimate what are, after all, minor differences within a style fundamentally uniform. Throughout, Byzantine art represented a collective veneration based on external authority. And the artist was by precept and precedent denied any direct and fruitful access to nature. This art could and did change its patterns, but the fundamental forms were not susceptible of change or improvement. Fortunately, these were well adapted to the purposes of hieratic decoration and religious narration, and when expressed in mosaic the effect is beyond comparison impressive. For its best mosaics, and the invention of the balanced dome, Byzantine art will always be included in the great styles. Its collective and essentially cosmopolitan quality will indeed give it a distinction in the category.

A few corrections to Mr. Dalton's excellent work will testify to the interest with which we have read it. To say that Cavallini is exempt from Byzantine influence is greatly to exaggerate his independence. Master Conxolus of Subiaco and Andrea Tafi are badly antedated. The extension of Byzantine art into Catalonia and Spain is ignored, partly, perhaps, because the mediation of France, which is not in every case certain, is assumed. Trifling errors are the mislabelling of a cut (St. Peter for St. Urban) on page 274, and the reference to the charming little diptych in the Sterbini collection as a triptych. Professor Frothingham's article on the date of the porphyry sarcophagus of the Empress Helena is overlooked, or appeared too late to be used. These are blemishes of the most negligible sort, and the book is as meritorious for its accuracy as it is for breadth of outlook.

Included in Houghton Mifflin Co.'s list of spring books is "The Engravings of William Blake," by Archibald G. B. Russell.

C. E. Schutze, the cartoonist, issues this season, through Philip Mindil, two books of his drawings—"Red Book" and "Bunny, the Sculptor."

John La Farge's posthumous work, "One Hundred Masterpieces," which includes a series of papers on Michelangelo, Raphael, Rembrandt, Rubens, Velasquez, and others, will be issued by Doubleday, Page & Co. in February.

Rodin's bronze bust, France, which will be erected on the shore of Lake Champlain, in memory of the great Frenchman from whom the lake took its name, has just been completed; it will be presented to this country by a special committee named by the French Government.

The death in his eighty-ninth year is announced from France of Frédéric-Alphonse Muraton, who for half a century had been a regular exhibitor at the Salon. Un Religieux en Méditation and several portraits constitute his best works.

Antoine-Clair Forestier, the sculptor, is dead at the age of forty-six. Many will recall his La Feuille et l'Ouragan, which is now at St. Germain.

The death is reported of A. de Beruete y Moret, the Spanish artist. He also wrote

on art, being the author of "The School of Madrid."

Finance

TWO INCIDENTS.

In the spell of financial inertia with which the new year has opened, the stability of the markets has been tested, this past week, by two events. One was reduction of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad's dividend; the other, the invasion of New York with an ultra-radical declaration of political principles by one of the active Presidential candidates. Both incidents fell flat as controlling influences on the Stock Exchange. St. Paul stock declined 2 or 3 points under purely speculative pressure; the rest of the market merely repeated its irregular fluctuations of the preceding fortnight. La Follette's speech was not reflected on the Stock Exchange at all.

The St. Paul's case was peculiar, and its cut in annual dividends from 7 to 5 per cent. not necessarily typical of other railways. When the directors met last Thursday afternoon, this was the situation which confronted them: Back in 1906, first $25,000,000 stock and then $100,000,000 more had been issued to build the Pacific Coast extension. That stock had been sold to shareholders at par, with the hope that increased earning power, from the new mileage, would from the start more than offset the $8,750,000 added to dividend requirements. But work on the Pacific Coast extension had hardly been started when the panic of 1907 occurred. St. Paul had the necessary money in hand to build the road, but the flourishing business conditions which were to make the new lines earn dividends on the $125,000,000 additional stock at the old-time rate no longer existed.

Last year's annual report of the St. Paul was the first to include full operations of the Pacific Coast extension. When the accounts as of June 30, 1911, were balanced, it was found that the dividend of the parent company had not been earned. In acting on that dividend, however, the directors felt warranted in drawing upon the accumulated surplus to make up the unearned dividend.

When, however, the directors met last Thursday to act again on the semi-annual dividend, the hoped-for increase in earnings had not materialized. Net earnings for the five months ended November 30 showed a decreaso of $1,371,000, compared with the year before. Therefore it was the duty of the directors to decide whether to draw again on the surplus or reduce the dividend until the expected increase in earnings should actually arrive. They wisely cut the dividend.

"Presidential campaigns" are usually in abeyance during the first three or four months of an electoral year. There have, however, been exceptions, one of which was the famous Cooper Institute speech of Abraham Lincoln, on February 27, 1860, followed by other speeches in the East. This was the real beginning of Lincoln's national campaign; but the circumstances were peculiar, and have never since been repeated. Senator La Follette's appearance in New York on the platform of Carnegie Hall, last week, was therefore an innovation for a Presidential candidate. That it attracted slight attention generally, and that the market paid no attention whatever to it, was a recognition, so to speak, that the procedure was out of order and that the Presidential campaign had not yet begun.

This indifference of the usually sensitive financial market was in spite of the fact that La Follette's speech was of what used to be called the "fire-eating sort"; in some ways calling to mind the remarkable series of denunciations of anything and everything, in the existing order, indulged in by Mr. Bryan when he canvassed New York city in the autumn of 1900. Mr. La Follette went far beyond general attacks upon corporations; he proclaimed woman suffrage, hinted at complete corruption in national politics, and declared for the recall, on the basis of popular petitions, even of the Supreme Court of the United States.

This last proposal was made in spite of the fact that the Supreme Bench is not elective, and that impeachment powers exist; his reason for that remarkable suggestion (the "writing into the Anti-Trust law" of words not intended by its authors) being asserted in spite of the recent public testimony of the author of the law that the "rule of reason" was precisely what the Congress of 1890 had expected the judiciary to apply. But we shall doubtless hear a deal more of this sort of thing in the curious Presidential campaign before us, with its indefinite possibilities for agitation. The time may come when the nerves of the Stock Exchange will be considerably affected, and it is therefore a matter of some interest to inquire, when such a Presidential conflict usually begins to figure in the market's calculations.

That is a question of record. One's mind runs naturally back to 1896—concerning which most people probably suppose, in retrospect, that political excitement on the Stock Exchange began with New Year's Day and lasted up to the vote of November 3. But that was not so at all. January, 1896, was a month of commotion over the Venezuela disputo and our Government's popular loan; the market rose. February was marked by a vote against free silver coinage in the House of Representatives and by talk of recognizing the Cuban insurgents; prices alternately rose and fell.

March was made up of Cuban controversy; April, by resolutions of Eastern State conventions against free silver coinage. It was May before the Presidential campaign began to cast its shadows ahead of it. That was the month when the free-coinage faction captured a series of State conventions South and West; by June, national politics was the single consideration, though it was still believed that some old-fashioned statesman, such as Richard P. Bland, would be nominated by the Democratic party. On July 10, the campaign was fairly launched, when Bryan made his "cross-of-gold" speech to that convention and was tumultuously named for President on a platform of ultra-radicalism, and when a genuine crash occurred on the Stock Exchange.

The slowness of the Stock Exchange in responding to the political outlook was repeated in 1900. Politics hardly caused discussion on the market until the end of June. In January, Wall Street talked only about the British reverses in the Transvaal; in February about the enactment of the Gold Standard law, which caused a decided rise in the stock market during the following month. In April, the somewhat spectacular cut in the price of its products by Gates's Steel and Wire Company was followed by a "Gates bear movement" which no one ascribed to anything but the steel market. Only at the end of June, when the national conventions began, did Wall Street seriously talk politics.

But if the markets of 1896 and 1900 were thus deliberate in beginning to respond to politics, what did they do when the campaign was at its height? The "political break" of 1896 was severe in July, the month of Bryan's nomination; thereafter conditions steadily improved—perhaps because of belief in McKinley's victory, perhaps because of a fortunate turn in the crop situation and the price of wheat. In 1900, prices began to rise almost as soon as Bryan had been nominated, and by October, politics had almost been forgotten in the signs of returning industrial prosperity.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

American Year Book. 1911. D. Appleton.

Becker, F. A., and Becker-Templeburg. Studies of Children for Artists. New, second edition. Bruno Hessling Co. $10.

Bibliothek der Amerikanischen Kulturgeschichte. Band 1, erster und zweiter teil, George Washington von Henry Cabot Lodge; Band 2, Die Amerikanische Litteratur, von Dr. C. A. Smith. Berlin: Weidmannsche Buchhandlung.

Bomberger, A. W. A Book on Birds. Philadelphia: Winston Co. $1 net.

Clouston, J. S. The Mystery of No. 47. Moffat, Yard. $1.10 net.

Colonial Society of Massachusetts. Publications, Vol. xiii. Transactions 1910-11. Boston: The Society.

Cuthell, Mrs. E. E. An Imperial Victim. Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria. 2 vols. Brentano. $6 net.
Dureng, Jeau. Le Duc de Bourbon et L'Angleterre. Paris: Hachette.
Ferrero, G. Characters and Events of Roman History; From Cæsar to Nero. (Students' Edition.) Putnam.
Ferrigni, Mario. Madonne Florentine. Stechert (importer.) $3.80.
Foley, E. The Book of Decorative Furniture. Vol II. Putnam.
Fox, Marion. The Lost Vocation. London: Nutt.
Frank, Henry. The Story of America Sketched in Sonnets. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.35 net.
Fulton, M. G. Expository Writing. Macmillan. $1.40 net.
Gardner, P. The Religious Experience of Saint Paul. Putnam.
Gibson, W. W. Daily Bread. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Harden, Maximilian. Word Portraits: Character Sketches of Famous Men and Women. Translated from the German. Brentano. $3.50 net.
Hauff's Das Kalte Herz. Edited by F. J. Holzworth and W. J. Gorse. American Book Co. 35 cents.
Holbrook, Florence. Cave, Mound, and Lake Dwellers. Heath.
Holmes, Gordon. The House of Silence. E. J. Clode.
Home University Library. Vols. xix to xxix, inclusive. Holt. 50 cents uet, each.
Hovey, Carl. The Life Story of J. Pierpont Morgan. Sturgis & Walton Co. $2.50 net.
Humphreys, Dean. Martha Mynheer. Albany, N. Y.: C. F. Williams & Son.
Huntington, Harwood. Cui Bono? or What Shall It Profit? Longmans. $1 net.
Illinois Coal Report. 1911. Springfield, Ill.: State Mining Board.
James, Winifred. More Letters to My Son. Moffat, Yard. $1 net.
Jordan, H. The Joyous Wayfarer. Putnam. $1.30 net.
Kirkham, S. D. Outdoor Philosophy. Putnam.
Kost, H. G. Sunlight and Starlight. Boston: Badger.
Learned, H. B. The President's Cabinet. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.50 net.
Leroux, Gaston. The Man with the Black Feather. Translated by E. Jepson. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.25 net.
McCullough, Ernest. Engiueering as a Vocation. David Williams Co.
Mackaye, Percy. To-morrow: A Play in Three Acts. Stokes. $1.25 net.
McKinney, K. S. The Weed by the Wall. Boston: Badger. $1.25 net.
Morrison, J. H. Are There Equinoctial Storms? Brooklyn, N. Y. The Author.
Patterson, C. B. Living Waters. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.20 net.
Patterson, J. E. My Vagabondage; Love Like the Sea. Doran. $3 net, $1.20 net.
Perry, A. C. Outlines of School Administration. Macmillan. $1.40 net.
Poe, Clarence. Where Half the World Is Waking Up. Doubleday, Page.
Raymond, G. L. Modern Fisners of Men. Third Edition. Putnam.
St. Leger, Evelyn. The Shape of the World. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Schirmacher, Kaethe. The Modern Woman's Rights Movement. Translated from the second German edition by C. C. Eckhardt. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Shakespeare's Troilus and Cressida. Edited by J. S. P. Tatlock. Macmillan. 35 cents net.
Shāstrī, P. D. The Doctrine of Maya. London: Luzac.
Spencer, M. L. Corpus Christi Pageants in England. Baker & Taylor. $2 net.
Vedder, H. C. Socialism and the Ethics of Jesus. Macmillan. $1.50 uet.
Ward, Bernard. The Eve of Catholic Emancipation. Vols. 1 and 2. Longmans. $6 net.
Yáqût's Dictionary of Learned Men. (Text.) Vol. vi, Part 5. London: Luzac.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1912.

The Week

The President's recommendations relating to Alaska are the outcome of a great deal of thought on his part and on that of the able and efficient Secretary of the Interior, who has made a special study of the conditions existing in that Territory. The establishment of a leasing system for the Alaska coal lands has long been plainly indicated as the proper solution of that problem. It is clearly recommended both by Governmental experience in Australia, New Zealand, and Nova Scotia, and by the analogy of the leasing arrangements under which coal mines in private ownership are worked in this country; and it is difficult to see on what ground failure of Congress to act promptly to this end could be excused. In regard to the creation of a Government-owned railway for opening up these resources, through the acquisition of a road already partially constructed, and through its completion and continuation, there may naturally be some hesitation; but, in the peculiar circumstances of the Alaskan situation, the proposal certainly has much to commend it. Finally, there is, and long has been, crying need for a better form of government than that under which Alaska has been struggling along and the President's renewed recommendation for the institution of a form of commission government should have the immediate and earnest attention of Congress.

Two other recommendations of wide interest are made in the same message; that for the inauguration of an international inquiry into the question of high prices and that for the institution of a comprehensive inquiry into labor conditions in this country. The former will, we have little doubt, be adopted without much discussion. The latter proposes a step of great importance, but one for which the time is evidently ripe. Properly conducted, the investigations of a commission which should look into the vast and complex labor questions that have been growing more and more pressing with the development of our industries and the increasing concentration of industrial power ought to be of great value merely for the information it will elicit; and it is not too much to hope that in some vital respects they would result in beneficent practical recommendations. But everything depends on the character and ability of the investigating commission and on the spirit in which its work is undertaken. That the investigation should be "non-partisan, thorough, patient, and courageous" is the President's characterization of the quality desired; and unless it is to come up to this description, it had better not be undertaken at all.

Two reasons why Gov. Wilson cannot be elected President and ought not to be invite attention. One reason is, according to the rumor, that Grover Cleveland did not like Mr. Wilson and said so in a letter which is believed to be extant. The other reason is, according to George Fred Williams of Massachusetts, that Gov. Wilson admired Grover Cleveland, and treats him in his History as "a somewhat godlike person, and finds nothing to criticise in his entire political career." If Grover Cleveland had admired Woodrow Wilson as much as Wilson admired him, Wilson would have been doubly damned in the eyes of George Fred Williams. And if Woodrow Wilson's opinion of Grover Cleveland were as unfavorable as Mr. Cleveland's opinion of him, Wilson would have been doubly damned, as far as the *Sun* is concerned. The two ends of the same stick are thus brought into masterly application. As to the possible merit involved in Woodrow Wilson's speaking in praise of a man who had no praise for Wilson—that is a question of speculative morals into which it is probable that neither George Fred Williams nor the *Sun* cares to enter.

Four weeks from Tuesday the final vote is to be taken in the Senate on the ratification of the arbitration treaties with Great Britain and France. There seems to be no doubt that the fixing of this date by the Senate means the adoption of the treaties as amended—or, if you please, interpreted—by the Lodge resolution. No one can doubt that the adoption of the treaties will be a great step in the progress of the cause of arbitration as a prevention of war. The steady advance the treaties have made towards acceptance by the Senate is due in very great part to the remarkable manifestations of interest that have come from all parts of the country in the shape of petitions and letters. If there are any Democratic Senators who feel disposed to withhold their assent, out of a desire to prevent the carrying out of a Republican President's plan, they will be making a great mistake; for it is quite plain that the force behind the treaties is not Presidential urging, but the unmistakable pressure of public opinion.

Secretary Stimson's recent assertion in his speech advocating a rebate of Panama tolls on American shipping, that the British Government does virtually the same thing at Suez, is sharply challenged by the *Shipping World* of London. Mr. Stimson stated that the "subsidies" paid to the Peninsular & Oriental Company—the principal line using the Suez Canal—"amount to nearly six-sevenths of the tolls." On this point he is flatly contradicted by the periodical referred to, which affirms (1) that "we do not pay subsidies or bounties at all"; and (2) that "not a shilling is paid to the Peninsular & Oriental Company, or any other line of steamers, out of the National Exchequer, in any shape or form, on account of Suez Canal dues." Of course, British steamers are paid, like ours, for carrying the mail; and if any ships navigating the Suez Canal carry troops, they receive payment for that service, but it is always a case of "value received" by the Government. Even the money which the Government pays out in order to be able to use a twenty-five-knot boat as an ocean scout in time of war, has absolutely no relation to Canal tolls. It is obvious that Secretary Stimson should have more carefully informed himself.

Secretary Meyer's petulant scolding of the Democratic caucus because of its vote against new battleships includes no argument of novelty or value. He speaks, for instance, of the extent of our coast lines and the necessity of defending Hawaii, Cuba, and the Philippines. But adequately to defend these

last would require a tremendous fleet with its base at Manila, one wholly independent of the squadrons intended to defend the Pacific Coast. Nobody save a few wild navy maniacs has as yet seriously suggested this, nor a special fleet to defend Hawaii. As for the rest of our great coast line, did we not have it to defend from 1820 to 1860 and from 1870 to 1890, during which periods we had no fleets to compare with those of England or France or Russia? Moreover, as Mr. Taft has himself pointed out, the opening of the Panama Canal will decrease the need for battleships because of the comparative speed of transferring ships from one ocean to another. As for Alaska, what strategist would think of defending this isolated territory with battleships? What could it be used for? Not as a base surely from which to launch an army against Seattle. But the most absurd contention of all is Mr. Meyer's bombastic declaration that no country can have great over-sea commerce without a fleet. He might satisfy himself by turning to his own Department's records, which show that when our mercantile fleet was at its maximum our navy was wholly insignificant.

If Philadelphia voters had the power of recalling judges, they might be inclined to apply it to Judge Bregy for stating unpalatable truths. In upholding the claim of Contractor McNichol against the city for $523,000, upon the ground that the city was legally bound to pay it, the Judge said:

> The Mayor and the Councilmen are elected by the people, and are supposed to represent them. If they misrepresent their constituents, the remedy, and the only one, is defeat at the polls. If citizens do not interest themselves on election day, they must take the consequences of that neglect. The remedy for faithless, venal, or reckless officials lies in the ballot-box. While individual legislators can be punished for criminal acts, the joint act of a legislative body cannot be set aside by the court, even if it can be clearly shown that the act was one of bad faith and bad public policy.

The sting of the decision lies in the condition that the city is facing as a result of that neglect which the Judge rebukes. So heavy are the obligations left by the machine as a legacy to the Blankenburg Administration that a permanent loan of $10,000,000 is necessary for needed improvements—this in face of the fact that the city's funded debt increased under Mayor Reyburn's four years from $66,000,000 to $109,000,000.

In a signed editorial in the Boston *Herald*, Robert A. Woods, the well-known settlement worker, admits that the relative absence of distress shows that on the whole the employees at Lawrence have been receiving sufficiently high wages to enable them to provide for their wants, and even to lay something aside for emergencies. What more could one possibly demand? But he goes on to point out that this condition obtains under a scale of weekly earnings "which is fairly shocking to the mind of nearly every conservative American." Instead of being able to adopt the standard of living which we know from the voluble assertions of protected manufacturers is one of the great blessings of high tariff rates, these Lawrence operatives are forced to introduce into New England "the lowest scale of European working class existence." Yet we have been told over and over again that protective duties exist only to enable American workingmen to live on the fat of the land.

There may be greater legal validity than at first appears in the argument of the Steel Corporation lawyers that its organization has been so long "acquiesced in" by the Government as properly to be immune from attack. Careless persons may be disposed to say that there can be no vested right in violation of a statute, and that the question of violation is for the courts to pass upon. But that is just the point. The Steel Corporation lawyers are, in effect, pleading a decision of the highest court in bar of action against them. To be sure, they do not name the Supreme Court, but they adduce one whose authority is greater than that of any court. When they say that the Government acquiesced, they mean that the President who for seven years held a *lit de justice* in the White House, deciding what was unlawful and what was not, had given them a handsome certificate of character. After that, it is sheer impudence if not *Majestätsbeleidigung* to bring suit against them.

No better purpose could be found for a public bequest of a million dollars than that contemplated in the will of Mrs. Caroline W. Neustadter, which devotes that sum to the building of homes for the working people of this city. That the exemption from inheritance taxes which the law provides in the case of bequests for charitable objects should apply in this case seems manifest. Of course, that is an entirely different thing from exempting the property in which the fund shall be invested from taxation. The devotion of money to this particular purpose is one of the things most worthy of encouragement as well as commendation. In the hands of the trustees of the fund, assuming that nothing will occur to divert it from this excellent object, will be placed a great opportunity and a great responsibility.

A careful compilation of facts relating to judicial delay in disposing of murder cases in New York State will be found in a letter appearing elsewhere in the *Nation* to-day. Our correspondent makes no comment, but the facts speak for themselves. They are taken from the records, and they show that out of 119 instances of appeal in trials for murder in the first degree, there were no less than 80 in which the time intervening between the conviction and the disposal of the case by the Court of Appeals was one year or more. If to this time we add that spent in bringing the case to trial in the first place, we see how remote the final disposition of the case must have been from the commission of the crime. All this is terribly wasteful and demoralizing. It does away with a large part of the effect that the whole process of prosecution and punishment is designed to produce. A reform is urgently demanded.

Events are forcing President Madero into a policy of repression which opens the way for the charge that his methods are to be in no way different from those of Porfirio Diaz. But the obvious distinction is that, whereas Diaz had forty years and more in which to develop his conceptions of the proper government for Mexico, Madero is just beginning his trial. The principal indictment against Diaz is not that he began to rule autocratically, but that he continued to do so, making no effort to educate the nation against the time when he, Diaz, being but mortal man, must let the reins fall from his hands. Conceding that

Mexico can be ruled only by a strong man, Diaz made no effort to develop an heir-apparent to the throne. For some time to come Madero will have to reckon with the after-effects of the revolution which he himself began. Apparently the Latin-American appetite for guerrilla warfare cannot be easily satisfied after its long fasting in Mexico. Sporadic turbulence and riot are therefore to be expected. Only as time goes on can one say whether Madero's methods are directed towards the best interests of the country or towards selfish ends.

Tuesday morning's dispatches stated that the Unionists are abandoning their announced plan to prevent, by riot and arms, the making of a Home Rule speech in Belfast this week by Winston Churchill. This is a late coming to their senses, but it is welcome. Apparently, their leaders have been unable to resist the storm of ridicule and of protest which has beaten upon them. They did not like being called, with so much reason, "the new Irish rebels." The old phrase, "Parnellism and Crime," was turned against them in the form of "Unionism and Crime." It must be admitted, however, that the militant Ulstermen are not without some excuse. They might allege that they were spurred on by English Unionists. For the latter have been for the past few weeks making great play with the supposed iniquities of the forthcoming Home Rule bill. The new Conservative leader, Mr. Bonar Law, has made a series of rousing speeches, all on this theme; and all the orators of the party have been furbishing up the arguments and appeals and prejudices which they employed with so much effect in 1886 and 1893. Their obvious aim has been to stir up so much popular feeling that the Lords will feel justified in throwing out the Home Rule bill, the Ministry will be weakened, and a general election soon brought on which will restore the Conservatives to power.

In an article reviewing the condition of real-estate business in the United Kingdom, as shown by the transactions of the year 1911, the London *Economist* refers to Ireland as having exhibited, far more distinctly than any other part of the country, an improved state of things. "In Ireland," says the *Economist*, "the magic of property has worked wonders, and the mere fact that the tenants own their lands has produced an enormous increase in agricultural industry and prosperity." This statement is in accord with the observations and narratives of visitors to Ireland for some time past. The land-purchase legislation enacted by Parliament after so many years of agitation has amply vindicated those who so persistently urged that reform of the system of land tenure was the one most vital need of the country. Foremost among the names of those whose influence was exerted in behalf of this wise and salutary policy should be placed that of John Stuart Mill; how much misery and how much political difficulty and danger might have been obviated had his counsels been heeded seventy instead of twenty years ago, it is impossible to compute.

A friend of the late Henry Labouchere writes that he usually had "that slightly forlorn and wistful cast which comes to the man who began by being funny and must at all costs go on whether he feels funny or not." This refers, of course, to Mr. Labouchere's speeches in the House of Commons. It is interesting thus to learn that there are English parallels to an experience which has not been uncommon in this country. More than one promising Congressional career has been blighted by the reputation early acquired of being a humorous speaker. If a man once makes sport for the House, it will thereafter insist that he must always amuse it, or else it will refuse to listen. The classic example, of course, is Proctor Knott, with his famous Duluth speech, which he sought to live down afterwards, but was never able. "Private John" Allen of Mississippi is another instance, though he was able to convey a great deal of useful truth under the guise of laughter. But as a rule, the statesman who is ambitious and who hopes seriously to get the ear of the people, will do well to imitate, though for other reasons, Dr. Holmes's resolve never to be as funny as he can.

The reconciliation between the two branches of the House of Braganza is an interesting proof that monarchs sometimes deign to learn from commoners. Let a Right or Left or Centre taste the bitterness of defeat, and, however divided it may have been in the flush of power, it is as a united Opposition that it faces the new Government, which on its part already begins to show symptoms of internal distress. Royal rivals, however, have never fallen so completely into this beautiful custom. In France, Bourbon and Bonapartist and Orleanist never growl at one another so fiercely as when there is a chance for a restoration of the monarchy, and in Spain a Pretender is happiest when everything points to a republic. But it requires nothing more than a little calm consideration to see that it is better to be a Duke or a Prince, with a reversionary interest in the throne, than an outcast. Mere politicians have always known this instinctively, and have profited by their willingness to make "deals" and to await their turn. How well the Portuguese aspirants for the lost sceptre have grasped the idea is shown by the announcement that the Pretender is to finance the campaign, while the ex-King will furnish the prestige.

Heartburnings over the removal of the capital of India from Calcutta to Delhi had scarcely begun to abate before new woes were resounding over the Durbar Coronation medal. Originally, there were five thousand of these rare prizes, all for military men of distinction. Then it was announced that the number was to be increased by another five thousand for the rank and file. But it was soon found that many medals had gone to ladies, to visitors in various camps, to clerks, and others of like prominence. In some places "the medal was ladled out without the slightest ceremony or order." As a consequence, heads of departments have apparently been passed by, and persons without a shred of official position "practically had the medal thrown at them." In any case, the civilians who have been rewarded by the bestowal of the precious bits of metal have been out of all proportion to those in the army who have been similarly blessed, and bad feeling has resulted. The Calcutta *Englishman*, accordingly, calls for an investigation. But even if it were possible to trace the medals, the attempt to take them away from those who have them and give them to those who want them is a task fraught with peril to any Government. It would be much safer to issue medals to all who apply.

FUTURE OF REPUBLICAN PROGRESSIVES.

Ex-Senator Allen of Nebraska gives it as his opinion that the Presidential election of this year will lead to the break-up of the Republican Progressive movement. The word "progressivo" itself will, he thinks, disappear ere long from the Republican vocabulary. He expects most of the Progressive Republican leaders to be "reabsorbed" by the party, though he ventures no prediction as to what will become of their constituents. The ex-Senator does not say so, but it is highly probable that he is drawing a moral from the experience of the Populist party, of which he was a member. It, too, for a time had its Representatives in the House and a handful of Senators, but in due time it passed away leaving not a rack behind. Some of the Populists went one way and some another—joining the Democrats or the Republicans or the Socialists, as the case might be—but the party as such ceased to exist. Does a similar fate await the Republican Progressives?

It is too early to answer that question confidently, but it is clearly the judgment of competent and impartial observers that the Republican Progressive movement has already passed its climax. The decline evidently set in last year. A great deal of the moral force of the cause was obviously lost when President Taft was urging reciprocity with Canada, and the Progressives, almost to a man, opposed it. For the country believed that this was a betrayal of the most vital principle which from the first lay behind the protests and the organization of the Republican Progressives. They had alleged various grievances against the President and the party management, but the chief one was the Payne-Aldrich tariff, which they asserted was in violation of solemn pledges to the people and was in pursuance of the old control of the party by a selfish clique that cared nothing for the real desires of the nation as a whole. On that issue the fight was made in 1909 and 1910, in both House and Senate, as well as in the press and on the stump. The changes were rung on the charge that the Republican party had been false to its promises, and that only the Progressives could be trusted to give any relief from tariff taxes. But the reciprocity agreement with Canada was as a sword thrust into the vitals of the Progressive movement; and the attitude of its leading representatives, under the test, was so disappointing as to cause multitudes to lose faith in their consistency or sincerity. And as the hope and life of the whole political demonstration depended upon the belief that the men engaged in it would stanchly stand by their convictions, the loss of confidence was instant and marked.

Since that time the course of the most prominent Progressives has not been such as to persuade the country that they have either a very clear policy or a wholly disinterested purpose. They have entered upon a period of political uncertainty and even of intrigue. They have appeared to know neither their own minds nor what leader to follow. Their allegiance to Senator La Follette was but half-hearted from the first, and has since been broken and flickering, with disastrous results. A dispatch from Seattle last week announced that the La Follette organization in the State of Washington had disbanded and that its members would at once form Roosevelt clubs in Seattle and seven other Washington cities. The announcement of Senator Cummins's candidacy was itself a sign of the hopelessness of La Follette's aspirations, and it is not denied that some of the latter's intimate friends were opposed to his recent avowal never, never to withdraw in favor of Roosevelt. Gifford Pinchot's failure to repeat his Chicago endorsement of La Follette's candidacy at the Carnegie Hall meeting in this city, after he had prepared a statement for the local press to that effect, was also not without its significance. In other words, the attitude of that other great Progressive at Oyster Bay had about settled the matter when La Follette himself, by his ill-considered speech on Friday before the Periodical Publishers in Philadelphia, gave his candidacy the *coup de grâce*.

Nothing has hurt the Progressives so much as their apparent readiness to drop La Follette or Cummins and to rush into the arms of Roosevelt, if only that suddenly silent gentleman would bid them come to his bosom. Meanwhile, their backing and filling, while perplexed with doubt, is having a most disturbing effect upon their followers. Many of the latter have serious misgivings about the Colonel being sound in the Progressive faith, especially in the matter of the tariff. They remember how firm a standpatter he was during all his Presidency, and they also recall that the platform of the New York Convention of 1910, which he controlled, sang so low on the subject of tariff abuses as to be well-nigh inaudible. If the Progressives were now to go over to him bodily, it would show that they cared much more to win than to be right or even consistent. And, according to trustworthy reports from the West, all their dilly-dallying is provoking a great deal of dissatisfaction and exasperation on the part of the Progressive rank and file.

In view of the events and tendencies thus hastily outlined, it is not surprising to learn from a foreigner who has for years been making a close study of American politics, that in his judgment the Progressive Republicans have seen their best days as a separate party. He does not, with ex-Senator Allen, count upon their being speedily "reabsorbed." A few of the leaders, he thinks, will soon align themselves again with the regular Republicans. One or two may go over to the Democratic party. Others may remain for a time in an attitude of sullen aloofness. But what of the Republican voters in the insurgent States? It is probable that they will before long seek new political affiliations. Some will go back to their old party; but the majority will be disposed to vote even this year for a Democrat, provided the candidate be one who strongly appeals to them. Large numbers of them would go for Wilson—a fact which, of course, emphasizes the good political strategy of his nomination.

While we think that such a forecast will be found, on the whole, to have much truth in it, and while we consider it probable that the Progressive movement will not long remain distinct and vigorous, we would not be thought to disparage the work it has already done. It represented a powerful and useful protest. It was owing to this that the smooth-running machine in the Senate, particularly, was broken to pieces, and conscientious speaking and voting put on a new footing. It is true, and it is doubtless well, that in this country government by "groups," as in France or Germany, instead of by two leading parties, has not been in favor: that is one reason why the permanence of the

Progressives, as such, was not to be expected. Yet their influence will long remain, and we shall continue to owe them a debt for having so effectively vindicated freedom of action and having held up worthy ideals.

THE PERVERSITY OF BRITISH TRADE.

The trade figures for 1911 continue the tale of disappointment for those who, some years ago, were so industriously building up a case for protection in England. England, they saw plainly, had entered on the down-hill path; she might hold her own for a while, but she had evidently reached the stationary stage, while German trade was forging ahead by leaps and bounds. If Britain was to continue to hold up her head at all, she must join the procession of the protectionist countries whose rejection of the outworn fetich of free trade had paved the way to their national greatness. How protection was going to do this for England, whose position was so essentially different, was never made any too plain, even if it were granted that the protectionist policy was the true explanation of Germany's commercial rise; but it is difficult to get the wayfaring man to look an argument of this kind in the mouth. Free traders were put on the defensive. Unable to prophesy as glibly as did Mr. Chamberlain and his followers, they had to content themselves with pointing out that his prophecies had not yet been fulfilled, and that the figures on which he based them were unfairly chosen, and even if fair would by no means be sufficient to prove his point. For the rest they planted themselves squarely on the ground of fundamental principle, and rallied their countrymen to their standard by an appeal to reason. That the appeal was successful is strong testimony to the hold which the free-trade idea has acquired upon the public mind in England.

Fortunately, however, the actual course of trade has been such as thoroughly to meet the protectionists on their own ground. The very year in which Chamberlain's agitation first came to the front showed an advance in the volume of exports, the prospective decline of which formed the heart of the protectionist jeremiads; and that advance continued steadily and on a remarkable scale until it was checked by the depression following upon the panic of 1907. In 1903, the exports of British products amounted to $1,450,000,000, itself an increase of about $40,000,000 over the preceding year; the next year broke all previous records, and so did the next, and the next, and the next; the value of exports for 1907 was $2,130,000,000, an increase of about 48 per cent. over 1903, although 1903 had itself been almost at high-water mark. The years 1908 and 1909 fell below 1907, but were record years with that exception; with 1910 came a figure breaking all records, and now comes 1911, beating 1910 by $120,000,000. The exports of British products for 1911 reached the enormous total of $2,270,000,000, thus showing an increase of 56 per cent. over the volume of exports of 1903, the year when Mr. Chamberlain's predictions of trade decadence first began to stir up the waters of British politics.

It ought in fairness to be pointed out that this growth must in considerable measure be ascribed to the rise of prices—the lessened purchasing power of money; but for the purpose here in view it is not necessary to attempt to measure the degree in which this factor enters into the phenomenon. For the point of the British protectionist's arguments has lain fully as much in comparisons with Germany as in any assertions about British trade taken by itself. Well, let us look at the German figures. The world has been resounding with exclamations of wonder at the growth of German industry and trade; one can hardly pick up a magazine without hearing of the way in which the Germans are gaining possession of the world through the expansion of their commerce. How, then, do the German figures stand, by way of comparison? We have not the statistics for 1911; but we may take both the British and the German figures for 1903 and 1910. Exports from Germany rose in those seven years from $1,280,000,000 to $1,860,000,000, an increase of 45 per cent.; exports from the United Kingdom advanced from $1,450,000,000 to $2,150,000,000, or 48 per cent. Nor would consideration of adjacent or intermediate years affect the conclusion; there was quite as marked a dip down after the panic of 1907 for Germany as for England. It should be needless to say that to regard the figures of foreign trade as conclusive concerning the prosperity of either country would be absurd; but against those who a few years ago were passing sentence of death on the English free-trade system upon the confident expectation of what these very figures would prove, the showing is a complete answer. In view of the truly wonderful character of German activities in the domains of industry, finance, and commerce, and considering the extraordinary development which England had so much earlier attained, the figures present a state of facts that is truly remarkable.

Apart from the interest that attaches to these facts, especially in view of their bearing on the prospective development of British politics, it is worth while to draw attention to them as a warning against the common tendency to draw large conclusions from a meagre statistical basis. It is astonishing how prone to this weakness are many men whose general mental power ought to be a sufficient defence against it. Much, of course, is due to the wish being father to the thought; we pounce upon a few figures that seem to point our way, and make the most of them. But this is by no means adequate to account for the childishness that is so often exhibited in this particular by men of respectable or even of great ability. Mr. Chamberlain's talk may have been more than half-consciously delusive; but there are plenty of instances in which the man begins by wholly deluding himself. Some of the queerest things ever heard in this line were uttered by one after another of the biggest men in the Republican party at the time when our balance of trade first reached a very large figure, under McKinley's Administration; and nobody is better at dropping into these follies than some of our greatest "captains of industry," when there is a falling off in the figures of any particular thing in which they are interested. Even when statistics are ample, they must be looked upon only as an aid to thinking, and not as a substitute for it.

THE RIGHT TO "HAPPINESS."

Some months ago, a great deal of space was given in the newspapers to the escapade of two young people who entered upon the experiment of defying what many clever young writers are in the habit of designating, in an easy-go-

ing fashion, as the "conventions" of society. Last Sunday the experiment came to an end here in New York in the shape of a double suicide. To elevate this pitiful little tragedy to the rank of a matter of public moment would be to assign to it an importance to which it is in no way entitled; but the general interest that has been attracted to this particular case justifies some attention to certain prevalent modes of thought and habits of expression.

Most particularly, we have in mind the use of the word "convention" to indicate that great body of laws, customs, traditions, and sentiments upon which the institution of marriage rests. There are youngsters barely out of their teens, and knowing young women fresh from college, who evidently think that they are making a great concession to the intellectual weakness of the mass of mankind when they refer to these "conventions" with patronizing indulgence. For this state of mind, based as it is on that unquestioning self-confidence which in some immature persons is so repulsive and in others so pathetic, there is perhaps no remedy, or, if any, only the remedy of time; for the delusion is almost sure to find more reinforcement in the attractive talk of a few brilliant writers who support it than counteraction in the sober words of all the wise men who may point out the lessons of history or the teachings of philosophic thought. But it is a thousand pities that through mere want of thought, or looseness of language, writers who have no idea of giving countenance to the notion that the world is going to be made over to-morrow should fall into a form of speech which implies that the most fundamental fact in human society is nothing more than a passing convention. The mere use of the word in this way cannot fail to exercise, upon thousands of unformed minds, an insidious influence. How far the thing can go is best illustrated, perhaps, when such an expression as "bourgeois convention" falls quite naturally from the pen of a gifted young writer, as if the long result of time, the dear-bought fruit of ages of trial and suffering and groping, were nothing but a petty arrangement among little people who have no vision beyond their cash-accounts.

Behind this view of the sanctions of marriage, as behind similar views in regard to other institutions of civilized society, lies the idea of the individual's "right to happiness." Many marriages are unhappy; many individuals think that by disregarding the bonds of marriage they can find that happiness to which they feel they are by nature entitled. There is nothing strange or surprising in this; the surprising thing is that anybody except the party thus directly concerned should feel that this view of the matter is "superior" or "enlightened." In point of fact, it is very like the superior views of those who keep discovering that the earth is flat, or inventing contrivances for perpetual motion. The views that they propound are not "superior" or "advanced"; on the contrary, they are crude and retrograde. It needs no young prophet to tell us that marriage often results in unhappiness; we all know that, but we know of no way to make everybody happy. The individual has no "right to happiness" other than such right as is consistent with the happiness and well-being of all mankind. What the malcontents would lightly cut away as a mere "convention" is the very sheet-anchor of society. In the vain endeavor to satisfy the unregulated craving of each individual for all the happiness of which he thinks himself capable, they would destroy that which makes it possible for the great mass of mankind to have some tolerable degree of happiness and stability.

Through the whole tribe of easy-going and self-confident reconstructions of life, whether relating to the institution of marriage or to that of property, or what not, there runs one and the same fallacy. Marriage is a failure, private property is a failure, law is a failure—why? Because it has not brought about perfection; because, if you please, there stand to its account many glaring, even monstrous, wrongs and maladjustments. The suppressed premise in all this is that, somehow or other—Heaven only knows how—mankind was in possession of the means of procuring those blessings which it has not managed to acquire, and was balked of their attainment by the instrumentalities by which, in point of fact, it has attained so much of them as has actually been realized. Under the reign of laws, there is injustice; let us then abolish laws, and have that justice which anarchy alone can provide. Under the régime of private property, there are many who are poor and suffering; let us then get rid of private property, and we shall all be sure to be prosperous and contented. In thousands of marriages there is not that concord of souls which is the ideal union; let us then be free to break away from each other whenever we feel so inclined, and nothing can be more certain than that happiness and loyalty and contentment will be the lot of every man and woman. Strange that such childish absurdity should pass muster at all; stranger still that anybody should plume himself on superiority of intellect in accepting it, and imagine that those whom it does not convince are deaf to the voice of reason.

ATHLETICS AND HEALTH.

In his report for 1911, Dr. Charles F. Stokes, Surgeon-General of the navy, makes the rather sweeping statement that, in the opinion of the Bureau, "competitive and spectacular athletics are undesirable in the service." This is particularly true for "midshipmen who are prone to overtrain for, or hazard too much in, a contest." Moreover, while he has football in mind, he is thinking not so much of its hazards under present conditions of play as of its "disabling after-effects"; and he does not criticise it alone. Indeed, his concern is less with actual contests, whether of football, boat-racing, or long-distance running, than with the training that they necessitate. It is the "prolonged rigorous course of physical exercises necessary to excellence in physical sports" that is believed to be dangerous. Under the conditions of service at sea, it is impossible to continue rigorous exercise, and hence one who has been accustomed to it tends to lose stamina, to fall a prey to degenerative changes, and in the end "fails to render as many years of efficient service under service conditions as does his less athletic, but symmetrically developed, classmate."

The figures which Dr. Stokes furnishes in support of his contention are rather suggestive than conclusive. A recent examination of the medical records of 625 former athletes of the classes from 1891 to 1911 shows two deaths "directly attributable to track and crew racing," and one to an injury received in a football game. Of the 604 remaining in the service, over and above

those dead or retired, 198 "have disabilities or abnormal conditions of sufficient moment to be of official record, and to which their record as athletes bears a possible or probable causative relation." This inference is cautious enough, and it is to be noted that statements regarding the physical condition of the 406 non-athletes are wanting. That this, too, is not what it might have been is indicated by these two unqualified declarations:

> An examination of the reports on the physical condition of the four classes at the Academy shows a marked gain in average weight and strength during the first year, a slight loss of average weight, and a decided loss of strength during the subsequent years of training.
>
> As this bears a constant relation to the decrease in compulsory exercise during these years, as shown by the reports, it is evident that the mind is cultivated at the expense of the body in the case of the third, second, and first classes.

Manifestly, a midshipman is at the height of his physical development at the close of his first year in the Academy. It is equally evident that too little training is bad, and that too much is worse. Apparently, the right amount is not easy to hit.

Doctors would not be doctors if they did not disagree, and consequently one feels no surprise at finding that Dr. Stokes's conclusions provoke as much dissent as approval among medical men. Dr. Sargent, for instance, in a symposium upon the subject in the *Medical Times*, attributes the "vast majority" of injuries resulting from athletics to the very cause which the Surgeon-General does not make prominent, namely, football; and not merely to training for the game, but to actual participation in it. Dr. Estes of Lehigh, on the contrary, sees the harm to be in the "ulterior effects of over-exertion," especially by undeveloped boys who have not had sufficient training for the strenuous contests which they enter. This confusion in respect to the facts in the case is paralleled by the uncertainty of deduction drawn from whatever set of data one accepts. Here is Dr. Lambert of the University of Virginia, confessing that he has permitted some men to play who were suffering with derangement of the heart; explaining that he had known none of them to be injured, and that some of them had shown improvement; but unexpectedly adding: "This improvement I do not, however, attribute to football." Similarly reticent is Dr. Anderson of Yale: "My conclusions showed that the athlete is not short-lived, but I do not state that he owed his longevity to athletics." He even allows the possibility that athletics may have harmed these long-lived men.

It is Dr. Anderson also who points out a central source of difficulty in making comparisons between athletes and non-athletes, and hence in determining the relation between athletics and health. Were the athletes whose records he had examined long-lived because they were athletes, or because they were picked men? Was their longevity due to training or to natural stamina? This difficulty is recognized, although far less explicitly, by Dr. Sharpe, himself a former Yale athlete of note. Football, he remarks, "is not unnecessarily dangerous. On the contrary, we feel that if a man is built for it, it will do him good." The implication is that a man may not be built for it. Now, if athletics in general are for those only who are built for them, the negative has gone a great way towards establishing its case, for it will hardly be denied that the practice at most colleges is not so much to find the man who is built for athletics as the man who can be made to stand the strain of the important games. And since in the common mind "athletics" is synonymous with what Dr. Stokes calls "competitive and spectacular athletics," in reference to which Dr. Sharpe's admission is particularly applicable, the burden of proof seems to be upon those who dissent from the Surgeon-General's verdict that such exercise is "undesirable." Dr. Gwathmey of this city sets forth as the ideal that "every man in the institution should be trained moderately, instead of a few men who do not need the training being trained to the limit of their physical powers." Why not have both? There are signs of an awakening in the college world to the fact that athletics were made for man, and not man for athletics. This perception should be materially deepened by every such study of the question as the Surgeon-General's report is causing.

BOOKS ON RECENT ITALIAN HISTORY.

FLORENCE, January 24.

Few periods of Italian history have been more closely studied by native historians than that of the Risorgimento, while to none has less attention been devoted than to that which immediately succeeded the unification of the country. This past year, however, in which the Jubilee of the Italian kingdom has been celebrated, we have had both a rich harvest of books on the first-named epoch and at least one important work on the second.

The most important contribution to Risorgimento history issued this year is undoubtedly Dr. G. E. Curatulo's volume of documents on the action of Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, and Garibaldi in 1860-61 ("Vittorio Emanuele, Garibaldi, Cavour nei fasti della Patria"; Bologna: Zanichelli). Dr. Curatulo has for years been gathering together documents on this period and he is gradually publishing the more valuable parts of his collection. The present volume deals particularly with the preparations for Garibaldi's Sicilian expedition and the attitude of the King and of his great statesman towards it. Cavour, as we know, was not at first enthusiastic at the idea, but while some of the author's documents confirm this view, they do not prove that Cavour was ever actually hostile; he saw diplomatic difficulties, and the very real danger of foreign intervention arising from Garibaldi's splendid piece of audacity, and he was anxious not to involve the King. Of exceptional interest is the correspondence between Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi; it had long been well known that the gallant soldier-King was more in sympathy than Cavour with the "Hero of the Two Worlds," and that there was a secret understanding between them as to the line of policy which should be followed; but the ten letters which are now published for the first time show us the inner workings of the plot of the monarch and Garibaldi to subvert the old diplomacy and bring about the collapse of the Bourbon kingdom and the union of Italy in the teeth of all the forces of reaction. Dr. Curatulo's volume contains a mass of other valuable material, mostly unpublished. His comments are lucid and useful, but in his unbounded enthusiasm for Garibaldi he is not always fair to Cavour, and he is apt to draw deductions from his material which it does not altogether bear out.

T. Palamenghi-Crispi, whose volume of documents on the part played by his uncle Francesco Crispi in Garibaldi's expedition to Sicily, has already been noticed in these columns, has now published a book on Mazzini ("Giuseppe Mazzini: Epistolario inedito, 1836-1864"; Milan: Treves). The book contains

much important material which will prove valuable to future historians and enables us to study Mazzini's character, aims, and activity in many fields. We realize the importance of his work in the period previous to 1859 when his countless conspiracies and projects and his tireless plotting served to keep alive, or rather to create, the Italian political spirit which made Italian unity possible and inevitable. After 1859 his task was done, and his subsequent activity did no good to the Italian cause and still less to his own reputation. These contradictions make it difficult for us to pass final judgment on Mazzini; and the latter period of his life, and his limitations, are apt to obscure from our sight the immense services which he had previously rendered to his country. As in the author's former work, the best use is not made of the material; the documents are set forth without logical sequence, and the editorial comment is at times insufficient and at others superfluous.

A book of a different type is Senator Giovanni Cadolini's "Memorie del Risorgimento dal 1848 al 1862" (Milan: Cogliati). The author first joined the volunteers in his native town of Cremona when seventeen years old, on the outbreak of the revolutionary war of 1848, and took part in various engagements. After the Italian defeats in the north, he joined Giacomo Medici's force and hurried to Rome, where he served in the memorable defence of the city in 1849. His account of the siege is one of the most interesting parts of the volume, although it tells us little that is new. After the fall of Rome Cadolini went into exile in Piedmont and Sardinia, conspired against the Austrians in Lombardy, and helped to carry on the national propaganda by smuggling prohibited books and newspapers into that country. When the war of 1859 broke out he joined Garibaldi's famous *Cacciatori delle Alpi*, and distinguished himself on many a stricken field. Finally, he followed Medici in the second expedition to Sicily, in support of Garibaldi's original Thousand, fought at Milazzo, on the Volturno, and elsewhere, until the proclamation of Italian unity in 1861.

The most recent period of Italian history is dealt with in a large work published by the Accademia dei Lincei, "Cinquant' anni di Storia italiana" (Milan: Hoepli), by a number of authors. The Lincei may be regarded as the oldest learned academy, having been founded in 1603, and it has always maintained its reputation as an assembly of eminent scholars and men of science. Consequently, when in 1909 Sig. Carcano, then Minister of the Treasury, on the occasion of the jubilee of Italian unity, conceived the idea of a work to be published under the auspices of the Government, setting forth the progress of the kingdom in all its aspects during the last fifty years, it was the Lincei that seemed most suited to carry out the task. The programme of the work proposed was ambitious, but it has been achieved in part, if not altogether. In any case, the work is the most complete and important on the period in question which has yet appeared. The first essay is a summary of Italian political history from 1861 to 1910 by Senator Raffaele De Cesare; the part dealing with the years subsequent to 1870 is the most useful, as it is difficult to find any general and accurate account of that period, and any one who wished to study it has hitherto had to wade through heavy tomes of Parliamentary reports, registers of laws, the *Gazzetta ufficiale*, Government inquiries, and to supplement them with party pamphlets. Sig. De Cesare has not, of course, been able, in the narrow space assigned to him, to give more than a rapid sketch, but he is clear and concise; and although he does not hide his political sympathies, which are not favorable to the very democratic tendencies of Signor Giolitti, he manages to be fair and impartial. Professor Benini gives us an interesting and detailed account of the demographic movement of the population, with much statistical material. Carlo Ferraris describes the development of the railway system.

The account of the progress of the Italian electrical industry, by Senator Colombo, the president of the Italian Edison Company, is of especial importance. The Milan central power station, which was the first in Europe, began to operate in 1883, one year after Edison had set up the first plant of the kind in America. In 1898 there were 2,264 electric power stations in Italy, producing 117,000 horsepower; of these 1,143 derived their energy from water-power. In 1909 the total number of stations had risen to 3,600, producing 820,000 horsepower, of which 610,000 were due to water-power. The projected plants will produce another 250,000 horsepower, and the total water-power available for electricity is estimated at about 3,000,000 horsepower; but by means of reservoirs and other appliances a much higher figure will probably be reached. This use of water-power, in which Italy's mountains are singularly rich, has opened up new prospects of industrial development, all the more valuable in a country lacking in coal, and it is gradually transforming many a mountain village. Other writers describe other aspects of Italy's remarkable industrial development, while Prof. Ghino Valenti gives a long and detailed account of Italian agriculture, which is somewhat pessimistic as to the results of the action of the state, but expresses confidence in the work of the more intelligent landlords and the peasants. Professor Valenti believes that emigration has contributed in no small degree to the progress achieved, but that much remains to be done to give a scientific character to the agricultural industry, especially in the South. On the purely intellectual development of Italy we have Prof. Luigi Pigorini's essay on prehistoric research, and that of Prof. Giuseppe Gatti on archæological discoveries and studies, while Prof. Vincenzo Masi describes the educational system and institutions, both public and private. Jurisprudence, legislative progress, and the formation of the codes are the subject of Prof. Biagio Brugi's paper. Paolo Carcano, who planned the whole work, gives an account of Italian finance. The situation, he writes, if not perfect, is certainly very good, for the income of the state has risen from 480,000,000 lire in 1861, when the population was 22,000,000, to 2,212,000,000 lire in 1910, while the population had only grown to 35,000,000, and there have been considerable surpluses in the budgets of the last few years. A proof of the sound financial condition of the country is to be found in the fact that the campaign in Tripoli is being paid for out of Treasury residues without as yet raising new loans or increasing the taxes.

The third and concluding volume, to be published next year, will contain essays on biology, by Professor Grassi; emigration, by Professor Coletti; banking and foreign trade, by Bonaldo Stringher (the general manager of the Banca d' Italia), etc.

This publication, in spite of many merits, is far from faultless. The essays are unequal in value, and certain important aspects of Italian development, such as literature, historical study, art, music, etc., have, for no apparent reason, been entirely omitted. L. V.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the interest of literary origins the real history of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's ballad, "The Rhyme of the Three Captains" (1890) ought to be preserved. It is twenty-one years since the poem appeared, and the fires which evoked it have long since died. The poem may be found in the "Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling," Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, 1911, on pp. 222-226. Mr. Kipling has prefixed a note as follows (the italics are mine):

> This ballad *appears* to refer to one of the exploits of the notorious Paul Jones, an American *pirate*. *It is founded on fact.*

This note is framed with great calculation. The ballad *appears* to refer to an exploit of Paul Jones, when as a matter of truth it has to deal with a business experience of Mr. Kipling himself and in so far is "founded on fact," but the facts are quite different from what the casual reader would suspect. "The Rhyme of the Three Captains" was originally printed in the *Athenæum* of December 6, 1890, and its genesis is to be found in a controversy of that year between Mr. Kipling and Messrs. Harper & Bros., in which the pages of the *Athenæum* were the medium. In the issue

of October 4, 1890, under the caption, "Literary Gossip," is the following:

A year or so ago Mr. Rudyard Kipling, when passing through New York, called on Messrs. Harper and offered them for reprinting "Soldiers Three" and other pieces of his, now famous. He was speedily shown the door, and told that a firm devoted to the publication of literature of a high class could not trouble itself about such writings as his. This autumn Messrs. Harper have picked out of the magazines some six stories of Mr. Kipling's, without asking his permission or giving him an opportunity of revising them, and have printed them as a volume. They have sent Mr. Kipling a letter containing a bald announcement of the fact and the sum of £10, which has been promptly returned. The only side of literature that Messrs. Harper appear to understand at all is the commercial. When an author is unknown to fame, they, it would seem, content themselves with insulting him; when he is celebrated, they insult and rob him.

To this statement Messrs. Harper & Bros. sent "A Reply" under date of October 14, 1890, which is printed in the *Athenæum* of November 1, 1890, in the course of which they say:

The statements therein made are so at variance with the facts that we feel justified in assuming that they could not have been derived from Mr. Kipling himself.

The editor of the *Athenæum* subjoined to this communication a statement that:

Our information was derived from Mr. Kipling, who told us that the volume was published without his knowledge and much against his wishes.

One week later, in the issue of November 8, 1890, Mr. Kipling published "A Counter Reply" of nearly a column and a half in length in which he submitted the proofs of his complaint. The closing paragraphs are those that interest us. He says (italics mine):

Since Messrs. Harper & Bros. are so anxious to make clear to the English public that they possess a canon of commercial morality, it is hardly necessary to make clear both to public and *pirate* that the purchase of advance sheets of five stories does not confer the right of hastily hawking those five stories (and one other thrown in to make bulk) up and down the States in the shape of an unedited, unrevised, unfinished, disorderly abortion of botch-work.

The real trouble, of course, is not with this or that particular *picaroon* across the water. *The high seas of literature are unprotected, and those who traffic on them must run their chance of being plundered.* If Messrs. Harper & Bros. had not taken my stories, some other long or short firm would have done so. Only, a pretentiously moral *pirate* is rather more irritating than the genuine *Paul Jones*.

On November 22, 1890, the *Athenæum* published a joint letter of Walter Besant, William Black, and Thomas Hardy, dated November 17, 1890, in which is this paragraph:

It is no part of our purpose to express an opinion upon this case. But it seems a clear duty to us, who have experienced honourable treatment from this firm, to enter a protest against the sweeping condemnation passed upon them in the paragraph in question [*i. e.*, the literary note published in the issue of October 4.] This paragraph does not take the form of a communication by a contributor singly responsible for his own opinion, but it carries the whole weight and authority of the greatest literary journal in the country.

A fortnight later, in the *Athenæum* of December 6, 1890, without note or comment, Mr. Kipling published "The Rhyme of the Three Captains." In the light of the correspondence preceding, the ballad has some very illuminating allusions:

. . . At the close of a winter day,
Their anchors down, by London town, the *Three Great Captains lay.*
And one was *Admiral of the North from Solway Firth to Skye,*
And one was *Lord of the Wessex coast* and all the lands thereby,
And one was *Master of the Thames from Limehouse to Blackwall,*
And he was Chaplain of the Fleet—the stoutest of them all.
Their good guns guarded the great grey sides that were thirty foot in the sheer,
When there came a certain *trading-brig* with news of a *privateer.*
Her rigging was rough with the crusted drift that drives in a Northern breeze,
Her sides were clogged with the lazy weed that spawns in the *Eastern seas.*
Light she rode in the rude tide-rip, to left and right she rolled,
And the skipper sat on the scuttle-butt and stared at an *empty* hold.
"I ha' paid Port dues for your Law," quoth he, "and where is the Law ye boast
If I sail unscathed from a *heathen* port to be *robbed on a Christian coast?*"

Who are the "Three Captains"?

And one was Admiral of the North from Solway Firth to Skye,

Surely the allusion is to William Black, the novelist of the North Country.

And one was Lord of the Wessex coast and all the lands thereby,

No other than the author of "Wessex Tales," who has made Wessex a Hardyshire as truly as the English Lake Country has been called Wordsworthshire. And certainly the late Sir Walter Besant, the novelist of London life, and author of a history of London, is aptly called "Master of the Thames." What was the name of the "certain trading brig"? and who was the "privateer"? The controversial correspondence outlined above surely contains the answer.

The keenness of the allusion is significant throughout the rest of the poem:

I had no fear but the seas were clear as far as a sail might fare
Till I met with a *lime-washed Yankee brig* that rode off Finisterre.
There were canvas blinds to his how-gun ports to screen the weight he bore,
And the signals ran for a *merchantman* from *Sandy Hook* to the Nore.
He would not fly the Rovers' flag—the bloody or the black,
But now he floated the *Gridiron* and now he flaunted the Jack.
My foremast would not mend his hoom, my deck-house patch his fore.
He has borrowed them both in the name of trade and sold them on the shore.

. . . . . .

And the Captains Three called courteously from deck to scuttle-butt:
"Good sir, *we ha' dealt with that merchantman* or ever your teeth were cut.
Your words be words of a lawless race, and the Law it standeth thus:
He comes of a race that have never a Law, and he never has hoarded us.
We ha' sold him canvas and rope and spar—we know that his price is fair,
And we know that he weeps for the lack of a Law as he rides off Finisterre."

. . . . . .

The skipper called to the tall taffrail: "And what is that to me?
Did ever you hear of a Yankee brig that rifled a Seventy-three?
Do I loom so large from your quarter-deck that I lift like a ship o' the Line?
He has learned to run from a shotted gun and harry such craft as mine."

The next lines—the reader is asked to mark the fact—bear a remarkable parallel to Mr. Kipling's stinging prose in his letter in the *Athenæum* of November 8:

The skipper hit on a little word, and the word it was not sweet,
For he could see the Captains Three had signalled to the Fleet.
By three and two, in white and blue, the whimpering flags began:—
"We have heard a tale of a — foreign sail, *but he is a merchantman.*"
The skipper peered beneath his palm and swore by the Great Horn Spoon,
" 'Fore Gad, the Chaplain of the Fleet would bless my *picaroon!*"

It is evident that Mr. Kipling really has in mind the "high seas of literature" and not the natural ocean. Note the unusual word "picaroon," identical in both prose and verse, and the reference to Paul Jones in the letter, which gave Mr. Kipling room in after years, when the fires of indignation had died down, to say that "This ballad *appears* to refer to one of the exploits of the notorious *Paul Jones.*" Verily "The Rhyme of the Three Captains" *is* "founded on fact." But the "facts" are far otherwise than the superficial reader would surmise.

But apart from the internal evidence as to the real bearing of the ballad, there is one other significant bit of evidence. In the index to the *Athenæum*, Vol. II, 1890, we read:

Kipling (Mr. Rudyard) and Messrs. Harper Brothers, 452, 547, 585, 627, 701, 776, 816.

Page 776 *contains nothing but "The Rhyme of the Three Captains."* Evidently the editor of the *Athenæum* knew the real application of the poem, for otherwise the connection would be singular.

There remain two or three details to be noticed. I have compared the original text with the version in the volume of "Collected Verse," and some of the changes in the revised version are not without interest. In the original, the word "skipper" is printed throughout with a capital S, a touch of personal significance. Again, two lines have been altered on page 223. The revised couplet reads:

My foremast would not mend his hoom, my deck-house patch his *boats;*
He has whittled the two, this Yank Yahoo, to peddle for shoe-peg oats.

The line "Had I had guns," etc., in the original reads: "If I had guns," etc. In the original version Walter Besant is called "Chaplain of the Fleet, the stoutest of them all," instead of "*Captain . . .* the *bravest,*" etc.; "*crusted* drift is in place of "clotted drift." "The skipper bit on a *little* word" instead of "a deep-sea word." Finally, in the last line of the poem as printed in the volume, Mr. Kipling has disguised, if he has not softened, the allusion. The original reads:

Shall dip their flag to a *pirate's* rag—to show that his trade is fair.

In the revised version the word "pirate's" has been changed to "slaver's," which seems weak, and without relation to the sense of the whole ballad.

JAMES WESTFALL THOMPSON.

Correspondence

THE QUESTION OF SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Nothing is more clear to the observer of current politics than the approaching success that will crown a long period of persistent agitation for the extension of the franchise to women. Rising in the East, on theoretical grounds, the demand was first conceded in the Western States, where the binding force of tradition was lower than elsewhere in the Union. The logical propriety of the concession has made the cause hopeful, reduced positive opposition, and left the movement with only that obstruction to meet that comes from the force of habit and the immobility of institutions. But, once started, as a fact with six States ready to try it, it is likely to complete the conquest of the United States before the first women voters have forgotten their original sensations on casting their first ballots.

It has more than once been pointed out that the opponents of woman suffrage are tongue-tied. The arguments in favor of it are clearly voiced and loudly stated. They evoke no articulate contradiction, yet their speakers often show an irritation because neither conviction nor rebuttal is produced by their efforts. It is worth while for the advocates to consider whether in this silence there may not be room for reflection.

It may be admitted at once that the present drift of politics favors the extension of the franchise to every sentient being who desires it. It is unfair to deprive any rational adult of a share in his own Government. It is unwise to make martyrs of any considerable element of the population. The evils invited by an extension of the franchise are smaller than those entailed by the closure of this social safety valve.

But those things which provoke the silence that refuses to give consent in this case arise from a fear that the suffragists have mistaken the inclination of their sex, and have over-estimated the significance of their reform.

In some future day society may be entirely reorganized, but as it stands now the women who support themselves by "gainful occupation," as the census calls it, are mostly young. Pleasure and spending-money are often their objects. Even when they are self-dependent they rarely rise to positions of independent responsibility, but accept a boss and a wage as servants, clerks, factory hands, or teachers, and look forward to graduation into matrimony. No one ever advanced a theory of political salvation based upon the votes of men of similar age. The women who are mature are mostly married, and pledged to a trade in which their most vigorous years are devoted to the home and the family. Their highest good, as the race sees it, consists in each getting for her own children the largest possible share of life and its fulness. Their work and their responsibility cannot be delegated, and no public activity that shifts their primary interest can be undertaken by them. They rarely associate on a competitive basis with other persons of their own standing and maturity. They are the custodians of the race, but they must forever lack, in our society, that education that comes from friction against one's fellow-men, and that constitutes the best training of mankind for citizenship.

Neither of the great classes of young women who earn, or mature women who serve at home, provides its pro rata of the voices that are raised for the suffrage. After these two classes are subtracted from the female population, there remains a third class, proportionally small, of independent, mature women—the women who are potentially the best citizens. These, to secure suffrage for themselves, advocate it for all their sex, regardless of the burden it will impose or the service it will render. These make most of the noise, and are enabled to do so by the labors of some one else. Some accident of inheritance, or success of present supporter, has removed from them the need to carry a share of the chores of feminine existence. Few can name more than a handful of women who, having themselves earned an independence, are devoting it to the cause. For this handful, it must be conceded that no office is too high and no right too generous.

The value placed upon suffrage by its advocates compels the student of institutions to question the complete capacity of even the leaders of the feminist agitation. After allowing for all the factors of strife and exaggeration essential to a propaganda there remains behind the movement the assumption that the evils of to-day would not exist if women voted. Too often their arguments seem to imply that women are so much more intelligent, honest, and virtuous than the men whom they have trained that the faults of masculine government will be swept away at once. Nothing but a belief in the reality of such reform could justify the virulent speech and lawless conduct of the most militant of the reformers. Yet were all women the civic equals of the small class of independent women, there are grave doubts whether they would outrank the men in any virtues save those which sex has fastened upon them. They are not trained to the honesty that is the backbone of masculine business. Contractual relations and compromise do not enter into their daily routine. In public and in private they are more interested in carrying the point than in doing abstract justice. That the mass of women are now, or are likely in the near future to be, the civic equals of their husbands and brothers, it is impossible to believe. Civic virtue does not come from a clean heart alone. It comes from a first-hand knowledge of the workings of social forces. Mankind cannot be preached into an advance; it can be led there only by tolerant fellowship that can operate as readily in the barber-shop, the cigar-shop, and the saloon as in the church or on the platform.

The sober reflections occasioned by the progress of the suffragette do not inspire to formal argument. It is too late to argue the matter now. But no suffrage worker should convince herself—or himself—that lack of opposition proves the complete acceptance of the contention. The capacity of women is not in question; in an intellectual way they can do anything that men can do. The inclination of most of them will, in our civilization, keep them from being a political motive force. Even were they otherwise inclined, they do not differ enough from the men to change the aspect of government greatly. But whatever their capacity, inclination, or influence, we are in for woman suffrage, and we shall have to see it through. We shall get from it a few notable women of whose services we are now deprived. But we shall inflate the electorate with a body of voters even less socially inclined than our men; and with the women, as with the men, our political salvation will depend on the fact that though most will be indifferent, uninformed, and unwise, they will fall into two equal camps and neutralize themselves. Leadership and growth will continue to depend on the efforts of a handful of self-sacrificing men and women, and the race will blunder along only as rapidly as these can prod it, nag it, and direct it. Frederic L. Paxson.

Madison, Wis., January 16.

RESEARCH AND ALTRUISM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The vigorous and well-expressed ideas of your correspondent from Baltimore in "An Undergraduate View" (*Nation*, January 18) deserve careful reading and attention, and will doubtless command them. His moral strictures on the selfishness of the acquisition of knowledge for itself alone (as it may appear to the less learned) may perhaps be briefly dismissed as being for the most part what Kiplingesque undergraduates are wont to call "fat piffle." As a considerable part of every day in the life of an ordinarily intelligent human being is almost perforce spent in the acquisition, deliberately or unconsciously, of some sort of knowledge, human society is not likely to suffer if a small part of its members deliberately choose to disregard what appears to them trivial in favor of that which appears to them to exercise the higher functions of their rational faculties. I seem to detect, indeed, a certain weakening of the principle of altruism in his complaint about "research" as the means by which "success and prominence" are attained. Ought a real altruist to measure his own success by his "prominence"? The vast majority of teachers' positions in this country do not require proved ability in research as a qualification in their would-be incumbents. We are not such fools as all that. The field of real success in the profession of teaching is not by any means closed to the ambitious young altruist sketched by your correspondent, even if he does not feel the zest for research. And even the salaries of school positions of the better sort are quite as large as those attainable in colleges and universities. There is a margin in them for occasional opera tickets for the first gallery. Nor does it appear in general an utterly reprehensible thing that he who chooses a teacher's career must definitely forego the hope of high money rewards. In the face of the present-day tendency to measure all "success and prominence" by returns in hard cash, it is something to have a career offered that recognizes a different ideal.

In the course of my observation as (I must confess it) a now tolerably aged college instructor in classics, I have often been tempted to lament the moderate intellectual ability and the lack of strong personality in many of the young people who intended to follow the profession of teaching. But when I have deliberately sat down

to compare them with others, I have been compelled to admit that they did not fall by any means below the average intelligence and character of the students whom I had seen attain "success and prominence" in other walks of life.

Now a few words about that painful subject of "research." I cannot help the suspicion that the young altruist depicted by your correspondent has an envious and designing eye upon one of the university chairs held by worthy old gentlemen like me, who show no hopeful signs of relinquishing them, even under the dulcet attractions of Mr. Carnegie's benefaction for the speedier creation of vacancies. Let me regretfully assure your altruist that neither altruism nor personality is a satisfactory substitute for knowledge, though they may exist amicably alongside of knowledge, and even conjoined with it. That last clause is meant to contain for him the element of hope. I have always believed it possible—I still believe it possible—for a man to be a ripe, and fine, and even a great scholar and teacher, who has never printed a word. But I can hardly conceive that a man with the ability and the zeal for learning could make any great progress in that field without spying a dozen directions in which his mind would be irresistibly tempted to essay the penetration of the yet unknown. The "research test," so far as there is such a test for positions of "prominence," such as the undergraduate's altruistic soul longs for, is after all in its purpose only a rough-and-ready test of the zeal for learning. And the zeal for teaching, and for "success and prominence," without the zeal for learning, is likely to be a ludicrous failure.

A somewhat extended acquaintance with members of college faculties in this country had tended to confirm rather than weaken my judgment that the ability and personality of the large majority of these gentlemen were such as would have ensured their attainment of equivalent "success and prominence" in whatever other employments they might have chosen. Your correspondent sternly, and no doubt sadly, thinks far otherwise. It is surely hard for us to see ourselves as the sapient undergraduate sees us.

E. T. M.

University of Chicago, January 30.

SOLARIO'S PORTRAIT OF BENTIVOGLIO.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The interest which attaches to the beautiful portrait of Bentivoglio by Solario, lately acquired by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts from England, is further increased by a recent discovery made in Italy. In the collection of paintings belonging to Signore Andrea Monga in Verona is a picture, which, to judge from photographs, is identical with that in Boston except for a few details, such as the window in the background, which is not so high in the Verona picture as in the Boston one and therefore better proportioned. This and other small differences favor the supposition that the picture in Verona is superior to that in Boston. The Andrea Monga Gallery, which comprises six hundred paintings, was formed about a hundred years ago, and has been inaccessible for forty years. After the recent death of the last owner the collection passed into the possession of the city of Verona, but it will probably remain inaccessible for some time, since there is at present no room for its exhibition, and since most of the pictures are in a bad condition and will have to be cleaned. I was fortunate enough to obtain permission from the city authorities to examine this collection, and am therefore in the position to give a provisional opinion as to the importance and the artistic value of the portrait of Bentivoglio in Verona. The surface is overpainted, and covered with thick, dull varnish, which completely covers the original color, so that the picture has the appearance of a copy, perhaps of late date. But this opinion is not shared by Veronese art critics. As regards the question of authenticity, we have to reckon with the possibility that more than one portrait of a famous man like Bentivoglio may well have been ordered from the same painter. And though the painters of the Renaissance as a rule let their assistants make the replicas of their pictures, they occasionally executed them with their own hands.

J. Paul Richter.

London, January 15.

STATISTICS OF THE LAW'S DELAYS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of February 1 appears an editorial entitled, "Our Criminal Machinery." In it reference is made to the delays in the Wolter case, which you denounce as scandalous. It may perhaps interest your readers to know how long a time, upon an average, is consumed in disposing of appeals in cases of murder in the first degree in this State. The writer presents some figures taken from the volumes of the reports. He began in 1900. The first case is taken from Vol. 160 N. Y. Reports. The figures include the latest murder cases reported in the Advance Parts. The time runs from the date of the judgment of conviction to the date when the case was disposed of by the Court of Appeals. The subsequent period, preceding the execution, is not considered. Six weeks is the usual period.

The periods of delay are given by months. Fractions of months are disregarded; so that the figures approximate only:

Period of delay:	No. of cases.
6 months or less	11
6 to 9 months	12
10 months	11
11 months	5
12 months	13
13 months	7
14 months	6
15 months	6
16 months	5
17 months	3
18 months	5
19 months	3
20 months (including Wolter)	7
21 months	2
22 months	4
23 months	3
24 months	7
25 months (Benham)	1
27 months (Hinksman)	1
28 months (Meyer)	1
29 months (Egnor, Bonier)	2
32 months (Cascone)	1
34 months ((Sexton)	1
38 months (Patrick)	1
47 months (Smith)	1
Total	119

It will thus be perceived that out of 119 appeals only 39 were disposed of within a year. Only 9 appeals out of the 119 required more than two years.

This letter merely presents conditions as they are, without comment, and without any attempt to suggest a remedy. R. C. T.

New York City, February 2.

A DEFINITION OF POETRY

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Readers of poetry are ever seeking a definition of the calling of the poet, and never finding just what they seek. The following definition, by Mr. Frederic Harrison, is the most satisfactory I have ever seen:

The true business of a poet is to enshrine fine thoughts in exquisite melodies ("Autobiographic Memoirs," Vol. II, p. 107).

Alfales Young.

Salt Lake City, Utah, January 24.

Literature

RECENT VERSE.

The Anteroom and Other Poems. By William Hervey Woods. Baltimore: Printed for the Author. $1.35.

Cloth of Frieze. By Mary Eleanor Roberts. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25 net.

The Sailor Who Has Sailed and Other Poems. By Benjamin R. C. Low. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

The Inn of Dreams. By Lady Alfred Douglas. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

The City of the Soul. By Lord Alfred Douglas. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

Helen of Troy and Other Poems. By Sara Teasdale. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

Songs of Courage and Other Poems. By Bertha F. Gordon. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. $1 net.

Poems. By Harriet McEwen Kimball. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.

The Ballad of the White Horse. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

The Dream of Alfred: An Epic of the Navy. By Wallace Bertram Nichols. London: David Nutt. 2s. net.

America the Beautiful and Other Poems. By Katherine Lee Bates. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $1.25 net.

The Upper Trail. By C. G. Blanden. Chicago: The Alderbrink Press.

With respect to their attitude towards life the poets have at all times been pretty uniformly divided. They have been deniers or affirmers; they have looked upon it either as a beautiful but specious illusion or else as the one tremendous and significant reality. On the one hand, like Mr. Woods in his sonnet, "Backgrounds," they are searching for the face behind the mask, the revelation that shall rip appearance like a curtain

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and disclose the apocalyptic vision behind the veil:

"The play, the play's the thing!" Lord Hamlet, no.
The peopled and illimitable night
Hath mightier ghosts than Denmark's, and the light
That limns the upturned face of Romeo
Paints half a world of faces in its glow;
Arden hath untold lovers hid from sight
To Rosalind, and many a willing sprite
Unknown, unsummoned, waits on Prospero.
What else is watching in the dark behind?
Who knows when legions, angel, ghost, or djinn,
Shall break from out the backgrounds vast that bind
Our cramped horizon, and o'errun the scene,
Or God himself crash on us mummers blind,
And play be done, and life, life, life begin!

To such as these what passes before the mere bodily eye seems, as in Miss Roberts's "At Tintagel," hardly less factitious and legendary than "the memory of some old tale twice told":

Here where the grass is wreathed with fairy rings,
There where the crumbling crenellations rise,
I see dim shapes of half-forgotten kings
And queens with starry eyes.

The shouts of strong, exultant men I hear,
The ring of harness on the causeway-stone,
The clash of arms comes faintly to the ear,
And bugle-horns are blown.

What profits it, the ancient tale oft told
Of love or tournament or bloody fight?
If Guinevere's deep hair were royal gold,
Or Yseult's hands were white?

Dead, dead are they, and gone with all their train,
Dead, dead are they, or haply never were;
Perchance the phantoms of the misty brain
Of some old chronicler.

And yet the moan of the remembering sea,
The ancient winds, like pardoners to shrive,
Repeat their names. Ah! no; not they but we,
Have never been alive.

On the other hand, there are the natures thirsty for experience—those who are drunken with the vitality, animation, and movement of existence—who sing like Mr. Low in his "Vigil at Arms":

It was but lately that a child I came
First upon life:—
Loving spring flowers, gentle, without blame,
Knowing not strife:
The world was old ere battles bloomed for me;
Boyhood was dreams, and swooning minstrelsy;
I wandered all alone and wandered free
Where dreams are rife.

But all at once the silver-crested surge
Ceased to be cloud,
And thundered over me; I felt the scourge
And sting, and bowed
Under the brine, until half-dead, I lay
Forespent upon the sand; and from that day,
Triumphant-tongued, the fury of the fray
Calls me aloud.

Let priestly pardoners still shrive the world,
White and aloof;
Mine be the battle-flame, the fear unfurled—
The storming hoof;
Let me be mingled with a maze of blows;
Hard-pressed to live, heart mad, beset with foes,
Or, lance in rest, ride down the lists' enclose
To peril's proof.

Differences of shading there may be; but the ground color, the general tone of poetry, is determined by one or the other of these two moods, the reflective or the active. Is life a mere appearance, a show, a painted cloth before the truth, then were it hardly worth the pains. It were better far, in the words of Lady Alfred Douglas, to fall asleep—

In some great embroidered bed,
With soft pillows for my head.
I am weary, let me sleep. . . .
Petals of sweet roses shed
All around a perfumed heap
White as pearls, and ruby red;
Curtains closely drawn to keep
Wings of darkness o'er me spread. . . .
I am weary, let me sleep
In some great embroidered bed.
Let me dream that I am dead,
Nevermore to wake and weep
In the future that I dread. . . .
For the ways of life are steep. . . .
I am weary, let me sleep.

At all events, it were as well to turn the attention elsewhere, to seek a less ambiguous, if minor, reality in things of one's own creating, in the cultivation of an art or in the construction of a single perfect sonnet, whose difficulties and satisfactions Lord Alfred Douglas celebrates in a sonnet of his own:

To see the moment holds a madrigal,
To find some cloistered place, some hermitage
For free devices, some deliberate cage
Wherein to keep wild thoughts like birds in thrall;
To eat sweet honey and to taste black gall,
To fight with form, to wrestle and to rage,
Till at the last upon the conquered page
The shadows of created Beauty fall.
This is the sonnet, this is all delight
Of every flower that blows in every Spring,
And all desire of every desert place;
This is the joy that fills a cloudy night
When, bursting from her misty following,
A perfect moon wins to an empty space.

On the contrary, if reality is to be judged by the intensity of sensation, if even the start and thrill of pain are evidence of life, then there is nothing so much to be dreaded as the cessation of that consciousness in which alone man exists. It is the horror of such obliteration, the loss of that one chance to know, which Miss Teasdale voices in her lines on "Fear":

I am afraid, oh I am so afraid!
The cold black fear is clutching me tonight
As long ago when they would take the light
And leave the little child who would have prayed,
Frozen and sleepless at the thought of death.
My heart that beats too fast will rest too soon;
I shall not know if it be night or noon—
Yet shall I struggle in the dark for breath?
Will no one fight the Terror for my sake,
The heavy darkness that no dawn will break?
How can they leave me in that dark alone,
Who loved the joy of light and warmth so much,
And thrilled so with the sense of sound and touch—
How can they shut me underneath a stone?

In the face of such a catastrophe there is one way of saving the dignity, or at least the pride, of human nature—to meet it with the self-assertiveness, if not the truculency, of "Prospice," the desperate elation of a sanguine spirit rioting for the last time in the exercise of its powers and draining intoxication from the very lees of life. So Miss Gordon, mindful or not of Browning, in her "Song at the Brink of Death":

Before I leap and lose myself below,
Give me one moment's look beyond the brink.
Volumes of fog, vast piles of rolling mists,
Make war upon each other like the waves.
I hear strong humming as of mighty winds,
And shock and crash, as if a myriad
Of toppling worlds were crushed and ground to dust.
And from their dissolution, whirling, rise
Sharp fumes and strange; and all the tingling air
Seems full of unseen thorns that prick and burn.
My soul is in my hand—I shall not fear.
Now shall I test the temper of that sword
That I have spent my life to weld and whet.
Through ills I dream not of, through agony
And ruin I shall cleave my fiery way.
The heart within me burns like glowing wine,
And as the husk of earth slips from my soul,
The thrill of dawning godhood stirs within.
I swing my sword, and with a cry I leap.

But better yet to think the horror clear away in something of the calm old Platonic fashion, of whose resignation the following sonnet by Miss Kimball is no unworthy modern expression:

Save that there may be one love-garnering breast
Will hold us unforgotten when we die,
From all the paths that most familiar lie
We shall be missed but few brief days at best.
Noteless as noiseless pass we to our rest;
Slip from the ear and tongue as from the eye.
Earth knows no break, no change to signify
Absence or loss; and Time and Nature, lest
In our behalf remonstrant they appear,
Make stealthy haste to blur and cover o'er
The stone's laborious lettering before
The yielding mound that settles year by year
Is levelled, and the place—our last place here—
That knew us once knows us indeed no more.

Such are the two moods of poetry today, as they have ever been; and they affect the poet's vision of the past as of the present. To the ardent temperament of a Mr. Chesterton the pageant of history is but another stimulus, another

possible source of sensuous and emotional excitement. When he describes the political condition in Alfred's day, he does so with a provocativeness, an impressionism, which makes it swim before the exalted senses in a luminous mist of actuality:

For the end of the world was long ago,
When the ends of the world waxed free,
When Rome was sunk in a waste of slaves,
And the sun drowned in the sea.

When Cæsar's sun fell out of the sky,
And whoso hearkened right
Could only hear the plunging
Of the nations in the night.

When the ends of the earth came marching in
To torch and cresset gleam,
And the roads of the world that lead to Rome
Were filled with faces that moved like foam,
Like faces in a dream. . . .

And men brake out of the northern lands,
Enormous lands alone,
Where a spell is laid upon life and lust
And the rain is changed to a silver dust
And the sea to a great green stone. . .

And the cry of the palms and the purple moons,
Or the cry of the frost and foam,
Swept ever around an inmost place,
And the din of distant race on race
Cried and replied round Rome.

Nor is Mr. Nichols less affected by the same patriotic theme. As he sings the dream of Alfred, launching a puny fleet —forerunner of England's sea-power— against the Danes, and hymns the imperial mission of Great Britain, his voice is thick with the fulfilment of prophecy: he is not a dreamer, but a seer:

O windy-retinued, tempest-circleted sea!
By night and day we have watched thee shine and flash,
A mutinous Ophir of magnificent wrath;
And shall we not, in emulous anger, wreck
The black fleets of the poisonous tyrannies
Of this lust-opulent world, and break and crash
Upon the coasts of Wrong, and ruin her booms,
And sap her headlands? Was it not for this
Thine orb was placed within our hands by God,
O windy-retinued, tempest-circleted sea?

Hull-haunted, screw-swirled, traffic-cloven sea!
The tireless caravans of puissance fare
Across thy deserts, laden with the musk
Of wisdom and of culture, and the shawls
Of science, and precious oils, and healing herbs,
And Art's celestial attars—journeying on
Unto their Mecca, human brotherhood.
And we, their sheiks, the Apostles of Advance,
Must guard them when they dare thy perilous wastes,
Hull-haunted, screw-swirled, traffic-cloven sea!

Not so do the distant shapes of history appear to the contemplative imagination looking down the dwindling perspective of the past. Rather they seem like wisps of cloud on the horizon, images of transiency and change. For such minds the thought of Egypt and its vanished civilizations has always had an irresistible, perhaps a slightly uncanny fascination, which is reflected in Miss Bates's verses "To the Nile":

What myriad life through countless centuries
Hath sprung and faded on thy sparkling sands,
—Futile incertitudes and miseries,
Swift, printless feet, caressing vanished hands . . .

Grotesqueries and lethargies that lie
Huddled in pits or islanded in mud,
Clusters of uncouth hippopotami,
Grim crocodiles, the terrors of the flood . . .

Where are thy bestial gods oracular,
Hawk-headed Horus and the Apis Bull,
Ram, Vulture, Ape, divinities at jar
With all we dream of pure and beautiful? . . .

Thy stript, dishonored Pharaohs, vainly hid
In golden chambers mystically wrought
At musky heart of cliff or pyramid,
Impassive majesties, immortal thought,
Where are their caravans, with burdensome
Booty of ivory, cedar, fragrant gum?

Nor are Mr. Blanden's lines to a mummy in the British Museum conceived in a very different spirit, though it is the fatally ironic contrast between the changeless shell and the fugitive essence which is their immediate inspiration:

Daughter of Egypt, and perchance a queen,
How fragrantly she sleeps, and how serene,
Wrapt in the shroud of frankincense and myrrh—
A rose embalmed in essence of the rose.
Not all the roar of London waketh her,
Nor change, nor war disturbs her calm repose. . . .

Yet here doth lie the all of her that Death
Thought not to take. Ages ago her breath
Warmed these dry lips to song, yea, even now
Seems lingering near, so pleasant is her smile,
So placidly she sleeps, so calm her brow.
Oh, since she died how lonesomely the Nile
Hath poured his waters down to Ocean's shore,
As sad tears poured—and Memnon sings no more,
And that which Egypt was is but gigantic lore.

CURRENT FICTION.

Spanish Gold.—The Search Party.—Lalage's Lovers. By George A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Co.

There is a pleasant theory that the literature of the English-speaking race is common property among all its members. Of books which have become classic or "standard" this is true enough. But as for current literature, it is oddly untrue of the very department in which one might look to find it a matter of course. One has only to look over the English reviews to note how few of the American novels of the hour—the pieces of home-made fiction which are being most widely read here —are noticed at all. We may console ourselves with the fact that there are novelists in England who have been writing successfully for years, and of whom we have never heard. This situation is due to a cautiousness which has been drilled into the publisher by long experience. What is sauce to the American goose is not always sauce to the British gander, or the reverse. So sensitive is the novel to variations of temperature on the two sides of the water, that it frequently shifts its title on the way over. And the publisher, who, after all, is a barometer, and not an arbiter of taste, knows that he cannot count upon the popularity on one shore of whatever may have found a cordial hearing on the other. The most that he can do is to watch his market and his commodity, and seize the fit hour when it comes. Hence the occasional phenomenon of a whole group of books by some author of whom we have never heard, thrust in a mass before our astonished gaze, with much trumpeting and acclaim on the part of the delighted sponsor.

Something of the sort happened not long ago in connection with our newfound Arnold Bennett; and the house which exploited many of Mr. Bennett's books now comes forward with another "scoop," as the invoice in question may be fairly called. The writer, George A. Birmingham, is Protestant rector of a little parish on the Irish coast, in the county of Connacht. He has written some half-dozen books, three of which are now issued here by the Doran Company. He has drawn his material freely from the nature and human nature about him: yet, says the publisher (with an accent of wonder), he has offended nobody. As his note is of broad though good-humored satire of the Irish temperament and springs of action, and as he is dealing with the race which has so recently taken offence at the New Irish movement, and which is now seeking to bring to naught certain Irish players on their way through this country, the feat would at first sight seem to be a remarkable one. But it is not really so. The Irish are quite content to be laughed at in the traditional way. The drunken figure with the pipe in its hat and the shillalah in its hand, on the way home from Donnybrook Fair, is a classic and even esteemed effigy, like that of John Bull or Uncle Sam. The risky thing is to take your Irishman seriously, and try to present him as he really is in the graver relations of life. It is then that he complains of misrepresentation.

Mr. Birmingham commits no such error. He returns as light-heartedly, and

to all appearances as whole-heartedly, to the traditions of Lever and Lover, as if the mystical and reverend Celt had never been revived. The authors of "Experiences of an Irish R.M." may have given him courage for this ingenuous procedure, but we suspect that he did not need the gift. And in the Rev. Mr. Melldon, Curate of Ballymoy, he presents a picaresque figure without parallel in the lively chronicles of the ladies Summerville and Ross. The whole situation is a trifle odd from the American point of view. Here, if a parson writes a novel, we expect it to be a sermon more or less in disguise, and if he chooses a parson for his hero, we expect to hear a good deal about his spiritual troubles and triumphs. If the Rev. James Melldon of Ballymoy has any religious experiences, we are not bothered with them. He is as jolly and irresponsible a member of society as if he had never worn what he calls "a dog-collar." His joy is unconfined, and he makes of "Spanish Gold" a thing of delight. He also figures in "The Simpkins Plot," which has not yet been issued here. The absurd adventures which make up the first-named fantasia are paralleled in "The Search Party," where a young physician plays the part of Mr. Melldon, with somewhat inferior zest and spontaneity. "Lalage's Lovers," the most lately-written of the three books, is amusing enough, but its humor lacks the free swing of the other tales. Its title is a misnomer—"Lalage's Pranks" would have come nearer the fact. The scene is laid in Ireland, but might have been in England almost as well. Lalage is a young girl of independent temper who fancies herself a reformer. As a grown-up *enfant terrible* she makes a stir in various high places, and is duly tamed by marriage. She is of the type which would be called "Middle Western" in this country—an amusing or distressing type according as one chances to have a stomach for it. We suspect that Mr. Birmingham's danger is that he may become a professional humorist.

The Bauble. By Richard Barry. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

A book which might be dismissed as ridiculous if it were not also a little disgusting. Its faults have nothing in particular to do with its theme, which is the application of the woman suffrage theory to a particular case. Given a woman of twenty-three with a normal husband and baby, and an abnormal desire to possess them utterly and selfishly, and you have material enough for domestic excursions and alarums, wars and rumors of war, without calling in the aid of the suffragette motive. But the heroine of the present story, and all the rest of the alleged persons therein, are absurd dolls who are put through various antics, dull for the most part, but reaching now and then a level of indecency which gives them a certain chance with a certain audience. It is hard to understand why reputable publishers should permit themselves to issue so-called novels of this paltry type.

Christopher. By Richard Pryce. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

This work of an author well-established in England but new to American readers is like the novel of similar title by Romain Rolland, in throwing plot to the winds and prearranging a series of moments in the hero's development for which events are patently created as the necessity arises. It is the progress of the soul for which this English author is concerned ("Christopher," as he repeatedly states, "was destined to have new impressions" at this point or other); and as this soul is highly romantic and in large measure fashions its own external world, why should one compel it to emerge from anything so objective as a plot?

So be it. Mr. Pryce admits the reader, outdoing M. Rolland by a day, to Christopher's life just before birth. A posthumous child, possessed of a charming mother and a notable nurse, of two adoring aunts and two wealthy grandmothers, clearly he is not to undergo that purification by poverty, such as was thought a necessity for the little Christopher of the Rhine town. His very young life is passed in the English colony at Boulogne in the seventies, with the war in the immediate background. Though quiet, the place is full of variety and wonder for the sensitive little boy. All children are poets and philosophers, and Christopher is a rare child; beauty is in his soul. We see him tilting in its behalf with a child's only half-revealed motives—battles of devotion, often to lost causes. Expectancy and trust make life wondrous fair, philosophy unifies the universe. This first half of the book has great charm, and the realness of the child justifies the author's method.

After hesitations Christopher's mother, Mrs. Herrick, remarries to a man of upright character, who had become entangled with a Mrs. St. Jemison of dubious repute; and Christopher goes to boarding school, to Oxford, then travels for two years, and settles in rooms in London, bent on a writer's career. The reader is hurried towards the final test—Christopher's love for the daughter of Mrs. St. Jemison, his angel in white, his Laura:

Benedetto sia il giorno, il mese, e l'anno!

He is still the romantic, the poet, but the author has lost grip on him. Utterances of his childhood, which seemed natural even when precocious, are replaced by love-making which never could be on land or sea or in the romantic's heaven. When the great disillusion comes, and the shallow character of the mother reveals itself in the daughter, pathos is absent, because it is clear that the tragedy is an unembodied theme. Other characters in the story Mr. Pryce has kept well sustained. The philosophizing of Trimmer, the nurse, is rare fun; Mrs. Herrick, senior, the dowager of Herrickswood, has the keen iron nature known so well to the mid-Victorians; Christopher's mother is utterly real, oddly through the sheer faultlessness of her breeding.

ONE ASPECT OF GOETHE.

Goethe and his Woman Friends. By Mary Caroline Crawford. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3 net.

"Ihr naht euch wieder, schwankende Gestalten!" Yes, all are here, from the obscure Gretchen of Goethe's boyhood to the somewhat nebulous Ulrike v. Levetzow of his declining years. Not only are the poet's love-affairs analyzed, but also his relations to his mother and sister, to Fräulein v. Klettenberg, to the two Weimar duchesses, and even to Barbara Schulthess of Zurich. For the first time the reader who knows only his English or has not access to a well-stocked Goethe-library, will be able to study Goethe from this side. Yet, after all, the question will obtrude itself: Is such study worth the while? Is it even sound psychology to detach this single fibre of a highly complex organism and scrutinize it under the microscope? Our author's purpose is praiseworthy, she wishes to clear away certain shadows and misrepresentations which have gathered round Goethe's fame. Her sympathy is keen, her industry is unflagging. Besides, she is entitled to the distinction of being the first woman to champion the poet against the field. Yet, to our way of thinking, such a method of defence can never be truly effective. To understand Goethe one must study him in his entirety. He was a myriad-minded, myriad-mooded mortal, vitally interested in everything that makes up humanity. As a great poet his sympathies were quickly stirred, his passion was strong. His will, however, was still stronger. Hand in hand with his loves and friendships go his studies in literature and the drama, in history, art, architecture, music, botany, anatomy, mineralogy, finance. All are inextricably intertwined. To disengage Goethe the lover is impossible. In proof there is "Dichtung und Wahrheit." Professedly, the work is nothing but the autobiography of its author's boyhood and youth. Yet those who have studied it from cover to cover will admit that in their reading they have been forced to try to know a little at least of everything. True, love flits through

the pages, but only in kaleidoscopic mutability.

Besides, we are not persuaded that our author has learned the real Goethe secret, without which one is bound to err. At page 3 we read, in comment upon Goethe's witty little sketch of himself: "And it may as well be added at once that he always valued his paternal heritage [the serious conduct of life] less highly than the gift of writing and the 'philosophy of a cheerful life' which was his mother's dower." No, emphatically no! The poet characterized himself on another occasion as one who had taken life hard. The German is more graphic: "Einer, der sich das Leben hat sauer werden lassen." With the exception possibly of the first wild weeks in Weimar, there was never a time in his long life when he did not—in weariness—break off from so-called pleasure and plunge resolutely into something difficult and of abiding profit. In truth, his extraordinary relation to Karl August, what is it but a continuous story of "des Lebens ernstes Führen"? On this point the memorable poem "Ilmenau" is conclusive.

Further, we doubt whether our author is sufficiently conversant with the *ancien régime* from which Goethe sprang. Yet without a profound knowledge of it one cannot hope to estimate Goethe's general sanity. On the one hand was unscrupulous libertinism, on the other what we should call sentimental gush. Between this Scylla and Charybdis the poet steered a pretty steady middle course. At times unwise, even sinful, his errors were of the healthy sort to which most creeds extend a measure of tolerance. Our advice is: Neither condemn the poet nor seek to justify him, but take him as he was and make the best of him.

Still further, our author seems to find it difficult to keep in mind the shifting in Goethe's social status. For example, at p. 92, she writes: "Inasmuch as he was the son of an important Frankfort citizen his position was almost that of a nobleman, as compared with hers [Frederika's]." This will never do. When in all the history of Germany was there such an *Abstand* between a mere *studiosus juris*, the son of a humdrum retired lawyer, and the daughter of a respectable country parson? As a set-off, we know that Lili's family looked upon Goethe askance as not of their "set," and that Weimar society in the early days was anything but affable to the *bourgeois*.

Of the seventeen chapters, these four have pleased us best: Goethe's Sister Cornelia, The Friend with the Beautiful Soul, Lili, Frau Aja. Of course, such an estimate is purely subjective; each reader will judge for himself. At any rate, we must protest against the heading of the Sesenheim chapter: Goethe and his Beatrice. The picture in "Dichtung und Wahrheit" is truly idyllic, but not a trait in it suggests Dante and Beatrice. The glorified Italian woman led her worshipping lover through the mysteries of Paradise; whereas Frederika, the gentle, ingenuous country maiden, led nobody, least of all Goethe; she merely listened and followed. The chapter on Frau v. Stein is tiresome, though that is scarcely the fault of the author, rather of the subject. The author hits the nail on the head, when she asserts, p. 189, that Frau v. Stein "was not really a woman of great intelligence." One must e'en have the courage of one's convictions. We of the twentieth century can detect in Charlotte's diathesis a tinge of the morbid; her unquestioned spiritual delicacy was a bit hectic. Strange that Goethe should have remained blind to the fact so long, while his mother, far away in Frankfort, detected it almost from the start. In this chapter there is one grave technical blemish. Goethe's letter of June 1, 1789, the letter which provoked the rupture, is given at pp. 207-9. In the original the *du* form is preserved throughout. What warrant, then, for skipping from 'thou' to 'you' and back to 'thou' in the translation? And, p. 209, the phrase: "When he was able to get perspective on the matter," is poor English.

Among minor blemishes we note, p. 184, *konnt*, for *könnt*, a misprint which blurs the sense. For Casterta, p. 268, read Caserta, the name of a well-known Italian town. In four places, pp. 265, 273, 275, 278, the proper name Reiffenstein is printed Rieffenstein. At p. 57, the translation runs: "Every love has its collecteana; and I would sooner that rejected brass tokens were again collected than scattered thoughts." This utterance will assuredly be cryptic to every reader without the original. To begin with, the German language recognizes the word *collectanea*, but not *collectcana*. Then, Goethe wrote, with his customary directness: To every love there belongs *Sammlung* [a shrewd play on the double meaning "collection" and "composure"] and I would rather gather up scattered coins than scattered thoughts. In the note to p. 316, the date January 12, 1801, must be a slip for 1807. Uncorrected, the note implies that Goethe's son August achieved the feat of tossing off seventeen glasses of champagne at a sitting, when barely eleven years old. Add six years and the feat becomes a sad possibility. One unfamiliar with German affairs will be somewhat mystified by the account, p. 254, of the dinner in honor of Frau Aja. Why should the host be referred to as "Prince," "Abbé," and "Primate," and who was he? One needs to be informed that the host was the Prince Archbishop of Mainz, the oldest see in Germany. Whether he was Primate, as the Archbishop of Canterbury is Primate of England, may be questioned. In 1806, Regensburg was to the fore. We regret that the book contains so many illustrations by Kaulbach, for that artist's treatment is irremediably coarse. It merits a reversed Johnsonian epitaph: *Quod tetigit, non ornavit.*

Colonial Currency Reprints, 1682-1751. With an Introduction and Notes by Andrew McFarland Davis. Vols. II-IV. Boston: Prince Society.

With the issue of the fourth volume, this notable series of reprints, comprising more than sixty colonial publications on currency, is completed. As a contribution to economic history it stands unique, the nearest approach to it being the discussion that led to and followed the "Bullion Report" of 1810. The economy of New England, unhampered by institutions of guild and landed restrictions, and the directness and comparative simplicity of its commerce, gave a clearer definition to the efforts to procure a reasonable medium of exchange than could be found elsewhere; and the commercial interests and complications led to a very wide experience in those efforts. In the beginnings of a problem ventures are apt to end in failure, and especially when directed by private interests. Yet the ventures are interesting in themselves, and in spite of disaster are continually recurring under new conditions and in new phases. The currency question is still before us, and in those earlier experiments may be found the essential problems that still wait to be successfully solved.

From this point of view these volumes offer a full picture of the growing need for a medium, the pressure on the individual, the appeal to the State, and the consequent struggle between public and private interests, between debtors and creditors, and between honest payment of debts and the application of a sponge to all or to a part of the obligation. The need arose from expenses incurred in military expeditions having land-hunger for a basis. The debts thus created led to the issue of paper promises to pay, and then the wish to evade payment followed. Once having had a taste of paper issues the simplicity of deferring payment appealed strongly to those who needed relief from debts, and it was an easy transition from the payment of public indebtedness with bills of credit, to issues by private organizations for the relief of the unfortunate in land and commerce.

This is the story that is told in Mr. Davis's volumes, and no aspect of the question escapes consideration. Merchant, farmer, citizen, and magistrate offer their opinions in confusing multiplicity, and some of the writers were of prominence in provincial affairs, capable of speaking with authority. The labor of identifying the writers alone con-

stituted a difficulty, which the editor has solved very successfully. But the chronological arrangement develops the extent and the strength of the discussion, and the liberal extracts from the journals of the time add much to the popular understanding of the merits of the matters at issue. The notes of the editor are bibliographical as well as explanatory, and the student cannot go astray while threading his way through the discussion. The experience was complete, extending from the first inception to the final redemption in specie, and was conducted upon a scale equalled in no other part of the British colonies in the eighteenth century. The volumes are as necessary to the historian as to the economist, and the illustrations offer a convenient aid to the bibliographer.

Truth and Reality: An Introduction to the Theory of Knowledge. By John Elof Boodin. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

It is symptomatic of the weariness with which philosophy is beginning to regard its long-time inclusion within the circle of mere experience that several recent ventures have adopted the name of realism, to which, however, the "pragmatic realism" of the present writer has perhaps the best claim. Pragmatic realism is an endeavor to justify both the right of the subject to measure reality by his meanings and the right of reality to an existence (though not necessarily a meaning) of its own. The situation confronting the writer, who is professor of philosophy at Kansas and a graduate of Harvard, is apparently made up of the radical empiricism of James and the absolute idealism of Royce. As against Royce he denies that reality is necessarily intelligent; and his relation to pragmatism and radical empiricism one might venture to state in terms of his title: for pragmatism truth is the whole of reality, for the writer it is simply one version. Unfortunately, however, in the matter of pragmatism, one must qualify either as a pragmatist or as a "misunderstander"; and in the meantime the writer prefers to effect his combination by making his own definitions both of pragmatism and of realism. From the chapter on What Pragmatism Is and Is Not it should seem that pragmatism is—anything, indeed, that would serve to recommend it. Here he is true to the spirit of the doctrine; but, on the other hand, it seems that what pragmatism is not is precisely coextensive with all that has been claimed for it. Even usefulness is rejected as a logical criterion; and the general effect is to transform a position which we supposed to be somewhat proudly indifferent to external authority into a rather servile deference to fact. Realism suffers somewhat less at the writer's hands, but, in order to forestall Professor Royce, he boldly affirms that the real things are not indifferent to our ideas, though they may be lacking in any meaning of their own. How, then, can they respond to our meanings, so as to serve as material for truth? The writer replies by suggesting a "pre-existent fitness for truth" (p. 121), though rejecting a preëstablished harmony (p. 253). Altogether, it must be said that the relation of the two terms of the problem is left very much in the air. The writer is evidently more interested in setting forth his views than in justifying them, or refuting the opposing views, by closely reasoned argument. Had he come to close quarters with his conceptions, he might have discovered, perhaps, that in a region of rather high criticism he was still operating with an uncritical psychology, in which the facts are assumed to be once for all given independently of the action of ideas.

The book is nevertheless a serious attempt in a direction which calls for some courage; and not altogether a fruitless attempt. Loosely put together, it is still full of suggestive material, especially in the chapters dealing with realism. The style is personal and frank, and pleasing if not always skilful. The undergraduate, for whom it is to be an "introduction," will only open his mouth and wonder—at least after the middle of the book—but the maturer student of philosophy will read it with relish. "Pragmatic realism" has not yet been shown to be a contradiction in terms; let us hope that Professor Boodin may still get them adjusted.

Notes

The Oxford University Press is about to issue a work on copyright, by G. S. Robertson, written in the light of the new Act.

Dr. William Hirsch's "Religion und Civilisation vom Standpunkte des Psychiaters," has been rewritten in English and will be brought out at once by the Truth Seeker Co., New York.

In the list of forthcoming books of McBride, Nast & Co., New York, we note: "Träumerei," by Leona Dalrymple; "The Second Deluge," by Garrett P. Serviss; "Let's Make a Flower Garden," by Hanna Rion; "The Half-Timber House," by Allen W. Jackson, and "Andorra, the Hidden Republic," by Lewis Gaston Leary.

"The Return of Pierre," a novel by Donal Hamilton Haines, is in preparation by Henry Holt & Co.

Dr. James Devon has placed with John Lane Co. his new book, "The Criminal and the Community."

Some Oxford books in preparation by Frowde are: "Townsend's Poems and Masks," edited by E. K. Chambers; "A Manual of the Kashmiri Language," by G. A. Grierson; "Responsible Government in the Dominions," by A. B. Keith; "Tacitus' Histories," translated by W. H. Fyfe, and "Homeri Opera V (Hymnos Cyclum Fragmenta Margiten Batrachomyomachiam Vitas Continens)," edited by T. W. Allen.

The Century Co. is bringing out this month: "The Fighting Doctor," by Helen R. Martin, and Isabel Gordon Curtis's "The Woman from Wolverton," a story of Washington life.

Henry Sienkiewicz has a new book in the press of Little, Brown & Co., "In Desert and Wilderness." It deals with Africa at the time of the insurrection of the Mahdi, and is translated by Max A. Drezmal.

Scribners announce a series of essays, "Why Should We Change Our Form of Government?" by President Butler of Columbia. Other publications to be issued this month by the same house include: August Strindberg's dramas, "The Dream Play," "The Link," and "The Dance of Death," parts i and ii, translated by Edwin Bjorkman; "Fathers of Men," a story of English boarding-school life, by E. W. Hornung; "The Chink in the Armour," by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes; "Consul Assigned," by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews; "It and Other Stories," by Gouverneur Morris; "Wide Courses," by James B. Connolly; "The Inn of Tranquility," a volume of essays, by John Galsworthy, and "Riding and Driving for Women," by Belle Beach.

Among the books which will be brought out shortly by Longmans, Green & Co. are: "The Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman," based on his private journals and correspondence, by Wilfrid Ward, in two volumes; "George the Third and Charles Fox," the concluding part of "The American Revolution," by Sir George Otto Trevelyan; "Spiritual Progress: A Word of Good Cheer," by Rev. Arthur W. Robinson, with an introduction by the Bishop of London; "Love's Ascent: Considerations of Some Degrees of Spiritual Attainment" by Rev. Jesse Brett, and "The Passion of Christ: A Study in the Narratives, the Circumstances, and Some of the Doctrines Pertaining to the Trial and Death of our Divine Redeemer," by Rev. James S. Stone.

Books to be published by Houghton Mifflin Co. on February 17 include: "The Heart of Us," by T. Russell Sullivan; "The Last Cruise of the Saginaw," by George H. Read; "The Luck of Rathcoole," by Jeanie Gould Lincoln; "The Egyptian Conception of Immortality," by George A. Reisner; "Harvard Essays on Classical Subjects," edited by Herbert W. Smyth, and "Little Gray Songs from St. Joseph's," by Grace Fallow Norton.

To the Dictionary of National Biography, a new supplement will shortly be added by Smith & Elder, under the editorship of Sir Sidney Lee. It will include mention of persons who died between the death of Queen Victoria (January 22, 1901) and the end of 1911.

"The Power of Tolerance," by George Harvey (Harper), is a collection of speeches that have been made in the last half-dozen years, and a narrative that originally appeared in *Harper's Weekly*. They are all readable, and some of them are much more than that. Two of the more pretentious addresses are the first, which gives its name to the collection, and the one entitled "Journalism and the Uni-

versity," which was the 1908 Bromley lecture at Yale. Not the least interesting feature of the volume is the variety of occasions covered by the speeches. A reader wonders what freak of publishing policy is responsible for the use of the title of the initial address as a running title throughout the volume. The top of each right-hand page at least might have contained the title of the particular speech represented upon it, with an obvious gain in accuracy and convenience of reference.

Much is contained in little space in Mrs. H. P. Clark's book on Auction Bridge (Dodd, Mead). The chief points of the game are concisely and clearly expressed, a real advantage to beginners who hesitato to wade through the many pages of text and illustrative hands of the usual work on bridge. The tyro will here find in few words all he needs to know about the game.

Ralph Nevill's "Floreat Etona" (Macmillan) is confessedly an anecdotal story of Eton College, but it is based on sound knowledge of the historical background, and carries its anecdotes as far back as the records go. Those who have in their blood the Eton traditions will no doubt read the book with avidity; to the outsider, it gives a clear picture of life at the most famous of the English public schools, with its changes and its strange preservation of the past. Mr. Nevill writes from the frankly Tory point of view, deploring the rising tide of innovation, yet in the matter of curriculum of studies, which is in reality intimately associated with his conservative ideal, he shows himself something of an opportunist. We commend the book as good reading. The illustrations, largely from private sources, are a distinct addition to the text.

"Trekking the Great Thirst" (Scribner), by Arnold W. Hodson, has interest and value for several reasons. It is the story told in a quite artless way by a police officer of the Bechuanaland Protectorate, of his arduous duties in the hot and thirsty wastes of the Great Kalahari Desert, now the least-known part of South Central Africa. These duties consisted of visits to the villages scattered over the wilderness for the collection of the hut tax, the settlement of disputes, and the maintenance of law and order. Then he also had to explore unknown regions and to report upon their suitability for cultivation or pasturage, to make roads and to designate the location of water pits in the "sea of sand-hills." This necessitated an almost continuous life in the trackless desert, where he was not infrequently in great danger of perishing from thirst. In one large district the natives and their cattle depend almost entirely upon melons for food and drink. On one of his first trips he was obliged to go with ox-wagons 110 miles across sand with no water supply on the way. For special service on the frontier during the Herrero war of 1904-5 he was commended both by the Germans and the British Foreign Office. The country abounds in game, and he gives a list of thirty varieties which he shot, sport being his chief recreation. His narrative is substantially a transcript of his reports to the resident commissioner, and so has much monotonous detail. But it shows a true interest in the natives and exceedingly tactful dealing with them, and contains some valuable information in regard to their customs. His interest in his work was so great and the lure of the Kalahari so strong that more than once on his return to civilization he confesses to a feeling of homesickness for "the wild desert country which had for so long a time been my home." The chapter descriptive of a hunting trip of Lord Selborne, high commissioner of South Africa, made under the guidance of Lieutenant Hodson, was written by Mr. Vaughan-Kirby, sportsman and author, who also contributes an account of a thrilling experience with a lioness. The eighty-five illustrations are largely of game, and there are four sketch-maps of routes across the desert.

There is much to commend in "Cuba and Her People of To-day" (L. C. Page & Co.). The author, Forbes Lindsay, knows the Cubans, their virtues and shortcomings, and seeks to create a better understanding on the part of Americans, who not only have a moral responsibility towards the republic, but are exploiting its people and their industries. He traces the island's history with special reference to its development, and analyzes conditions, both social and economic, as he finds them to-day. No people were more handicapped in their development, he thinks, and "what the Cuban seems to need more than anything else is to develop virility and hard common sense. . . . It is always to be remembered that he was freed from his swaddling clothes but yesterday. He never before had a chance to grow, to stretch his limbs, to think and act for himself."

In Mr. Lindsay's opinion, the economic condition of Cuba is unfavorable to the welfare of its population, because foreigners own 90 per cent. of all the land worth working. Little of the wealth created by foreign capital finds its way into the pockets of the negro or the guajiro (the white peasant squatter), who is, nevertheless, oppressed by taxation, while the professional politician waxes fat and lives in contentment. As a consequence, there is unrest, and Mr. Lindsay suggests a permanent protectorate on the part of the United States as the most effectual method of solving Cuba's difficulties. There are chapters on the tobacco and sugar industries, the agricultural and mineral resources; advice for prospective settlers, and a number of excellent illustrations.

Maurice Evan Hare has edited and the Clarendon Press has issued "The Rowley Poems of Thomas Chatterton." A paragraph from the Introduction will give the exact procedure in forming the text:

> This edition is a reprint of Tyrwhitt's third (1778) edition, which it follows page for page (except the glossary; see note on p. 291). The reference numbers in text and glossary, which are often wrong in 1778, have been corrected; line-numbers have been corrected when wrong, and added to one or two poems which are without them in 1778, and the text has been collated throughout with that of 1777 and corrected from it in many places where the 1778 printer was at fault. These corrections have been made silently; all other corrections and additions are indicated by footnotes enclosed in square brackets.
>
> In the Glossary Mr. Hare has added the definition of a number of words which Tyrwhitt, not knowing Chatterton's use of the dictionaries of Kersey and Bailey, could not explain. Mr. Hare is moderate and sensible in his introductory remarks on Chatterton's act of forgery, finding it possible to treat the boy poet with tenderness without displaying any silly rancor towards Walpole. In his critical remarks he is not always so happy. He quotes, for instance, a stanza from "Ælla":

> See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;
> Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;
> Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
> Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude—

with the comment: "A better example than this of what is called the sublime could not be found." It is unfortunate that those who have wished to set forth the romantic charm of Chatterton (which at his best is indubitable) should so often fall into this kind of extravagance. We observe that in his bibliography Mr. Hare makes no mention (perhaps intentionally) of C. E. Russell's "Thomas Chatterton," Moffat, Yard & Co., 1908.

"Violette Montagu" (as the title page has it), or "Violette M. Montagu" (as the introduction is signed), has found it necessary to unearth "Sophie Dawes, Queen of Chantilly" (Lane). Sophie Dawes, better known as the Baronne de Feuchères, played in her day a scandalous part in the intimate history of the Orleans family. Her name, we believe, has not hitherto figured in English biographical literature, but the author was of the opinion that an authentic life of the "extraordinary woman who, for nearly twenty years, ruled over the mind and conscience of the unworthy descendant of the great Condé," ought to be no longer withheld. And thus she writes, and apparently has no difficulty in publishing, and, for aught we know, may find readers for, a detailed account of the misdeeds of an English adventuress of the lowest type, who became the mistress of the Duc de Bourbon and was tried on the charge of being accessory to his mysterious death, in 1830.

M. Bergson has not yet included in his system a general treatise on æsthetics; but he has at least emulated many philosophers since Hobbes's time in the attempt to reveal to us the essential nature of the ludicrous ("Laughter." The Macmillan Co.) His attempt is more penetrating than most of them, and perhaps more readable and more diverting than any previous book of the sort. But from the error in method characteristic of most of his precursors in the enterprise, M. Bergson has learned nothing; and his little volume has therefore much more of literary charm than of scientific value. The problem is one calling first of all for a wide and impartial induction of instances. Instead of this, we get an ingenious formula, suggested by the author's general philosophy, and then a selection of examples, chiefly from French comedies, in illustration of the formula—to which many of the examples are accommodated only by torturing interpretations. The book is thus an admirable exposition of a single aspect of the comic, and at the same time it is one long series of generalizations that will not bear a moment's comparison with the facts. M. Bergson's very first assertion, for example, is that "the comic does not exist outside the pale of what is strictly human." Has he, then, never seen a dachshund? Or does he think that when we laugh at a pun, we are always laughing at the author of it, and not at the

verbal incongruity itself? His last contention, again, is that laughter is always a means of social correction and has in it a touch of asperity, if not of cruelty—that "sympathy is capable of entering into the impression of the comic" only fleetingly and "from a lapse in attention." Can it be that M. Bergson has never witnessed the admiring and adoring laughter of grown-ups at the delectable blunders of children—one of the great sources of natural laughter-supply of the race? In his translators, C. Brereton and F. Rothwell, the author has again been fortunate; their English is often as happy as M. Bergson's French. Occasionally, however, they miss a French idiom. "Le rire n'aurait donc rien de très bienveillant," for example, should not be rendered "So evidently there is nothing very benevolent in laughter"; it means: "So far, then, there should seem to be nothing very benevolent," etc. Apparently for the sake of stylistic effect, the closing sentence of the book is misleadingly "over-translated." Where the author says that one finds in laughter, as in sea-foam, "pour une petite quantité de matière une certaine dose d'amertume," the translators have written that one "may find that the substance is scanty and the after-taste bitter."

In "God in Evolution" (Longmans), Francis Howe Johnson, who twenty years ago in an essay entitled "What Is Reality?" suggested the application of the pragmatic method to the problems of theology, returns to the attempt to reconcile philosophy, science, and theology by means of pragmatism. Authority in pragmatic theology is based neither on the church nor on the Scriptures, but on human experience. The doctrine of evolution is the solvent by which the facts of experience are interpreted and made clear. Appealing to experience as revealed through evolution, the author examines such doctrines as the omnipotence and benevolence of God. The results are not in harmony with the tenets of any body of Christians. God, according to the new philosophy, is "beset with limitations." He is doubtless doing the best He can, but manifestly His works are not perfect, and it is better to recognize the limitations in Himself than in anything exterior. The losses in the surrender of the traditional views respecting the infinite attributes of God are recognized, but it is contended that there are advantages which more than compensate in the recognition of the "God of things as they are." The usual result of such pleas for harmony is the satisfaction of neither party to the dispute, and it may be that Mr. Johnson will fail to convince, either the scientist as to the religious implications of evolution, or the theologian as to his proposed modifications of religious doctrine. The difficulty with the pragmatist's appeal to the doctrines which work is that in this sad world no doctrines have yet worked sufficiently well to afford a basis of their sufficieney.

Edwin J. Clapp's treatise on "The Port of Hamburg" (Yale University Press) advocates a modernization of our ocean and Great Lakes terminals along the lines followed in Hamburg; and the author is equally convinced that, if river transportation in America is to be revived, it must be modelled on that of the Elbe and the Rhine. His main source of information is Wiedenfeld's standard work on "Die nordwesteuropäischen Welthäfen," but he has carried on independent investigations, and produced a valuable handbook, not too technical for the general reader, on the port facilities and the maritime commerce of Hamburg, with some sidelights on German waterways and railways generally. He highly lauds the dock system of Hamburg, as contrasted with that of London, Liverpool, and Antwerp. Mr. Clapp evidently identifies himself with the enthusiastic advocates of a great trans-oceanic Germany, as he quotes approvingly from Professor Schmoller's speech in 1899, as follows: "We must desire that, at any price, a German land with a German population of twenty to thirty millions shall arise in South Brazil in the course of the next century. It is indifferent whether it becomes an independent state, or whether it comes in close connection with our Empire." The movement of German emigration does not seem to bear out this prognostication.

Sir James MacPherson Lemoine died at his home in Quebec on Monday, aged eighty-seven. In 1897 he was knighted for his literary work, which includes books, in both English and French, mostly on the history of Canada. Among them are "L'Ornithologie du Canada," "Les Pêcheries du Canada," "Maple Leaves" (6 vols.), "The Scot in New France," "The Chronicles of the St. Lawrence," and "Monographies et esquisses."

The death is reported, in his seventy-second year, of Otto Liebmann, who up to last summer, when he resigned, was professor of philosophy at the University of Jena. He was the author of several important works: "Kant und die Epigonen," "Vier Monate vor Paris," the latter a diary kept during the Franco-Prussian War; "Analyse der Wirklichkeit," and "Gedanken und Tatsachen."

Prof. Salomon Lefmann, who died recently at the age of eighty, was professor of Sanskrit at the University of Heidelberg. At least two of his works deserve mention: "Lalita Vistara, übersetzt und erklärt" and "Geschichte des alten Indiens."

Maurice Maeterlinck is fortunate among contemporary men of letters in his apparent immunity from adverse criticism. Either the Belgian writer has been universally accepted, or else those who find in him no appeal choose to be silent. A rare exception is the Abbé Ernest Dimnet, who, in a trenchant paper in the *Nineteenth Century* entitled "Is M. Maeterlinck Critically Estimated?" handles the Belgian philosopher without gloves. We say the philosopher, because with Maeterlinck the poet and dramatist the Abbé has no quarrel. He does protest against the conception of Maeterlinck as a sage and a guide to life. Taking "Le Trésor des humbles" as the Belgian's most successful experiment in the field of speculative thought, our writer is chiefly impressed "by the pleasure M. Maeterlinck takes in stringing words together, and by his indifference to the development of the idea from which he originally started." In "La Sagesse et la destinée" we do find one idea which has been helpful to many discouraged souls, but it is not an original discovery. The notion that Destiny is only a word and that free-will can modify the so-called course of fate was long ago expressed in the French proverb, "Aide-toi, le Ciel t'aidera." The real cause of his popularity lies in "the snobbishness of the crowd—I mean the reading, not the working crowd." The success of his philosophical books is "of exactly the same order as the success of any second-rate novel or drama." His influence does not count with people who count.

By contrast with this vehement bit of depreciation we may mention a short paper by Randolph S. Bourne in the *Atlantic Monthly* entitled "The Mystic Turned Radical." Mr. Bourne finds that by long wandering in the field of semi-conscious sensations, Maeterlinck has attained a clarity of vision which, trained upon the social problems of the day, has made him the leading exponent of the rights of the inner man as against the scientific determinism of the times.

In the same number of the *Atlantic* Harriet Finlay-Johnson describes under the name "Education Dramatized" a scheme of pedagogics which suggests that a better title would have been "Education Anarchised." In the model school under consideration—Miss Johnson frankly places it in Utopia—work begins at no slavishly fixed hour. "Just as soon as we can race there, will be the correct time for us." When the teacher appears and says, "Now, *I'm* ready," the children bring forth specimens of flowers, weeds, leaves, grasses, and shells, and each child tells "exactly in its own way" what it has found and observed for itself. The elder children produce wooden ships of their own manufacture and a geography lesson begins. Objects in the classroom serve as mimic mountains, capes, and islands, and the children are frankly delighted "when they discover that the North end of the room is really the coldest end, because that makes it easy to call it the North Pole." By what system of internal heating and ventilation the teacher succeeds in producing extraordinary climatic differences within a small classroom is not stated. In the same way arithmetic is dramatized by setting the children to dance with each other, after assigning a number to each child and stipulating that the arithmetical sum of every couple must be 10. It is a striking anomaly of revolutionary educational thought of the day that with the progress of democracy and the vast increase in the number of children who must be trained, the methods being evolved should be increasingly complicated, deliberate, and costly. Jules Lemaître has remarked of the elaborate Rousseauan system of education that it is "simply and purely a dream of an education ultra-aristocratic."

Samuel McChord Crothers has a delightful paper in the *Century* on what he calls "The Obviousness of Dickens," from which one feels tempted to quote again and again. Dr. Crothers admits that the humor, the pathos, and the people in Dickens are obvious, but he begs to distinguish between the perception of the obvious, which is no great merit, and the creation of the obvious, which is genius. The writer confesses that like certain Mid-Victorian Lord Chancellors, he has wept over Little Nell. "Doubtless we ought not to have done so. Our excuse is that, at the time, we could not help it. We may make the further plea, common to all

soft-hearted sinners, that if we hadn't wept other people would, so that no great harm was done after all." Obvious? Yes.

The man with the flamboyant necktie whom you saw on the 8:40 train may also be the author of a volume of exquisite lyrics; but you never saw the lyrics and you did see the necktie. In the scale of being the necktie may be the least important part of this good man's life, but it is the only thing about him which attracts attention. . . . We see things and infer persons to correspond. It is not the whole man, but it is all of him that is for us. In all this we are very Dickensy.

So Madame Bovary and Master Builder Solness are acutely analyzed; but the lady in the yellow curl-papers is unforgettable.

In the *World's Work* there is a brief appreciation of Selma Lagerlöf, who divides with August Strindberg first place among Swedish writers, and far out-distances that sombre man of talent in popular affection. Selma Lagerlöf's fairy tales and idylls have become part of the national culture and tradition.

Basil de Selincourt's apologia for Ruskin in the *Contemporary Review* concedes perhaps more than is necessary. The article deals almost entirely with Ruskin's defects of temper. Temper is the severest, the most searching test of a man's principles and Ruskin's "outbursts of denunciatory spleen are indeed deplorable." Nowadays we are apt to lay greater stress on service than on character, and great men are justified by what they did and not by what they were. Is there need for arguing so plaintively that even when Ruskin is vindictive, "his words vibrate with an intense realization of the dignity of the human soul, of the beauty of rectitude"?

Science

THE ANCIENT FEUD.

Science and Religion in Contemporary Philosophy. By Emile Boutroux. Translated by Jonathan Nield. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

It cannot be said that Mr. Nield's translation is in all respects fortunate. The English style is unattractive and occasionally lacking in lucidity. This, however, is not altogether Mr. Nield's fault. In Professor Boutroux's style one looks in vain for that lucidity and precision which usually characterize modern French writing, and most of the unfortunate qualities of the translation are but reflections from the original.

The book is a scholarly exposition and able criticism of the leading attempts made during the last century to end the conflict between science and religion, together with Professor Boutroux's own view as to the solution of the problem. In the early part of the last century, our author points out, there was a lull in the conflict; a temporary armistice was patched up on the basis of a division of the human functions, after the manner suggested by Schleiermacher. But in the fourth decade of the century the struggle broke out again and has been raging ever since. The account of this struggle, which fills most of the volume, falls into two parts, which expound respectively, "The Naturalistic Tendency" and "The Spiritualistic Tendency." Under the first heading Boutroux deals with Comte, Spencer, Haeckel, and what in the French original he calls "Psychologisme" and "Sociologisme." The expositions of the various doctrines concerned are usually excellent, and the hurried reader who wishes to know the point of view of the authors and schools here dealt with will find Boutroux's book a helpful and trustworthy time-saver.

The central weakness which our author finds in Comte's position is the inveterate incompatibility between the positivistic view and the recognition of man's religious needs. Comte seeks to retain both, but each tends inevitably to destroy the other. If the religious needs which Comte recognizes are to be satisfied, they carry man irresistibly beyond the barriers set up by positivism:

> Faith in the superior reality of an ideal object irreducible to whatever is given, yet capable of being impressed on the given, has produced the very heroes whom Auguste Comte so rightly honors; they are the saints of his calendar because they have not believed in his religion.

Herbert Spencer fares much better at our author's hands. In a sense, his philosophy may be called deeply religious. In fact a consistent working out of this philosophy would result in a much more positively religious view than Spencer ever admitted. "His Absolute is force, power, energy, the infinite, the source of consciousness, the common ground of the *ego* and the *non-ego*, that which transcends intelligence and personality. Having regard to such terms, can it be claimed that this Absolute is entirely unknowable; and if the predicates that Herbert Spencer has fearlessly attributed to it are legitimate, is it certain that these rudiments of knowledge are incapable of progress and development?" "If the Humanity (Grand-Etre) of Auguste Comte is an incomplete and unstable conception, seeing that man is, in essence, a being who goes beyond self, there is still greater reason why we cannot, with Herbert Spencer, place men in the presence of the Being whence all things proceed, and then tell them that they can neither understand nor depend upon this Being in the smallest degree."

The weakness of Comte's position reappears in an exaggerated form in the materialistic "Monism" of Haeckel. On the one hand, indeed, Haeckel's solution of the controversy between science and religion is beautifully simple—religion, namely, is altogether illusory and must eventually disappear before science. But, on the other hand, like Comte, Haeckel recognizes that there are certain perennial human demands, especially those represented by the words Truth, Beauty, Goodness, which are satisfied in part by religion and which science at present does not satisfy. This difficulty Haeckel seeks to avoid by the help of his monistic view of reality—a kind of panpsychic materialism. But as Boutroux points out, Haeckel is precluded from any such solution by his own fundamental view that the scientific method is the only method worthy of pursuit. If this is true, then "Monism" is as impossible as any other metaphysic—for a metaphysic it is, and one that can never be demonstrated by scientific method. And if there are other justifiable methods besides the scientific, then the other and more spiritual philosophies go unscathed by any criticism of Haeckel's. Moreover, it is as impossible to get the religious values which Haeckel recognizes out of his philosophy as it is to get his philosophy out of his science. It is certainly hard to see how materialistic monism can nourish our emotional nature or satisfy the ideal demands which religion serves. And if we are to put into our philosophy things justified by our emotional demands but not by our science, why should we stop with Haeckel's monism?

It is open war that Haeckel offers to religion in the name of science. But there is, in Boutroux's opinion, one foe to religion more dangerous and more virulent than even "Monism." This new foe may be called the "Science of Religion," taking sometimes the garb of psychology, sometimes that of sociology:

> In the religious fact is implied the idea of objects, of forces, of feelings, of states which cannot be reduced to ordinary phenomena, which cannot be explained according to the methods of science. It is in so far as they ignore or reject the scientific explicability of the elements of religion that men are religious; and religion has only been able to exist owing to the non-existence of a science dealing with the natural causes of the religious phenomenon. Contrary, then, to the other sciences, which leave standing the things that they explain, the one just mentioned has this remarkable property of destroying its object in the act of describing it, and of substituting itself for the facts in proportion as it analyses them.

The attempt to reduce religion to psychical phenomena which may be ordered according to regular laws so that they may be regarded as necessary, determined, and conceivably predictable is, in Boutroux's opinion, based upon a mistaken view of the human soul. If religion is really going to be explained by the facts of human consciousness, appeal must be made to consciousness as it is, in its full and complex richness of concrete actuality, not to a collection of manufactured "ideas," "laws," etc., invented by an artificial associationism. And if we view consciousness as it really is, and appeal to it, we shall find in it a fulness of life which is religion, and which is not explicable by any scientific categories. It may, indeed, be

that religious phenomena are only subjective phenomena; but from this it does not follow that they are therefore in no way different from other phenomena or that the claims of religion are illusory. For the modern view of religion makes God immanent rather than transcendent and his relation to us an inner rather than an outer one. And the reason why psychology can find in religious phenomena nothing peculiar may be because it is impossible for psychology to take note of anything that does not fit into her categories. An intelligent electric light could never see a shadow; but shadows would exist none the less.

An interesting treatment of Ritschlianism begins part ii, the "Spiritual Tendency." Boutroux is not blind to the advantages of Ritschl's attempted divorce between religion and theology. If such a complete separation could indeed be brought about, there would seem to be little chance of conflict between science and religion. But, as a fact, Ritschlianism in its original form retains enough objective content to make it very open to the attacks of science; and its ideal of religion without any metaphysic, if actually attained, would make faith nothing but subjectivism without content. And even in this unobtrusive and non-militant form, faith would not be secure against the attacks of science; for since the days of Ritschl science in the form of psychology has begun the invasion of the inner world; and if religion is to remain secure even there, some more adequate defence must be found for her than that offered by Ritschlianism.

Some such defence may be obtained by taking advantage of the analysis of science made by such men as Poincaré, Duhem, etc. Boutroux gives a fair presentation of the position of these men, and accepts it with little qualification. Thus viewed, certain modern defenders of religion tell us, science is herself a kind of faith, and is limited both in her compass and in her depth. Her objects are phenomena rather than reality, and her laws are hypothetical short-hand expressions of experience rather than expositions of the truth about an independent reality. Yet our author warns us against too great optimism even here. Though less dogmatic in her own claims than of old, science is no more ready than formerly to admit the claims of religion. Rather she will insist that if a thing is unknowable for her it is *à fortiori* unknowable for religion and every other discipline. And a solution of the problem on the basis of the limits of science will satisfy neither science nor religion.

Two more spiritualistic attempts at solution are now considered—the "Philosophy of Action" (as Boutroux calls a modification of pragmatism) and the appeal of William James to religious experience. These are taken up in turn and treated with a good deal of appreciation. In our author's opinion, however, neither of them is satisfactory to either science or religion.

Thus we are brought, in a somewhat bewildered state, to the "Conclusion." And the Conclusion does little to abate our bewilderment. In it Boutroux attempts to make clear his own solution of the problem, but unfortunately the skill he displayed in expounding other men's views seems to desert him when he starts to explain his own. Throughout this whole concluding chapter his thought wavers and winds, paragraphs follow each other with little logical connection, and one gets the impression that one is reading the jottings from a notebook rather than a careful presentation of a single line of thought. The gist of the conclusion is that the conflict is not so much between science and religion as between the scientific spirit and the religious spirit; that these two have to do with such different aspects of life and mind as to be almost incommensurable; and that therefore neither can nor should really destroy the other. This conclusion is based in part upon the modern view of the nature and limits of science—a view which, it will be remembered, our author in a previous chapter had affirmed was of little use in the solution of the conflict. This is an inconsistency which he, apparently, fails to notice, or at any rate nowhere attempts to explain. In contradistinction to the impersonal point of view which science maintains toward experience, religion takes the personal and subjective attitude. This is equally real and justifiable, and in the great religions it is broadened by looking at things not from the point of view of a single individual but from that of society as a whole. Further expositions of the meaning and nature of religion waver between identification of it with morality and the insistence in addition upon faith in some sort of supernatural and metaphysical sanction. It is therefore hard to see how our author would meet the dilemma: in so far as religion is unassailable by science, it is only morality; in so far as it is more than morality, it is still open to the attacks of science. Of course, it may be able to resist those attacks; but, be that as it may, Professor Boutroux's proposed treaty of peace would appear to be nothing more than an occasion for a renewal of hostilities.

In short, it does not seem likely that the age-long conflict will be ended by the appearance of this book. Boutroux's solution of it is open to the same double criticism that he makes upon the solutions of most of his predecessors—it will be acceptable neither to science nor to religion. But for all that, the work is a valuable presentation of an important question, earnest, judicial, scholarly, and helpful. And though its value lies chiefly in its criticisms, it will rank as a real contribution to what the author calls the "spiritualistic tendency."

Charles Gilbert Wheeler, the chemist and mining geologist, died last week in Chicago, aged seventy-five. He was born in London, Canada, graduated from Harvard in 1858, studied in foreign universities, and in 1868 was appointed professor of chemistry in the University of Chicago; at the time of his death he was the last survivor of the original faculty of the old university. He invented the Babcock chemical fire-extinguisher in 1869, and was geologist and interpreter—he spoke seven modern languages—on the Commission to examine the route of the Nicaraguan Canal in 1899. Several books in his particular subjects bear his name.

Dr. David Christison, whose death is announced from Edinburgh, was among the first to become interested in scientific archæology in Scotland. Besides numerous papers on the subject, he wrote "Early Fortifications in Scotland" and "The Prehistoric Forts of Scotland."

Drama and Music

EXOTIC PLAYS.

The current theatrical season has brought the American playwright face to face with a formidable Asiatic peril. If this were not a bad time for protective tariffs in general, our dramatists might well appeal to Congress for a heavy import duty on Oriental drama, with which the stage is in danger of being swamped. The beginning of 1912 in New York found no less than four plays of life in the distant and odorous East. "Sumurûn" and "Kismet" are straight out of the Arabian Nights. "The Garden of Allah" is North Africa. "Ben Hur"—this last, it is true, of native manufacture—is Syria and Palestine in Roman times. Add to this "The Arab," produced earlier in the season, the play of native life in Hawaii now running, "Madama Butterfly" at the Metropolitan Opera House, and the Russian dancers pretty nearly everywhere, and it is apparent that the playboys of the Eastern world are having things very much their own way with us at present. A play of Chinese life is announced for immediate production. A Japanese play, "Typhoon," has been given at the German theatre in this city. What other evocations of the East are before us, one can hardly say. The outlook is that very few corners of the Mohammedan, Buddhist, and Polynesian world will be left untouched before the fashion changes.

Some of the causes that have set this wave of Orientalism sweeping over Europe and this country are not difficult to trace. The underlying motive is the

passion for novelty which makes itself felt in the theatre more powerfully than in any other form of art. Europe seems to have grown pretty tired of the romantic drama, the social drama, and the out-and-out sex drama in its fam'liar Occidental form. In this connection it is significant that "Sumurûn," the latest word in spectacular exoticism, should come from the man who was a pioneer in Germany of the intimate social drama, or *Kammerspiele*. In reaction against the painful realism of a few years ago we have the phantasy of the East. In reaction against the toy-theatre we have the elaborate spectacle. Probably, too, the decline of good acting enters into the problem. Scenery and costume-display strive to atone for the essential element in the pleasure of the theatre—impersonation. Above and beyond all this, one wonders how much is to be explained by the course of history in the East during the last few years. The average theatre-goer is not peculiarly interested in the progress of international politics. But the men who cater to the theatre-going public may very well have been attracted by the stir, the turmoil, and the clash of events in Japan, China, India, Persia, Egypt, Morocco, and Tripoli.

In our own case there is still another cause to be taken into account, and that is the widening scope of foreign travel among the well-to-do. People who once went to the Riviera now cross over to Algeria and Tangier, and Biskra is becoming as familiar as Nice and San Remo. Egypt has grown almost commonplace. People nowadays winter in India, Hawaii, and Manila. Frequent round-the-world excursions set out from Atlantic and Pacific ports. Here, then, is a considerable constituency to which the theatre offers an opportunity to revive the recollections and the atmosphere of the East. And there is, of course, the added advantage that the theatre allows the traveller to see, or at least pretends to let him see, the intimacies of that Oriental life of which he has caught only a hasty glance at the externals between two dips into Baedeker. The stage will always be more interesting than life, we presume, and the costumes in "Kismet" and "Sumurûn" are probably more Oriental to the ordinary eye than the crowds at Algiers or in Bombay.

There is a certain irony in the fact that a wave of Eastern invasion should have broken upon us just when patriotic theatrical criticism was celebrating the emancipation of the American theatre from the foreign yoke and the coming of the American dramatist into his own. Theorizing is always a little behind the facts in the theatre, as in every other field. The plays that have made their impress upon the present theatrical season, with a few exceptions, are the specimens of Eastern drama we have enumerated, plus such foreign products, or plays dealing with foreign subjects, as "Bunty," the Irish Players, and "Disraeli"—the last one, by the way, dealing with precisely the spot indicated by Mr. Kipling as the dividing point between Western and Eastern morals.

In this temporary retrogression of the drama of native life, there is no cause for fear or regret. In the field of the drama, as a branch of art, competition is not yet obsolete. There is no reason why we should prefer a third-rate American play by an American writer to a good play from abroad. We cannot help feeling that the young American playwright has gone in too much for the type of the times and the question of the hour. Captains of industry and political bosses have beset us in wearying succession. Trusts and the cost of living are serious problems, but a more serious and interesting problem is life. To the extent that our playwrights are dealing honestly with life they will need no protection against foreign competitors.

"The War God," by Israel Zangwill, is promised by Macmillan for this month. In it Bismarck, but lightly veiled, personifies War, and Tolstoy Peace.

William Watson's "Heralds of the Dawn," which John Lane Co. promises for March, is in four acts and is written mainly in blank verse.

The five or six small volumes of the Tudor Shakespeare (Macmillan) which have reached us give an adequate idea of what this edition when complete will be. From the mere announcement of the work it was all along clear that the general editors, Professors W. A. Neilson and A. H. Thorndike, were concerned to choose competent assistants. Each play has a separate editor, save for "Romeo and Juliet," which the general editors themselves have done, presumably to indicate the method of treatment desired. As much of the best American scholarship is to be employed on the Tudor Shakespeare, one can confidently predict that glaring errors will be lacking, and that all the latest investigations on various phases of the subject will be referred to. To speak safely seems to be the main impulse of the editors, and the edition might properly have been called the Safe and Sane Shakespeare, even though that title implies some lack of inspiration. True, the size of the volume—slightly larger than that of the little Temple Shakespeare—leaves small room for flourishes, even if they were desirable. An introduction of about ten pages goes over the usual matters of Text, Date of Composition, Sources of the Plot, Style, etc. In the examplar put out by the general editors, the last-named topic is finished off in fifteen lines. It occurs to us that even a compact introduction might have done more with the style of "Romeo and Juliet." Each play is followed by very brief notes and a very brief glossary. In appearance the volumes, inside and outside, are most agreeable. We have thus far received, besides the "Romeo and Juliet," "Henry VI," part i, edited by Louise Pound; "Henry IV," part i, edited by Frank Wadleigh Chandler; "As You Like It," edited by Martha Hale Shackford; "Henry V," edited by Lewis F. Mott; "The Merchant of Venice," edited by Harry Morgan Ayres, and "Macbeth," edited by Arthur C. L. Brown. The price is thirty-five cents net the volume.

"Lydia Gilmore," the latest stage work of Henry Arthur Jones, now to be seen in the Lyceum Theatre and described on the programme as a "new and original play," belongs to the class of "pot-boilers." It is, however, superior to the majority of its kind in workmanship and invention. The object of it is two-fold—first, to furnish as many theatrical thrills, old and new, as possible within a given space for the delectation of the crowd, and, secondly, to supply Margaret Anglin, one of our most eloquent emotional actresses, with an abundance of harrowing situations. Unfortunately, in his efforts to pile up the agony, Mr. Jones has partly defeated his own purpose. His first act is a masterly bit of melodrama. The artificial nature of it is apparent only upon reflection. In action it is swift, plausible, and highly effective. The scene is the drawing-room of a country physician, Dr. Gilmore. There has been a dinner party, and one of the guests, James Stracey, a neighbor, is going to London after taking his wife home. Every one is cheerful for the doctor has just given his consent to the betrothal of his sister to an ardent young lover. Only the doctor is distraught because Mrs. Stracey, his secret mistress, has given him an assignation at her house after her husband's departure. Stracey has discovered this, and in saying good night discourses on the beauties of friendship. Presently Gilmore goes out, to see a patient as he says, bidding his wife, Lydia, not to sit up. But the latter has work to do for her little boy, a young scapegrace, who is responsible for the unexpected entrance of Richard Benham, K.C., an old lover of his mother. Benham avows a passion, which Lydia, as wife and mother, declares hopeless. He then retires, and almost immediately Gilmore returns, trembling and horror-stricken, to confess his intrigue with Mrs. Stracey and his murder, after a struggle, of her husband, who had been awaiting him. This is a most striking scene, cleverly imagined and vividly told, and ends the first act with an uncommonly effective climax. The second act, in which Lydia, for her child's sake, volunteers to perjure herself in order to prove an alibi for her husband, if necessary, is also strong and interesting, but after that what is meant to be the strength of the play proves its weakness. Lydia is compelled to tell the truth to Benham—who can disprove the alibi—and the latter, a famous lawyer, suddenly charged with the prosecution of Gilmore, who has been arrested, carefully instructs Lydia how to perjure herself to the best advantage, and pledges himself to aid her in his cross-examination. In the ensuing court scene this plot—which makes criminals of both hero and heroine—is successfully carried out, until an anonymous letter to the judge—a trick unworthy of Mr. Jones—causes Lydia to break down and betray herself in a fit of ungovernable hysteria. To crown all Gilmore commits suicide in order that Lydia and Benham may be united in the end. Rarely has Mr.

Jones's zeal for situation made him guilty of so much extravagance or so much false sentiment. But it is only fair to add that his involved plot is woven with remarkable adroitness, that his situations are theatrically strong and much of his characterization lifelike. His judgment is more at fault than his workmanship. The piece, as a whole, is well acted, especially in the case of Miss Anglin, who plays Lydia with refinement, insight, and infinite variety of emotional expression. Her personal success was indisputable.

The cast for the coming production of "Oliver Twist," by Liebler & Co. has almost been completed. To the Bill Sykes of Lyn Harding, the Nancy of Constance Collier, and the Oliver of Marie Doro can be added the Mrs. Maylie of Susanna Sheldon, the Rose of Olive Wyndham, the Grimwig of Fuller Mellish, the Monke of Eric Blind, the Brownlow of Charles Harbury, and the Bumble of Frank Lyons. It may be doubted whether the revival of the so-called dramatization of his works—against which he used to rail furiously—is the best way of showing reverence for the memory of Dickens; but no doubt "Oliver Twist" will attract crowds. Young playgoers will go to see it in order to gratify their curiosity, and the elders for the sake of a renewal of old memories. Some of the latter have not yet forgotten the hideous and thrilling terrors of J. W. Wallack's Fagin in the condemned cell, or the ferocious savagery of Davenport's Bill Sykes. It is strange how few actors have won enduring fame in the characters of Dickens, considering the number, variety, and vitality of them. The Cap'n Cuttle of Florence and Burton, the Caleb of Owens and Joe Jefferson, the Micawber of G. F. Rowe, the Pinch of E. S. Willard, the Jingle of Irving, still live in the memory as possessing somewhat of the individuality bestowed upon the originals by their creator; but the vast majority of the thousands of Dickens impersonations long ago passed into oblivion.

John Cort has purchased a new three-act play of American life, entitled "Ransomed," by Theodore Burt Sayre and Cleveland Rogers. He will produce it early next season.

Frank Curzon and Marie Tempest will soon take charge of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, in London. They will begin operations with a new play by Anthony Wharton, author of "Irene Wycherly." The new work is said to be of a much more cheerful character. It is called "At the Barn," and is said to contain an excellent part for Miss Tempest. Evidently the lady is of the opinion, or she would have allowed somebody else to produce the piece.

Charles Kenyon, who has established a considerable reputation in the English provinces, has taken a lease of the Little Theatre in London, and will produce there "The Blindness of Virtue," an adaptation by Cosmo Hamilton of his own novel of that name. This is a thesis play, of an "advanced" character, dealing with the education of girls and the responsibilities of mothers.

Cyril Maude is going to revive Capt. Marshall's "The Second in Command" at the Playhouse in London.

Arthur Chudleigh has produced a new play by R. C. Carton at the London Comedy Theatre. It is called "The Bear Leaders." The two principal characters, to be played by Miss Compton and Edmund Gwenn, are supposed to be prominent figures in the world of fashion, who, with the view of eking out a tenuous income, undertake the instruction of youthful members of the aristocracy. In other words, they charge themselves with the task of licking society cubs into shape. Among those confided to their care is a youthful couple, boy and girl, and it is with the development and ultimate fate of the pair that Mr. Carton's story is concerned.

Florence St. John, whose death is announced from London, was a capable and statuesque performer, whose artistic capacity was not in full proportion to the great popularity which she enjoyed for many years upon the English stage. Her maiden name was Florence Grieg, and she was born in Devonshire fifty-seven years ago. She was married early in life and afterward to the well-known actor M. Marius (Duplany). She attracted the attention of H. B. Farnie and Alexander Henderson, who engaged her for London, where she acted and sang with success in "Les Cloches de Corneville," "Madame Favart," and "Olivette." Her prosperity endured for many years. Some of her chief successes were made in "The Great Mogul," "Faust Up to Date," "Carmen Up to Date," "Little Christopher Columbus," "The Grand Duchess," etc. In later years she acted in comedy.

A composition of especial interest will be on the programme of the fourth subscription concert of the Kneisel Quartet at the Hotel Astor on the evening of February 13—the Quintet in B minor for two violins, viola, 'cello, and clarinet, op. 115. It is one of the four chamber works by Brahms in which the clarinet is employed. Leon Le Roy, clarinetist, will assist the Quartet.

At the second subscription concert of the MacDowell chorus in Carnegie Hall on February 12, the entire Philharmonic Orchestra will take part, and the soloists will be Maggie Teyte and George Harris, jr. The programme will comprise short contrasting numbers intended to represent the modern French school. A special feature will be the first American performance of excerpts from Debussy's "Le Martyr de St. Sebastien."

If the present rumors about a season of French opera at the Century Theatre prove to be true, there will be much rejoicing among its lovers, who are many, and who, since the closing of the Manhattan Opera House, have been longing to hear favorite works of the French school more frequently. With such artists as Mary Garden, Maggie Teyte, Maurice Renaud, Charles Dalmores, Hector Dufranne, Gustave Huberdean, and others of lesser note, the venture would doubtless be a success.

The Bishop of London did not allow Handel to produce his oratorios as operas, but the Moody-Manners Opera Company has just obtained permission from the Lord Chamberlain to produce a dramatic version of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," which, accordingly, is to be brought out with splendid scenery and costumes. The reverend Dr. Haweis used to maintain that all oratorios would be much more popular if given as operas.

The London Symphony Orchestra, which is to arrive in New York on April 8 for a series of concerts, under Arthur Nikisch, will in twenty-two days give twenty-two concerts, and travel 5,000 miles, as far West as Denver and North as Toronto and Montreal. The members will travel in a special train-de-luxe, on which not only will they sleep, but also do the necessary rehearsing.

Art

Dr. Hofstede de Groot of The Hague will publish shortly through Macmillan the fourth volume of his "Catalogue Raisonné of the Works of the Most Eminent Dutch Painters of the Seventeenth Century," translated and edited by Edward G. Hawke. It includes the paintings of Jacob von Ruisdael, Meindert Hobbema, Adriaan van der Velde, and Paulus Potter.

Among the books imported by Lemcke & Buechner are "Les Temples immergés de la Nubie; Debod bis Bab Kalabzche," a monograph in German, by G. Roeder, and "Miniaturen aus Handschriften der Königl. Hof und Staatsbibliothek München," issued by Dr. George Leidinger. The latter publication will begin with "Miniaturen des berühmten sogenannten Evangeliariums Kaiser Ottos III."

Many critics have attributed to Leonardo da Vinci a little Madonna in the collection of Mme. Bénois at St. Petersburg. Others have been repelled by the somewhat primitive aspect of this charming work. Sidney Colvin, in the *Burlington Magazine* for January, reproduces from a sheet of drawings by Leonardo in the British Museum no less than three composition studies for the Bénois picture. It is apparently one of the "two Virgin Maries" the beginning of which is noted on an Uffizi drawing dated 1478. The identification of this early Madonna reopens the whole problem of Leonardo's origins. Obviously the discovery tends to confirm the views of the late Eugène Müntz, who ascribed to Leonardo a considerable number of finer pieces of Verrocchian type.

"Sculpture in Spain" (Lane), by Albert F. Calvert, is an extended essay by the accomplished editor of the "Spanish Series," and contains 162 illustrations. The early period is treated topically—a chapter on architectural sculpture, another on tombs, on altarbacks, etc. This involves disconcerting leaps and retrogressions which may confuse the beginner. With the fifteenth century begins a more satisfactory arrangement by schools and artists. The survey ends with the seventeenth century. The book is rather a record than a criticism. Indeed, Mr. Calvert's comment is pretty well confined to running praise of Spanish polychromy and apologies for Spanish naturalism. It is not strange that he should somewhat exaggerate the æsthetic value of this art. His constant reminder that we must assume the standpoint of Spanish sensationalism will remind a thoughtful reader that the eulogy is after all relative and adjusted to Iberian latitudes. Though

less comprehensive and thorough than Paul Lafond's "La Sculpture espagnole," this book may better serve the need of the average reader. On page 74, Annunciation is printed where the corresponding plate shows Assumption is intended. It may be well to note here that the Hispanic Museum in this city contains fine examples of Spanish sculpture of the best periods.

The Egypt Exploration Fund is continuing its excavations at Abydos. Work has been carried on in the great cemeteries, and tombs of all periods have been opened. Among the most noteworthy is a magnificent example of a Roman tomb, which consisted of a vaulted chamber, about twenty feet in length, built of mud bricks and originally almost hidden in the sand. On its floor were found twelve heavy coffins of limestone, each with its cover carefully sealed. Inside each lay the mummy wrapped in linen bandages, the blue and gold of its painted coverings as brilliant as when first laid in the tomb. The fact that another similar tomb was built over it at a slightly later date had saved it from the plunderer. At another place in the cemetery was found the skeleton of a woman buried deep in the sand. She had evidently been buried decked in all her jewelry; on her wrists were bracelets of cowries and beads of cornelian; on her finger was a ring of five fine scarabs, one of which bears the cartouche of Sheshonk, a Shishak, the Egyptian King of the XXII Dynasty who sacked Jerusalem in the time of Rehoboam; under her head was found a mass of ornaments, scarabs, shells, pebbles, copper and iron rings, and various beads; and on the nose was a little silver nose-ring. Not far from this spot was discovered a more ancient burial, probably of the XII Dynasty. It consisted of the skeleton of a woman, with two alabaster vases placed near her head. Round her neck was a long necklace of beads, and at her left hand three scarabs, one a fine amethyst. These excavations have been carried on under the direction of T. E. Peet; on the arrival of the director, M. Naville, the scope of the work will be enlarged, and the clearing of the Osireion, the great underground temple of Mesneptah, will be begun.

John Garstang's excavations at Meros and Kabushia, in the Sudan, are making great progress. Three hundred natives, with a staff of trained Egyptians are employed, and a light railway and aerial cableway have been constructed for the removal of the excavated material. In the Royal City a large number of buildings have been revealed. The Palace near the Temple of Ammon, which has now been cleared, contains more than forty chambers and a large court. On the foundations important reliefs have been found.

Charles Gifford Dyer, a painter, whose death is reported from Munich, had lived abroad for about twenty years. He dwelt formerly in Chicago, where eleven years ago he exhibited a collection of his paintings.

The death is reported from Brussels of Henri Hymans, aged seventy-five. At various times he was connected officially with the Bibliothèque Royale and the Beaux-Arts of Brussels, and with the department of art at Antwerp Academy. Numerous contributions to art periodicals, a book on Rubens, several lives in the "Biographie Nationale," started by the Belgian Academy, "Villes d'art célèbres," the last on Ghent and Tournai, are among his works.

Finance

THE BUSINESS WORLD AS DICKENS DREW IT.

The centenary of Charles Dickens yesterday was of interest to people in the walks of finance for one particular reason—that Dickens included the domain of business and banking in his narratives, with results which were somewhat curious. As a rule novelists who have taken practical finance as the background of their stories made a pretty poor fist of it. Opinion differs as to why this should be—whether because the narrator is treading unfamiliar ground and therefore verging on the grotesque in character and incident, or because the practical affairs of trade do not adapt themselves to story.

There is something in the last-named theory: it has been said that the Stock Exchange lends itself more readily to constructing fiction than does fiction to depicting the Stock Exchange. Certainly there is a dull and sordid atmosphere about most imaginative narratives of finance. Bulstrode of "Middlemarch" was a banker, but he might have been anything else, so far as the story is concerned, and the business world of Mr. Howells's Silas Lapham was narrowly circumscribed. Possibly the late Frank Norris came closest of any one in our day to giving romantic life to the every-day detail of the market. But Norris had a method of his own; he was writing the Novel with a Purpose; he steeped himself in the actualities of the Board of Trade before he set his scene; the machinery was really more important than the characters, and that perhaps is why the Leiters and Pattens of the day can read "The Pit" with a convincing sense of being intimately at home in its descriptive chapters.

This was not Dickens's method. He approached the world of practical finance as an uninformed outsider. What he would have made of his bankers, his promoters, and his merchants, if his humor could have played as naturally about them as it did around his young men in search of a career, his first-floor boarders, his country gentlemen, his lawyers, his strolling actors, his impecunious debtors, his police sergeants, and his still more numerous gentlemen of no visible occupation, can only be conjectured. But the insurmountable obstacle appeared to be that Dickens, like many other people in or out of the literary profession, instinctively looked on City trade and banking, whose intricacies he did not understand, as a realm of mysterious achievement where the inhabitants were not like other human beings. That was why he never sketched a convincing likeness of a business man, as such.

Scrooge and Ralph Nickleby might be waived in argument; for to Dickens (perhaps because of his early experience in an habitually insolvent family) a money-lender was not only necessarily a usurer, but, when pictured in the story, was something like personified usury. In his later and more carefully wrought-out novels, Dickens attempted something better than these crude sketches, but with almost equally indifferent success. In "Dombey & Son" he tried to draw a great City merchant, and in "Little Dorrit" a great promoter. But Mr. Dombey and Mr. Merdle are depicted by the maturer Dickens exactly as Dickens in his Old Bailey reporter days would undoubtedly have depicted them. The extremely wooden figure which he presents as the head of Dombey & Son was thus portrayed, no doubt partly because all City merchants seemed like that to the bohemian eye of Dickens (he was quite as unconvincing with his lay-figure noblemen), but partly also because it was difficult for him to imagine men in any such occupation endowed with the ordinary human feelings and emotions. Those were reserved for the retail trade—the drapers, the ship-chandlers, the instrument-makers, and the undertakers—whose humorous side was visible at a glance.

The feeling of relief with which the novelist leaves Mr. Dombey in his office to go home with Dombey's far more amusing clerk, is unmistakable. Dickens cannot resist a laugh at his own picture, when he makes Mr. Toots's pugilistic friend, the Game Chicken, observe of Mr. Dombey "that he's as stiff a cove as ever he see, but that it is within the resources of Science to double him up with one blow in the waistcoat." No reader of the book ever managed to discover just what it was that caused the failure of Dombey & Son; but neither was any one ever able to discover, in the Merdle episode, what it was that the great promoter was promoting, that the Government Circumlocution Office should have held him in such honor and the school children at the blackboard should have written "Merdle-Millions" for their exercises.

Dickens explains, when the eminent promoter's career is ended, that he was merely "the greatest forger who ever cheated the gallows"—which shows a somewhat rudimentary conception of the methods of high finance. Indeed, the notion of the Merdle of "Little Dorrit," with his shuffling manner, downcast eye, and hand retreating uneasily up his coat sleeve, matching wits with Harriman or Gates or Jay Gould or Daniel Drew or George Hudson or the Stock Exchange, or even interesting a banking house in his propositions, is

just a little whimsical to people who know what successful promoters have to be.

Such reminiscences suggest the query whether English fiction has ever portrayed with real insight the character and life of a practical financier, from the simple business side of it. It is doubtful if the thing has ever been satisfactorily done but once. How Thackeray gained that view of the instincts and feelings of a City financier which made possible, in his "Vanity Fair," the picture of old Sedley, it would be interesting to know. Perhaps he himself had as a boy been tipped by a prosperous merchant of the sort, had met him in the club or the street after the tragedy of bankruptcy, and had been moved by curiosity to trace the intervening incidents. But, after all, it is the downfall of the business man, the change in his place among his colleagues and acquaintances, the pathos of the disintegration of the flourishing financier into the helpless seeker after petty agencies and commissions, which caught the imagination of the novelist. What Sedley or his old acquaintance Osborne did at their City offices, when the ordinary business of the day was started, Thackeray does not tell us. Perhaps he was not himself very sure about it; perhaps his instinct pointed out that it would not have interested the reader.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Arey, A. L., Bryant, F. L., Clendenin, W. W., Morrey, W. T. Physiography. (For High Schools.) Heath. $1.25.
Atkinson, William. The Orientation of Buildings, or Planning for Sunlight. Wiley & Sons. $2 net.
Begbie, Harold. Other Sheep. Doran.
Book-Lovers' Anthology. Edited by R. M. Leonard. Frowde. 75 cents.
Boutroux, Émile. William James. Translated from the second edition. Longmans.
Bowie, H. P. On the Laws of Japanese Painting. San Francisco: Paul Elder. $3.50 net.
Bradsher, E. L. Mathew Carey, Editor, Author, and Publisher. (Col. Univ. Studies.) Lemcke & Buechner. $1.25 net.
Carver, T. N. The Religion Worth Having. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Chase, Prentice. Labor, Law, and Justice. Stamford, Conn.: Bulletin Pub. Co. 50 cents.
Chateaubriand, F. A. Atala. Edited, with notes, by Timothy Cloran. W. R. Jenkins Co. 85 cents.
Cornish, Vaughan. Waves of the Sea, and Other Water Waves. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.
Dresser, H. W. Human Efficiency. Putnam.
Gaunt, Mary. Alone in West Africa. Scribner.
Irvine, David. The Badness of Wagner's Bad Luck. London: Watts & Co.
Murphy, T. D. Three Wonderlands of the American West. Boston: Page & Co. $3 net.
Newsholme, Arthur. The Declining Birth-rate. Moffat, Yard. 50 cents net.
Nietzsche's Works. Vol. II, Early Greek Philosophy and Other Essays; Vol. VII, Human, All-Too-Human (Part 2); Vol. VIII, The Case of Wagner; We Philologists; Vol. IX, The Dawn of Day; Vol. XVI, The Twilight of the Idols. The Antichrist. Vol. XVII Ecce Homo; Poetry. Macmillan. $1.25, $1.75, $1.25, $1.75, $1.75, $2 net.
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Weber, F. P. Aspects of Death in Art. Open Court Pub. Co.
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The Week

The Administration at Washington is to be congratulated. "Secretary of War Stimson has reached the conclusion that it will be unnecessary and unwise as a matter of policy for the United States to refund tolls to be paid by American vessels passing through the Panama Canal." Whether or not the "reserve" said to be made by the Secretary, along with this conclusion, is set forth with a view to letting the Administration down easy, it is unnecessary to consider too curiously. The "reserve" is to the effect that the United States, despite the treaty provisions for equal tolls to all ships, has "both legal and moral rights" to refund to American vessels the whole or part of such tolls. Well, it is possible that Mr. Stimson sincerely thinks so; but we hazard the conjecture that it is because of his conviction that the world at large will not share this view that he has come to the present conclusion.

The news from Florida and Georgia and Mississippi is that the Federal office-holders are nobly doing their duty in getting the Southern delegates for Taft. This must be very disgusting to the friends of Roosevelt. They may, however, find a cold consolation in the remembrance that, four years ago, Roosevelt himself was in the same way rounding up the Southern postmasters and collectors and marshals. But it is not a case to be dismissed by recriminations or by declaring that one Republican President is no better than another in this business. For years this scrambling for the Southern delegations in Republican National Conventions has been a scandal. States unable to cast a single electoral vote for the party's candidate are yet able to have an important voice, sometimes a determining voice, in saying who that candidate shall be. Nor do plans for doing away with the evil seem to make any headway. The proposal has frequently been made to base representation in the Convention upon the number of Republican votes actually cast. This would, of course, make impossible such charges as Senator Sherman brought against Alger in 1888—namely, that "he has bought up my niggers"—but the party has shown no real disposition to proceed along that line.

When is a Presidential candidate "withdrawn"? If he refuses to withdraw himself, can his friends or even his enemies perform that kindly office for him? These questions are provoked by the telegram which Senator La Follette sent to his Minnesota supporters on Monday. They had previously been informed by Gifford Pinchot that the Wisconsin Senator's candidacy could not any longer be pressed seriously. A doubt must remain how seriously Mr. Pinchot had at any time pressed it; but he had at any rate made many speeches for La Follette, and presided at the meeting in New York which the Senator addressed with more success than he did the Publishers' Association in Philadelphia. Consequently, his announcement that it was all over seemed to carry a sort of official weight if not finality. But now Mr. La Follette declares over his own name that he has not withdrawn and does not intend to do so. He adds meaningly: "No misrepresentation from whatever source can take me out of the contest." This seems to argue that the Senator is moved not only by ambition, or patriotism, but by wounded pride and a feeling of resentment. He has been reported as using privately some very bitter language about his treatment at the hands of Roosevelt, whom he represents as first urging him to stand for the Presidency and then proceeding to stick the brotherless spear in his back.

Gov. Wilson must now be prepared to face, for some time to come, the onset of indignant phalanxes of foreign-born Americans. It reads like a battle-roster out of Homer. One day the Poles came forward in protest. The next it was the Hungarians. The South Italians are gathering their forces. In close succession will come the Bohemians, the Sicilians, the Croatians and Slavonians, the Greeks, the Syrians, the Dalmatians, the Hellespontine Turks, and they that dwell by lower Danube, the Adige, and the Po. We do not know if the Arab and Hindu communities in this city read the *Evening Journal;* if they do, they, too, will hold an indignation meeting against Gov. Wilson. One might imagine that the ill-success of previous attempts to put Mr. Wilson in a hole by digging up the records of the past would have discouraged the present endeavor to sound a clarion note on the poor, dented, time-worn trumpet of race hostility.

Just what has happened in Missouri with reference to the Presidential aspirations of her two favorite sons is as doubtful as what is yet to come. While Senator Reed is blowing the trumpets at Washington for Speaker Clark as the sole survivor of the peace treaty concluded between him and ex-Gov. Folk, disturbing reports arrive from St. Louis to the effect, first, that, like Pope Alexander, the two rivals have divided Missouri between them, and, secondly, that the division is in danger of being disregarded by outsiders like Harmon and Wilson. The belligerent followers of the New Jersey Governor are said to have been making great headway already among the innocent and peaceable Missourians who loved an ex-Governor so well that nothing but the appearance of a Speaker could win them away from the pledge they had too fondly given the first suitor, and there are direful rumors that even the Speaker's loyal adherents have a second choice up their sleeves for use should occasion suggest the desirability of such a resource. This is all very sad, and illuminative of the new day in which politicians, along with the rest of us, are living.

Secretary Knox has chosen a propitious moment for setting out on a missionary trip to the Latin Americans, in the footsteps of Mr. Root. The situation in Mexico supplies this Government with an opportunity for impressing its friendly intentions upon our neighbors to the south. If the suspicions of the Latin-American republics are to be removed, if the basis of a lasting friendship is really to be laid, kindly professions on the part of our State Department must be followed up by good works. Mr. Taft's management of

the Mexican situation last year, after the initial error of the way in which our troops were mobilized in Texas, was admirable. In spite of provocation, in spite of jingo activity on this side of the border, the President held fast to the rule that to the Mexican people must be given a full chance to work out their own destinies.

"Who is John Hays Hammond," asks the New York *World*, "that the Administration should await a personal report from him to determine the correct attitude towards Mexico?" The answer is that Mr. Hammond is the latest striking exemplification of that unhappy choice of advisers which has been one of the tragedies of Mr. Taft's Administration. Rarely has a man of such good intentions as Mr. Taft been so badly served. We need not go back to the time of Ballinger and Pinchot and the others, nor even of Dr. Wiley and Solicitor McCabe, to see how sadly misplaced and abused the President's trustfulness has been. The Hitchcock episode has been accepted as constituting not a case of conspiracy, but of simple hard luck, in so far as Mr. Taft's prestige is concerned. But why borrow difficulties? Is it not enough that among his official subordinates he has had to bear with so much bad advice because of stupidity or treachery or departmental intrigue? Why should Mr. Taft turn for guidance in Mexican affairs to a man whose ability to take an unprejudiced view, and whose tenderness for the rights of small nations occupying territory rich in precious metals, were illustrated in the case of the Transvaal?

Gov. Harmon has been accused of being very guarded, not to say timid, in letting his opinion on political issues be known, but there was no lack of directness or courage in his address to the Ohio Constitutional Convention on Thursday of last week. Speaking to delegates, a majority of whom he knew to be hostile to his views about the initiative and referendum, he nevertheless expressed them with great plainness. He would, as indeed Gov. Wilson and all thinking men would, have the experiment undertaken very cautiously. First let it be tried in cities, and permit its use in the State at large only as a kind of "emergency" measure. In general, Gov. Harmon stood up for the conservative way of dealing with the amendment of the Ohio Constitution. Whatever may be thought of the position taken by him, he cannot be denied praise for boldly speaking out his mind.

Stirred to a high pitch of ecstasy by the Tariff Board's supposed finding that the wool-grower's profit on an ordinary suit of clothing is only 68 cents, and the manufacturer's profit is less than 20 cents, the *American Sheep-Breeder and Wool-Grower* chants the following pæan:

> The first paragraph in Frank Hagenharth's comment on the Tariff Board's report says: "After great travail, accouchement is accomplished, and the child has been christened 'Nevermore.'" He might have added the mother is saved, for, after all the foul and murderous attempts on her life by heartless and cold-blooded politicians, dishonest and cowardly magazine writers and publishers, supported by an unfair and sensational press, the wool industry still breathes to shame her traducers and vindicates her right to live in peace and security under the stars and stripes that wave over a thousand fleece-covered hills and countless busy spindles that grow and weave the wool to clothe ninety millions of the bravest and truest people on God's green earth.

The ninety million of the bravest, etc., will now be happy to contribute their 86 cents towards the nursing of an industry which, after half a century, still finds it impossible to raise wool cheaply, still finds it necessary to use foreign machinery, and, more than all, finds it necessary to make use of new and ever-shifting workpeople who do not come up to American standards either of efficiency or of wages.

One's disgust at the revelations of bribery in the election of 1904 in Delaware is mingled with admiration of the methodical way in which those interested managed it. If corruption must be, by all means let us have it done decently and in order. And so it is with a certain satisfaction that we read of such details as the keeping of a complete record of the "transactions" of the "distribution committee," of the careful sifting of the names on the voters' list, with the purpose of determining as accurately as might be the "floaters," and the nice discrimination that directed the payment of five dollars to negroes and ten dollars to their white compatriots. A particular reason for rejoicing in this elaborate management of vote-buying is the aid it must afford to the Senate sub-committee that is investigating it, and whose members must have a sense of relief as they contrast their task with that of some of their fellow-Senators who are trying to find out what happened in the case in which the bribers kept no records and apparently have no memories.

The death of Père Hyacinthe recalls memories of one of the most critical episodes in the history of the Catholic Church since the Protestant Reformation. In the protest against the decrees of the Vatican council of 1870 promulgating the doctrine of Papal infallibility, which culminated in the Old Catholic movement, Charles Loyson, generally known as Père Hyacinthe, was as much the leading figure in France as was Dr. Döllinger in Germany. The two men presented a striking contrast, the root of their influence in their respective countries being suggestive of the national characteristics of Germany and France. It was in virtue of his immense learning, and especially of the authority that was carried by the objections he urged against the infallibility dogma on historical grounds, that Döllinger's opposition exercised so profound and powerful an influence; while Père Hyacinthe's appeal lay in his eloquence and fervor. In Döllinger's case there was doubtless also much weight in the circumstance that he had established his theological eminence in his early career by writings of the most pronounced ultramontane character. At the time of the Vatican council of 1870, Döllinger was seventy-one years old; many years before that Heine had written of him:

> Lebt denn noch der erzinfame
> Pfaffe Döllingerius,
> Denn das ist doch wohl sein Name,
> Lebt er noch am Isar Fluss?

Loyson, on the other hand, was a liberal and a reformer from the beginning of his career in the church, and naturally entered with the greatest enthusiasm into a movement directed against ultramontane supremacy. Döllinger lived to be ninety-one, and his leadership of the anti-infallibility movement in Germany did not go the length that its ardent champions had hoped for; but Père Hyacinthe drifted further and further away from the Roman Church. The news of his death last Friday at the

age of eighty-four will be the first reminder that most people will have had for many years of his having so long survived the days when he was one of the leading figures in the religious world.

Lister's name will forever be linked with the origin and perfecting of antiseptic surgery, and for that reason alone his place among the benefactors of humanity is secure. In his long life he saw a wonderful development of his first ideas, but all modern surgeons act upon his principle that the great thing in operations is to keep the wound from being infected. Operating under the Listerine spray was long since abandoned for better methods, but progress has been along the lines indicated by him, and surgery is able to win its greatest triumphs by more and more reducing the danger of bacterial infection. In a recent address before the New York Academy of Medicine, Dr. Cabot of Boston unfolded the modern conception of the physician, not as a thaumaturgist, but as a student of Nature's ways who aided Nature to effect cures. He deprecated the talk about a doctor's "saving life," declaring that he himself could not be sure that he had ever, by his own skill pure and simple, saved a human life. But surgeons, he admitted, often save life, and Lord Lister, not only by what he did directly but by what he taught others to do, must be reckoned among the world's life-savers.

Mr. Schwab's declaration that he will sell out of the steel business if the tariff is cut down as proposed in the pending bill does not seem to have filled the country with dismay. Possibly this is due in part to the particular form of his warning; for the phrase he used was "cashing in," not "selling out." "Cashing in" sounds well, somehow; it has a prosperous ring. Another thing that may have detracted somewhat from the effect of Mr. Schwab's declaration is the pretty little revelation he made of his notions of a proper reward for the virtues and achievements of a captain of industry. Senator Stone having remarked that Mr. Carnegie had accumulated an enormous fortune, Mr. Schwab was prompt with the comment: "Not half as much as he deserved." Of course, it must be rather difficult to keep a tariff up to such a rate as to meet the requirements of justice from this standpoint, and the country will probably give it up as a bad job, even at the risk of losing Mr. Schwab's services.

Most of the provisions in the Home Rule bill as outlined by Mr. Churchill at Belfast have already been given to the public. It is on the financial problems involved that we receive more precise information than we have had before. Mr. Churchill estimates that if Ireland's contributions to the Imperial exchequer be balanced with Imperial expenditure in Ireland, the new Government will be entitled to an annual subsidy of ten million dollars. The operations under the Land Act, involving outlays that have run into the hundreds of millions and still demand the expenditure of large sums, will continue to be carried on by Imperial loans. It is upon this point that the Unionists base their charge that the British taxpayer will be called upon to bear the burden of Irish reforms. That, however, is to take a narrow view. If Great Britain and Ireland were two partners in a cold-blooded financial transaction, it might be proper enough to balance dollars against dollars. But on all sides it is recognized that here is an undertaking of profound importance, having for its object the removal of the festering sore of Irish disaffection and the establishment of Ireland as a happy and contented member of the Empire. In the long run the proposed arrangement will justify itself even from the pecuniary standpoint. It would be against all the teachings of history if the establishment of a government in accordance with the desires of the people of Ireland should fail to bring with it an increased vigor of economic life.

To the extent that the religious question enters into Ulster's opposition to Home Rule, it would be well if the spectre of Papal domination might be laid once for all in Ireland by some bold move on the part of the British Government. Undoubtedly the British Nonconformist's fear and distrust of Rome are not extinct. They reveal themselves even in England, where no particular political complications are present to intensify the bitterness of sectarianism. The "Papist" tradition persists. But the existence of that feeling has not interfered with the granting of full equality to Roman Catholics in England, nor has it gone to the extent of raising any outcry against the steady progress of the Catholic Church in that country. At the formal entry of the recently created Cardinal Bourne into the Cathedral of Westminster, distinguished non-Catholics were present. For in England men have realized, as they have done in nearly every country on the Continent, that the domination of Rome in politics is no longer possible. Where politicians for their own ends have succeeded in tying up the Church with their own propaganda, the Church has had to pay a bitter penalty, as in the case of France and of Portugal. The same would be true of Ireland. Any attempt to oppress the Protestants of the North is inconceivable. Protestant distrust is an inherited delusion which a policy of just firmness may banish.

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* estimates that in the recent Reichstag elections there were cast four and one-half million votes for the old Conservative-Centrist alliance, and seven and a half million votes for the parties of the Left. In spite of this enormous difference, the Left has a meagre majority of five votes in a Reichstag of 397 members. There has been no reapportionment of electoral districts in Germany since 1869, when the rule of one Deputy to every 100,000 of the population was adopted. The population has increased more than 60 per cent. since 1869, there has been a tremendous influx of population into the cities, but the Conservatives and Centrists, with their strength in the rural districts, have refused to discuss a reapportionment. The average number of voters to the district in Conservative East Prussia is 121,000, and in Socialist Berlin 345,000. The twelve most populous districts represented in the Reichstag contain 1,950,000 voters. The twelve smallest districts contain only 170,000 voters. In other words, it takes twice as many votes to elect a single Deputy in Berlin as it does to elect twelve Deputies in the backwoods districts. In the face of such gross inequalities, declares the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Liberals, Radicals, and Socialists ought to join hands for an immediate reform without giving thought to fundamental differences of party principles.

A TEST OF THE NATION.

One hears and reads many complaints of the intolerable burdens of "Presidential year." As the traditional but more or less mythical disturber of business, it is, by hypothesis, anathema to the commercial classes. And many others are found to deplore its preliminary hubbub, its continued clamor, and the absorptions by which it tends to drive out of the public mind other legitimate and even pressing subjects of general interest. This dislike and impatience are not wholly passive. Various proposals are made to end the nuisance. Lengthening the Presidential term to six or eight years is a favorite expedient with some. Making Presidents ineligible for reëlection is the happy-thought solution with others. But the chance of getting either thing done is commonly admitted, even by those urging it, to be very slight; and it all passes as a part of the vague dissatisfaction with our present system, and as only one more form of groaning over the follies and the dangers of "Presidential year."

Well, evils that can't be cured must be endured; and there is no more ineffectual man than he who rails at conditions in public life which he grants cannot be changed. Doubtless an angel descended from Paradise would, if he could have his way, give the United States a better system of choosing Presidents than we now have to put up with. It may be that the fathers and framers, if they were to try again, and had a free hand, would hit upon a more excellent way than the one they gave us. But here we are with the thing as it is upon us, and it is as unmanly as it is idle to whine about it. If we can't get rid of it, all that is left for us is to work with it as well as we can. It is a part of that "manners of liberty" with which, as Jules Lemaître has observed, the modern man may not be wholly in sympathy, but which he is a fool if he does not accept as gracefully as possible.

And if we look at the matter in a more generous and hopeful spirit, we may easily discover compensations and even positive benefits. All the long political manœuvring and turmoil of our Presidential elections ought to be regarded as a means of political education for the people. Who will undertake to provide it in any other way so effectively as in this? There is agitation, to be sure, but agitation means that many minds are attent to form new ideas and to learn something of value. The immenso hurly-burly of a Presidential campaign is not merely sound and fury signifying nothing; it is a call upon the democracy to think and to decide. The thought may often be confused or sadly astray, for a time, and the decisions ill-founded, but there can be no doubt that Presidential year causes thousands of citizens to apply their minds to politics who would not otherwise give it a serious thought. And that is the great thing in political education as in all other—to induce men to exercise their powers of reason. That they will think right in politics, we know of no means of guaranteeing, any more than in æsthetics or religion; but to rouse them to intellectual activity is the first desideratum, and the quadrennial contest for the Presidency unquestionably does that widely in this country.

Instead of bewailing the trouble and uncertainties of Presidential year, we may boldly hail it as a recurring test of the stuff that is in the nation. You will meet querulous people who exclaim at the vast masses of humbug which are flung out by the eruptions of a Presidential campaign. How on earth are ninety millions of all sorts and conditions of men going to discriminate between what is sound and what is specious in the political arguments and appeals directed to them? Well, the critics, of course, think that they themselves can discriminate. How did they acquire the power to do so? Only by hearing and reading and reflecting. But it is the extension of those very processes to the masses that is, to a certain extent at least, involved in all the prolonged and formidable efforts put forth to elect a President. Many voters will, concededly, be deceived or left groping. But the main thing is that an appeal is addressed to their intelligence. They have a state of facts set before them upon which to meditate and from which to draw conclusions leading to action. Is not that a valuable political training? The Presidential election may be conceived of as a kind of national examination. How are the pupils in the school of democracy getting on? Have they learned to rise above prejudice and to seek the general good? Can they distinguish between a charlatan and a real man, between the demagogue and the genuine leader? Teachers in any school would welcome such an opportunity to ascertain in so practical a fashion how deeply the ideas which they had sought to impart had taken root in the minds of their students. Why should not those who in varied ways are laboring to educate the American democracy be equally pleased when the occasion comes to discover whether the scholars are really advancing?

We can easily understand why fastidious minds should shrink from the rude contacts and the rough voices of our great political contests. Why those whose faith in the democratic movement is growing cold should also dread the committing of such great issues to so vast an electorate, we can also understand. But whether we like "Presidential year" or not, here it is upon us; and whether our part in it be large or small, we may confront it, not simply without fear, but with a positive zest, as furnishing proof of our national quality. Let the difficulties and perils be magnified by doubters to the top of their bent; if the fact appear, as we confidently believe it will, that our surging democracy is able to grapple with them and surmount them, the persisting fibre of the country will by so much the more have been triumphantly demonstrated.

QUOTING LINCOLN.

The Colonel had a bully time the other day reading to the reporters extracts from Lincoln's letters and speeches. This is the great advantage of a politician who is also a profound historical student. For anything that he does or refuses to do he can find a precedent in Lincoln or Washington or Louis IX or Thothmes II. And it was with as much appositeness as glee that the Colonel produced a letter going to show that Lincoln, too, declined on one occasion to make an "explanation" which would only enable his enemies to have "a squabble and a fuss." It will be noted, however, that Lincoln wrote to McNeil, "I have made this explanation to you as a friend." From this the natural (if mistaken) inference would be that the Colonel had already made his own "explanation" to his sworn friend in the White House. Surely, D'Artagnan must have let Aramis know what he was about!

It cannot fail, however, to occur to any one who recalls 1864, when it was a question of another Republican President being renominated, that the man who can to-day with most force and point quote Lincoln is not the Colonel but President Taft. For Lincoln also had a bitter and designing enemy in his own household. The Colonel ought really to refresh his memory in regard to Chase's efforts to undermine Lincoln and to wrest the nomination for the Presidency from him. In Chase's case, too, personal hostility to the President sprang partly from appointments to office. Nicolay and Hay record the facts in regard to Lincoln's restoration of Frank Blair to command in the army. This was in 1864, and Lincoln's biographers remark:

> The result was most unfortunate in its effect on the feelings of Mr. Chase. He was stung to the bitterest resentment. . . . From that time he took a continually darkened view, both of the President's character and of his chances for reëlection.

We hear to-day many assertions that President Taft "cannot be reëlected." On this rock the Roosevelt League is built. But Chase was even more sure in 1864 that Lincoln could not be elected. That was one of the reasons which Nicolay and Hay assign for his own "quasi-candidacy," as they call it. For Chase, too, was for a long time able to say that "no man was authorized" to say that he would be a candidate against Lincoln. But in 1864 also the existed (in the Secretary's mind) be "emergency" which might lead him ish- consent to the use of his name i- them sponse to a "spontaneous demand Expert people." While those hopes faded uct of Baltimore Convention of 18- radical nigh, Chase remained firmly f the nor- viction at that time that Li- here forces ination was a "mistake," nd, and that number seems to be inc- ishness (super- wrote, of those "who -ess, the diction- his nomination in ar- Vells himself will

Friends of Presid- s become too dulled Lincoln's biograp- of this subject to be for pausing with- vice in the cause. From the ninth volu- sed by that withering fact that Mr- is called Expert Know- wards Mr. L- uch the same spirit of qual- letters and Mr. Wells tells us, "as one bitterne- of German silver," may all the was sc- of socialistic progress defend us! -ar be it from us to intimate that Mr. Wells has not as yet an abundant Mr. Chase, who was deficient in humor." Lincoln's biographers also speak of Mr. Chase's "wounded self-love," which could "find no balm" in the President's steady march to renomination except in the assertion, which is echoed to-day in Rooseveltian circles, that through "the systematic operation of the Postmaster-General and those holding office under him a preference for the reëlection of Lincoln was created."

Yes, the man really to quote f- ni- Lincoln is Taft. It is to be hope- urse the later President is able to be- icance of and large minded as was the ot so much dealing with an insidio- should have The movement for Mr. hy to a repub- Lincoln long went o- have shown such with the disclaimers - for change at all. with which we are -g trained in the no- familiar. But fina- of Asia as a negligi- cular came to lig- historical evolution of Lincoln's electio- t it is still difficult to coming out op- self to the meaning of of Chase. Th- Far East during the last cular in W- years. Such talk as there led the S- awakening East always set write at - the principle that it would ing that - a real awakening, but a sort of name - ized activity for which the Euro- public- nations were to furnish the mo- a p- power. Yet the records of the Lir- xt few years may very well show a w- iew democratic movement in Russia, or perhaps even in Germany, urged on by the example of China.

And yet what the scholars know of Oriental history and the rise and fall of Asiatic dynasties might have made the recent trend of events in the Far East more comprehensible, if it were not for the specious journalistic formulas of the Rudyard Kipling type. The fall of the Manchus was so easily accomplished because the Chinese throne, like the ancient Asiatic monarchies, stood apart from the national life and held its place by mere inertia. The peoples of the East have seen dynasties come and go with indifference, have even at times welcomed the foreign conqueror, because the tradition of Oriental monarchy has been to seclude itself from the crowd, to resolve itself simply into a tribute-collecting organ, with little concern for the way in which the masses were governed or were not governed so long as no uprisings against the tax-collector occurred. Opposed to this historical fact was the historical theory upon you by my instigation or with m- countenance. - is the

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There are -ory in abeyance. Once two pron- -s aroused to a sense of its new p- the weakness of the throne ter- -ds revealed. Under the old régime -- was the policy at Peking to play off one semi-independent viceroy and province against another. When the provinces joined hands against Peking, the throne was in no position to resist.

It is the loose-jointed, decentralized system that supplies China with one of her principal qualifications for a republican form of government, and especially for the scheme of a federative republic such as the revolutionists are reported to have drawn up. If China had been a highly centralized despotism like Russia, one can see how the abrupt attempt to substitute a self-governing republic might easily come to grief. But every one of the eighteen Chinese provinces has had immemorial training in self-government, to the extent that it has learned to look to Peking for little and to its own provincial capital for nearly everything. That the provincial administrations have been inefficient and corrupt is beside the question. That was the inevitable result of the old Oriental system by which a Viceroy bought his office at Peking and proceeded to recompense himself at the expense of his subjects. The important fact is that the new republican Government will not be compelled to take upon itself at once the immediate concerns of 400,000,000 people. The new régime can concentrate its attention on the task of building up a firm national framework, of reëstablishing peace, and of winning over the disaffected elements to the republic.

At the same time, the inorganic nature of the Chinese political system contains in itself a serious element of danger, from the point of view of China's relations to the Powers. A loose-jointed republic of semi-independent provinces is not the best kind of government to make headway against foreign aggression. Upon the attitude of the Powers the immediate future of China largely depends. In plain words, the Chinese must have a chance to show what they can do. And this does not mean merely that the Powers must re-

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all respects, of their deficiencies in the guarding of the public health—these, and many other activities, would, under competent management, soon convince the country of the beneficent nature of the new agency.

In many of the things most vital to the public health, there is, of course, a large range of difference among the different parts of the country. Much of is is inevitable, being due to widely ing conditions; but a considerable it is removable, and its remov- d be incalculably promoted by atic diffusion of knowledge t. For a city merely to be er month, and year after publications that go the land, that it has typhoid as some sis- it, as hardly any- tir itself to mend ere are furnish- accurate data of the trou- dy, the way ry reform. score of d know- e lives leave eter- ion o-

necessity of labor among the chief evils of the present system to learn that the socialistic state is to be conducted without any specific laboring class. The spice of variety in occupation is to become "a proper circumstance in the life of every citizen," and the Great State will put the stamp of its approval rather upon "a certain amateurishness in its service" than upon the trite omniscience gained by long experience in the same kind of work. There shall be no class of men tied down to the soil, year in and year out. Rather, when gentle spring presents her shining face, shall crowds of jolly men, women, and children sally forth from the city, with short hours and good pay, to spray the trees, to pick and sort and pack the fruits, and to "steer cattle and sheep around carefully planned enclosures." Their summer, with the evening amusement in the camp, will be one long picnic of which the Kent hop-pickers from the East End of London can give us only a mere hint. "Machines in the hands of highly skilled men" will minimize toil until "no man will shove where a machine can shove, or carry where a machine can carry."

Has not Mr. Wells, however, slipped a little here? In the highly skilled man in charge of machines have we not lugged in at the barnyard gate that very "trite omniscience" which had just been pitched over the front fence? No, if we cannot all of us have our turn at those machines and contribute here, as well at the spade-handle or the teacher's k, our share of that "certain ama- shness" which the state is to value hly, the equality promised to us elusion and a snare. And this ishness must also go into the nd making of those machines eir running. Mr. Wells sees nough in the most impor- of all—that of the so- ment itself. "Nothing an that the necessary nment must be elab- prevent the devel- caste." Of course, rate organizing th of time re- same indi- arge of it ower of the de-

permanent conspiracy, tacit or expressed, against the normal man."

For the work which is really difficult and disagreeable, Mr. Wells would provide by some form of conscription, which will require each able-bodied person to give a certain period (a year is tentatively suggested) to such tasks in the service of the state. What work is truly unpleasant enough to necessitate this drastic resort, at war with the otherwise untrammelled freedom which we are told to expect, Mr. Wells does not specifically indicate. Possibly that is one of the points in which we are told that the believer in the theory of the Great State will display "a jealous watchfulness of contemporary developments rather than a premature constructiveness." Still, the question gives us pause. With a comfortable minimum of support guaranteed to every one, upon which he may live and do nothing if he shall choose, we are not certain that the kinds of work rough and disagreeable to prospective workers would not loom up to a disconcerting aggregate. Who shall decide for another, in the realm of gladsome socialistic freedom and brotherhood, that a given task is not irksome? And if virtually all work goes into the heap to be taken care of by proscription, the tentative year's conscription of Mr. Wells lengthens out into a very considerable portion of one's active lifetime, and we have nothing but a state slavery in the end.

Evidently, this matter will have to be arbitrated by men whose amateurishness is so pronounced as to raise them above all suspicion of that Expert Knowledge which, as the product of "officialdom," is sure to be in radical conflict with the aspirations of the normal man. Another question here forces itself rudely upon the mind, and that is whether the amateurishness (superficiality, or defectiveness, the dictionary calls it) of Mr. Wells himself will not one of these days become too dulled by constant study of this subject to be any longer of service in the cause. From a socialism cursed by that withering quality which is called Expert Knowledge, "in much the same spirit of qualification," Mr. Wells tells us, "as one speaks of German silver," may all the deities of socialistic progress defend us! But far be it from us to intimate that Mr. Wells has not as yet an abundant supply of that amateurishness from whence cometh our salvation.

A REPUBLIC IN CHINA.

The closing of an unbroken historical epoch whose records stretch back for more than three thousand years is a sufficiently solemn event in itself, without taking account of what the effect will be on the future of China and of the world. That the erection of a Chinese republic will react, in the course of time, on affairs outside of Asia, there can be little doubt. The significance of the revolution in China is not so much that this ancient Empire should have changed from a monarchy to a republic, but that it should have shown such remarkable capacity for change at all. We have been so long trained in the notion of the peoples of Asia as a negligible factor in the historical evolution of the future that it is still difficult to reconcile one's self to the meaning of events in the Far East during the last half-dozen years. Such talk as there was of an awakening East always set out from the principle that it would not be a real awakening, but a sort of galvanized activity for which the European nations were to furnish the motive power. Yet the records of the next few years may very well show a new democratic movement in Russia, or perhaps even in Germany, urged on by the example of China.

And yet what the scholars know of Oriental history and the rise and fall of Asiatic dynasties might have made the recent trend of events in the Far East more comprehensible, if it were not for the specious journalistic formulas of the Rudyard Kipling type. The fall of the Manchus was so easily accomplished because the Chinese throne, like the ancient Asiatic monarchies, stood apart from the national life and held its place by mere inertia. The peoples of the East have seen dynasties come and go with indifference, have even at times welcomed the foreign conqueror, because the tradition of Oriental monarchy has been to seclude itself from the crowd, to resolve itself simply into a tribute-collecting organ, with little concern for the way in which the masses were governed or were not governed so long as no uprisings against the tax-collector occurred. Opposed to this historical fact was the historical theory which in China, at least, has always been recognized, that the monarch is the servant of the people and that misgovernment may in itself constitute a default of the ruler's title. It was inertia that held this theory in abeyance. Once the people is aroused to a sense of its wrongs, the weakness of the throne stands revealed. Under the old régime it was the policy at Peking to play off one semi-independent viceroy and province against another. When the provinces joined hands against Peking, the throne was in no position to resist.

It is the loose-jointed, decentralized system that supplies China with one of her principal qualifications for a republican form of government, and especially for the scheme of a federative republic such as the revolutionists are reported to have drawn up. If China had been a highly centralized despotism like Russia, one can see how the abrupt attempt to substitute a self-governing republic might easily come to grief. But every one of the eighteen Chinese provinces has had immemorial training in self-government, to the extent that it has learned to look to Peking for little and to its own provincial capital for nearly everything. That the provincial administrations have been inefficient and corrupt is beside the question. That was the inevitable result of the old Oriental system by which a Viceroy bought his office at Peking and proceeded to recompense himself at the expense of his subjects. The important fact is that the new republican Government will not be compelled to take upon itself at once the immediate concerns of 400,000,000 people. The new régime can concentrate its attention on the task of building up a firm national framework, of reëstablishing peace, and of winning over the disaffected elements to the republic.

At the same time, the inorganic nature of the Chinese political system contains in itself a serious element of danger, from the point of view of China's relations to the Powers. A loose-jointed republic of semi-independent provinces is not the best kind of government to make headway against foreign aggression. Upon the attitude of the Powers the immediate future of China largely depends. In plain words, the Chinese must have a chance to show what they can do. And this does not mean merely that the Powers must re-

frain from direct plotting against the republic, or from plunging into a furious game of land-grabbing. There must be patient forbearance on the part of the Powers in recognition of the immense problem that confronts the new Government and of the inevitable unrest that attends a period of transition and upbuilding. There will, in all probability, be local disorders; there may be pillage of foreign property; there may be danger to the lives of foreigners. If the Powers hasten to take advantage of such disturbances to harass the new republic, if they set out to cripple the republic's finances by demands for huge indemnities, the Chinese republic may well go the way of Persian independence under the beneficent supervision of Russia and Great Britain.

Any prediction as to what China's transition period will bring forth is perilous. The republic may prosper from the start. It may experience the common interlude of military dictatorships and civil war. It may bring a new monarchy, Chinese in nationality and constitutional in form. But the door seems to have been definitely closed on the past.

INTEREST IN POETRY.

The feeling is abroad that the relish for poetry is fast declining. Few find opportunity to pick up Keats or Wordsworth from one year's end to another. Much the same, however, is the case with classic prose. It, as also great poetry, is supposed to be read in school and college, and for the large majority this early experience with them virtually has to suffice for life. The thing that gives particular alarm to some is that contemporary verse, of which there is a large quantity, finds a very poor market. Whereas trifles in fiction are sought by publishers, writers of verse have almost always to stand the cost of getting it out themselves. To that extent, at any rate, poetry has not become commercialized.

We believe, nevertheless, that the cause of poetry is not quite so hopeless as it is pictured. It is hazardous to say that so fundamental an instinct as that for rhythm is dying out of the human race. Besides, the spectacle of Kipling's popularity is but a short way back, and there are other recent instances of the public rallying about the early promise of a poet, reading him with avidity, and eager for the time when he might be added to the gallery of great artists. Stephen Phillips was one. In "Marpessa" and "Paolo and Francesca" there were lines that gave almost universal delight; the chance of having another Keats among us seemed to many not unlikely. It is safe to predict that when a truly great poet arrives he will be properly acclaimed, even in this twentieth century. Even poets of lesser rank need not despair. They might learn much from Kipling's success. He himself said that he could handle his style; and certainly his message was so strong and taking that it forced itself upon the reading public. There was in his case that adjustment between worker and medium through which even the common idioms of the language—because they are not strained—glow unusually; but that broad lesson was lost upon a host of writers who, with nothing very emphatic to say, still pounded away and were surprised that they were not caught up with general applause. Any one who follows the verse that is coming out must be aware that writers are seldom born to their manner. A neatly turned sonnet appears from time to time, together with a multitude of short "conceits," well enough in their way but sounding not at all inevitable. For the rest, there are, aside from the dwindling imitations of Kipling, vague experiments with that fringe of consciousness and transitory soul-stirrings which to be felt significantly must be conveyed in literary expression that does not falter.

Writers have seemingly forgotten that poetry as well as prose must have style. In the days of Pope that fact was generally known, perhaps too well known, and fine poets ever since have appreciated it. But the reaction which followed upon the eighteenth-century manner has left to-day the false impression that poetry is freed from the necessity of keeping to any very definite form. Wordsworth, by the inconsistency of his theory and practice, may have helped to bring this about, but chiefly the multiplicity of metres which were practiced in the nineteenth century has tended to bewilder young poets and to keep those having something worth saying from hitting upon ways to bring it out clearly. Poetry, we often hear, is free and has countless tongues. Wordsworth wrote of the skylark in one metrical scheme, Shelley in another. Ideas are welcome in any poetical form, provided they make themselves felt; but with so many forms at hand it requires a master's instinct to select aright. Metre is only a part of poetic style, yet a sharp restriction placed upon it just now would undoubtedly foster an instinct for the other elements. Whatever the disadvantages of the heroic couplet, with its often monotonous pulsations, through it at least Pope and his followers got masterly control of their ideas.

A good test of the question whether style is present in verse is its degree of quotableness. How much of what one sees to-day in the periodicals and tenderly planned little volumes of verse lingers in the memory—this in spite of the fact that some of it causes astonishment by its ingenious fancy? Poets may reply that their subjects are not of the sort which people talk about—the sun setting or rising, man's brief moment of life, etc. The answer is that Shakespeare's best-known lines often deal with the most intangible phases of existence. Quotableness means that poetry is fulfilling its function of stirring a man. Present-day verse needs, for one thing, epigrammatic force. While the essay has adopted that means, poetry too often wanders after the exquisite, the elegant manner. There was more than passing significance in the zest with which the public seized upon Kipling's recent line, "The female of the species is more deadly than the male." Whatever its truth, it phrases aptly the relation to which much thought is given these days. For want of like matter, people fill their memory with jingling advertisements.

The discipline which would be wholesome for verse, and which seems necessary before any considerable body of it will make a powerful appeal, cannot, of course, be prescribed. To-day, as formerly, true mastery must come to a writer finally through his own gropings; but no writer is likely to achieve it without the conviction that style is as essential in good poetry as in good prose, even though less evident, and that he must choose the style which shall intensify and not dilute his personality.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

Mr. Henderson's biography of Shaw is a portly volume of five hundred and four pages, lavishly and in part excellently illustrated, freely annotated, amply indexed, trebly prefaced, bristling with facsimiles, supplemented with a family tree, and launched, at last, with the promise of an appendix in a separate volume.* The author's extraordinary industry, his skill in extracting from contemporary literature, both English and foreign, the pithiest comments on a man who possessed in a high degree the Falstaffian property of evoking wit from others, and, above all, his intimacy with Mr. Shaw himself have enabled him to freight his work with merchandise of indisputable value. Mr. Henderson's gift is accumulative rather than selective, and his material interests us a good deal more than his efforts to assay or classify it. He calls his work "a critical biography," but the criticism is confined to the literature—a restriction adverse to symmetry; and, even in this field, his judgments, though often sound and sometimes discriminating, are inferior in interest to his facts and his citations. His style is of that average grade which would find a defense or at least a shelter in the exceptional interest of his material, if he would not remind us of its mediocrity by his efforts to assert its distinction. He is still young enough to learn to smile (or to shudder) with his readers at expressions like "delineated portrayal," "enthused," "frantically complex," "cranky immoralist," "a phenomenally clever dilettante in novelism."

I.

There are telltale brevities and eloquent omissions in Mr. Henderson's work which favor the conclusion that Mr. Shaw, by eccentricity of temper or peculiarity of experience, was shut out from about four-fifths of what constitutes for normal men the real interests of life. We see first the almost certain lack of any genuine home life in childhood and youth; the postponement of marriage to a late period when character had ceased to be plastic; the want of children; the failure to mix in ordinary, to say nothing of fashionable, society; the self-confessed absence of any patriotism for either his native or his adopted country; the apparent poverty of religious emotion; the austere and vegetarian proclivities which debarred him from those animal enjoyments which help so much in making men intelligible to one another. The aloofness of the most extreme of the moderns from the life of his time, though explained perhaps by the suggestion that his modernity consisted of his repudiation of the normal, remains exceedingly remarkable; and it helps to explain another equally remarkable fact in Mr. Shaw as a man of letters—that a man with perhaps the best pair of eyes and ears in England and possessed of a passion, almost a mania, for truth-telling, should have produced works whose deviations from reality might rouse astonishment in a dullard or a child.

The human spirit in other men is legible to us only through symbols, through speech, bearing, action; observation grasps the symbols only, and their meanings must be referred to those powers of interpretation whose range is determined by our internal experience. Mr. Shaw interprets other men in terms of Shaw, and the distance between Shaw and other men perverts his interpretations. The first man waiting for a tram-car on a curbstone, without one-twentieth of Mr. Shaw's alertness of vision or knowledge of history and affairs, is master of an intimacy with life which the author of "Candida" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession" is powerless to acquire or to conceive. Mr. Shaw cannot even understand the favorite objects of his own assault and denunciation. He besieges us with diatribes against convention, but of the fixity and finality of the grip laid by that force upon its votaries, its arch-enemy and censor has not the faintest idea. His conventionalists, Sergius, Morell, Ramsden, Sir Howard Hallam, capitulate after what Mr. Shaw sincerely believes to be a hard struggle, but what every normal reader knows to be an unnaturally and laughably ineffectual resistance. To Mr. Shaw convention is bluff; for most people it divides with matter the honor of being the really solid thing in life. For the characters in these plays society was framed yesterday; its structure is an impromptu, erected on trestles, so to speak, replaceable to-morrow or next day by another and more commodious impromptu. The persistency and the pugnacity of a habit in an individual or of an institution in the social framework lie outside of their boldest conjecture.

II.

It is in characterization proper, however, that the mixture of truth and error in Mr. Shaw is most conspicuous and astonishing. Never, perhaps, was a gift for drawing men so brilliant and remarkable hampered by inhibitions so startling and so extensive. Mr. Shaw's walk and conversation have apparently never brought him into contact with what we Americans ingenuously call "a nice girl": the nearest approach is in Lady Cicely Waynflete, a delicious impossibility, past thirty. He has never encountered a young man whom he and the reader can agree in calling attractive, and he draws young fellows like Valentine and Charteris without the faintest surmise that their place is in the Zoölogical Museum. He cannot draw an attractive wife and mother. If he stumbles upon a character in the educated circles whom we might find likable if we were let alone (Cuthbertson, Morell, Hector), he pulls our sleeve at every other minute to remind us that this person (and his admirers) are intellectually contemptible. The educated characters are for Mr. Shaw only incidentally human: primarily, they are either expositors or exemplifications, for good or evil, of the truth of his social propaganda.

But let Mr. Shaw light upon a character who is fortunate enough to lie within the range of his experience and outside the pale of his theories, and where among living writers shall we look for delineations more faithful, more vivid, more impartial? In the presence of a footman, a waiter, a chauffeur, a portress, he forgets his Schopenhauer and his Nietzsche, and dips his pen into the inkstand of Thackeray or Dickens, to produce the excellent Nicola, the consummate Straker, the irresistible Emmy, and the ineffable William. Scoundrelism of the earthy type, reeking with gross health and redolent of vile prosperity, he paints with a sureness and force that raise Mrs. Warren and Sir George Crofts to the rank of undoubted masterpieces. It is this faculty that vitalizes his Napoleon; and in his Cæsar—a man of quite another mould—he has achieved a figure which as Julius Cæsar is grotesquely impossible, but which as a mere man is among the most lifelike and suggestive delineations on record. On a lower plane he can draw characters of a telling but tricky incisiveness (Vivie, Philip, Burgoyne, Tanner, Lady Britomart) and admirable burlesques (Bohun, Bloomfield-Bonington) in which comedy skirts the boundaries of farce. The matter may be briefly put thus: Mr. Shaw can draw superbly any character which is pervious to his intelligence and at the same time impervious to his personality; the subtlest of men, he succeeds best with those simple characters into which the infusion of his own subtlety is impracticable, and his gift is surest when a wide distance either of social rank (William) or moral plane (Crofts) or time and calling (Cæsar) divides the sitter from the artist.

III.

In the field of pure drama we find the same correlation of superlative merit and incorrigible defects. Against the seriousness of purpose which dignifies even the lightest of the plays we must set the lawlessness of a thesis which rejects the limitations of art, and, like the coach on the field during the game, violates all the decencies by assuming the public direction of acts of which it should be only the secret incentive. An incomparable eye for truth, in both ac-

*George Bernard Shaw. By Archibald Henderson. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd. $5 net.

tion and character, is half neutralized by a mental bias which permits not merely the view, but even the vision, of life to be warped by a confined experience and an obtrusive philosophy. Mr. Shaw is not a born story-teller and tolerates plot as a necessary evil. There is no instance of a strong story evenly sustained: we find stories that are merely dilated or diluted situations ("Candida"), stories of great initial promise ravelling out in the sequel ("You Never Can Tell," "Arms and the Man"), stories shredded into mere incidents ("Caesar and Cleopatra"), stories successfully evolved but burlesqued in the telling ("The Devil's Disciple," "Captain Brassbound's Conversion"), stories too scant for their frame and eked out with superfluous characters or double plots ("Mrs. Warren's Profession," "Man and Superman"). On the other hand, Mr. Shaw's treatment of incident is masterly; he is expert in evoking phase after phase from a living, growing, procreative situation. This plasticity is referable to a like trait in the characters, who are persons of quick and various, if not profound, sensibility, as prompt to shift their own moods as to recognize changes in the attitude of others. No one who does not confuse feeling with passion need feel bound to deny its presence in Mr. Shaw. The Hibernian warmth of his temper, which makes his very logic exhilarating, transforms even a theoretically quiet dialogue into an endless play and counterplay of varied emotional reactions. Add to this the creative eye, and the proof of Mr. Shaw's consummate faculty for bringing out the dramatic possibilities of single scenes or situations is complete.

The prime object in drama—the giving of transcendent sharpness of definition to the wedge formed by two converging and powerful alternatives—Mr. Shaw has achieved once consummately in "Candida," again with abated power in "Mrs. Warren's Profession," and again with much less sharpness in the "Doctor's Dilemma"; elsewhere the end is not attained. The technique is rather dainty than robust. To Mr. Shaw as to his archetype, Ibsen, the articulation of details is a matter of higher obligation than the exclusion of a superfluous person or a detachable underplot. Between the hatred of crudity and the equally intense hatred of the obvious remedy for crudity, to wit, artifice, the path of the modern technician is as straitened as the Biblical way conducting (by an omen propitious to authors) to eternal life. Few of Mr. Shaw's stories, under an absolutely inartificial treatment, would occupy the time needed for a play, and, if artifice be disowned, wadding is the alternative. Mr. Shaw's obligations to coincidence are considerable, and his reckless mixture of *genres* in the same work reminds us of the dictum in his eugenics that the greatest freedom of intermarriage is conducive to the vigor of the offspring.

On the score of dialogue, even if we leave humor out of the reckoning and deduct all we please for occasional rant, rhetoric, and prolixity, to what other works in modern drama, English or Continental, can we point for so exquisite a reconcilement of the competing and conflicting claims of literary art and of the spontaneity of nature? Mr. Shaw's language as far outstrips Ibsen's in pliancy, felicity, and grace as it leaves Sheridan and Goldsmith hopelessly in the rear in point of racy movement and unfettered impulse. Its ease is the justification of its craft.

What shall be said in summary of Mr. Shaw's dramatic claims? From a purpose generative of seriousness but hostile to art, from a love of truth finding parallel outlets in impressive realism and flagrant misconception, from inexpertness in plot and mastery of incident and situation, from a technique rather elegant than vigorous, from high but sparingly exercised powers of concentration and climax, from humor that has become a proverb and a commonplace, from dialogue of unsurpassed trenchancy and felicity—only one inference can be drawn. The author must be relegated to the second rank, but his adhesion makes the second rank illustrious.

IV.

Mr. Shaw's attitude towards morality and the chivalric and romantic ideals is distinctive enough to claim a word in the briefest review of the man's work and spirit.

The repudiation of morality, virtue, and duty has proved in Mr. Shaw's case one of the most effectual compensations and consolations for the shortcomings of this earthly life. The totality of these disavowals is nevertheless a ground of reassurance. Condemnation of morality *en bloc* is commonly as harmless as condemnation of food or literature or human nature *en bloc*. Mr. Shaw's censures of virtue exhibit every trait that should quiet the doubts of the anxious conservator of the moral law: the sweep of the assertions, the loudness of the enunciations, the eagerness to repeat, the slowness to define, and the reluctance to specify. Again, his most reckless characters, his most daring situations, are never safe from a relapse into decorum, a backsliding into goodness. The riotous "Philanderer" concludes by marrying off the social rebel and sending levity and lewdness about their business; the bedroom scene in "Arms and the Man" might give lessons in propriety to many stage drawing-rooms; the advanced young woman in "Mrs. Warren's Profession" winds up her professions of liberality by treating her mother in the precise fashion that would have been approved by Miss Elizabeth Bennet and Miss Kate Nickleby; the "Devil's Disciple" serves the devil after the fashion of Sydney Carton; the outrage so energetically defended in "Man and Superman" is swept aside to be replaced by a legal marriage; the freebooter in "Major Barbara" turns philanthropist, and the orgy called "Getting Married" ends in homage to the legalities it has contemned.

If we ask Mr. Shaw to define the immoralities which he sanctions, he replies thus:

> I am myself . . . a liar, a coward, a thief, and a sensualist: and it is my deliberate, cheerful, and entirely self-respecting intention to continue to the end of my life deceiving people, avoiding danger, making my bargains with publishers and managers on principles of supply and demand instead of abstract justice, and indulging all my appetites whenever circumstances commend such actions to my judgment.

As a programme of moral insurrection, nothing could be more startling—in its mildness. Mr. Shaw clearly belongs to that variety of toper who orders cognac and drinks lemonade.

In the last analysis Mr. Shaw's ethics are pretty much in accord with those of his compatriots and contemporaries, and the margin of difference which actually exists is in part the effect of an unusual trust in the soundness of our unbidden and unchidden human nature—a view for which the sharers in that commodity should scarcely take him to task—and in part a very innocent, if somewhat infantine, parade of naughtiness. A like disparity between advertisement and performance occurs in the unmasking of the hollowness of military ideals in "Arms and the Man." One is tempted to ask: Where is the hollowness? In the ideals or in the exposure? The difference between Bluntschli's conduct and that of a reputable English officer is surely too inconsiderable to be worth the trouble of dramatic exploitation, or the effort it must have cost King Edward VII to abstain from smiling throughout an entire performance.

Mr. Shaw's divergence from the public on these points is chiefly nominal and spectacular; in his vituperations of romantic love he is both more serious and more peculiar. He has failed, however, to make out his case. Illusion need not be insincere or valueless. That love deceives itself as to its own depth and duration may be conceded without assenting to what appears to be Mr. Shaw's conviction that love between the sexes consists of two ingredients, appetite and humbug. The lovers say fine things which they do not feel. But negative assertions as to the psychology of other minds are rather insusceptible of proof. Nobody should be in a hurry to say what his neighbor does not feel, especially with respect to matters which his neighbor makes a point of keeping

private. It may be admitted that in all except the lowest or the highest minds there is a strong bent towards histrionic exaggeration—which means, of course, pretence or sham—in the expression of emotions that do us credit. That this edge of falsity in no way disproves their essential genuineness is clear from the fact that it is nowhere more conspicuous than in motherhood; and that our realists and mentors do not escape from its effects is evinced in the circumstance that its ring is distinctly audible in the lyric outbursts in Mr. Shaw's plays in which his favorite characters voice the sentiments of their creator. We are readily persuaded of the unreality of sentiments which we do not share, and, in the case of the higher elements in love, Mr. Shaw attributes to the main passion the spuriousness which belongs to its exaggerations.

V.

It is the fashion to criticise the substance of Mr. Shaw's views as unsound and to charge their mode of utterance with dogmatism and superficiality, with perversity and paradox. If the public's safety or sanity is the object in mind, it is clear that the second of these strictures is an extenuation of the first. The real social danger is the man who is more superficial than he seems: the man in whom the appearance of superficiality equals or exceeds the fact is comparatively harmless. Everything that can put a thoughtful man on his guard—brilliancy, impetuosity, cocksureness, exaggeration, paradox—confronts us without disguise or alleviation in the coruscating paragraphs of Mr. Shaw. If he digs a pit beside the way to the alarm of nervous pedestrians, it is he himself who hangs the red lantern over the excavation. The panic he awakens in the breast of the stolid conservative is a guaranty against a premature conquest of the world on the part of his revolutionary ideas.

Mr. Shaw is superficial only in the sense that his credulity for what he likes is unlimited, and that his verifications are hasty and incomplete; in the sense that his thought is obvious or cheap, easily matched or readily replaceable, superficial he is not. Had Voltaire written: "Man is the only animal which esteems itself rich in proportion to the number and voracity of its parasites," the world would have celebrated his astuteness. Had the sentence: "Life does not cease to be funny when people die any more that it ceases to be serious when people laugh," occurred in George Eliot or George Meredith its profundity would have been hailed with acclamations. In point of knowledge, again, he has no doubt often been surpassed, but few men have got so much work out of their facts; all that Mr. Shaw knows is on duty in the field, and most of it is on the firing line. As to logic, he is rather too much a master of the *game* to be an expert in the *business*. The very deftness of his dialectic has made him almost independent of reason, since conviction is nowhere so little at the mercy of logic as where logic itself is versatile enough to furnish a defence for any thesis.

That Mr. Shaw, then, is not a deliberate, a careful, or a judicial thinker, that he would be an unsure teacher and an unsafe guide, is perfectly true. But the ingredient of soundness or sanity is, or ought to be, sufficiently provided for in other sections of the body politic, unless, indeed, we are to dismiss as intellectually useless the large, cautious, common-sense class from whom Mr. Shaw's critics are recruited. The answer to the charge that Mr. Shaw is not Mr. Hallam or Mr. Lecky or Mr. Bryce or any other weighty and trustworthy mind is that Mr. Hallam and Mr. Lecky and Mr. Bryce are not Mr. Shaw. Are we so burdened with suggestiveness, are we so cumbered with originality, that we can afford to despise these virtues for their failure to ally themselves with intellectual merits of a different or even opposite kind? Has the faculty of novel and illuminative suggestion been so invariably associated with the fullness of the testing and verifying instinct that the world has a right to regard their separation as a grievance? Mr. Shaw is, primarily, an incentive, an irritant, provocative. From time to time the world needs to be startled or stung into a reconsideration of its axioms: cogency enough to command the attention of the thoughtful is indispensable to the assailant; but, this foothold once secured, hardihood, dash, gayety, mockery, tartness, arrogance, whimsicality, bravado, are more to the purpose than more solid traits. The ratio of truth to error in Mr. Shaw's propaganda is not the measure of its value; the substitution of reasoned for mechanical beliefs is quite as beneficial as the substitution of right views for wrong; and the settlement of title would still be invaluable if the verdict gave back the whole estate to the defendant.

VI.

From this curious life and work emerge, very slowly, a little dimly and brokenly, outlines of a rugged and grotesque nobility. The question of sincerity seems to be laid to rest once for all by Mr. Henderson's picture of the man gifted with talents that might have made him the envy of drawing-rooms or the favorite of a thoughtless public devoting the prime of his years to the laborious, unpaid, and unapplauded propagation of a gospel of economic reform. The other evidence is of like character. In an age when asceticism carries no premium, Mr. Shaw has maintained an abstinence that borders on heroism. His humanity has been as unwavering as his truculence: he has been implacable towards cruelty in the economic order and in the field of sport; he has anathematized vivisection with more zeal perhaps than wisdom; and his campaign against war, if not always consistent, has been fearless and vigorous. Mr. Henderson cites the following sentence: "I am of the opinion that my life belongs to the whole community, and as long as I live it is my privilege to do for it whatsoever I can." Expressions of this kind in the conventional mouth mean little more than an astute recognition of their rhetorical and social value. But what could have nerved Mr. Shaw to the utterance of a sentiment so orthodox? Nothing, surely, but its truth.

O. W. Firkins.

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THE TEACHER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The letter of Mr. Bertram Benedict printed in your issue of January 18 raises a query whether all of our solemn, high-sounding talk about the value and importance of education is not an ocean of bosh and buncombe. Can a matter be of such worth and gravity that is committed to the hands of failures? According to Mr. Benedict, college and university teachers are unfit for other work—and I suppose for fully nine-tenths he is right. For the grades below these—one-fifth men and four-fifths women—his dictum would apply still more severely, certainly so as to the males, in my opinion after an experience of some years among them as a brother. The case is still more indisputable as to the females who, according to general belief, are for the most part in the school room only because they could not make fortunate marriages. Can any general effort be fundamental that is managed only by derelicts? Have we been hugging a fool's delusion all these centuries in attaching such weight to this formal training? We have been guilty of just such folly in at least two similar instances. In mediæval days Europe worshipped the astrologists. For nearly two millenniums we all bowed down to the Christian ministry. Is education to be the third of these discarded fancies?

Does this general inferiority of teachers help to explain two of the serious social evils that we lead in among the great nations, lawlessness and divorce? Both of these are due to weakness of will and deficiency in the sense of duty on the part of the individual. Our murder record is appalling, while we are virtually the only nation classed as civilized that indulges in the pastime of lynching. In legal dissolution of the marital tie we head the white countries, coming next to Japan, which up to a short time ago we all looked on as "heathen." If we teachers are generally second rate in ability, isn't it inevitable that pupils will not form habits of self-control, that they will go out into life sub-

ject to unregulated impulses, indifferent to obligation, each with an eye to his own pleasure alone? Aren't these two terrible social maladies traceable to these defects of character? If so, a grievous responsibility weighs upon us to change our opinion of the pedagogical profession, and soberly set ourselves to work to elevate the calling so that persons of prime character and capacity will proudly enter the field as laborers. E. S.

Washington, D. C., February 7.

SAINT BERNARD AND "NATURE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent "J. H." (*Nation*, February 1), and others if they have not examined the passages, may be interested in the direct use which Wordsworth makes of a sentiment from Bernard of Clairvaux. I quote from the excellent guide to Tintern Abbey by Breakspear and Evans, who observe that "monasteries of the Cistercian Order were usually placed in sequestered valleys, by the side of running water" (p. 48). According to Bernard:

Bonum est nos hic esse, quia homo vivit purius, cadit rarius, surgit velocius, incedit cautius, quiescit securius, moritur felicius, purgatur citius, præmiatur copiosius.

This Wordsworth renders in "Ecclesiastical Sonnets" 2. 3. 1-5:

Here Man more purely lives, less oft doth fall,
More promptly rises, walks with stricter heed,
More safely rests, dies happier, is freed
Earlier from cleansing fires, and gains withal
A brighter crown.

The sonnet is entitled "Cistertian Monastery." In a note, Wordsworth remarks that, according to Dr. Whitaker, the Latin sentence "is usually inscribed in some conspicuous part of the Cistercian houses." From previous references we gather that he alludes to Thomas Dunham Whitaker's "History and Antiquities of the Deanery of Craven"; but, in a cursory examination of a slightly imperfect copy, I have not found the passage. I should be grateful to some student of mediæval literature who would refer me to the exact source in Bernard. The context might determine the force of "here." Mr. Evans apparently takes it to mean "in sequestered valleys," for he quotes:

Bernardus valles, colles Benedictus amabat,
Oppida Franciscus, magnas Ignatius urbes.

As to the general question raised by "J. H." one may fancy there is some danger in supposing that the attitude assumed towards external nature in the Middle Ages was utterly remote from that of the last century, if both may be united in one modern poet. At all events, it will hardly do to forget that the author of "Expostulation and Reply"—which is often misinterpreted by those who have not read the sonnets on "Personal Talk"—was the author of "Ecclesiastical Sonnets" as well, one of the noblest contributions to the devotional literature of England; or that the "Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey" came from the same imagination as the "Stanzas Suggested in a Steamboat off Saint Bees' Heads."

I am tempted to mention, in closing, the paper delivered by Mr. Havens of Rochester University, at the recent meeting of the Modern Language Association, in which he ably contended that what we call the feeling for nature never has been wanting, in English literature at any rate, from the time of the Old English poem of "The Seafarer" to Wordsworth. I suspect, however, that our present "attitude to nature" is conventional in a bad sense of the word, and that we occasionally need a Bernard, or a Dante, or some of the less familiar parts of Wordsworth, to break up certain stereotyped associations, and otherwise to set us right.

Lane Cooper.

Ithaca, N. Y., February 3.

THE CASE OF MACKAIL VS. CRITICISM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a penetrating criticism of J. W. Mackail's "Lectures on Poetry" (*Nation*, February 1), your reviewer, referring to Professor Mackail, writes the following words:

At bottom it is the purely emotional and elusive in poetry that attracts him. "Criticism," he asserts, "in its true sense, is simply appreciation," that is to say it is not fundamentally an exercise of judgment, but an attempt to surrender one's self to the mood of the poet, and to make admiration synonymous with wonder.

There appears to be a certain confusion of thought in this statement, and it is partly due to the fact that Professor Mackail has not sought to translate his intuitions into intellectual formulæ. The difficulty lies in your critic's inability or refusal to distinguish between "the purely emotional and elusive," which is not the appealing element in poetry to Professor Mackail, and that purely spiritual and silent life of poetry which is known as inspiration, and which, being infinite, is only profaned by definition.

Professor Mackail is a poet, and because he is a poet he knows that inspiration is the only element in poetry for which we need care. Like all true poets, he is humble, and knows furthermore that inspiration is not susceptible to an intellectual judgment. We may analyze and value everything save life, but life we must be content to appreciate humbly. Judgment has its value, but it is based on analysis rather than on synthesis. In poetry, it should be left as an attribute of divinity. A poet is quite unconscious of it, and when he becomes a critic he has the authority of his vocation for being an impressionistic critic.

This suggests a compromise which, so far as I know, has not yet been proposed. If the critic of poetry is a poet, let his criticism be impressionistic, for he has a higher standard of values than other men, and it has the advantage of being unconscious and unfailing so long as he is loyal to it. A man who has once known beauty is set apart, and to him the only possible standard of values is silent beauty. I think we may trust him, if he is sincere, to value poetry aright. But to those whom beauty has not troubled, it doubtless appears to be "emotional and elusive."

If the critic of poetry be not a poet, the best we can ask of him is an intellectual judgment based on reasoned rather than intuitive values. In fact, we must pray that he will not attempt to go beyond it. Against our compromise, however, is set once more the fact that only those who have experience are prepared to speak with authority. Because poetry is a rare experience only known in its fulness to poets, it should seem that they should be chosen as the sole proper critics of their fellows. A poet demands fair judgment by his peers.

Can we fairly say that such a judgment is merely æsthetic, or is this not tantamount to the denial of an absolute? To speak plainly, such an attitude as this towards poetry and criticism would more properly seem to be conceived *"in vacuo"* than that of Professor Mackail. To the speech of your prosecuting counsel in the case of Mackail vs. Criticism, the poets who form the jury of the defendant's peers, from Sir Philip Sidney to Professor Woodberry unanimously, reply, "Not guilty." The case is discharged.

Edward J. O'Brien.

Boston, February 5.

"TELLS HIS TALE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Professor Kenyon dissents (*Nation*, January 25), from my interpretation of "L'Allegro," 67 (*Nation*, January 11). So far as I can sum up his dissent it amounts to this.

In citing the "Cursor Mundi," and Lambeth Homily phrase, "tell a tale," meaning "set account by," as evidence of the numerical use denied by the Oxford Dictionary, I am guilty of a sheer blunder; the phrase shows "absolutely nothing of the numerical sense." Indeed! My critic seems to be unaware of the play between cause and effect, common in all language. In modern English a man takes no *account* of a thing, because he deems it not worth the *counting*. In earlier English he did not tell the tale because he judged the tale not worth the telling. *Tell* and *tale* are parallel in thought-evolution with *count* and *account*.

Next, all Professor Kenyon's examples and conclusions drawn from Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar" and other pastoral poetry are irrelevant. "L'Allegro" is not in the least a conventional pastoral poem; rather it is a highly realistic poem, sketching—as with the needle of a Rembrandt—the salient incidents of a summer day. Spenser's shepherds meet and talk, for—as conventional beings—they have nothing else to do; but Milton's shepherd is as real as the ploughman, the milkmaid, the mower, and like them he has work to perform; lines 57-68 are descriptive of early morning, sunrise in an English summer; that is, four to five o'clock, if not earlier. Professor Kenyon represents the sun as blazing hot, to justify the shepherds in sheltering themselves under the hawthorn. Does the ploughman whistle, does the milkmaid milk in this blazing noonday sun? Or shall we assume that the clock has been abruptly moved up eight hours between line 65 and line 67? Truly, that would be the pace, not of John Milton, but of the moving-picture show. I must insist upon the point that we are dealing with sunrise, and that the shepherd's duty at sunrise is to go over the tale of his sheep to make sure that all is well. In the matter of story-telling proper, Milton has his say in lines 100-116.

Further, Professor Kenyon's conception of the Towneley play is fundamentally wrong. One can only marvel at such exegesis as this: "After counting their sheep, the shepherds meet *under* the thorn (*con-*

ventionally, for it is cold) to compare notes, *just as Cuddie and Willie do* in Browne." Italics are mine. Now the real action of the play is this. After awaking and letting Mak depart, the shepherds —suspicious of harm—agree to count their several flocks and to meet *at,* not *under,* "the crooked thorn," to compare "counts." And when they meet, the Primus Pastor announces the theft of "a fat wether." Whereas, in Browne, Cuddie and Willie do not meet at the hawthorn, but go thither in company, and when there begin their discourse. In other words, Browne is conventional. But the author of the Towneley play needed a meetingplace for the actions of his characters. And this meeting place, "the crooked thorn," is anything but a conventional imagining; on the contrary, it is an actual landmark in the Wakefield country. See Peacock, *Anglia* XXIV, 519. J. M. Hart.

Cornell University, February 5.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I remember, before we published the "Tales from the Telling-House," my old friend, the late Mr. R. D. Blackmore, telling me that the title of this collection of stories came to his mind from association with the Telling-Houses on Exmoor, where the shepherds had the flocks collected handy, so that all the variously marked sheep could be separated into small flocks belonging to the different owners. As each sheep was passed the shepherd "told its tale"—*i. e.,* cried out the name of the owner from the mark, and it was placed with his lot. In his Preface to the book he refers to the Telling-House being so called "because people come here to tell their own sheep from their neighbors', when they fetch them home again"; *i. e.,* after running loose and feeding together on the common land of the moor.

R. B. Marston.

London, January 24.

Literature

PRINCIPLES OF ECONOMICS.

Principles of Economics. By F. W. Taussig, Henry Lee Professor of Economics in Harvard University. New York: The Macmillan Co. 2 volumes. $4 net.

In these eminently readable volumes, Professor Taussig has covered the leading questions of economic theory and has discussed almost every important phase of the practical economic issues of the present day. Though assuming no previous study of the subject, the book is addressed to readers of mature intelligence, and is accordingly free from that didactic stiffness which is so often regarded as necessary for the accurate inculcation of economic doctrines. It has neither the rigidity of a textbook nor the insistence of the preacher of a particular economic gospel, whether theoretical or practical; but, on the other hand, it has none of the looseness of a "popular" exposition. The subject is unfolded with freedom and breadth, but without any sacrifice either of accuracy or of lucidity. It would be difficult to find, in the eleven hundred pages of Professor Taussig's work, a sentence of which the meaning is not perfectly clear, or an argument of which the logic is faulty.

If one were to go further, and say that there are few conclusions laid down by Professor Taussig from which any considerable number of competent economists would seriously dissent, he would not be going much beyond the truth. To those who have formed the habit of regarding political economy as a welter of conflicting views and unsettled questions, this assertion may seem startling. That it is nevertheless true is to be explained by several considerations. In the first place, the real and substantial conflict of opinion was never so great as it has sometimes been represented, if we but bar out the vagaries of individual writers whose peculiar crotchets have been thrust into unmerited prominence. Secondly, such differences as have existed—and they have undeniably been many and important—have been magnified, perhaps naturally enough, in the ardor of controversy. In the third place, the attrition of honest discussion has, in the past two or three decades, brought about something very like a general consensus on a large part of the matters in controversy. But all these causes together do not suffice fully to explain the fact we have in mind—the fact that, as we have said, few of the conclusions set down in Professor Taussig's book would be strongly objected to by any considerable body of qualified economists; for, over and above these considerations relating to the subject matter, there is another which lies in the character of the book itself.

Professor Taussig's work is singularly free from controversial character; and this result is due partly to the almost impeccable fairness and candor with which every subject is treated, but partly also to another circumstance which has its drawbacks as well as its advantages. In comparison with most treatises on economics, there is an almost startling paucity of discussions of varying views, whether as matters of historical importance, of contemporary significance, or merely as illustrations of modes of thought. The subject is developed with a smooth and even flow, and a reader who had had no previous acquaintance with political economy would not suspect that what is set forth with such calm lucidity has been the subject-matter of fierce dispute, the cause of many a hard-fought battle between supporters of opposing dogmas. Professor Taussig sets forth his own conclusion, which is almost always the conclusion of common sense—that kind of trained common sense which, as has been said, is one of the most uncommon things in the world; and though the judgment may be that which would be demanded by the Trojan, he is careful to point out the considerations that might properly be urged by the Tyrian, whenever he thinks it important that these should be borne in mind as qualifying the result. To definitions, that great stumbling-block of economic theory, is given scant honor—a wise policy, in our judgment—but here again we have a reason for the absence of much controversial matter. And if we add that Professor Taussig emancipates himself, once for all, from the obligation of earmarking any particular opinion or method of treatment as distinctively his own, and very rarely goes into the origin or history of economic doctrines, we have gone far towards indicating the reasons for the comparative absence of highly contentious matter in his book.

One instance may serve in some measure to illustrate these points: Professor Taussig gives to the subject of the single tax a brief but eminently fair and lucid discussion; but the name of Henry George is not so much as mentioned. He distinguishes sharply between the proposal to confiscate the entire rental value of land and the proposal to appropriate for the community the whole or a part of the future "unearned increment" of that value; nor is there ground for the slightest complaint that his judgment on either of these proposals is wanting in definiteness or even in emphasis. To the second proposal he gives a friendly hearing, and declares that the day is gone by when objections of the kind usually advanced against it are felt to be insuperable. "The dogma of an unrestricted right of property, and the belief in the expediency of the exercise of that right without a jot or tittle of abatement, have been shaken beyond repair." As for the proposal of confiscation of existing land values, on the other hand, Professor Taussig's conclusion is that, "unless the whole institution of private property be remade or abolished, the existing rights to land, as they have been allowed to develop through the centuries, must be respected." The great majority of intelligent readers will probably follow Professor Taussig in his argument, and assent to his conclusion; but they will not have the feeling of having been brought face to face with the single-tax doctrine, as aggressively asserted by Henry George and his followers, and of having come to grapples with the specific arguments by which it is buttressed.

In matters belonging more distinctly to the domain of economic theory, there would often, in our judgment, have been great advantage in giving to economic errors more attention and more prominence than Professor Taussig's method of exposition assigns to them. That discussions of fallacies and misconceptions have occupied so large a

space in economic literature is not an accident; neither has it been altogether due to excessive combativeness on the part of individual writers or to their magnifying of the importance of their own pet ideas. These faults have, indeed, been very frequently in evidence; but Professor Taussig goes to the opposite extreme. He acts upon the assumption that when he has given the correct analysis of an economic phenomenon, when he has set forth with accuracy and force an economic doctrine and the reasoning upon which it is based, he has met all the needs of the fair-minded student or reader. But the greatest benefit which a training in economic science confers is the fortifying of the mind against those misconceptions and unsound methods of thinking which experience has shown to have such an insidious and almost unshakable hold upon the majority of mankind; and, while undoubtedly the intelligent following of such a succession of able and clear-cut discussions as constitute the work before us cannot fail to bring about a great deal of benefit of this kind, it is only by actual collision with the false or vicious or hazy notions with which economic discussion abounds that we can, speaking generally, hope to make an impression so deep and abiding as to serve as a safeguard against these pitfalls. In the discussion of the question of population, for example, the presentation given by Professor Taussig cannot be pronounced other than excellent; and yet the reader, though troubled by no obscurities, and annoyed neither by dogmatism nor by vagueness, will, in nine cases out of ten, be quite defenceless against the first glib magazine writer who presents a confident *reductio ad absurdum* of the doctrine of Malthus. It is curious to note here, by the way, that Professor Taussig, true to his general method, makes no mention of Malthus's arithmetical and geometrical progression. The discussion of the "Mercantile" view of the balance of trade is one of the few instances in which he deliberately sets forth a fallacious view at some length; and its absurdity is characterized with appropriate vigor of language. "The astonishing thing," says Professor Taussig, "is that, notwithstanding the simplicity of these truths, and their repeated and widespread exposition, ignorance regarding them should be so common." It *is* astonishing, no doubt; but the same astonishing difficulty is encountered in keeping firmly fixed in the mind of the ordinary man, however intelligent otherwise, almost any of the cardinal doctrines of economics.

It should hardly be necessary to say that in speaking of the comparative absence of serious differences of competent economic opinion, we had in view those matters of broad principle or of analytic insight which form the backbone of an economic treatise; the case is, of course, quite different in regard to practical judgments which turn either on an estimate of the particular conditions of the present time or on views of public policy in which strictly economic considerations enter only as one, though perhaps a dominating, factor. Throughout the work, Professor Taussig keeps in view the actualities of our time and of this country, and in no respect is his book more admirable than in the way in which, in discussing the questions of the day, he maintains a spirit of scrupulous impartiality without the sacrifice of vigor or vitality. He does not attempt to settle *ex cathedra* questions which admit of no such settlement; but he puts the reader into possession of those elements upon which a sound judgment of them must rest. Of this examples are to be found throughout the book; there are two or three instances which seem deserving of special notice. The two very short chapters on railways present, with exemplary lucidity and yet without a particle of tediousness, the considerations bearing on all the chief aspects of railway enterprise and railway regulation; to read these thirty-four pages of interesting and illuminating talk is anything but a hardship, and yet they are sufficient to place the reader, once for all, in a position intelligently to understand one of the most prominent questions of the time. The succeeding chapter, dealing with Public Ownership and Public Control, is even more remarkable as a vivid presentation of the human elements that enter into the question of governmental versus private management, and into the problem of the taking over of existing private enterprises by the Government. On combinations and Trusts, there is, of course, abundant material to weigh in the balance. We are inclined to think that Professor Taussig underrates the effect of anti-Trust legislation in this country in curbing the development of monopoly; but, on the other hand, he gives no countenance to the manifest-destiny view of advocates of the Trust régime. Speaking of the usual argument of these advocates, from "which it is concluded that unchecked competition will inevitably be carried to the point of general disaster and that combination is the sole means of salvation," he says: "The argument has some foundation; but it cannot be carried far." One of the best examples, perhaps, of the spirit in which the questions of the time are considered is furnished by the discussion of trade-unions; whether one agrees with Professor Taussig or not—and even though one may here wish that he had somewhat more sharply defined his own position—one cannot fail to recognize that he has enabled the reader to judge for himself of the weight to which the various factors in the case are entitled. While he has much to say in favor of the "closed shop," with the accompaniment of the "open union," he makes an extremely important reservation; for, whatever net balance of good over evil there may be in the existence of the closed shop over a large portion of the labor field, he points out the potent reasons why "no dispassionate observer, however strong his sympathies with laborers, can look forward to the universal closed shop without grave misgiving."

In no part of the work, perhaps, is the judicial poise of the author more manifest than in the treatment of Socialism. He holds no brief for the existing order of society; and this evident absence of *parti pris*, shown not merely in general avowals, but in unqualified admission of the weakness of some of the objections usually regarded as fatal to all schemes of Socialism, is calculated to give to the objections he does urge an efficacy, in the minds of those half-inclined to Socialism, which they might not otherwise possess. What these objections are, and in what degree the author regards them as conclusive either for the near or the distant future, we cannot undertake here to indicate; but there is one line along which we cannot but feel that much more might well have been said. On what may be called the deeper human side of the question, that which affects the very innermost texture of life, as distinguished from the comparatively outward results with which the economist is primarily concerned, lies its most critical aspect. How fully Professor Taussig is conscious of this is sufficiently shown by this passage:

> So fundamentally different would be a collectivist organization that it would be rash to predict just what dangers could be avoided in it, just what would be inevitable. . . . The sexual relations are made pure and sweet, and safe for society, not only by the marriage tie and the lawfulness of monogamy, but by care and responsibility for the offspring. Without that responsibility, and all the ambition and affection that go with it, the animal instinct bodes vast dangers. The domestic relations which now enshrine it are highly unselfish within the narrow range of the family, but highly selfish as regards the rest of the world. In their essence, they are individualistic; and it is their very individualism and selfishness which cause them to work to social advantage.

But there are other phases of the influence of the individualist régime upon character and life which seem to us to be less adequately recognized than their pervasive importance would warrant.

The book as a whole is a notable addition to the literature of political economy. The ease born of thorough familiarity with every part of the subject, and of long practice in successful teaching of mature students, is apparent in

the style throughout. One feature that is particularly noticeable is the way in which fundamental ideas are kept to the fore through the mere use of specific turns of language, not only in passages that are directly didactic or analytic, but in those that are purely descriptive. Of this many examples might be given; it may suffice to mention the way in which the reader is thus repeatedly confronted with the idea that exchange is as much a part of production as is anything else. And in these descriptive passages one is continually struck with the graphic and lifelike presentation, which makes them fascinating reading. Thus the characterization of the pulsating changes in the tide of modern business is vivid, telling, picturesque, full of excellent figurative language of a kind to impress the phenomenon effectively upon the reader's mind.

A word may be said in conclusion on the once burning question of economic method. The fires of the controversy that raged so violently two or three decades ago between British and German schools, between deductive and historical and inductive methods, have all but died out; Professor Taussig makes no reference to it. Incidentally, in a single sentence occurring in connection with the subject of free trade, he speaks of "the breakdown of the British school of political economy, and the admitted need of a thorough reconstruction of economic theory." There is a sense in which this expression may be justified, and it is such a sense, we cannot but think, that Professor Taussig had in mind; but it is unfortunate that the only explicit reference to the subject should be such as will be sure to convey to most readers what is, in our judgment, and we venture to say in his also, a thoroughly false impression. The structure built up by the British school of political economy was not, to be sure, nearly so perfect, and especially not nearly so complete, as it was at one time believed to be; it stood in need of correction, of supplementing, of adaptation to the new conditions and new interests of a later day. But no better evidence of its fundamental value, and no better evidence of the error of those who fancied that the science could be built up on wholly different foundations, or by a radically different method, can be desired than Professor Taussig's work furnishes. Widely as its subject-matter differs from that of the classical treatises of the first half of the nineteenth century, and many as are the improvements that it embodies, its central principles and its logical methods are still those which the great masters of the British school impressed upon the science. Economics did not reach the stage of finality, as some imagined, sixty or seventy years ago; it has grown and it has altered. But it still grows from the same root, and in its large lines the tree still presents the same structure and the same appearance.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Marriage Portion. By H. A. Mitchell Keays. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

"Yes, dear child," says the professor to his daughter, "sex obsession is stamped all over the face of creation, and it is only the American mind that considers it irrelevant to be aware of it, a condition of criticism due to the fact that our literature must all be open to the young girl." This is very, very sad. Mrs. Keays has done her utmost to bring relief to a melancholy situation. True, there has been here and there a novelist who has dared to be a Daniel in these matters. But the author of "The Marriage Portion" has distanced her fellows. One problem at a time has sufficed most writers. Here each character, and there are many, brings contribution to the theme and, bringing very little else, leaves the book a monograph. In the "foremost American university," where the scene is laid, and where a river, the adjacent sea, a stadium, and a "Holy-smoker" dormitory are prominent features, "sex obsession" is the inspiration for the conversation and lives of college society. It occurs to the reviewer, in fact, that this novel may be intended as an opening wedge for the establishment of a college chair whence doctrine may be promulgated that will free "men and women" from the humiliation of being "written of as though they had the emotions of swaddling-clothed infants." Applicants for the professorship should have a smartness at local repartee, a little knowledge of music, including the possibilities in "Scots wha hae" for "frankness and passion" and for the "tenderest and most insistent plea that man ever voiced to woman." Necessary also would be a knack at the personal conducting of marital scenes, and an acquaintance with *lingerie*. Mr. Kipling's feelings are yet to be learned when he shall have read that the accomplished heroine considers "Without Benefit of Clergy" "as artificial as it was a clever exploitation of marionetted emotions."

The Cage. By Harold Begbie. New York: George H. Doran Co.

It is a pity that so many earnest people with sermons to preach or lectures to deliver should cherish the illusion that by disguising themselves as novelists they can attract large audiences. One author wishes to give a series of travel lectures on Spain; another to inform the public about the Portuguese conquests in Africa; another to show that unless we return to the belief in immortality the institution of marriage is doomed: each wreaks his idea upon a novel. The purpose of "The Cage" as the preface warns us, is the one last mentioned. Matrimony is, of course, the cage, from which the heroine wishes to escape. Anne Ainslie is married off by her ambitious mother to a rich good-for-nothing. After five years, she leaves him, but there is no divorce. She falls in love with a friend of her childhood; then her husband writes asking her to return. She decides to see him in person and give him a final refusal; but she finds that he has most inopportunely reformed his habits. In this dilemma, she is persuaded by an old clergyman, who bases his lengthy argument upon her belief in immortality, to return to her unloved husband with a view to his salvation. Thus fortified, she is able even to convert her lover to her point of view. The author is evidently sincere, but he does not know how to tell a story.

Riders of the Purple Sage. By Zane Grey. New York: Harper & Bros.

All that story-tellers about the Western plains have ever dreamed or invented to stir the heart and freeze the blood of those who take their excitement at second hand has been packed into this tale of the Utah border. The author has omitted nothing which mere industry without art could supply. The Mormon terror hangs over the proud fair heiress of wide lands and many cattle desired of the elders of the Church of Latter Day Saints; life is full of stampeding herds, and races against death across the sage. About one hundred lives are dexterously snuffed out before the hero and heroine are safely delivered out of Mormondom and shut up in a wonderful secret valley from the one entrance of which a great rocking stone of the cliff-dwellers has been precipitated upon their pursuers, overwhelming men and horses. The record of mortality is mainly the work of two men, Gentiles in the midst of the enemy, and each of these for his reward carries off a prize of youth and beauty. What would you more?

The Mystery of No. 47. By J. Storer Clouston. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

A quiet and genteel family in St. John's Wood is in domestic difficulties. The cook has left, and the housemaid, a charming young lady in service under an assumed name, is engaged to a young scion of the nobility, who does not know her home or occupation. Suddenly word is received that a meddling epicurean bishop, a relative of the husband, is coming to dinner. Madam goes into the kitchen to cook, and the husband in endeavoring to account for her absence falls into ludicrous contradictions. The bishop, growing suspicious of foul play, calls in Scotland Yard, and there follows an amusing caricature of

the current detective story, in which a regular detective, a sensational reporter, and the husband disguised as a sensational novelist foregather in No. 47 and attempt to unravel mysteries which they have themselves created. The fun is fast, and towards the end farcical, but the idea of the satire is original.

MRS. HARRISON'S MEMOIRS.

Recollections Grave and Gay. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

This book presents four main pictures —a hint of the old South, a full-length portrait of Richmond in war-time, and lighter sketches of Paris of the declining Emperor and New York of regnant Boss Tweed. Mrs. Harrison's manner is spontaneously emotional, at times a shade too near the superlative; but it will be a stolid reader who can witness this passing of heroic or comical ghosts of past years without an occasional brimming of the eyes.

Miss Constance Cary of Carysbroke, Virginia, was related to the Randolphs and Fairfaxes. What is interesting in the account of her girlhood, aside from impressions of dear and eccentric kin, is the sense of the nearness of Europe. Many of her aunts, cousins, and friends married European gentlefolk. A Cary, before the war, would have been perhaps more at home in London or Paris than in New York. Virginia was an outpost of good European manners in America. The fact has obvious bearings upon the Confederate loyalty of such anti-slavery landowners as the Carys. It controverts also Maurice Low's destructive criticism of the "Cavalier" stock of Virginia. In the light of her origins, Virginia had no appreciable social advantage over, say, Massachusetts, but Virginia went on to produce a very definite feudality and chivalry, a whole code of special social institutions, whereas the original stock of manners in New England merely got confused or blunted. Virginia never was democratized. Cavaliers the aristocratic Virginians of the Civil War were for all practical purposes, quite irrespective of Burke or the Gotha.

Mrs. Harrison's chapters on Richmond in war-time convey vividly the heroic tension of those years. To youth, at least, that strain was glorious. The war had none of the nightmarish remoteness it presented to waiting Northern witnesses. At Richmond cause and effect worked frankly and without tragic delay. Much fighting took place within sound of the city. Not infrequently the gallant partner of the small hours came back before sunset stark on his gun-carriage. There was a tear for him, and other partners. Heartbreaking service in ill-provided hospitals kept one steady. If one had a voice, there were war songs to be sung to marching uncovered regiments. Banners were to be embroidered and presented. Then there were respites given to pure gayety. One invitation to the country contained the postscript, "Bring your own gentlemen." There were as well fascinating foreign attachés and a delightful sense of seeming heroic abroad. Miss Cary's brother, a midshipman on the privateer Nashville, took aboard "a distinguished stranger," to wit, Lord Palmerston, for a confidential chat with Capt. Pegram. The incident, which must rank high even among Palmerston's indiscretions, fortunately was not divulged. At Richmond, courage and gayety only increased as food coarsened and party gowns wore threadbare. Shopping or business North involved an adventurous running of the outposts. Miss Cary once did it effectively, bringing home a new bonnet through annoyance and something approaching peril. Richmond was gradually being strangled. Miss Cary saw President Davis's face pale as he received, in church, the fatal news of Lee's retreat. What the old South felt in this agony of the Confederacy we do not gather from this book, but we do at least learn how proudly the young South carried its *panache* to the end.

There is much that is wise and witty in the sketches of Paris and of New York before the new wealth ruled, but we prefer to leave this charming and informing volume with a picture of Richmond after the surrender. Miss Cary writes to her suitor, Burton Harrison, prisoner of war:

> It is no longer our Richmond, yet sometimes our eyes have a rest and are gladdened by the gray uniforms of the Confederate surgeons left here on parole to attend our sick and wounded soldiers. When one of them goes by, instantly every shutter is flung wide open, every cheek flushes, every eye sparkles a welcome. One of the girls tells me she finds great comfort in singing Dixie with her head buried in a feather pillow. My dear uncle, the most saintly of men, to-day read prayers to his assembled family, and, having in hand an old-time prayer book inadvertently read out the petition for the President of the United States. Edith, his youngest daughter, on our arising from our knees, immediately cried out in reproachful tones, "Oh! papa. You prayed for the President of the United States." "Did I?" said the good old doctor ruefully, "Devil fetch him!" at which we all laughed. Last night, from the sweetness of dreams, I was awakened by a band playing "Annie Laurie" so beautifully it seemed to chime with my happier thoughts. Directly it changed to the majestic strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner," which I had not heard in four years. In one minute I was broad awake and weeping. Oh! that such a noble air should send such a pang to rend me!
>
> To-day Mr. Lincoln, seated in an ambulance, with his son Tad upon his knee, drove down Grace Street, past this house, a mounted escort clattering after.

This autobiography is to others what "Trilby" is to other novels—delightful to read at top speed, and completely disarming to the critic.

Lives of the Hanoverian Queens of England. By Alice Drayton Greenwood. Vol. II. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.

There is only one serious fault to be found with the second volume of Miss Greenwood's masterly work, and that is inherent in the subject itself: the interest is in the nature of an anticlimax. The last section deals with Adelaide, Queen of William IV, and is in itself an excellent study, not without judicious glances at the politics of the day. But Adelaide's virtues were of a rather commonplace sort, and she came to the throne when the peculiarly Hanoverian traits of her husband's family were no longer of national importance. The preceding chapters on the unfortunate Caroline are more interesting, and those who desire to obtain a careful and balanced account of the miserable squabbles of Gentleman George and his wife cannot do better than apply themselves to this book. Miss Greenwood makes no attempt to gloss over the vulgarity and eccentricity of Caroline's proceedings, but her analysis of "the delicate investigation" and of the later trial before the Lords leaves the reader pretty strongly convinced, whatever may have been his previous opinion, that Caroline was essentially innocent. And George IV's treatment of the Princess Charlotte forms a fitting, if disgusting, close to the traditional Hanoverian feud between parent and offspring. An echo of the widespread grief at Charlotte's death may be heard in the noble stanzas at the close of "Childe Harold." We may observe here that Miss Greenwood's work, whether from choice or from lack of intimate familiarity with the material, is rather weak on the purely literary side. In this volume, as in the first, she misses many telling illustrations of the Hanoverian régime to be found in the *belles lettres* of the age, whereas her familiarity with the more purely historical sources is irreproachable. The interest of these chapters on Caroline is chiefly personal, but little incidents here and there, superficially trivial, are for any one familiar with the history of the times of considerable importance in showing the character of these petty German princesses who were brought over to England to preside over a proud and aristocratic society. Thus, when Malmesbury was sent over to Brunswick to fetch Caroline to the British court, he found it necessary to address "a firm parental exhortation to the Princess, rebuking her for 'piquing herself on dressing quick.'" This not being sufficient, he applied for help to a certain Madame von der Busche, and reports: "Madame Busche executes her commission well and the Princess comes

out the next day well washed all over." "All the young princesses of Germany," it was said, "had learned English in hopes of becoming Princess of Wales"—not all of them very successfully, however, for Caroline never acquired sufficient English to speak or write it without ludicrous mistakes.

Naturally, the bulk of the present volume (235 pages out of 419), and far the most interesting section, deals with Charlotte Sophia. Miss Greenwood gives an excellent analysis of the Queen's narrow, yet oddly inconsistent character, priggish in morals, yet when personal spite or jealousy entered into the situation, free enough to accept the malicious Lady Jersey, the Prince of Wales's mistress, and force her, as attendant and spy, upon the unwilling Caroline:

> Only a month after the birth of the Princess Charlotte the Queen gave one of her select private parties. The Princess of Wales was unable to be present, and Lady Jersey was invited to meet the Prince and seated at a card-table beside Princess Augusta, when the Prince kept coming up to the table and openly squeezing her hand. . . . The Queen manifestly did not disapprove. . . . It is not wonderful if severe comments were made upon the Queen's "hyprocisy."

This is not recited as a bit of scandalous gossip; it is thoroughly characteristic of a court which in many ways, apart from politics, had a disastrous effect on the higher life of England. Miss Greenwood is in no wise prejudiced against the Hanoverian family and their women. In her preceding volume she gave full, perhaps too great, credit to the political sagacity of George I and II. Of George III she draws, in the present volume, a portrait that is as remarkable for its fairness as for its skilful delineation. She treats Charlotte on the whole with sympathy, and especially at the time of George's madness she presents a view of the relation of the Queen and Parliament which certainly shows sufficient gentleness towards the former and sufficient harshness towards Burke and Fox. Nor, apparently, is she herself fully aware of the profound meaning of the picture she draws of this foreign court, which lay like a dead weight upon the intellectual life of England through the eighteenth century. She merely deals with the facts as an historian. This court in which filial and paternal hatred was handed down from generation to generation like an inherited, malignant disease; in which vice was vulgar and virtue ridiculous; in which tedium was only relieved by petty spite or coarse brutality; which, under Charlotte at least, deliberately surrounded itself by what was commonplace and insignificant, counts more in England's loss of intellectual prestige in the eighteenth century that is commonly believed. Hervey and Walpole, no doubt, drew with a pen deliberately satirical, but the sober and thoroughly judicious pen of the present historian does not alter very much the impression left on the mind by a perusal of the records made by those scandal-mongers.

Dante: Introduction à l'Etude de la Divine Comédie. Par Henri Hauvette. Paris: Hachette et Cie. 12mo, 396 pp. 3 fr. 50c.

The publication of this book is something in the nature of a literary event, for it is the first work of the kind to come from a French pen. While the study of Dante in England, America, and Germany has been pursued with increasing ardor during the last fifty or sixty years, in France, for whatever reason, it has until quite lately been curiously neglected. To such an extent has this been the case that in *Romania*, the well-known French journal for mediæval studies founded by the late Gaston Paris and Paul Meyer, the majority of the articles on Dantesque subjects have been contributed, as M. Counson observes in his "Dante en France," by an Englishman, and printed in English. We hail the appearance of this volume and of M. Cochin's recent translation of the "Vita Nuova" as welcome signs of a revival of that interest in Dante which at one period, as Professor Farinelli has shown in his work on "Dante e la Francia," was a notable feature in French literature.

M. Hauvette's title by no means conveys an adequate idea of the actual contents of his book, which is a good deal more than a mere introduction to the study of the "Divina Commedia" in the ordinary sense of the term. The work is divided into three parts, entitled, respectively, "Le Milieu historique," "L'Homme," and "La Divine Comédie." After an introductory chapter dealing with Rome, the Papacy, and the Empire, and Dante's attitude towards them, together with their bearing on his ideals and principles as expressed in his works, M. Hauvette proceeds to give an account of the "origins" of Florence, based mainly on the researches of Villari and Davidsohn, and of the evolution of the civil discords which played such an important part in the Italy of Dante's day, and in his own life-story. The historical sketch concludes with a brilliantly written chapter on the literary, philosophical, and religious movement of the thirteenth century, an acquaintance with which is indispensable to a right understanding of Dante and his works. In this chapter are included some instructive pages on the heresies of the Middle Ages, in respect of which M. Hauvette acknowledges his indebtedness to the special works of the late Felice Tocco on the subject.

In the second part ("L'Homme"), which comprises the biography of the poet, M. Hauvette discusses the dates of composition of the various works. In connection with the "De Monarchia" he mentions, but does not pass an opinion upon, the highly plausible theory recently enunciated by the veteran Professor Villari, namely, that the first two books of the treatise were finished by Dante before his exile from Florence, and that the third only, not the whole work as is generally maintained, was written on the occasion of Henry VII's descent into Italy. As regards the "Divina Commedia," M. Hauvette accepts the chronology proposed by Prof. E. G. Parodi, the key to which is to be found in an analysis of the evolution of Dante's political ideas. This would place the composition of the "Inferno" (that is, of the "Inferno" as we have it—*an* "Inferno" might well have been begun before Dante's exile, as Boccaccio would have us believe) between 1304 and 1308; that of the "Purgatorio" between the latter year and the first half of 1313; and that of the last *Cantica* between 1313 and 1321, the date of the poet's death—three periods which correspond with three sharply defined epochs in the history of Dante's political fortunes after his exile.

The last part, which deals with the subject proper of the book, consists of a careful résumé of the contents of the "Commedia," accompanied by a sort of running commentary, in which various controverted points, not of exegesis, but in the chronology and construction of the poem, are discussed and illustrated with a fulness of knowledge which testifies to M. Hauvette's wide reading and to his conscientious and sympathetic study of the somewhat formidable mass of literature on the subject. We may note in this connection one important publication which seems to have escaped his attention, namely, the work of Professors Boffito and Melzi d' Eril, on the so-called "Almanach Dantis," which disposes of one of the most weighty arguments against the acceptance of the year 1300 as the assumed date of Dante's vision. There is a statement in the note on page 366 which requires correction. M. Hauvette says that there is no contemporary authority for the supposition that Ugolino tried to keep himself alive in the Torre della Fame by feeding on the bodies of his dead children. In the thirteenth century "Cronica Fiorentina," attributed to Brunetto Latini, which is printed by Professor Villari in the first edition of his "Primi due Secoli della Storia di Firenze," it is distinctly stated in the account of the episode, that after they were all dead, "si trovò che l' uno mangiò de le carni all' altro."

We take leave of this book, which is written throughout with a charm of style which adds greatly to the pleasure of perusal, with feelings of gratitude to-

wards the author for one of the most notable contributions to the study of Dante that has been published in any language. M. Hauvette modestly doubts whether "non fu qui troppo folle." We trust that the assured success of this first incursion into the "campo dantesco" will encourage him to further acts of "follia" in the same direction.

The Life of Bret Harte. By Henry Childs Merwin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3 net.

Bret Harte gives a perfectly distinct impression as an artist; as a man he is wholly elusive. With a marked capacity for attracting friends, he as quickly outwore them; he lived in many places and settled in none; he wrote few letters and expressed few opinions; he clearly admitted no duty beyond that of setting words in beautiful order. He has left no real biographical material, and even his few surviving intimates seem unable or unwilling to say what manner of man he really was. To the task of making bricks without straw Mr. Merwin has brought a considerable resourcefulness. He has looked into the odd, mixed origins of his hero and has unearthed an unedifying eighteenth-century relation, a Canadian Jew, who "left behind him at his death no less than fourteen families, all established in the world with a good degree of comfort, and with a sufficient degree of respectability." There was a decline from this standard. Bret Harte's paternal grandfather maintained only two families at once, his father only one, and that in scant comfort. For the wayward streak in Bret Harte there seem to have been suitable biological antecedents.

About his beginnings as literary journalist and editor of the *Overland Monthly* there is plenty of material. To the fastidiousness of the editor and writer such men as Mark Twain and Charles Warren Stoddard loved to testify long after their lost leader had passed out of sight. The best of Bret Harte, or at least the recoverable best, surely was his San Francisco editorship. Promoted East, he neither knew how to be lionized nor how to get along without adulation. There was a moment when he was the foremost literary figure in America. James T. Fields retained him for a single golden year at what still would be a handsome income for a successful novelist. The rumor that he paid his butcher bills from the postage stamps sent with requests for his autograph was so specious that an admirer felt bound to deny it emphatically, "on the authority of the butcher." Yet in half-a-dozen years Bret Harte was glad to beat a retreat to a small consulate, leaving behind a wife and children, whom in his remaining twenty-three years he never again managed to see. These English years were aftermath as regards his writing, and his development into a fairly tractable lion is of minor interest.

Since the clue to this decline is missing and its details of a rather ordinary sort, a biographer and critic is pretty well limited to Bret Harte's first manner. This restriction Mr. Merwin has accepted loyally, and has made the staple of his book an elaborate defence of Bret Harte as a truthful chronicler of early California. Thus arises a considerable treatise on California in the sixties. It is a serious and informing bit of history, but it involves a most inauspicious competition with the work it defends. Nor is the utility of such a defence quite apparent. Obviously, the mining camps did not look to their makers as they did to the detached artist, Bret Harte. That he recorded his own impressions faithfully and without pretification, no person of critical capacity will doubt. The work, despite its dose of Dickens, bears its own evidence of authenticity. Mr. Merwin's elaborate apology either indicates that he has taken the plain man's cavils far too seriously, or that he was hard put to it to make out a book.

It is a duty and a pleasure to add that, aside from this defect of proportion, Mr. Merwin deploys his scanty material with much address, with sufficient humor, and with critical balance. The literary qualities of the prose and verse are admirably analyzed. The something less than complete manliness of the hero is, if unexplained, frankly acknowledged. A very workmanlike monograph of a definitive sort might easily be carved out of this rather misproportioned apologia and biography.

Notes

Dr. David Starr Jordan is bringing out, through Paul Elder & Co., a humorous volume entitled "Eric's Book of Beasts."

A limited edition of Scott, in fifty volumes, is contemplated by Houghton Mifflin Co.; there will be 300 full-page photogravure plates from special photographs made by Charles S. Olcott.

Rand, McNally & Co. will publish on March 1: "Love in a Mask," an edition of the Balzac manuscript, which, after being buried for fifty years, was printed in Paris last spring; "Lady Eleanor: Lawbreaker," a story of Richard Sheridan's time, by Robert Barr, and "Betty Moore's Journal," by Mrs. Mabel D. Carry.

Spring books announced by the Century Company include: "Tante," by Anne Douglas Sedgwick; "The Fighting Doctor," by Helen R. Martin; "The Woman from Wolverton," by Isabel Gordon Curtis; "The Battle of Base-Ball," by C. H. Claudy; "The Old Nest," by Rupert Hughes; "Explorers and Settlers—The Colonists and the Revolution—A New Nation—The Westward Movement—The Civil War—The Progress of a United People," Century Readings in United States History, edited by Charles L. Barstow; "The Yosemite," by John Muir; "The Burgundian," by Marion Polk Angellotti, and "Captain Martha Mary," by Avery Abbott.

Falconer Madan, the author of "The Early Oxford Press," has now completed a new work dealing with all the books that concern Oxford—"Oxford Books"—which will be issued as Vol. II of his earlier work. It is announced by the Oxford University Press.

A biography of the late Henry Labouchere, authorized by his executors, will be undertaken by his nephew, Algar Thorold.

A centenary edition of the works of Robert Browning, printed in large type on fine paper, with a preface to each leading poem by Dr. Frederick G. Kenyon, principal librarian of the British Museum, is announced by Smith & Elder. The edition will be limited to 750 copies, 250 for sale in this country.

The same house has in hand "Morocco in Diplomacy," by E. D. Morel, which traces the relations of that country to the Powers during the last twenty years.

To celebrate the seventieth birthday of Prof. Georg Brandes, the Danish scholar, which occurred recently, his publishers, Messrs. Gyldendal, issue an *édition de luxe* of his "William Shakespeare."

Included in John Lane Co.'s list of spring publications are, in fiction: "Zuleika Dobson," by Max Beerbohm; "Sekhet," by Irene Miller; "Wings of Desire," by M. P. Willcocks; "Manalive," by Gilbert K. Chesterton; "Hector Graeme," by Evelyn Brentwood; "The Unknown Woman," by Anne Warwick; "The Ealing Miracle," by Horace W. C. Newte; "Wayward Feet," by A. R. Goring-Thomas; "The Shadow of Power," by Paul Bertram; "Elsie Lindtner," by Kavin Michaelis; "The Story of a Ploughboy," by James Bryce; "The Snake," by Inglis McLeod; "In Sight of the Peak," by W. M. Ardagh; "The Chimera," by George Vane; "Beggars and Sorners," by Allan McAulay; "Guarded Mounts," by John Oxenham; "In Quest of Gold," by Charles E. Knowles; "The Saint's Progress," translated from the Italian of Ciro Alvi by Mary Gibson; "The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol," by William J. Locke; "No Surrender," by Constance E. Maud, and "The Dewpond," by Charles Marriott.—Biography and history: "Footprints of Famous Americans in Paris," by John Joseph Conway; "Recollections of Guy de Maupassant," by his valet, François, translated by Maurice Reynolds; "The Anarchists," by Ernest A. Vizetelly; "Margaret of France, Duchess of Savoy, 1523-1574," by Winifred Stephens; "A Queen of Shreds and Patches" [Madame Tallien Notre Dame de Thermidor], translated from the French of L. Gastine by J. Lewis May; "The Betts of Wortham in Suffolk," by Katharine Frances Doughty, and "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century," by Houston Stewart Chamberlain, a translation from the German by John Lees, with an introduction by Lord Redesdale.—Travel: "About Algeria: Algiers, Tlemcen, Biskra, Constantine, Timgad," by Charles Thomas-Stanford; "The Old Gardens of Italy: How to Visit Them," by Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond; "The Magic of Portugal," by A. F. G. Bell.—Poetry: "Emblems of Love," by Lascelles Abercrombie; "The Pagan

Trinity," by Beatrice Irwin; "The Love Poems of the Poet-Laureate," edited by Frederic Chapman; "Egypt, and Other Poems," by Francis Coutts; "The Lonely Dancer, and Other Poems," by Richard Le Gallienne; "The Lamp and the Lute," by Rosamund Marriott Watson, and "Ballads Weird and Wonderful," with twenty-five drawings by Vernon Lee, introduction by R. P. Chope.—Miscellaneous: "The Stories of the Russian Ballet," by Arthur Applin; "Paris à la Carte," by Julian Street; "Ship Bored," the same; "The Criminal and the Community," by Dr. James Devon; "Jungle Folk," Indian natural history sketches, by Douglas Dewar; "Beauty and Ugliness," by Vernon Lee and C. Anstruther; "The Book of Seven Existences," essays by Richard Le Gallienne, and "The Starlit Mire," epigrams by James Bertram and Russell Wilkinson.

With the fifth and sixth volumes, 1838-1841 and 1841-1844, the "Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson" (Houghton Mifflin) reach high tide. These years include Brook Farm, the *Dial*, Alcott's hapless Community at Fruitlands. Emerson himself in this time published the first and second series of "Essays." At Concord, Thoreau was an inmate of the household; the mystic Jones Very, the poet Ellery Channing, the communist Edward Palmer, and Margaret Fuller were frequent guests. Hawthorne was an occasional evasive companion. Much beset by less desirable visitors representing sundry "isms," Emerson often yearns for the freedom of "being a guest in his own house." For the first time these journals begin to assume a larger historic importance. We have vivid portraits of Garrison, Webster, Alcott, Margaret Fuller, Edward Everett, and others. Nor will a future student of American civilization find superfluous Emerson's enthusiastic analysis of the charm of Fanny Ellsler's dancing. Indeed the topics are more acceptably varied in these than in the earlier volumes. A sardonic humor, exemplified in a scheme for a Society for Propping the Planet, becomes frequent. One readily passes from some racy Concord item, to a case in manners or a venture in æsthetics. The old theological and metaphysical concerns now admit the neighborhood of politics and portraiture. What is most remarkable is the balance of it all, the sense of cosmic unterrified survey. We can do no better perhaps in a restricted space than to point out certain analogies and anticipations linking Emerson with other great thinkers.

Some eight years before Millet moved to Barbizon, Emerson was writing:

> I often see that the attitudes of both men and women engaged in hard labor are more picturesque than any which art or study could contrive, for the Heart is in these first. I say picturesque, because, when I pass these groups, I instantly know whence all the fine pictures I have seen had their origin; I feel the painter in me; these are the traits that make us feel the force and eloquence of form and the sting of color.

A full generation before Amiel had declared landscape to be "a state of mind," Emerson writes:

> We feel that every one of those remarkable effects in landscape, which occasionally catch and delight the eye, as, for example, a long vista in woods, trees on the shore of the lake coming quite down to the water, a long reach in a river, a double or triple row of uplands or mountains seen one over the other, and whatever of the like has affected our fancy, must be the rhetoric of some thought not yet detached for the conscious intellect.

Long before the doctrine that criticism should be creative, Emerson insisted that "analysis can be poetical." A forecast of Samuel Butler's faith that our political salvation lies in following "nice people" is Emerson's declaration that "any form of government is good in which the rulers are gentlemen." There is an eloquent passage on the evils of commerce which would serve as a text for modern progressives of either denomination. We must close with a glimpse of good Dr. Ripley, Emerson's pastor:

> Dr. Ripley prays for rain with great explicitness on Sunday, and on Monday the showers fell. When I spoke of the speed with which his prayers were answered, the good man looked modest.

A hundred years or so ago, a young Englishman travelling or living abroad was accustomed to redact his impressions in the form of letters to his father who, from the opinions and judgments expressed on men and things, was able to form some estimate of his son's educational progress. To-day the same sojourner takes a more self-conscious literary attitude and writes a book. Charles Dawbarn's "France and the French" (Macmillan), which is affectionately inscribed "to my father,". is the precise literary analogue of the innumerable travel-letters of the eighteenth century, most of which, done up in yellowing sheaves, fade forgotten in ancestral chest and escritoire. What has held Mr. Dawbarn for ten years in Paris we do not know, and we are ignorant as to the precise opportunities he has enjoyed for study and observation. These should seem, however, to have been extremely superficial, or else he has taken little advantage of them, for certainly his *aperçus* of French character, French culture, and French civilization, are remarkable neither for originality nor for deep penetration. His book abounds in current commonplaces, in conventional estimates, in trite remarks, and in threadbare comparisons between French and English institutions. In fact, what chiefly impresses the reader in its pages is the psychological phenomenon of the insularity of the average Englishman for whom there exists no universal or world standard. In this he is far behind his national predecessor of earlier centuries, and perhaps, even, of the average American of to-day. At least the latter would be likely to give new life to his broad generalizations with anecdote and the record of piquant facts derived from his own observation. Mr. Dawbarn's pages are singularly free from any trace of the influence which Stendhal has exerted upon the modern literary traveller, and it would be cruel to compare them with the alert and suggestive pages of Pierre de Coulevain's "L'Ile Inconnue," with which, however, the author shows acquaintance. And yet it is the Englishman rather than the Frenchman who has the reputation for travel and sightseeing!

We agree with Walter Jerrold, the author of "The Danube" (Stokes) that "what the Rhine was, the greater, the more beautiful, the grander, and more fascinating Danube should become in these days of improved means of communication." There is no part of the Rhine quite as beautiful as the "Wachau," with its narrow gorge, its crags, vineyards, and old towns, extending from the magnificent monastery of Mölk, fifty miles west of Vienna, past the castle of Dürnstein —the prison of Richard Cœur de Lion—to Krems. And yet these twelve miles of glorious scenery are far surpassed in impressiveness by what the Danube offers in its course through Hungary and along the borders of Servia, Rumania, and Bulgaria. The nearer we approach its mouth, the wider becomes our historical perspective. In other words, in addition to its scenic attractions the Danube is of far greater international interest than the Rhine. Mr. Jerrold describes the river from Ratisbon to the Iron Gate, and brings together a mass of information, from legends, chronicles, and stories of older travellers, which testifies to his industry and intelligence, but does not warm the reader's heart. The author becomes more interesting in his personal glimpses of Hungary, which are at times quite spirited. His knowledge of Hungarian history and literature is, however, very hazy. It would be difficult to say what he means by the assertion that "though much blamed for his share in the compromise, Deák (misspelled Déak) may be regarded as one of the chief agents of the renaissance." He is equally at sea in his estimate of the novelist Jókai, who was so erroneously regarded by foreigners as, in his day, the truest exponent of Hungarian ideas. Mr. Jerrold's spelling of the names of Hungarian celebrities is not always correct, as "Görgy," "Batthány," and "Petófi" show. Less excusably, there are many errors in German geographical names, such as "Würtemburg," "Höchstäd," "Ingoldstadt," etc., and the quotations from German songs and inscriptions bristle with misprints. The illustrations, though pleasing, are not highly artistic.

W. A. Craigie is responsible for the double-section of the "Oxford English Dictionary," SIMPLE-SLEEP (Frowde). A notable feature of this instalment is its group of SK-words, occupying some thirty-five pages, in which neither the native nor the Latin element appears—the Latin *sc-* remaining unchanged and the Anglo-Saxon *sc-* being represented by *sh-* in modern English. Among the blunt monosyllables in the SK-file may be mentioned the Scandinavian *skald, ski, skill, skin, sky;* the Dutch *skate;* the Old French *skein* and *skim;* the Greek *skink* (lizard); and the American Indian *skunk*. Of the boreal invaders *sky* has been particularly prolific in picturesque compounds with a flavor of the most etherial slang, such as *sky-farmer*—"cheats who pretend they were farmers in the isle of sky"; the nautical *skylark* dimly reminiscent of tarry sailors frolicking in the riggings; and *sky-parlour,* the abode where great thread-bare poets are sought in the early dawn of their celebrity. If one should catch a boy on Broadway to-day and demand of him a definition of *sky-scraper,* there would be but one reply; speechless with a vague surmise, he would stand groping from the malicious tail of his eye for the interrogator's carpet-bag, while his index finger travelled heavenward over the puny spires of the old soul-insurance offices towards the genuinely cloud-piercing towers of our new life-insurance buildings. But this disdainful gesture would not be animated by a sense of linguistic history. As early as 1794, a sailor questioned on this same word *sky-scraper* would have pointed to certain light trianguiar sails, otherwise known as *moon-rakers,* set above the royals

to catch soft airs in calm weather. In 1827, however, you might open the *Sporting Magazine* and learn that your favorite jockey was about to ride "one of the crack skyscrapers of the day." On the other hand, if you happened to be a man of some inches in the year 1857, you might yourself be accosted thus, "I say, old sky-scraper, is it cold up there?" If, furthermore, you continued to cling to your old high cycle in 1892, you made yourself obnoxious to the same epithet. And for once at any rate—in Lever's "Charles O'Malley," 1841—a very "tall" story passes for a sky-scraper. Rather curiously, the first recorded use of the word in its current meaning is found in the Boston *Journal*, 1891.

The word *slave*, etymologically identical with *Slav*, and spelled *sclaue* by Chaucer, Lord Berners, and Spenser, is of course of a high antiquity. The most interesting part of its history, however, relates to the United States in the first half of the nineteenth century, when in the heat of political controversy it was forced into novel combinations by the passion of abolitionist reformers. For this phase of its activity the Oxford Dictionary assembles a fairly good collection of illustrations, but relies too much on Bartlett and printed books to be thoroughly trustworthy as a record of "first appearances." For example, the earliest illustration of *slave power* is taken from Bartlett, and dated 1859. This is obviously late. In the Utica *Liberty Press* of June 7, 1849, we find an editorial attack on the *Daily Observer*, which is set down "as a pro-slavery organ, and the Hunker party, of which it is a mouthpiece, the ally of the *slave power*." In the same issue is a racy attack, quoted from the Cayuga *New Era*, upon the "doughface policy" of those who "climb upon the skirts of the *slavery-extentionists* of the South"; this example of *slavery-extensionists* antedates the Dictionary by eleven years. Finally, the combination italicized in the following passage, also from the *Liberty Press*, is not recorded at all: "The North has been atrociously duped and cheated into a practical alliance with the *slavery-propagandists*." The earliest illustration of *slave-mongers* is dated 1861; in Loring Moody's pamphlet "History of the Mexican War," 1848, the word occurs, page 14, in the phrase "Southern slave-mongers." On page 26 of the same appears the similarly contemptuous *slave-breeders*, which is not recorded by the Oxford historians. Another unrecorded form is *slave-breeding*, irefully applied in the *Radical Abolitionist* of June, 1856, to a contemporary newspaper, the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung*—"a universal cry of indignation arose among the working people of New York against this *slave-breeding* organ." The first and only recorded example of *slave-land*, 1855, is anticipated by Harriet Martineau in her "Retrospect of Western Travel," 1838—"a few negroes who have returned into *slaveland* from a state of freedom" (Vol. I, p. 178). The illustration of *slave-whip* is taken from Whittier, 1838—"where the *slave-whip* ceaseless swings." As an example of abolitionist energy in style we should like to add this from Moody's "Mexican War" (p. 30): "As soon as the Texians had gained the battle of San Jacinto, they demanded to be 'annexed to the United States.' Not in the tone of suppliants; quite the contrary; with the butt of their *slaves-whips*, while their knuckles were dripping with blood, they were found on the steps, thundering at the door for admission to the Union." In general, the leading abolitionist pamphleteers and journalists respect the purity of the language; they write under the shadow of the English and Latin classics. Yet neither Cicero nor Hooker, St. Augustine nor Burke—to whom they resort for both eloquence and argument—is able to prevent them from coining and circulating freely the illegitimate hybrid *slavocracy*, painful to lexicographers. The first example recorded is Bartlett's from the New York *Express*, 1848; and we note another of the same date on page 120 of Moody's "Mexican War"; the next falls from the silver tongue of Wendell Phillips.

"The Truth About Chickamauga" (Houghton Mifflin), by Archibald Gracie, is the first of a work of two volumes, and is concerned almost exclusively with the events of the afternoon of the second day at Chickamauga. Since Mr. Gracie but half-presents his story, elaborate criticism is not yet in place. The title is misleading. The campaign in general, the preliminary manœuvring in August and September of 1863, the battle of the first day, the dramatic advance of Longstreet on the forenoon of the second day, which brought about the rout of the Federal right, these capital points in the tale of Chickamauga are not considered. The book presents really only the truth about "Horseshoe Ridge"; its title claims too much. Challenging the accepted views of the notable stand made on the Federal left on the afternoon of September 20, 1863, our author gives in this book the Federal testimony, reserving for his second volume that of the Confederates. Mr. Gracie weighs with immense labor and detail the evidence in the official reports, from those of Rosecrans at Chattanooga down to the subalterns on the firing-line. His work would be much more effective if condensed and better systematized. In fact, we think few will read the tedious detail excepting the sons and grandsons of the participants who figure. Mr. Gracie is conscientious as well as industrious, and although his case is only half stated, already makes it plain that the struggle has been glaringly misconceived. The facts here so minutely set forth make it proper that a number of costly monuments in Chickamauga Park should be located and inscribed anew. He maintains that some gallant regiments and officers have heretofore been discredited, while soldiers less worthy have enjoyed an undeserved fame. As to the result in general, it cannot be said that the Federals could have held out longer on Horseshoe Ridge, or that they retired in good order. An unwarranted hesitancy on the part of the Confederates alone appears to have saved the Federals from a complete catastrophe, and this, we take it, will be made still more plain in Mr. Gracie's second volume. The book contains many good maps, views, and portraits.

The late John Bell Henneman, as professor of English at the University of the South, and as editor of the *Sewanee Review*, was an important influence for culture and scholarship in the Southern States. He was a man of gracious and unstinted friendliness, and absolutely faithful to a wide range of private and public loyalties. Shakespearean study was his major passion, and his friends who have brought together a memorial volume of his writings have appropriately chosen the title "Shakespearean and Other Papers" (The University Press of Sewanee, Tenn.). Henneman's cautious scholarship appears to advantage in his analysis of the tangled problem of the historical plays. His especial local activities are suggested by papers on James Lane Allen, on Southern literature, and recent historians of the South. The breadth of his interests is hinted at in an essay on the Hungarian novelist, Maurus Jókai. Professor Trent contributes a personal appreciation, and Prof. J. D. Bruce a biographical sketch. As frontispiece there is an excellent photographic portrait of Henneman. To many comrades, for the lines of his friendship reached far, these literary *parerga* of a life ungrudgingly devoted to the routine of teaching and administration will appeal with peculiar and pathetic force.

The Arthur H. Clark Co. of Cleveland has just published, in anticipation of the needs of the State Constitutional Convention, "The Constitutions of Ohio, Amendments, and Proposed Amendments, etc.," edited by Isaac F. Patterson. The work is well done. The editorial matter, which is limited to the lowest possible dimensions, might have been expanded with benefit, but the thirty-nine-page introduction contains sufficient information for an understanding of the documents. At the end is a short chapter composed of contemporary newspaper comment on two of the Constitutions.

The concluding volume of Prof. Francis G. Peabody's Harvard sermons, "Sunday Evenings in the College Chapel" (Houghton Mifflin), is distinguished by the keen insight, the gentle persuasiveness, and the quiet Christian reasonableness, which have marked the four preceding volumes. It contains a gracious tribute to ex-President Eliot which is worthy of quotation:

Severest critic, best of listeners,
Questioning all things with perennial youth,
Quick to detect when faulty logic errs,
Yet quicker to discern each note of truth;
Men call you unimpassioned, cold, and stern,
The last survivor of the Puritan,
They little know the sympathies that burn
For every worthy cause or troubled man.
Straight to its mark your candid counsel flies,
Its shaft of judgment tipped with kind desire,
And those it pierces still unwounded rise,
Chastened but strong, and purified by fire.

Along the coast where we have lived together,
There comes at evening time, in summer weather,
A hush of Nature, when the sighing firs
Cease their complaining, and no land breeze stirs
The drowsy ocean; while the burnished bay
Mirrors the splendors of the dying day.
So, after many and tempestuous years,
And many an angry gale of doubts and fears,
The hostile breezes slacken and then cease;
The harbor lights are lit, of love and peace;
And life's calm evening settles over you
As sunset gathers over Asticou.

In our review of "Truth and Reality" last week the author, John Elof Boodin, was called "a graduate of Harvard." More precisely, he is an A.B. of Brown University, 1895, and received the Ph.D. degree from Harvard in 1899.

Louis Heilprin, who died in this city on Monday night, was born at Miskolez, Hungary, July 2, 1851. His father, Michael Heilprin, who had held an important post in the Hungarian Revolutionary Government under Kossuth, came to America in 1856. He was a profound historical and linguistic scholar, and in America devoted himself to literary and journalistic labors. Michael

Heilprin was one of the editors of the American Cyclopædia in its first edition, and, when this encyclopædia was to be issued in its second edition, the revision of the entire work was entrusted to him. In this labor, Louis Heilprin, though he had barely attained his majority, bore an important part as an assistant to his father. This youthful work was the precursor of that remarkable series of labors which he executed in later years. His revision of the Century Encyclopædia of Names, and of the New International Encyclopædia were examples of conscientious, able, and thoroughgoing work which may safely be said never to have been paralleled by any single worker in that field. Another task, which he executed in conjunction with his brother, the late Prof. Angelo Heilprin, was the preparation of the latest edition of Lippincott's Gazetteer, the preceding and long-antiquated edition serving merely as a basis. This was accomplished in a comparatively short time by two men, as the proofsheets, showing the changes and additions, make plain to the eye. While the work done by Mr. Heilprin was chiefly in this line, his intellectual powers in other directions were, if anything, even more remarkable, though these were known only to a small circle of friends. He was always intensely interested in all matters relating to engineering and transportation, and had a penetrating grasp of such questions as that of rapid transit in New York. At a critical time in the discussion of this question, he sent to one of the leading engineering journals an elaborate article on the subject, which so impressed the editor that he urged Mr. Heilprin to make further contribution to the magazine, never doubting that the article came from the pen of an engineering expert. Mr. Heilprin was an occasional, but highly valued, contributor to the *Nation*. Shortly before the breaking-down of his health last year, he wrote for these columns an extensive and noteworthy review of the Eleventh Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. Of the ideal beauty of his character, and the affectionate regard he inspired in all who knew him, this is not the place to speak.

Nathan Coffee, author of a book entitled "Lords of the Soil," which describes old Indian customs, died last week at his home on Long Island, aged fifty-eight. His grandmother was a Narragansett queen, and his father belonged to the Montauk tribe.

Prof. Benjamin Gill, seventy-nine years old, professor of Greek and Latin in Pennsylvania State College, died on Sunday.

Dr. Edward Wilmot Blyden, the negro author and lecturer, died recently at Sierra Leone. He was born at St. Thomas, West Indies, in 1832. After studying theology and becoming a Presbyterian pastor, he was appointed president of Liberia College. Later he was Liberian Secretary of State for the Interior, and Liberian Minister at London. He wrote several works on the negro in Africa.

The death occurred at Edinburgh, a fortnight since, of Dr. Alexander Taylor Innes, aged seventy-eight. Among his writings are "The Law of Creeds in Scotland," "Church and State, a Historical Handbook," "Studies in Scottish History," "John Knox," "Trial of Jesus," and "Scottish Churches and the Crisis of 1907."

Gen. Hippolyte Langlois, grand officer of the Legion of Honor, Senator from the division of Meurthe-et-Moselle, and member of the French Academy, died in Paris on Monday, at the age of seventy-two. He was an authority on military strategy and wrote much on this subject.

Dr. Andrew Martin Fairbairn, principal emeritus of Mansfield College, Oxford, is dead. He was the Lyman Beecher lecturer at Yale University in 1891-92. Dr. Fairbairn was born at Edinburgh in 1838. He had received honorary degrees from a number of universities, including Yale and the Theological Institute at Göttingen. He was a minister of the Evangelical Union Congregational Church, a member of numerous theological boards and commissions, and was the author of several works on religion and its philosophy and history.

Abbé Charles Loyson, Père Hyacinthe, of whom mention is made in another column, died last Friday at Neuilly, France, aged eighty-four. In 1850 he was ordained priest, and officiated in St. Sulpice, Paris. For his heterodoxical preaching he was excommunicated by the Catholic Church in 1869. Opposed to forced celibacy, he married shortly afterwards an American woman, Emilie Jane Butterfield, and visited this country, where he was welcomed as another Luther, but he remained a Catholic, though he rejected the infallibility of the Pope. He returned to Paris, and in 1878 undertook to establish the "Gallican Catholic Church," assuming the title of rector under the auspices of the "Primate of the Church of Scotland." Among his works are "La Société civile dans ses rapports avec le Christianisme," "Mon Testament," and "Christianisme et Islamisme."

Science

Constable & Co. of London will begin the publication next April of *Bedrock*, a quarterly review of scientific thought. The editor, aided by an editorial committee, will be H. B. Grylls.

The place of honor in the *Annales de Géographie* for January is given to the introductory lecture by Prof. W. M. Davis of Harvard in his course in geography, at the Sorbonne. A reference to the fact that he was the first lecturer on science to be chosen by the Minister of Public Instruction, the other courses having been on American history and literature, was followed by an expression of his great satisfaction in being able to "present to young French geographers certain principles of physical geography which, although the results of the investigations of our explorers in the Far West and the Rocky Mountain region, are as applicable to the problems of the Old as to those of the New World." In doing so he would endeavor to establish a more exact and scientific method than now prevails for the description of the various features of the earth's surface.

The *Bibliographic Géographique Annuelle* number of the *Annales de Géographie* covers the geographical literature of 1910. The publications and subjects catalogued number 1165, and the index contains about 3,000 names of authors and travellers. The explanatory notes to the different entries by the editor, Louis Raveneau, and his fifty-two assistants add much to the value and usefulness of the bibliography. Its wide range may be appreciated from the fact that among its contents are two works on agriculture and mining published by the Japanese Department of Agriculture and Commerce.

"Alpine Plants of Europe, Together with Cultural Hints" (Dutton), by Harold Stuart Thompson, F.L.S., is a thoroughly satisfactory handbook. It is comprehensive, covering a sufficiently wide range for the tourist; it is convenient in size and method; and it is accurate. The traveller in the Alps can often find botanies which answer pretty well for any one place, but which are deficient in more general considerations. In this small manual, of less than three hundred pages, are adequate descriptions of the floral carpet from the eastern to the western limits of the higher mountains, accompanied by well-executed figures in color of more than three hundred kinds of flowers. The absence of any analytical key to the species will strike the reader as unfortunate, and he may be at a loss how to proceed. But his hesitation need be only momentary, for a hasty glance at the beautiful illustrations will enable even a beginner to find something exactly or nearly like the specimen under examination. In describing so wide a range of plants, the author has had to omit a good deal of interesting matter, which, in these days, constitutes an important part of botany, namely, that which treats of the relations of plants to insects. But, on the whole, it is, perhaps, well to let the tourist look up that matter for himself. The author devotes a good deal of space to the attractive subject of cultivating Alpine plants in lowland elevations. So far as we have been able to discover, he speaks from his own knowledge, and not at second hand. It will not be his fault if this handbook does not allure many travelers to take a more intelligent interest in the most charming miniature flora in the world.

Joseph Lister, first Baron Lister, who was made famous by his discovery of the antiseptic system of treatment in surgery, died in London on Sunday, eighty-five years of age. His father, Joseph Jackson Lister, was an eminent oculist. The son entered the Quaker schools of Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, and Tottenham, near London, and graduated in 1847 at the University of London, continuing at the College there for the degree of M.B. He became fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1852. After rendering services in treatment of hospital gangrene and pyæmia at the University Hospital he accepted the chair of surgery in Glasgow, and later went to Edinburgh as house surgeon to Dr. Syme, famous at that time for his use of lint instead of water in the dressing of wounds. It was in these years that Lister came to realize his life's work, the invention of antiseptics in surgical operations. By 1850 the use of anæsthetics had made deliberate and complicated operations possible. But a vast percentage of the patients died through suppuration, phagedæna, and other septic poisonings. Lister, on the expiration of his term as house surgeon, prepared an extra-academical course of lectures on surgery, in which the idea of ascepticizing wounds

began to be defined. At this time Lister proposed the prevention of putrefaction, not by the exclusion of air from wounds, which was impossible, but by protection from microbes. Carbolic acid was first tried, on account of its success in deodorizing sewage. But to make it applicable to cut wounds its blending was necessary with some inert body which would combine high antiseptic efficiency with least possible irritation to tissues. Experiments along this line occupied many years. Listerine was one product. Sprays were also used to kill the dust, which Pasteur had shown to be germ-laden, but only to be discarded in 1890, when by experiment Lister determined that the atmosphere could be disregarded, and even all washings of the wound might be dispensed with, with their attendant irritation. Two main objects were always in view, to guard the wound and afterward to protect it. In ligatures he discovered that the threads if perfectly antiseptic might remain in the healed wound without harm; he developed catgut for these as the substance most readily absorbed. In 1869 Lister succeeded his father-in-law, Dr. Syme, in the Edinburgh chair of clinical surgery; in 1877 he changed to a like position in London at King's College. In 1896 he retired from practice. Dr. Lister was president of the Royal Society from 1895 to 1900. In 1883 he was created a baronet, and in 1897 was raised to the peerage as Baron Lister of Lyme Regis. In 1902, among the coronation honors, he was nominated an original member of the new Order of Merit. He received the LL.D. from five universities. For thirty years his name has been honored by surgeons all over the world, and his distinguished work has won the admiration of the lay public for almost as long. There is no heir to his titles, and his wife, Agnes Syme, whom he married in 1856, died in 1893.

The death is reported from Paris of Louis Delaunay-Belleville, a noted engineer, aged sixty-eight. He was formerly honorary president of the Chamber of Commeree of Paris and was the author of one book—"Lois et règlements concernant les appareils à vapeur dans les diverses nations du globe."

Drama

"Heralds of the Dawn," by William Watson, is announced by John Lane Co.

Katherine Jewell Everts, author of "The Speaking Voice," has written a more comprehensive volume on "Vocal Expression" (Harper), which shows an intelligent knowledge of the subject and contains a quantity of good advice. It is particularly sound in its insistence upon the necessity, on the part of the reader or actor, of grasping the full meaning of a prose passage, poem, or play before undertaking to interpret it. Most modern actors—public reciters are much less common now than they were thirty or forty years ago—might study what is said on this subject with much advantage. There is good matter, too, in the various essays on the characteristics and possibilities of cultivated speech, the effects of properly modulated tone, correct emphasis, sympathetic feeling, and so forth, and on the management of the breath, voice development, etc., but it may be doubted whether the most earnest student of elocution can profit much by printed instruction. It is so much easier to describe how a thing ought to be done than to explain how to do it. It is because Miss Everts recognizes this fact, and lays a special emphasis upon the need of analytical study as a preliminary to recitation or impersonation, that her book has positive value. Most of the passages which she has selected for vocal experiment are well suited to the purpose, but some of her prescriptions for budding geniuses are, perhaps, a little fanciful.

"The Flower Shop," a play in three acts, by Marion Craig-Wentworth (Badger), is a cleverly written and well-made piece—although somewhat too oratorical in places—with several effective theatrical situations. But as a manifesto on the relations of the sexes it is, in its final issue, both conventional and indefinite. It is, on this account, more nearly in accordance with human nature and common experience than it is effective as drama. The heroine believes that the only true happiness for a self-respecting woman consists in her complete independence, and she, therefore, resolutely refuses to marry a rich judge, an ideal man, to whom she is passionately devoted, and who worships her, unless he will permit her to keep the flower-shop which she has established as a means of self-support and an object-lesson to other women. He will not agree to this, because it is unnecessary, and would put both her and him in a false position. Meanwhile, she has induced her closest friend, a married woman, to go on the stage, in defiance of her husband's wishes. But the husband, also rich and devoted, says plumply, evidently meaning it, that, if his wife chooses to exhibit herself, he will have nothing more to do with her, and, as she loves him, she backs down and yields to his wishes. This submission only confirms the heroine in her attitude; but she is so desperately in love that, sooner than lose the judge altogether, she offers to become his mistress. The judge, being a gentleman, promptly declines to degrade her, and withdraws, bidding her send for him when she has changed her opinion. Finally she does write to him, but again changes her mind. The judge, however, returns of his own accord, whereupon she voluntarily agrees to give up the shop. But he says he will marry her, shop and all and down comes the happy curtain. Manifestly this is a lame and impotent conclusion for a thesis play, unless the intended moral—of which no sufficient intimation is given in the play—is that love and instinct are stronger than abstract principle.

The Poetry Society of London will produce in March Prof. Gilbert Murray's version of "Hippolytus."

In "The Lady of Dreams," the revised "Princesse Lointaine," Madame Simone will be supported by A. E. Anson as Prince Geoffrey and Julian L'Estrange as Bertram.

The engagement of Ethel Barrymore at the Empire Theatre will be followed by the production of Rudolf Besier's arboreal comedy, "Lady Patricia," in which the part of the heroine will be assumed by Mrs. Fiske. The piece, which has had a successful run in London, has been described already in this journal.

Henry Miller will play the leading part when he produces A. E. Thomas's new play, "The Rainbow," in this city a few weeks hence. The piece, of which the scenes are laid in this city and on the Riviera, requires a large cast.

Alan Campbell's new play, "The Dust of Egypt," which Frank Curzon and Gerald du Maurier produced last week in Wyndham's Theatre, London, relates to the adventures of an Egyptian princess restored to life after centuries of mummification. It is said that he has put this ancient idea to novel use.

Henry Ainley, who has been ill for some time, has recovered and is making a provincial tour in "Old Heidelberg."

It is announced that "Chantecler," in which Miss Maude Adams has now appeared more than two hundred and fifty times in different parts of the country, will be brought back to this city next season, and played in the Empire Theatre, with entirely new scenery. The five hundredth performance will occur in due course, according to the programme long since decreed, in San Francisco. Miss Adams, of course, will continue to wear the feathers of the heroic Gallic cock until the destined sum of her performances has been accomplished. Nothing could be much more illuminative of the present condition of theatrical affairs. When the poet declared that it was not in mortals to command success, he failed to foresee the marvels of modern management.

Sarah Bernhardt, it appears, is to return to us sooner than we expected. It is announced that she has signed a contract to tour the United States again next winter as a vaudeville star. There is something unpleasant in the notion of such a career ending in the halls, although, as a matter of fact, the latter have been looming large as dangerous rivals of the regular theatres for some time. And, after all, there is no particular reason why she should not do here what she has done already in London. It is possible that, in the new conditions, her art may rise superior to its environment, but it is permissible to doubt. Those who are old enough to remember her in the days of her early prime know that she has long ceased to be the perfect artist that she was then. She is a marvellous woman and a wonderful actress still, but years of barn-storming and dollar-hunting have dulled her artistic perceptions and deadened her artistic conscience. She has learned to appeal to the mob and to command ignorant applause by the use of a violence to which in the past she would not have condescended.

Oscar Asche has been compelled to abandon his scheme of building a new theatre in London until his return from Australia at the end of next year. He will then make a revival of "Kismet," which will be followed by the sequel, which Edward Knoblauch is now writing. This will be called "Mecca," and will carry on the adventures of Hajj, the Beggar, of his daughter Marsina, now married to the Caliph, and one or two of their associates. A Chineso dramatist, Kong Meng, resident in Australia, has furnished Mr. Asche with the scenario of a drama of which the action passes in China, and in which all the characters are Chinese. As it stands, the

piece could be played almost entirely in pantomime; and, when completed, the proportion of dialogue to action will be small.

Music

The Story of the Bagpipe. By William H. Grattan Flood. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

The word bagpipe calls up in most minds the vision of a Scotch Highlander playing the national instrument of his country, to the local color of which it is supposed to be as essential as the kilt and the bare knees. As a matter of fact, the bagpipe was for thousands of years a favorite instrument in most parts of the world, and if to-day it seems to belong exclusively to the Scotch and their Irish neighbors, this is simply due to the fact that they alone had the good sense and taste to cling to it when others had become deaf to its unique charm. Mr. Flood, in the opening pages of his "Story of the Bagpipe," reveals its remarkable antiquity. Chinese traditions make it the oldest instrument in the Celestial Empire. The Egyptians employed the bagpipe drone and a player of this instrument is sculptured on a Hittite slab dating back to a thousand years before Christ. Nero played on it, but many archæologists now think that the Roman civilization was due in part to Celtic influences, and Mr. Flood declares there is not a shadow of doubt that the bagpipe was used in Pre-Christian Ireland, whence it was brought not only to Wales and Scotland, but also to Rome. However this may be, it is certain that during the Middle Ages it made its home in every European country. In Austria dancing to the bagpipe was a popular diversion as early as the thirteenth century, and that the instrument was also much in vogue in Germany at the same period is attested by the legend of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, and by other evidence. It became a court instrument played by minnesingers and troubadours in Germany, France, and Spain. From Boccaccio we learn that in 1348 a bagpiper accompanied the fugitives who fled from plague-stricken Florence to the country. In Belgium pipers took part in religious services, and there were masques of pipers; on one occasion, at a feast of the Blessed Virgin, "many wild beasts danced round a cage containing two apes playing on bagpipes." Comic pictures of pigs, bears, and other animals playing this instrument attest its mediæval vogue in divers countries; and the esteem in which it was held is further shown in its being pictured as a component part of the celestial instrument, played by angels. It was supposed, also, to influence the actions of animals. In Sweden, an ecclesiastic dignitary, of the sixteenth century relates that the shepherds employed the bagpipe to induce their flocks to come together and feed with relish.

In France, during the seventeenth century, five different forms of the bagpipe were used, and two of these, the coonemuse and the musette, were much in vogue; in fact, the musette was the fashionable instrument in the days of Louis XIV. Ladies vied with each other as players and as owners of beautifully decorated specimens; in 1649 the Court Band included four musettes, and Mersenne wrote that with a skilful player this instrument did not yield to any other. In the French army, also, the musette (which was modelled on the Irish uilleann) was used up to the opening years of the last century. It was in Ireland, Scotland, and England, nevertheless, that the bagpipe was most in vogue from the earliest days, and it is therefore entirely proper that Mr. Flood devotes most of his chapters (eighteen out of twenty-five) to a detailed account of the ups and downs in its popularity in these isles.

What arrests the attention particularly in this account is the great variety of functions at which the bagpipe was found desirable and helpful. There were town pipers who were maintained at public expense, and who, in spring, went "on the road," as we say. In the autumn, the piper was in demand to lighten the labors of the harvesters; he received a sixpence "for playing to the chippers all the day." At the morris dances he was indispensable, as well as at weddings, funerals, and all social functions, including banquets. With the bagpipe, as Vincenzo Galilei wrote in 1581, the Irish "accompany their dead to the grave, making such mournful sounds . . . as to invite—nay, almost force—the bystanders to weep." "To its sound," the same writer remarks, "this unconquered, fierce, and warlike people march their armies, and encourage each other to deeds of valor." And it was always in the van of the army that these brave pipers marched, regardless of danger.

All these things apply to the Scotch as well as to the Irish, and, to some extent, to the English, who also employed the bagpipe in some of their churches as a substitute for an organ, and particularly in outdoor religious functions and progressions. After the second drone had been added, "the effect of the instrument as an accompaniment to choral singing must have been very fine," as Mr. Flood justly remarks. Be it remembered that this drone of the bagpipe is the beginning of all harmony in music, just as the bagpipe itself is the Darwinian progenitor of the church organ—facts which greatly add to its prestige and its sentimental if not artistic importance. But surely every surviving piper, professional or amateur, should take fresh hope from the various facts stated in the foregoing paragraphs, that his favorite instrument will once again come not only into temporary fashion, but into general vogue.

No doubt, the crude construction of the earlier instruments had much to do with their banishment, first in favor of harps, and subsequently of divers band and orchestral instruments, both in the army and in homes. A seventeenth-century writer speaks of the Highlanders' music as "loud terrene noises, like the bellowing of beasts"; and there are other references to "strident" and "discordant" tones. Probably in many cases the intonation left much to be desired. The historian Burney, in 1775, wrote very favorably about some Irish uilleann pipes he had heard. Their tones reminded him of oboe, clarinet, and German flute, and they were "very well in tune," which had never been the case with any Scotch bagpipes he had heard. Probably, if these improvements in tone and intonation had come sooner, the amateurs and professional musicians would not have turned their backs on this unique instrument. The chapters in which Mr. Flood records its gradual loss of favor make sad reading for those who love it; and yet, although the author himself hardly dares to hope much for the future, he supplies a number of facts which will give heart to more sanguine readers. The recent revival of interest in folk-tunes (which in Ireland and Scotland were largely shaped by the bagpipe) is an important factor. There are still twenty-one pipe bands in the British army, and there is a tendency to restore those which have been abolished. In our own country something has been done in behalf of the bagpipe and its music, and there are now pipe bands in many of the Irish towns, as well as in Australia. The instrument itself is being steadily improved, and one of its latest varieties —the "Brian Boru"—has a complete chromatic scale.

The reviewer, though he has not a drop of British or Celtic blood in his veins, confesses that he is as enthusiastic over the drone-pipe as any Scotchman or Irishman could be, and not merely because of its "archaic" or "barbaric" qualities, but because of its genuine musical qualities and appeal to the emotions. As long ago as the middle of the eighteenth century the Rev. Campbell, rector of Galloon, wrote that the bagpipe "is not an instrument so unpleasant as the players of Italian music represent it." Had it been, the great composers of several countries would not have taken so much interest in it. Not only did some of the leading British masters write for the bagpipe, or imitate its melodic peculiarities on other instruments, but Handel, Lully, Haydn, Spohr, Schubert, Boieldieu, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, and others paid their respects to it in

the same ways. Much of Grieg's music owes part of its charm to the drone bass accompanying it—he was of Scotch descent. Opera composers of the future will doubtless not be deaf to the opportunities the bagpipe offers for fascinating audiences with vivid local color and incisive tunes. Its penetrating quality commends it for war—if war must be—above the brass instruments. But it is at funerals, in particular, that it seems destined to prove a potent emotional factor in the future. The most imaginative of English musical critics, the late Vernon Blackburne, wrote some years ago about "the cry of the pipes and the immeasurable sadness of the Scotch tunes. . . . The pedal-note is a long monotone of grief, an enduring moan for the thing that has been." He concludes with this tribute:

> Such music as this, thus played, and on this instrument, once more, in its gloomy and magnificent completeness, shows that in the mourning for the dead Scotland triumphed unto the attainment of the culmination of her musical art.

To the New Library of Music series John Lane Co. adds "Beethoven," by Donald Francis Tovey, and "Mozart," by W. H. Hadow.

"The difference between the earnings of great artists in our time and from sixty to seventy-five years ago, is not so large as some people imagine, notwithstanding the fact that money in those days had about four times the purchasing power it possesses now," writes a correspondent of the *Musical Courier*. There are letters of Malibran in existence which prove that she received as high as £400 for an appearance, and that was before 1835. It is also on record that Franz Liszt took in at a single concert in St. Petersburg 22,500 rubles ($11,000). No instrumentalist since has ever equalled that figure. Paganini's earnings also were enormous. The greatest drawing capacity ever known either among vocalists or instrumentalists was that of Jenny Lind during her famous tour of America in the early fifties under the management of P. T. Barnum. Barnum cleared for himself on that tour $500,000. The receipts of the opening concert at Castle Garden were $37,000—a figure never equalled before or since, nor is it likely that it will ever be equalled again, for the combination of a Jenny Lind and a P. T. Barnum will not so easily be duplicated. Prior to 1830 salaries for singers were low. There exists a letter by Rossini, which testifies to the effect that the prima donna of a good opera company in Italy received for a season of five weeks 400 scudi. The scudi was about equal to a dollar. The first bass and baritone had 300 scudi each, the first tenor 350, and the conductor only 190 scudi. Malibran set a different pace after 1830.

The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra will play in this city in March, the Philharmonic Society acting as guest. The Orchestra was organized nine years ago, with an annual guarantee fund of $10,000, and has since grown to a complete symphony orchestra of eighty musicians, and is backed by an annual guarantee fund of $65,000. It will give forty concerts this year in Minneapolis, and starts March 8 on a two weeks' trip to the leading Eastern and Western cities. Emil Oberhoffer has been the conductor of the Orchestra since its beginning.

Dr. Muck is not the only former conductor of the Boston Symphony who is coming back to us. George Henschel, the first leader of that organization, will be here, not to conduct, however, but to give the American public once more the pleasure of hearing his unique interpretations of the world's mastersongs.

Excerpts from Wagner's Nibelung operas have been given in concert halls innumerable times, but George Risely purposes to cap the climax by presenting all four of these musical tragedies, without scenery and action, at the next festival in Bristol, England.

Prof. T. C. Okane, whose death at the age of eighty-two is announced from Delaware, O., was the author of many hymns.

Bruno Mugellini, whose death we record, was a teacher at the Liceo Musicale at Bologna, and an excellent pianist. He was also a composer and edited, with I. Philipp, the clavier works of J. S. Bach.

Art

Nineteenth-Century English Ceramic Art. With more than 1,200 examples illustrated in half-tone and line. By J. F. Blacker. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.50 net.

A plausible case for ceramics made in England between 1800 and 1900 is set forth in this attractively printed work, announced as the first of the Nineteenth Century Historical Art Series. Productions of the artistic decline are out of favor with collectors; "hence this book, which is an endeavor to do some justice to the descendants of the eighteenth-century potters." The volume gives more information than criticism—sometimes, indeed, with assistance from trade puffs of other days. Mr. Blacker's "justice," in general, partakes of extreme generosity.

Yet despite this defect of special pleading the book is useful. The data have been gathered laboriously. There is instruction in the story of the vicissitudes of British potteries in the decades when in all industry the machine was supplanting the hand. The lives of enterprising, business-like potters make stimulating reading. The author has selected his illustrations so judiciously—with a few bedizened and beflowered exceptions—as to make even the prejudiced reader wonder whether the nineteenth century was so bad after all. Citations from the illustrated catalogue of the great exhibition of 1851 may confirm words and phrases now held shibboleths of philistinism; the reproduced line drawings of many of the exhibits, at least, are not unpleasing. The pictorial argument is helped by things made under the Ruskin-Morris influence in the eighties and nineties, some of which—*absit* the atrocious term "art pottery" applied to them—are genuinely interesting. The revival of arts and crafts has been felt in the fictile industries; such a pottery as the Sussex Rustic Ware, described by Mr. Blacker, is asymmetrical and suggestive. Throughout the century there were always craftsmen potters endeavoring to do things beyond bourgeois comprehension. Their works remain to avert, in part, the calamity implied in the prediction: "The early productions of the nineteenth century have already entered the realm of antiquity; old china and old pottery are moving on to the Victorian period, which will receive much more attention as the years pass by."

Let warning, nevertheless, be served upon the unsophisticated collector whom Mr. Blacker may lead to believe that these potteries and porcelains, as they become antiques, are sure, like the corresponding eighteenth-century productions, to advance rapidly in value. This they may or they may not do. Collectors' ways are strange, but a presumption stands against the world's permanently valuing an art that is commonplace or ugly. Much nineteenth-century pottery was certainly ugly, most of it commonplace. Take Worcester as a characteristic English ware. Conceding its "superb beauty of forms, colors, and decorations" in its best estate, the discriminating reader might compare with Mr. Blacker's uniformly laudatory text this passage from R. L. Hobson's admirable monograph on "Worcester Porcelain":

> But if these wares, rich and decorative as they often are, fall below the artistic standard of the free and graceful productions of the Wall period, what is to be said of those gaudy and pretentious dress services made to the order of royal and noble personages in the early years of the nineteenth century? Their clumsy shapes, with heavy gadrooned edges, their massive and tasteless gilding, and their coats-of-arms filling the entire middle spaces, are monuments of artistic degradation, and their influence on the decorative art of the time must have been disastrous.

Mr. Blacker's book, in brief, would be better if it now and then emphasized the peril of acquiring masterpieces of mediocrity.

David C. Preyer will shortly add a new volume to L. C. Page & Co.'s series Art Galleries of Europe; it is devoted to "The Art of the Berlin Galleries."

John Lane Co. has the following books among its announcements: "Recollections of a Court Painter," by H. J. Thaddeus; "Recollections of James A. McNeill Whistler," by Thomas Way; "Miniatures," a series of reproductions in photogravure, painted by Charles Turrell, limited edition; "The Studio Year Book of Decorative Art, 1912," and "The Salting Bequest

to the National Gallery, the British Museum, and the Victoria and Albert Museum," by Maurice W. Brockwell.

A duty of two per cent. will be put upon all works of art sold at public auction in France, if a bill now before the French Chamber is carried. This tax will be paid to the artist whose works are sold, or, if he is dead, to his heirs.

"George Inness," a book of reminiscence by his pupil, Elliott Dangerfield, is a beautifully printed quarto. It contains twelve photogravures, of which two are colored, and is published in an edition of 250 copies by Frederic Fairchild Sherman. Mr. Daingerfield's account is largely technical. He empbasizes Inness's early analytical studies, and describes very fully the marvellous short-hand at which the master finally arrived. An abundance of anecdote carries the reader over what otherwise might be dry places. There was a more serious and critical side to Inness, which this memoir merely touches. What we have is an extraordinarily vivid picture of the artist as he appeared day by day in the throes of a creation almost as capricious as it was unfailingly robust. Nothing that has been written about Inness brings out so well this portentous fecundity. For weak pictures his favorite term was "dishwater."

The same exact phrase (says Mr. Daingerfield) fell from his lips when I admired a lovely, tender spring landscape of his own. Bitterly, he said it. The picture was full of soft, gray greens, and delicate tree forms, and in the sky the pale white moon of the morning, when it is far on the wane. Having delivered himself of this criticism of himself, Inness thrust his thumb into a mass of crude chrome yellow and smeared it on the moon. "Stay there now," he said to it, "until I make you look white." Painters will understand what that problem was—the building up, intensifying, strengthening of all the values and colors; but this he did with splendid courage, and the picture came out just as lovely, just as spring-like and refined, but stronger—and the pale moon hid itself in the mellow atmosphere of a spring sky. This somewhat erratic and intense method may have lost the world some good pictures (it is a common saying among artists that Inness has painted out more good pictures than anyone else ever painted), but it was his way.

"Les Néerlandais en Bourgogne (Brussels: G. van Oest, 3 fr. 50c.), par Alphone Germain, is the fruit of frequent visits the author made to Burgundy. With the same conscientious care displayed in his other works ("Le Sentiment de l'Art," "Les Couet," etc.) he has not only gone through the museums and churches containing typical works already classified, but he has searched a number of out-of-the-way places of the Morvan and Macon region, thus bringing together a mass of new and interesting information nowhere else to be found. Few provinces of France can boast an art as remarkable for its power, its vitality, its originality, as can the part of the country here studied. Germain deals with the evolution, the phases, and characteristics of this art from the historical as well as the æsthetic point of view. His enthusiasm over some of his discoveries, though genuine and communicative, never runs away with his critical judgment and some parts, like the pages devoted to the great sculptor, Claus Sluter, bear testimony to his deep thoughtfulness. The illustrations are well chosen and carefully reproduced; some appear here for the first time.

Finance

THE "MONEY TRUST INQUIRY."

Until the beginning of the Congressional dispute which culminated in last week's vote of the House Democratic caucus, a very shadowy idea of what was popularly called the "Money Trust" existed in the general public's mind. Probably some people had imagined that a group of financiers had got control of the country's actual money supply. But the perplexing thing about a Money Trust lay in the general knowledge that when oil or copper or agricultural products are accumulated in a few not disinterested hands, they are so accumulated through use of money. When it comes to cornering money itself, or even forming a Trust in money, the picture must be changed.

Nearly one-half of the country's supply of metal and paper currency is held as reserve in the vaults of its 23,000 banking institutions; the rest is easily accounted for by the enormous total sum in use by private individuals for pocket-money, till-money, and pay-rolls for employees. Mr. La Follette made an attempt to remove all obscurity from the matter, in a speech to the Senate on March 17, 1908, when he declared that a group of one hundred capitalists, whom he named, so far held in their hands control of the largest banks and corporations that they were absolute masters of the money market, and possessed and exercised the power of causing, at their individual whim, booms or panics in the market, and prosperity or adversity in trade.

But every one familiar with business affairs dismissed La Follette's one hundred selected creators of good times and bad times as the dream of an excited brain. Early in the present session of Congress, however, there was presented, by a little-known Northwestern Congressman, a bill "for the appointment of a committee to investigate whether there is or is not a Money Trust," with a dozen questions suggested for that committee to look into—as, for instance, how the principal banks and trust companies are owned; what relation their owners have to the "principal Trusts that control the industries, railroad systems, and large properties"; what the proportion is between loans to speculators and loans to commercial borrowers; how life insurance funds are used; whether the stockholders in the larger banks have been using the deposit funds to manipulate the market; what the deposits of corporations in these banks amount to, and how they are used; and why money on call in Wall Street is quoted lower than commercial discounts.

These and a dozen other questions, some of them rather incoherent, made up the category. Referred to the Rules Committee of the House, they were laid aside and a new resolution substituted, directing inquiry as to how far the control of great banks and great corporations was identical; how far such banks' funds have been used, through subsidiary companies, to manipulate the stock market; how far other enterprises than those whose managers controlled the banks were discriminated against by the banks in question; how far "any individual, firm, or corporation," or a group of them, "can create, avert, or compose panics," through the control of such bank resources.

When the matter had reached this stage, three highly interesting things appeared. One was that a very considerable element in Wall Street, of a perfectly respectable and conservative sort, entertained the conviction that if some such inquiry could be sanely and soberly conducted, it would clear up a very obscure situation and do more good than harm. Another was that the sponsors for the special committee of inquiry, as their public remarks disclosed, were obsessed with the idea that the Money Trust had a hand in everything that was objectionable—that it was, for instance, the Money Trust, and not the over-extended condition of Western banks, which forced the liquidation in wheat during 1910; the Money Trust, and not a 15,500,000-bale crop, which broke the price of cotton in 1911. But the third discovery was, that the conservative part of the Democratic party in the House of Representatives, while acquiescing in the idea of an inquiry, wholly distrusted the leadership contemplated for the proposed special committee, believing that it would end in nothing but futile and disturbing agitation.

This was the issue which was settled by the Democratic caucus on Wednesday of last week, when the question was whether the inquiry should be conducted by a new committee such as that which had been examining with so much futility into the Steel Trust, or should be entrusted to the regular standing committees of the House, notably the Banking and Currency Committee. The contest was vigorous; it ended by the complete unhorsing of the agitators; the inquiry by the regular committees was ordered by a caucus vote of 115 to 66. Last Friday the Banking Committee framed a resolution ordering the inquiry, but discarding the vague and misleading expression "Money Trust," and proposing to investigate "the banking and currency conditions of the country, for the purpose of determining what legislation is needed."

The inquiry, then, is about to begin. What is it likely to amount to, what facts will it establish, how will it affect the markets, if at all? As to

what the scope and purpose of the inquiry will be, all that can now be said is that Wednesday's caucus vote was understood by all parties to mean a sober, intelligent, and statesmanlike investigation, and not, as the Lindbergh resolution seemed to contemplate, a sensational inquisition by a prejudiced committee. The question, what will be disclosed by the testimony, is a matter of large interest. Wall Street knows the general facts as to control of banks; particularly that, in the recent rapid movement for joint control of large local credit institutions, nine large New York banks and half a dozen trust companies, with a combined capital and surplus of say $250,000,000, are classed as under the general domination of one powerful banking interest, and perhaps as many more as under the control of another interest.

But whether this power is used for discriminatory purposes in the money market, the hearings may not find it so easy to establish, for there are two sides to all such questions. The markets are likely to take a quiet and national investigation with due calmness; what they had feared was an attack on credit institutions, in the guise of legislative inquiry. Behind all these considerations stands the further question, what Congress will do or can do in the way of legislation, if it makes discoveries which really impress the public mind. That cannot well be answered, until we see what facts a serious inquiry discloses.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abercrombie, Lascelles. Emblems of Love. Lane. $1.50 net.

Bigelow, S. L. Theoretical and Physical Chemistry. Century Co.

Butler, H. B., and Fletcher, C. R. L. Historical Portraits, 1600-1700. Frowde. $2 net.

Carson, Thomas. Ranching, Sport, and Travel. Scribner.

Charlesworth, M. E. The Relentless Current. Putnam. $1.25 net.

Clay, Arthur. Syndicalism and Labor. Dutton. $2.25 net.

Cowperthwalt, J. H. Separate Reserve Associations. American News Co. 25 cents.

Cumont, Franz. Astrology and Religion Among the Greeks and Romans. Putnam.

Denny, M. P. The Prophet of Florence. Boston: Badger. $1 net.

Devon, James. The Criminal and the Community. Lane. $1.75 net.

Duke of Orleans. Hunters and Hunting in the Arctic. Trans. by H. G. Richards. London: Nutt.

Fabre, J. H. The Life and Love of the Insect. Trans. by A. T. de Mattos. Macmillan. $1.75 net.

Faguet, Emile. The Cult of Incompetence. Trans. from the French by B. Barstow. Dutton. $1.50 net.

Fiske, Willard. Chess Tales and Chess Miscellanies. Longmans. $1.50 net.

Ford, Sewell. Odd Numbers: Being Further Chronicles of Shorty McCabe. Edward J. Clode. $1.25 net.

Havell, E. B. The Ideals of Indian Art. Dutton. $5 net.

Hitchcock, C. C. The Socialist Argument. Chicago: Kerr & Co. $1.

Holmes, J. H. The Revolutionary Function of the Modern Church. Putnam.

Hyde, M. G. The Confessions and Letters of Terence Quinn McManus. Boston: Badger. $1 net.

Iuglis, A. J. The Rise of the High School in Massachusetts. Columbia University. $1.50.

Isidori Etymologiæ Scriptorum Classicorum Bibliotheca Oxoniensis. Frowde.

Jones, H. C., and Strong, W. W. The Absorption Spectra of Solutions of Comparatively Rare Salts. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

Jordan, W. H. Principles of Human Nutrition. Macmillan $1.75 net.

Kawakami, K. K. American-Japanese Relations. Revell. $2 net.

Lawson, W. R. Modern Wars and War Taxes. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Son.

Lewis, Austin. The Militant Proletariat. Chicago: Kerr & Co. 50 cents.

Lincoln, J. G. The Luck of Rathcoole. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin. $1.20 net.

MacVannel, J. A. Outline of a Course in the Philosophy of Education. Macmillan. 90 cents net.

Maynard, Colton. Elliott Gray, jr.: A Chronicle of School Life. Revell. $1 net.

Melly, Clarence. Puritanism. Chicago: Kerr & Co. 50 cents.

Miller, Irene. Sekhet. Lane. $1.25 net.

Molière's Les Femmes Savantes. (The Learned Ladies.) Translated by C. H. Page. Putnam.

More, P. E. Nietzsche. Boston. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.

Norma Elegiaca: A Standard for the Writing of Ovidian Elegiacs. Selected by R. L. A. Du Pontet. Frowde. 35 cents net.

Norton, G. F. Little Gray Songs from St. Joseph's. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin. $1. net.

Osborne, T. B., and Mendel, L. B. Feeding Experiments with Isolated Food-substances. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Pereira, F. de A. y. Doce Sonetos. Frowde.

Reisner, G. A. The Egyptian Conception of Immortality. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 85 cents net.

Report of the Board of Health, City of New York, for the year ending December 31, 1909.

Robin, E. G. Jacquine of the Hut. Putnam. $1.30 net.

Rolfe's Satchel Guide to Europe. Revised for 1912. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

Schoff, W. H. The Periplus of the Erythræan Sea. Translated from the Greek and annotated. Longmans: $2 net.

Shakespeare's Comedies. (Oxford Standard Authors Series.) Vol. I. Frowde.

Shakespeare's Hamlet, Coriolanus, Twelfth Night. Edited, with notes, by G. S. Gordon. Frowde.

Shakespeare. Tudor edition. The Tragedy of Coriolanus. Edited by Stuart P. Sherman. Macmillan. 35 cents net.

Sterne, Simon (1839-1901). Railways in the United States, with Supplementary Notes to 1911. Putnam.

Tolstoy's Hadji Murád, translated by Aylmer Maude; The Forged Coupon, and Other Stories, edited by Habberg Wright; The Man Who Was Dead. Dodd, Mead. $1.20, $1.25, $1.20 net.

Wagner's Tristan and Isolde; Meistersinger. Edited by W. J. Henderson. Dodd, Mead. 60 cents net each.

Wallace, Dillon. Saddle and Camp in the Rockies. Outing Pub. Co. $1.75 net.

Wheeler, Candace. Content in a Garden. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 80 cents net.

Whitney, W.; Lucas, F. C.; Shinn, H. B., and Smallwood, M. E. A Guide for the Study of Animals. Heath.

Wright, F. E. The Methods of Petrographic-Microscopic Research. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Wright, Joseph. Comparative Grammar of the Greek Language. Frowde. $2 net.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1912.

The Week

Mr. Roosevelt's address to the Ohio Constitutional Convention yesterday will be universally taken as the dropping of the mask which he has been wearing for the past few months. The members of the Convention who asked him to come and "help" them in their work, heard from him that he knew nothing about the "details" of what they were set to do, and then listened to the reading of what people will everywhere regard as his platform for the Presidency. They will conclude that the solemn pledge which he made never to seek or accept another nomination, he is ready to toss aside as a dicer would an oath. Any obligation of friendship to the President, any duty which he owes to the party that has so signally honored him, the country will infer that he is ready to throw into the consuming flame of his ambition. The only alternative is to suppose that by his speech and the sharp contest in the Republican party which he knows it will provoke, he hopes to make the election of a Democratic President certain.

Of the intensely radical nature of Mr. Roosevelt's address it is not necessary to adduce proofs at length. It glares at the reader. Of course, the speech abounds in the author's characteristic hedgings and qualifications. But the main intent is unmistakable. Its aim is to place Mr. Roosevelt at the head of the radicals of all parties. "We Progressives," he says, demand this, that, and the other. Nor is it alone the commonly accepted doctrines of the Progressives that he annexes and flaunts. He is for the short ballot, the initiative and referendum, and, in effect, for the recall of judges. About the tariff he said nothing; possibly his own huge inconsistency on that issue gave even him a twinge. He is for the "distribution of prosperity." Was that property misspelled? At all events, Mr. Roosevelt would raise wages and would have the Government regulate prices; Lloyd George could not be more vehement and inflammatory than he is in crying out upon the wrongs of the helpless poor at the hands of the rich. He is for the severest punishment of all "anti-social conduct." Exactly what he means it would be difficult to say. But there can be no doubt at all of the chief aim and effect of his speech. It is the Osawatomie address over again, only sharpened. So direct an appeal to radicalism and to disturbing agitation Mr. Roosevelt never made before.

President Taft has been a regrettably long time in nominating a successor to Judge Harlan, but his final appointment seems to be unexceptionable. Chancellor Pitney of New Jersey has had large contact with public affairs, and his judicial experience has been extensive in both branches of the law. His principal service has been as an equity judge—the Court of Chancery is highly important under the New Jersey system—and his decisions and opinions have been notable for vigor and clearness. Judge Pitney enjoys the highest esteem of both bench and bar in New Jersey, and the general opinion of him is expressed by Gov. Wilson, who speaks of the President's appointment as one eminently fit, and predicts that Judge Pitney will enrich the Supreme Court. In naming him, Mr. Taft has apparently learned wisdom from the unfortunate methods which he pursued in the case of Judge Hook and some others. He did not hang up Judge Pitney's name in the newspapers, to be made a target of for days and weeks, but quietly satisfied himself of the judge's fitness and then promptly sent his nomination to the Senate.

New York Democrats will find little to cheer them in the proceedings of the State Committee last Friday. The more the party organization is reformed, the more it remains the same thing. All the talk of making Mr. W. C. Osborn or Mr. Tilden or a man of their type State Chairman, came to nothing and a routine servant of the machine was chosen in the person of Mr. Palmer. And although the air is full of promises of direct primaries and liberty of the voters in naming delegates to the National Convention, the old rule was adopted whereby the representatives of the New York Democracy at Baltimore will virtually all be chosen by the Tammany boss. He, of course, wants them simply for trading purposes. Murphy may go through the form of having the State Convention elect and possibly instruct the delegates for some impossible candidate, but everybody will understand that he is preparing to move them, when the time comes, like so many pawns on the chessboard. With the work done openly in this city in the very shadow of Tammany Hall, there will be no excuse for misinterpreting it. The boss's plan is already so evident that neither Gov. Harmon nor any other self-respecting candidate can really desire an endorsement by Murphy.

The unanimous decision of the Supreme Court in the matter of Oregon's initiative-and-referendum system is only what sensible people generally expected. It is fantastic to suppose that the provision of the Constitution guaranteeing "to every State in this Union a republican form of government" could be made a means of preventing the people of a State from adopting the mechanism of the initiative and referendum; it is difficult to imagine a deliberate attempt on the part of the Federal Government, through its legislative or executive department, thus to trammel the power of the people of any particular State. But it is not upon the legitimacy, or the reasonableness, of such supposititious action on the part of the political branch that the Supreme Court passes its judgment; it declares that the whole question is one which belongs to that branch and not to the judiciary. This, too, is ordinary sound sense; the guarantee of a republican form of government was certainly never intended to confer upon the Supreme Court of the United States the power to make and unmake the governments of the States according as these governments did or did not conform to the particular notions of the Court as to what a republican form of government ought to be like.

In the best circles in Tacoma it is considered very bad form to begin a sentence with the words, "it will be recalled." Who knows how many ex-Mayors might be in the room whose of-

ficial careers had been prematurely cut off by popular vote? Three or four recall elections in two or three years is the proud record Tacoma has built up, but it is a distinction of which the city seems to be growing a bit tired. The latest recall movement against a Mayor of Tacoma, organized by a Mayor who was himself recalled last April, has collapsed. And now the suggestion has been made that signatures to a recall petition shall be affixed only at the City Clerk's office instead of at the voters' homes. It is a national characteristic—and, for that matter, a human characteristic—to overindulge in a novelty.

Lincoln's name has upon politicians a hold which is as amazing as it is beautiful. Boss Barnes, it will be remembered, organized the Lincoln League in Albany. And now Senator Penrose, inspired by great memories, calls for the formation of Lincoln Clubs in Pennsylvania. The Senator is greatly impressed by what he has heard of the doings of similar clubs in Illinois. There "the movement has been attended with remarkable success. It has increased the circulation of one Chicago daily newspaper by many thousands," not to mention that it has done what it could for Mr. Penrose's fellow-Senator, Mr. Lorimer. In both Pennsylvania and Illinois the great object of these Lincoln Clubs is, appropriately enough, the education of the people in the necessity of upholding the Constitution. This may seem a rather abstract undertaking for so practical a statesman as Mr. Penrose, but the president of the Lincoln Club of Philadelphia points out a sufficiently concrete object as the ultimate goal of these clubs. With the air cleared of the fads of the initiative, referendum, and recall, there will be a general turning among Republicans to the work of renominating and reëlecting the President—as also those Senators whose terms are nearing a close. It is not impossible that a less complicated appeal for Mr. Taft would please him better.

Mayor Hunt of Cincinnati has been doing what the friends of good government expected of him. As the first step towards the real enforcement of the Civil Service law, he asked the Civil Service Reform Association to investigate the work of the Civil Service Commission under the preceding Administration. The Association found a condition of masterly inactivity. For the first nine months of its existence, the Commission had provided no rules or system of grading the service. Only fourteen examinations were held during the two years ending January 1, and ten of these took place last December; that is, after Hunt's election. Only six appointments outside of the Police and Fire Departments had been made from competitive eligible lists, and there had been no promotion examinations. Now, the timely end of the term of one of the Commissioners a few weeks ago made possible the appointment of a member of the local Civil Service Reform Association. This was followed up by the more drastic action of the removal of the two other Commissioners, after an ineffective defence against charges brought against them, and thus an entirely new Commission has undertaken to give Cincinnati a merit system that shall be something more than a name.

Mere tumult and shouting over the arrest of labor-union men for causing destruction of life and property by dynamite explosions evidently died away with the sensational outcome at Los Angeles. Nearly fifty persons have now been taken into custody on the same charges in fifteen States without a single hysterical outburst. Even Mr. Gompers had nothing to say. No one imagines that this calm is the result of despair over the justice of legal procedure in this country. Labor men, in common with others, are silent because they know that, however it may be legally, the burden of proof morally is now upon the arrested men rather than upon their prosecutors. The tables have been completely turned since the "kidnapping" and the "conspiracy" of which the McNamaras were the "victims" so recently; and the hatred with which Detective Burns is probably still regarded in some quarters is mingled with a fear, not so much of his power to "railroad" his captives to prison, as of his ability to prove that they belong there. That this is a far healthier atmosphere than that which surrounded his initial movements in the matter is as obvious as it is gratifying. It means that the cases are to be tried in the courts, and that the verdicts rendered are to be accepted with that substantial unanimity which is essential to permanent respect for our judicial institutions.

Philadelphia has an Art Jury which, although it has been in existence but three months, has already effected a saving of more than $40,000 on designs for public improvements, for which the total estimates were $480,000. Six of the ten proposals which it has examined have been substantially modified. Two have been temporarily withdrawn. In its first report, submitted to Mayor Blankenburg, the Jury declares that it can be of still greater service to the city if its sphere of activity be broadened to include all public and semi-public structures, such as bridges, street fixtures, and plans for parks, parkways, and playgrounds. The present Jury is composed of four experienced business men and four experts in architecture, industrial art, sculpture, and painting, and has given proof that it can spend wisely as well as save. In the matter of a water tower for the University of Pennsylvania Hospital, it recommended a change both in site and in construction which involved an increased expenditure, but preserved the artistic harmony of the University buildings.

"More than a merely negative result" is not what one would call a chiselled phrase, but in the mouth of a British Prime Minister speaking on the subject of a friendly arrangement with Germany, the words may be taken as the over-cautious description of a notable development in international affairs. It is right to suppose that Mr. Asquith would never have taken up the subject at all if his expectation was of merely negative results; nor, for that matter, would Lord Haldane's visit to Berlin have been so widely advertised in advance if fair progress towards an understanding had not been made already. Mr. Asquith went on to say that "both nations are now engaged in a careful survey of practical possibilities." A year ago the "practical possibilities" would have been interpreted as referring to some arrangement for putting an end to the senseless competition in battleship-building. To-day, expectation runs beyond that. There may be a clearing away of the general fog of misunderstanding between the two nations, a laying of the spirit of suspicious hostility that is behind the Dreadnought-

building and the virulent press campaigns and the lively spy-hunting game.

As regards the Asquith Ministry's domestic programme, Parliament seems to be entering on its work under cheerful auspices. It is true that the reports speak of the opening debate in the Commons as marked by unusual partisan acrimony, and, of course, three such fundamental proposals as Home Rule, Manhood Suffrage, and Welsh Disestablishment are sure to be bitterly fought. But it is to be noticed that Home Rule stock has gone up noticeably since Mr. Churchill's speech at Belfast. It has been recognized all along that the Ulster "last-ditchers" will not take to fire and sword as readily as they threaten. Nevertheless, their campaign of sound and fury did serve for a time to mislead certain observers as to the strength of the case for Home Rule. The Belfast meeting is now over, and the Government goes steadily ahead with its Irish programme. To a very appreciable extent the foreign situation may react on home politics. A diplomatic victory such as England won in the Morocco affair, if followed by an arrangement with Germany, would add to the general prestige of the Cabinet. The signal honor conferred on Sir Edward Grey by the King will be taken as an expression of the sovereign's confidence in his Ministers.

The news from Viterbo in Italy, where the trial of the Camorrists has been under way for two years, suggests a probable solution of our own Lorimer case. Several of the accused at Viterbo have been released on the ground that they have already served the maximum sentence that could be imposed upon them if they were found guilty. In the same way we look for final action by the Lorimer Investigating Committee about March 5, 1915, when Mr. William Lorimer has completed his term in the United States Senate, and has declined to stand for reëlection on the ground of ill-health. The committee will then announce that in the absence of a *casus belli* or a *corpus delicti*, or whatever the technical term may be, its sessions are definitely suspended. In general, there is room for quite an interesting little parallel between the Camorra and the Lorimer trials, with their fine leisureliness, their magnificent irrelevancies, the little emotional side-shows, the charming little passages-at-arms between lawyers, the invectives, imprecations, and, last but not least, their handsome addition to the national expense account.

An estimate of five million dollars for air-craft in the French military budget shows that the aerial navy has ceased to be an experiment, and has become a fact—at least so far as the taxpayer and the military statistician are concerned. The latter has lost no time in drawing up his comparative tables of the nations' air-power, quite after the fashion of balancing super-dreadnoughts, dreadnoughts, and armored cruisers. We shall soon have periodic outbursts of excitement in London and Paris over the number of dirigibles that Germany has authorized for the year, the number she has "laid down," and the number she will have available for whatever they are available for, by, say, March, 1913. France still pins her faith to the aeroplane and is in a position to "mobilize" no less than 334 of these machines. The dirigible is not altogether neglected. Fifteen lighter-than-air machines are to be built during the present year as a partial offset to the fleet of great cruisers Germany has built up. Germany, in turn, has recently gone in with more seriousness for the aeroplane, whose adaptability for scouting purposes is now being tested in Tripoli.

Last Friday's speech of the Chancellor in the Reichstag amounted to a blunt refusal by the Government to make any concession to the recent expression of the popular will. Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg once more declared that his sole allegiance was to the Kaiser. He saw in last month's election no reason whatever for considering any change in the franchise or for altering the present Constitutional arrangements—that is, for moving towards a responsible Ministry. This is not simply reactionary but stupid. The situation to-day in Germany recalls what Cavour, in his early days, said of the repressive and uncompromising Government of Piedmont—that the Ministry "does not understand the laws of physics." What he meant was that every added pound of pressure upon a confined gas simply made it the more explosive.

Spain, too, knows something about the law's delays and the tragedies of justice with too leaden a heel. The Supreme Court of Madrid has lately filed a judgment substantially reversing the findings of the Council of War at Barcelona which condemned Francisco Ferrer to death. After a review of the whole affair, the Court decides that there is no proof of Ferrer's personal concern in the Barcelona rioting; also that there is no evidence to show that any of the rioters acted under orders from him; and that in none of the many prosecutions of individual rioters was testimony given to indicate Ferrer's participation at any time. This is, in effect, a judicial decision that Ferrer was innocent of the specific charges brought against him. He was shot on general principles, because he was deemed a pestiferous fellow and it was desired to make an example. The only practical step, by way of restitution, which the Court can now take is to order the restoration to Ferrer's heirs of the property which was confiscated after his condemnation. This has been done. As for Ferrer himself, the Court finds him innocent, but also finds him dead.

The resignation of Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, provisional President of the Chinese republic at Nanking, is an added illustration of how history insists on being dramatic in spite of the scientific historian's efforts to make it a matter of documents. The brief note in which the intellectual leader of the Chinese revolution lays down his office and makes way for the man of action whom the immediate necessities of the situation demand is not unworthy to be classed with Gen. Washington's farewell to his fellow-officers. The act does not mean, of course, Dr. Sun's retirement from active participation in the rebuilding of the Chinese government. If it should turn out that Yuan Shi-Kai's motives are not of the best, and an attempt at a military dictatorship is made, Dr. Sun will undoubtedly be called upon once more to lead the republican movement. If Yuan Shi-Kai is faithful to the republic, the future may see Dr. Sun elected to the Presidency in the same way that Washington was succeeded in the Presidency by the theoreticians and statesmen of the Revolution.

THE REPUBLICAN HAPPY FAMILY.

If the American people were to believe all that it hears and reads, it would now be concluding that the Republican party is to-day made up of two grand divisions—the "neurotics" and the "paranoiacs." Its ticket would seem destined to be: For President, Harry Thaw; for Vice-President, "Holy-Ghoster" Sanford. To Mr. Taft's characterization of some of the Progressives as emotionalists and neurotics, young Medill McCormick takes it upon himself, at the Roosevelt headquarters in Washington, to rejoin that the President and his supporters are bent on murder and suicide and are afflicted with "political paranoia." To this have we come from the old proud blazon of the Republican party: "Fit to Rule." If things were what they seemed, that would have to be changed to read: "Fit for the Madhouse."

Of course, nobody not in the madhouse or on the way there, will take all this raving literally. We have seen party quarrels before now, and know how readily in politics embittered enemies can swear eternal friendship. If Mr. Taft is nominated, we shall doubtless see many neurotics fall gracefully into line in support of the paranoiacs. What we have before us at present is only the fuming incident to the preliminary campaign. Youthful Mr. McCormick is excited and shrill, yet only a little while ago he was raging in behalf of La Follette as furiously as he is to-day on the side of Roosevelt. The latter's sane friends in Washington, by the way, are reported to be disturbed by this open railing at the President. They may well be. The country does not mind a fair and hard-hitting fight between political rivals, even if one of them happens to be the President of the United States, but it certainly will not be enamored of the spectacle of a rich young lightweight blowing his cigarette smoke in at the White House windows.

The fundamental Republican situation is surely awkward enough without all these exacerbations. With the movement for Mr. Taft's renomination now gathering strength daily, and giving every promise of success, we have the anomaly of groups of rebellious Republicans in various parts of the country declaring publicly that the President cannot possibly be reëlected, and that the party under his leadership is heading for irretrievable disaster. For the intensity and violence of all this it would be hard to find a parallel in our political history. Lincoln had strong opposition in 1864, to be sure, and Harrison was believed by many Republicans in 1892 to be a weak candidate, but there was no such hysteria of antagonism to either as is to-day manifesting itself against President Taft. On the earlier occasions, Republicans wrote privately to one another of their fears, or whispered their apprehensions in the ear, but now they are shouting them from the housetops. If there were a deliberate and concerted attempt to defeat Mr. Taft, not in the Convention, but at the polls, those who are so acrimoniously opposing him could hardly have gone about their work more effectively.

But no account of the Republican happy family would be complete without taking notice of the thickening troubles among the Progressives themselves. They by no means present the touching sight of brethren dwelling together in unity. La Follette is behaving badly. The eminent Roosevelt surgeons had pronounced the Wisconsin Senator dead, but he declares that he is very much alive and kicking—especially kicking. There are ominous phrases in the telegram which he sent the other day to his friends in North Dakota, affirming his purpose to be a candidate to the very end. He complains of the "gross misrepresentations" now made about him in order to "force [him] from the contest which [he] willingly undertook at a time when no one else could be induced to make the fight." Who is the some one else who could not be induced to fight when the struggle looked hopeless, but who is now ready to rush in and carry off what La Follette has been working for? Possibly there is a hint in what La Follette says further on about desiring delegates who will not enter in any "deals or combinations." The persons who are now anxious to administer the estate of Robert M. La Follette, deceased, are pretty well known, as are also those who have been seeking to arrange a deal or combinations by which the votes for the Senator might be turned over, at the psychological hurrah, to a possible Colonel. But the obdurate La Follette will not consent to this, and asserts that he will be found "steadfast to the end." Could anything be more impudent for a dead man to do?

PAYING THE PIPER.

A curious story was told, a few days ago, in the Washington dispatches of one of the leading New York newspapers. In response to an inquiry from the House Committee on Expenditures in the War Department, an extensive compilation of figures relating to military expenditures since the outbreak of the Spanish War was furnished by Gen. Robert Shaw Oliver, Assistant Secretary of War; and the main points of this were selected and spread out at length. In a word, for strictly military purposes—expenses for river-and-harbor work and for the "civil establishment" of the War Department in general being excluded—the Department of War has disbursed in thirteen years one and one-half billion dollars of the people's money. So much for the statistical facts; but now comes the odd part of the story. This first dispatch was followed the next day by another, the gist of which was that the national capital, at both ends of the Avenue, had been profoundly stirred by the revelation. In Congress, the statement was "the subject of discussion all day," and "on all sides the expression was general that no man, not even the experts in the War or Treasury Departments, would have named such an enormous sum." Similar astonishment, we are told, reigned throughout the War Department; and as for poor Stimson, this is what happened to him:

> Secretary Stimson saw the article while he was eating luncheon at the Army and Navy Club, and it simply startled him—in fact, it took away his appetite. He retired to the War Department and at once sent for Assistant Secretary Oliver and Mr. Schofield and asked for an explanation.

It is too bad the Secretary didn't think of telephoning. If he had, he might have finished his luncheon in comfort; for the explanation is extremely simple. It is merely that thirteen times one hundred is thirteen hundred; and consequently—if one must be so particular—thirteen times a little more than one hundred million is fifteen hundred million. In the arithmetic of this there is surely nothing surprising or remote; and as to the facts, if Mr. Stimson did not know that the expenditures have been well above

$100,000,000 every year since the Spanish War, and above $150,000,000 a year for several years past, he is a curiosity of ignorance. How account, then, for the stir alleged to have been made in Washington by a statement about as surprising as the announcement that two and two still continue to make four?

But while this billion-and-a-half-dollar showing cannot be regarded as in any way novel or surprising, the facts with which it deals, and those which it suggests, are none the less important or serious. We attach little value to the spectacular displays that are every now and then made by means of a bit of special handling of statistical data. You can make almost anything look either big or little by subjecting it to the appropriate arithmetical operation. The burden of the protective tariff may be made to seem to some people a small matter by pointing out that even if it does cost the nation a billion dollars a year in the shape of enhanced prices, that is only a matter of three cents a day per capita; and, on the other hand, the most trifling expenditure on the part of each individual, extended throughout the population and prolonged for a series of years, rolls up into a colossal sum. It is not the arithmetic, but the common sense, of the matter that counts. We know, for example, in regard to the tariff, that, as a matter of fact, most Americans buy cotton or shoddy blankets because woollen ones are so dear, and that woollen ones would be very much cheaper if they could be imported free of duty; and this simple fact has a plain significance, which is more than can be said for all that per-capita business. And so it is in the opposite kind of case. It is not necessary to multiply by thirteen, and thus get into that wonderful land of ten figures in which a certain kind of statisticians so love to disport themselves, in order to see that our expenditures for matters relating to war are a serious burden on the country.

In round numbers, the Government's annual expenditures for matters connected with war may be set down at $120,000,000 for the army, $120,000,000 for the navy, $150,000,000 for pensions, and $20,000,000 for interest on the public debt. This is a total of above $400,000,000 a year; or, leaving out the pensions and the interest on the debt, it is still about a quarter of a billion dollars a year. All the expenses of the Government for objects of a non-military nature (exclusive of the Post Office, which is virtually self-supporting) come to an aggregate of only about $200,000,000. The necessity of raising the large revenue required by the Government is assigned as a reason for maintaining tariffs on imports, and as a reason for proposing a Federal tax on incomes. We all know, in our local public expenditures, how many things are imperfectly provided for on account of the added difficulty which the raising of each new million dollars by taxation presents. We all know that $250,000,000 a year, wisely expended for beneficent public purposes, could do a vast amount of good. And finally, if, instead of adding up the expenditures of the past thirteen years for the army, or for the navy, we look at the figures for the years immediately preceding those, we see that this burden of expenditure is almost completely a new thing. Prior to 1898, the annual expenditures of the War Department—the total for civil as well as military purposes—had been running at an average of about $45,000,000, instead of the $140,000,000 at which they have stood since; the expenses of the Navy Department, just before the Spanish War, were about $30,000,000 a year instead of the $120,000,000 we are now averaging. These facts speak for themselves. We are not running into bankruptcy or ruin; but we are spending on our military and naval establishments probably $150,000,000 a year more than we should have been doing if we had never embarked on the Philippine adventure. Whether we are getting $150,000,000 worth a year out of it is a matter that each American is at liberty to judge for himself.

DANGERS OF SMASHING SPEECHES.

The new leader of the English Conservatives, Mr. Bonar Law, was hailed on his accession as a fighting man. He had no pretensions to the intellectual eminence of Mr. Balfour, but neither did he suffer from the pale cast of thought which too often sicklied o'er the public utterances of that gentleman. Mr. Law was a dour Scotchman, with a firm grasp of the hard facts of politics, who would go at his opponents hammer and tongs. And, in fact, he has displayed great activity and much vigor. Speaking frequently in various parts of the country, during the recess of Parliament, he has always been aggressive and downright and has unquestionably put new heart into his followers. His greatest effort was made in an address in Albert Hall a couple of weeks ago, in which he laid about him with marked energy and sought to smite the Liberals hip-and-thigh. It was a smashing speech which filled the Tories with joy. At last they had a man who would lead them against the enemy with loud cries and swingeing blows.

But the reaction speedily set in. For it was at once discovered that Mr. Bonar Law's onslaught upon the Liberals was filled with erroneous statements. Not content with general denunciations, he had committed himself to many assertions of fact which appeared, on examination, to be baseless. For example, one of his attacks upon the Liberal Government was on account of its neglect of the army. Particularizing, he said that the weapons of the army were wholly unequal to those of up-to-date military establishments on the Continent, and that Lord Haldane's administration of the War Office had been one long "failure." But the accomplished military correspondent of the London *Times* at once declared that Bonar Law's sweeping attack upon Haldane only "provoked a smile" among the experts, and then proceeded to hoist the Conservative leader by his own petard, saying:

> When we are told by Mr. Bonar Law that the weapons of our army are utterly inferior to those of other nations, the first thought that occurs to us is that some members of the Unionist party deserve to be hanged; for our present rifle and our present field guns were both introduced by a Unionist Government. Our field gun, however, is commonly supposed to be the equal of any gun in Europe except the French; while our short rifle was adopted under the special patronage of Lord Roberts.

The most damaging exposure of Mr. Bonar Law's blunders, however, was made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his speech of February 3. For the Conservative leader had made a headlong assault upon Liberal finance, and Mr. Lloyd George had no difficulty in showing that most of Bonar Law's figures were wrong and his deductions glaringly fallacious. Before proceeding to take up his charges and mistakes seriatim, the Chancellor had a little fun

with the Conservatives and their new leader, in the following vein:

> Shortly before Mr. Balfour's retirement, I remember at a Tory meeting one gentleman got up and proclaimed that they were suffering from too much intelligence. Mr. Bonar Law, judging from his Albert Hall speech, is going to take care that they suffer no longer from that malady. At the Albert Hall, in a regular crescendo of vituperation, he said, "dodgers," "lunatics," "gambling cheats," "Gadarene swine," and they said, in a perfect delirium of triumph—they embraced each other, and said—"Balfour could never have said things like that." Nor could he.

Taking up Bonar Law's assertion that, since the Liberals came into power, national expenditures had increased by $200,000,000, the Chancellor of the Exchequer proved to demonstration—and this is admitted by the Tory newspapers, who now admit that Bonar Law blundered grievously—that he was $55,000,000 out of the way, through not understanding the official figures of which he was supposed to be so great a master. Of the conceded increase in governmental outlay, nearly $40,000,000 had gone to the navy, yet Bonar Law and his party had continually demanded still higher naval appropriations and denounced the Liberals for not making them. But Lloyd George went over the figures, for one department after another, and was able to convict Bonar Law of errors at point after point. Here he was wrong by $40,000,000—only "a trifling error." Next was "the slight inaccuracy of $10,000,000," which was "rather good for Mr. Bonar Law." All told, the Chancellor pitilessly exposed the blunders of the Conservative leader in a field where he was supposed to be peculiarly competent.

But even worse remained. Bonar Law had accused the Government of making spoils of the new offices which had been made necessary to carry out the Old-Age Pension act, the Insurance act, and so on. His exact language was: "They have succeeded in six years in creating a political spoils system which already rivals that of the United States." But in reply Lloyd George was not only indignant but absolutely overwhelming. He took up the matter, item by item, and showed how utterly reckless and unfounded were the assertions of Bonar Law. The new officers have been necessary in order to work four acts of Parliament, and here are the facts as summarized:

(1.) *Old-Age Pensions act.*—All new offices filled out of those who had passed excise examination. No officials appointed from outside.

(2.) *Labor Exchanges act.*—All officials appointed by a committee consisting of the chairman of the Civil Service Commission, Mr. Shackleton, and a member of the Tariff Reform Commission—not a single member of the party to which the Government belongs.

(3.) *Finance act of* 1909.—All officials for valuation appointed by the Inland Revenue, without interference by the First Lord of the Treasury or Chancellor of the Exchequer.

(4.) *Insurance act.*—The greatest possible care taken to prevent political influence being used in connection with the appointments.

The whole affair has been a serious blow to the prestige of the new leader. Even the newspapers of his own party have been compelled to disown his figures and to gloss over or withdraw some of his more violent accusations. No intent to deceive is alleged against Bonar Law; on the contrary, he was merely deceived himself, or else extremely careless. But an orator cannot be both careless and smashing—unless he means to smash himself.

MINISTER OSPINA'S IMPUDENCE.

The Minister of Colombia at Washington, Señor Pedro Nel Ospina, has notified our Acting Secretary of State that he will advise his home Government of the prospective or possible forthcoming visit of Secretary Knox, "and ask for instructions." To explain this proceeding, the Colombian Minister makes the further statement, of course "in [his] own name and without any knowledge of the views of [his] Government on the matter," that a visit from the Secretary "may happen to be considered inopportune at this time." And, to complete the tale of his impudence, he goes on to give the specific reason for his state of mind, which amounts to nothing less than a complaint that we are not treating Colombia in the spirit of fair play, and that we are showing no willingness to apply to the case of our own controversy with Colombia those principles of arbitration which we are so conspicuously urging upon the acceptance of the world at large. "Colombia," says Señor Ospina, "still finds herself placed by the United States in an exceptional position, as the only member of the numerous family of independent nations scattered over the face of the earth to which, despite its constant demands, the United States refuses to submit to arbitration questions referring exclusively to the interpretation of public treaties and the compliance with obligations imposed by the universally accepted principles of international law on all civilized nations in their relations one with another."

All right-minded persons must, of course, be indignant at such impudence. But, inasmuch as we may count on this indignation being the feeling uppermost in every good American's bosom, it may be worth while to present some mitigating circumstances. Let us try, for a moment, to view the situation from the standpoint of the Colombian. From the beginning of the Panama affair of 1903-4, it must be confessed, our treatment of his country has been such as to be peculiarly trying to the philosophy of a Colombian patriot. It is easy enough, of course, for any of us to understand that when a country so weak as Colombia actually hesitates to confirm a treaty with the United States, pocket the ten million Yankee dollars offered to it, and have done, it is committing an unpardonable offence against international ethics, and justifies all subsequent proceedings on the part of the United States, irrespective of what any mere treaty obligations may call for. But what is so plain to us may not be equally clear to the Colombians. And that has been the prime factor in the whole trouble. Indeed, even this error on their part might not have been fatal, had anybody but Mr. Roosevelt been President of the United States. For, familiar as the doctrine under which "I took Panama" has since become, it was a new thing to Americans at the time.

And there is another consideration which cannot be overlooked in the matter. Mr. Roosevelt's overriding of treaty obligations, and his extraordinary feat in the instantaneous recognition of a republic manufactured overnight, were based not only on the paramount right of the United States to get the canal, and get it at once, but also on a view of the character and the motives of the Colombian Government which can hardly be expected to commend itself to its representatives. This view he was not at any pains to conceal at the time, and he has since recurred to it more than once. In his latest conspicuous deliverance on the

subject, his article in the *Outlook* last October, he gave it very simple and compact expression. "We did harm to no one," he declared, "save as harm is done to a bandit by a policeman who deprives him of his chance to blackmail." Now, it may be very unreasonable for Colombia to refuse to accept Col. Roosevelt's verdict as final, but we must admit that such refusal is only human. She would like to have an international tribunal of arbitration decide whether she has any just claim against us, instead of complacently accepting not only the material result of our intervention, but also that status of a blackmailing bandit upon which our intervention was based.

Finally, it must be acknowledged that there are persons who are not Colombians, even good and intelligent Americans, who take the view that our action at Panama was an inexcusable violation of treaty obligations and a flagrant offence against the first principles of honest and honorable dealing. In the current number of the *North American Review*, Leander T. Chamberlain presents a powerful arraignment of Roosevelt's course, based upon ample citation of facts and documents. Indeed, so crushing is the case there presented that the only possible defence is that which, at bottom, really *is* Mr. Roosevelt's own defence, though he envelops it in a mist of high-sounding phrases. We have *got* the canal—that is the beginning and end of the matter; all the rest is fustian. Mr. Roosevelt declares that had he acted otherwise "the canal would still be fifty years in the future"; Mr. Roosevelt announces that the history of our country presents "no more honorable chapter" than that of the Panama affair, and ranks it with the highest acts of Washington and Lincoln. Such exaggerations may be the mere vapors of megalomania; but the fact remains that, by high-handed methods, we did get the canal sooner than we otherwise should have done. To many this may seem the be-all and the end-all of the question. To such there is nothing more to be said; to others, we commend a reading of Dr. Chamberlain's "A Chapter of National Dishonor" in the *North American Review*.

GEN. AINSWORTH AND THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES.

[As a response to the editorial in the *Nation* of January 25 on "Withholding Public Records" we print the following letters from historical students who have felt the rigor of Gen. Ainsworth's grip on the archives of the War Department. Since the date of that editorial, Gen. Ainsworth's insubordination to his superiors in the Department has brought about his suspension from duty, followed by his application for retirement. But the issue for scholars, and for all interested in American history, does not end with the retirement of Gen. Ainsworth. There is still the question of the control of the records under his successor; there is the larger question of the whole housing and management of the National Archives at Washington.—Ed. The Nation.]

For one hundred and twenty years the United States Government has at intervals destroyed by the ton such records as escaped the usual ravages of fire, damp, collectors, and negligent custodians, because there has been no place in which they could be gathered, and the keeping was troublesome to local officials. This destruction has been entrusted to no particular officer, and no careful examination of the material by one possessing historical training or instinct has been made previous to the destruction. The sole test was whether the documents were required for the current business of the office. I could be eloquent upon what has happened in and out of Washington, in such wholesale riddance of records; and the gain of a few hundreds of dollars to the Government through the sale of old paper has been accomplished by loss of tens of thousands of historically valuable records and of untold treasures for the historian. The want of system that has accompanied the want of an Archives building has been deplorable in every way, and most costly to all interested.

More than that, the records that remain are largely unavailable to the student. The custodians are unaware of the historical value of the documents; they have neither the time, nor the force, nor the interest to care for the documents, arrange them, or index their contents; they have no space for letting them be consulted, or they regard them almost as their private possessions, and ward off all inquirers on various pretexts.

By all means let us have an Archives building, and let it be put under the charge of one who has an organizing capacity, united to a knowledge of historical relations, and at least a sympathy with the student of history or of government. It would be a measure of the greatest economy.

Worthington C. Ford.

Boston.

Your editorial of January 25 called to mind a condition which has become almost a scandal. All scholars who have felt called upon by the nature of their work to consult the documents in the Adjutant-General's Office are of one mind about the need of reform in that quarter. At meetings of the American Statistical Association, Gen. Ainsworth and his peculiar view of his functions as the custodian of the nation's war records have frequently been discussed; but I have never seen any one who has been treated by him with half the attention and consideration which one receives in London or Paris by the officials who occupy similar positions.

If it were only possible to have a commission pass upon some of the matters which Gen. Ainsworth so readily decides for himself, and have it adjust the needs of historical scholarship, we might hope for a better day. When writing the "Life of Jefferson Davis" access was curtly denied me to any of the documents of most importance to me. I am convinced that there was no good reason for this, and that a commission composed of men who know something of the needs of scholarship would have instructed the General to allow free use of all the materials in hand. Certainly no one could object to having the files of valuable Southern newspapers opened to the use of all, and just in such shape that this could be done with the greatest facility.

Another matter that would seem to be worthy of the consideration of Congress is the guarding of these valuable manuscripts and other papers in a place of safety. At present, I understand, they are subject to destruction by fire any time some careless clerk drops a cigar in the wrong place. How should we all feel to read some morning in the papers that the war records so religiously guarded all these years had gone up in smoke, like the priceless documents of the New York State Library a short time since? Would Gen. Ainsworth or Congress find a way to undo the calamity?

I hope your editorial may have the effect of compelling members of Congress, if not Gen. Ainsworth, to realize the risks we run. Possibly some action may then be taken; and anything except a fire is better than the present policy.

William E. Dodd.

University of Chicago.

The Virginia State Library has for the past three or four years been engaged in making a list of the Virginia

Revolutionary soldiers. Knowing that the War Department Archives contain a great many records of these soldiers, I went, in June, 1910, to Washington, armed with a letter from the Governor of Virginia to the Secretary of War, requesting that I might be allowed to have these records copied. The Secretary of War, expressing sympathy with my object, promptly passed me on to the Adjutant-General, who also expressed sympathy, but informed me that by a Cabinet order issued some years before he was estopped from granting the privilege which we desired. He said that no one, not even an employee of his office, could be allowed to copy the papers. The Cabinet order was issued, I was informed, in the interests of the sure preservation of the papers till they, with others to be collected, might be published. Accordingly, I accomplished nothing whatever by my visit; and the list of Revolutionary soldiers from Virginia, which is now going through the press, contains only those names which have been preserved here at the Virginia State Library. If the War Department ever publishes its Revolutionary records, it will be necessary for this library to make a second list, supplementary to the one now publishing. The decision of the Adjutant-General has thus resulted, it seems to me, in a great hardship to this library, and in a hardship to thousands of people all over the country who are continually writing to us for information in reference to their Revolutionary ancestors. It is true that information in reference to any named soldier will be given by the Adjutant-General's office to the inquirer who supposes himself or herself to be a descendant, but it would be very much more convenient if all the information obtainable could be had directly from one source. In addition, if we had copies of these records at the Virginia State Library, and could have included the names therein contained in our present list, the interesting historical question as to the number of men furnished by Virginia in the Revolutionary war would be much nearer solution.

In my talk with the Adjutant-General, I tried to impress upon him the fact that I was the representative of a sovereign State. This had no effect on him whatever. I, of course, did not suppose that it would, so far as the *right* of a sovereign State is concerned in the matter, but I hoped that he might at least think that greater privileges and courtesies might be granted on this account. I hasten to say, however, that my interview was personally pleasant.

I shall be greatly delighted when the day comes—as I am certain it will come in the not very distant future—when a freer use of the treasures in the War Department is allowed to students. The present restrictions appear to me to be an anomaly—not only that, but an outrage.

H. R. McILWAINE,
State Librarian.

Richmond, Va.

Permit me to express my sober judgment that your article on "Withholding Public Records" accepts too literally Dr. Ainsworth's boasts of clerical achievements and too mildly describes his gross offences against numerous long-suffering historical scholars, denied plain rights which Congress supposed they were receiving. I have lately conferred with several well-known scholars about the Ainsworthesque policy. I find that they are all familiar with the great man's reputation as autocrat, profuse with discourtesies, and also that each person knew of several victims of that policy of whom none of the rest of us had heard. I hope a cloud of witnesses will soon appear and tell Congress the indexer's record *outside* his self-vaunted and selfishly used card-index.

All serious investigators familiar with conditions in Washington for a generation or two have felt that the Government (including Congress and all the departments) has been most friendly in its liberal aids to all kinds of research and in the cheerful courtesies by which the officials have made the records available. Only last night, in reading the unpublished autobiography of one of the most distinguished American historians, I was pleased to learn that he had "found even the Government at his service, and every one willing to answer questions." Think of what the Agricultural Department has done in recent years to aid thousands of investigators of nature's products! Go into the National Museum and the Library of Congress, and you will be amazed by the generous foresight of the Government in its efforts to preserve the past for the benefit of the present and the future. And such wise benefactions are rightly a source of national pride.

The War Department was long no exception to the general rule, and its library still preserves the most amiable traditions. About twenty years ago Mr. Rhodes and I had free and welcome access to Confederate materials which came into possession of the United States as a result of victory, and had remained in the custody of the War Department. I then learned that files of wartime newspapers of many different Southern cities had also been acquired in the same manner. Knowing their importance and wishing to preserve a record of them, I made two copies of the War Department's list, leaving one in the Library of the Department of State and sending the other to the Library of Congress. This was fortunate, for not long afterwards Dr. Ainsworth's despotism was established. A few years later I bethought myself as to how to make these newspaper files available for historical purposes. After consulting with a high Government official much interested in preserving and rendering accessible such materials, and with the generous sympathy and assistance of my old friend, Gen. Corbin, then Adjutant-General, I went with the General's card of introduction to see Dr. Ainsworth and explain the carefully developed plan. The mighty indexer would not even receive me, but sent back his negro messenger to ask just what I wished. After my explanation, he again sent back Friday to say that the newspapers were stored away and that nothing could be done! It is proverbial that a dog in a manger snaps at the hungry horse that wants to eat hay.

However, should there be no relief for our various grievances, it becomes philosophers to be philosophical, and to find consolation if denied their rights. I consider war such an enemy of humanity that I could learn to rejoice over a peaceful, unmilitary burlesque designed to bestow the highest military honor within the power of the Government, the lieutenant-generalship, not upon real soldiers, even like Grant and Sherman, nor even upon medical soldiers or soldier-physicians, like the doubly able Wood, but upon a one-time physician who probably in a dozen years has not prescribed a purge nor administered a pill, and in all his life may never have fired a gun—upon an "indexer"—a CARD-INDEXER—or at least upon an index-doctor who has driven several hundred clerks so that in fifteen or eighteen years they have made some millions of card-indexes. All hail, therefore, the valiant lieutenant-general of the peaceful Card-Index! But let him be retired at once, so that outrageous injustice may cease forthwith.

FREDERIC BANCROFT.

Washington, D. C.

Last summer, while writing my little sketch of the "Civil War," I had an experience with the office of the Adjutant-General of the army that made me an eager convert to the principle of open military records. I have spent a good many months in the British Archives, and have a vivid recollection of the conveniences and courtesies extended by their custodians to scholars. Having seen in a newspaper what purported to be a table showing the ages at enlistment of the various men who served in the Union armies, I wrote to the Adjutant-General asking if the list was authentic. I received back my letter, with a typed memorandum attached to it, the latter telling me curtly that no such tabulation had ever been

made, and that the table in question was "baseless and misleading." I have not the memorandum before me now, but I am giving you its substance.

Upon receiving this disclaimer from the War Department, I wrote a similar inquiry to the Commissioner of Pensions, and received from that official a courteous two-page letter in which a table of ages, substantially the same as that which I had seen, was given to me. The Commissioner told me that the table was the result of an estimate made "from the records of the Adjutant-General" some years ago.

It is hard to understand the lack of agreement in these two responses, or to feel that both are entirely frank. I may be in error, but I am prejudiced against the letter of the Adjutant-General by the sweeping character of its denial.

It is a scandal and an indecency that our military records should be closed to scholars. Part of the responsibility rests upon Congress for its negligence, but most is upon the officials who so abuse their power. By contrast, it is interesting to note that though the archives of the British Foreign Office are not accessible for dates after 1837, they were opened (to 1860) to Dr. Paullin and me, last year, upon our showing that we had a good reason for using them.

FREDERIC L. PAXSON.

University of Wisconsin.

I notice that in your issue of January 25 you suggest a petition that Gen. Ainsworth be rewarded with a Lieutenant-Generalcy on condition that he shall retire at once. Permit me to record myself as an enthusiastic supporter of such a petition. I should prefer, however, that he be appointed Ambassador to Thibet for life as a surer way of achieving the great end to be desired.

For twelve years a succession of earnest historical students have sought to obtain some of the inner facts concerning military government in the South during Reconstruction. Because the documents recording these facts happen to be in charge of Gen. Ainsworth, they have remained to the present time absolutely concealed from the world. It is an outrage. The situation, however, is but a part of a much larger problem. What is needed is some supervision of archives at Washington by expert historical authorities, who shall have sufficient power to put our administration of such matters at least on a level with some of the partially civilized nations of the world. That we shall ever be in the class with the most enlightened seems too much to hope for. That the treatment of such a man as Dr. Rowland in the manner you describe is possible in this country, puts us about on the level with the native administration of Timbuctoo.

WM. A. DUNNING.

Columbia University.

Your article in the *Nation* of January 25 on the administration of the War Department records will awaken irritating memories in the mind of more than one American scholar who has sought in vain for access to the papers of which Gen. Ainsworth is the custodian. My first experience of rebuff was in 1900, when the work of the Public Archives Commission of the American Historical Association was being organized; and I have had occasion since to realize, either by personal experience or through the experience of others, the practical impossibility of getting at the archives in the War Department for purposes of historical research.

The foundation work of collecting, arranging, and indexing the Federal records of the Civil War has doubtless been very well done, and is worthy of high praise; but the equally important work of making the papers accessible to any student who has legitimate interest in them seems never to have been regarded as a part of the programme. It is not to the credit of the Federal Government, which in so many ways has given useful support to scholarship, that a great collection of documents, invaluable to the historian, should be administered, to most intents and purposes, as the private enterprise of a brusque and illiberal functionary, save when the would-be searcher has a pension bee in his bonnet or can avail himself of a political "pull."

WILLIAM MACDONALD.

Brown University.

Historical scholars are so little given to public controversy that they can greet with peculiar satisfaction such a forcible expression of their opinion as that contained in your recent editorial on the records of the Adjutant-General's office. It is not necessary to depreciate the value of so ingenious a piece of mechanism as the highly praised index catalogue in order to find fault with the management of the office from the historian's point of view. There are other records in the office besides those of individual soldiers, and it looks to the outsider as if the office had lost sight of larger historical needs in its regard for the demands of the pension system and the interest taken by Americans in the military history of their forbears. Great Britain has taken no such one-sided view of her military records, and has set up for worship no such golden calf. The records of her War Office deposited in the Public Record Office are freely open to public inspection, to the end of the year 1850, and for records after that date a permit of inspection may be obtained. All the pay-rolls, muster-rolls, and monthly returns are open almost down to the present day.

The present situation could hardly exist if we had a national archives building, and the indifference of Congress in the matter of erecting such a structure is getting to be something of a national disgrace. The subject is not a pleasant one to discuss with foreign archivists who can point to superb archival buildings in every leading capital city of Europe. Even Finland has a handsome Staatsarchiv, which I had the pleasure of visiting recently, and where I found the records very intelligently cared for and the way of the investigator made smooth and alluring.

CHARLES M. ANDREWS.

Yale University.

SCANDINAVIAN BOOKS.

BERGEN, Norway, February 1.

A Swedish work which seems likely to become popular is "Hela Stockholm" ("All Stockholm"), edited by the well-known newspaper man, Beyron Carlsson. The work is to be in fifty parts (each costing 30 ore), and so far ten parts have appeared. The author, thoroughly knowing Stockholm, his native city, gives a trustworthy and vivid description of the beautiful Swedish capital, "the Venice of the North." The whole work will be written by Mr. Carlsson. "Hela Stockholm" is particularly well suited to public libraries, which need a comprehensive and at the same time popular description of the city on Mälaren's shore. It is illustrated with handsome photographs.

A couple of months ago the Swedish professor of statistics, Gustaf Sundbärg, published a small book called "Det svenska folklynnet" ("The Swedish Spirit") which in a short time attracted great attention in Sweden, while in the neighboring Scandinavian countries it was read with interest and curiosity. The work shows better than almost any publication of late years the quality of Sweden's spiritual life, and in spite of an occasional one-sidedness of view and some absurd exaggerations, it undoubtedly contains much that is accurate, while at the same time new and suggestive. The author maintains that if the Swedes do not hold the position among the nations which they should, the reason must be found in the fact that they lack knowledge of human nature and the right kind of national feeling, the national instinct. In commercial affairs they let themselves be outdone by the smart Danes, and frequently prefer to emigrate to richer foreign countries rather than to cultivate their own land. Professor Sundbärg suggests certain possible remedies. The most interesting part of the work, however, is the author's bitter attack on Norway and Denmark. Sweden, he asserts, has always been her smaller

neighbors' chivalrous protector, but her only reward has been ingratitude and suspicion. Norwegians severed the union with Sweden in 1905, and the Danes have always tried in a questionable way to exploit Sweden, economically and politically. Other Swedish books are "Klassiska bilder" ("Classical Pictures"), by Harald Brising, an able introduction to Greek art; the novel, "Pennskaftet" ("The Penholder"), by Elin Wägner, a work which has caused much comment, because it introduces a new type of womanhood into Swedish literature; "Köpmän och krigare" ("Merchants and Warriors"), by Sven Lidman, which some predict will be as successful as his previous novel, and the novels "Kuskar" ("Coachman"), by Gustaf Hellstrøm, and "Fata Morgana,," by Henning Berger.

The Norwegian book which has attracted the widest attention this season is a collection of letters from Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson to his daughter, Mrs. Bergliot Ibsen, "Aulestadbreve" ("Aulestad-letters"). The letters are written chiefly in the eighties and early nineties, while the then young Miss Bjørnson was studying singing in Paris, and her father was living at his large and beautiful farm, Aulestad, in Norway. They are charming letters, and give a vivid picture of their author. They breathe the tenderest love and concern for the young girl who is alone in the great city, and are full of good advice for her behavior and encouragement for her development in art. At the same time they recount the happenings in the home country, telling how great public questions stand, how the members of the family and the servants on the farm are getting along, and how the season is advancing from winter to spring, those on nature being particularly vivid. A somewhat similar work is "Camilla Colletts livshistorie" ("The Life of Camilla Collett"), edited by her son, Alf Collett. It throws new light on the life of a remarkable writer who played an important part in the literary history of Norway about the middle of the last century. Camilla Collett (she died in 1895) was the sister of the great national poet, Henrik Wergeland. In spite of her love for her brother's fierce antagonist, the poet Welhaven, a feeling which was undoubtedly returned, she chose to marry the highly intellectual and cultured professor, Jonas Collett. The biography, founded to a large extent on letters from and to Camilla Collett, clears up several points which had remained a mystery concerning Welhaven and Wergeland. They reflect Camilla's fine and visionary nature, and some pages of her diary which are included strengthen the reader's impression of her agreeable manner. During the first years of her career as an author, her husband guided her hesitating steps, and was her best support, and the book shows that her feelings toward him were far more intimate and devoted than people have been inclined to think.

The collected works of the historian J. E. Sars are now brought out in a subscription edition. Professor Sars's claim to distinction rests mainly upon his treatment of Norway's union with Denmark, a union stretching over nearly 500 years, and upon a thorough investigation of political conditions in Norway during the country's bond with Sweden from 1814 to 1905. The edition includes several smaller works and articles originally printed in newspapers and magazines, which are frequently of great historical value. In addition there have appeared this season in Norway "Liv" ("Life"), a long novel by the well-known writer, Johan Bojer; a collection of well-written and interesting letters from Paris ("Pariser-breve"), by Dr. Bjarne Eide; a popular scientific-historical work, "Henrik av Navarra og de franske hugenotter" ("Henry of Navarre and the French Huguenots"), by Professor Otto Anderssen, and an able translation of Goethe's "Faust" into the Norwegian *landsmaal* (or attempted fusion of dialects into a national language), by A. M. S. Arctander.

In Denmark there has recently appeared a small book of descriptive sketches of America, "Amerika-skildringer," by H. C. Vedsted. The Danish author has travelled over almost all of the United States, and has undoubtedly seen a great many things during the year and a half of his visit; but what he tells is nothing new, and the book on the whole seems to be rather void of any facts of particular interest. However, the style is direct and vivid, and the descriptions of life among Danish-American farmers have a fund of good humor. Probably the most valuable chapters of the book are those that deal with religious conditions in these communities. But if the author intends to write more on the same subject, it should seem proper to advise him not to take too literally the saying of Stevenson chosen for the motto, "the art of literature is to omit." A book that has real merit is one by the Danish literary essayist and biographer, Carl Behrens, on Heinrich von Kleist. It is a very conscientious and yet interesting critique. Mr. Behrens had previously written noteworthy monographs on two other German poets, Christian Grabbe and Friedrich Hebbel. Finally, briefest mention may be made of the following: A well-written novel by Karl Larsen, "Det springende punkt" ("The Salient Point"); a new novel by the popular writer, Laurids Bruun, "De udvalgte" ("The Elect"); a novel by the eminent literary critic, Poul Levin, "Familien i Danmark" ("The Family in Denmark"), and an historical-biographical work of some interest, "Erindringer af mit liv" ("Recollections of my Life"), by the librarian E. C. Werlauff, who was born in 1781 and died in 1871.

ARNE KILDAL.

Correspondence

HELPING THE FRESHMAN TO FIND HIMSELF.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A recent bulletin of the Carnegie Foundation suggests that the colleges and universities should do something to help the freshmen "find themselves." The plan here to be outlined calls for a four-hour course in the second semester of the freshman year, to be taken by all first-year men and women in the College of Arts and Sciences. It should be given in the second semester, after the students have become somewhat acquainted with the university—and as a preparation for the elections of their sophomore year. In general, the course will be made up of lectures (to be described later); but there are a few books that might be used as collateral reading; and there will be some one member of the faculty who will have immediate charge of the course, organizing its details, and keeping before the students constantly the unitary and organic nature of the task attempted.

The course itself should have three divisions of, roughly, six weeks each. The first six weeks will be devoted to a presentation by leaders and thinkers and doers in the world of action of the general subject of the vocational opportunities and social demands of our times; the responsibilities that men and women will meet and measure themselves against in the modern world. It should be a compact outline by men who know of the lines of possible life activity open to young men and young women to-day. The vocational phases of the university work itself, including the work of agriculture as a profession, should be included herein. Each talk should be not more than forty minutes in length, giving room for the teacher in charge to call the attention of the class to the place of the talk in the general scheme of the course, and giving a few minutes for questions from the class. Each talk should state clearly the field covered by the vocation, and some of the fundamental preparatory elements, together with a brief analysis of the sorts of native temperament likely to find successful work in that field. The course may cover such subjects as: Manufacturing, Transportation, Banking, Insurance, Retail and Wholesale Business, Journalism, Agriculture, Mining, Forestry, various forms of Engineering, Political Life, Law, Medicine and Surgery, Teaching, the Ministry, Artistic Activities, the Diplomatic Service, forms of Social Service in the City and Country such as the Library, Social Settlements, Y. M. C. A., and Y. W. C. A. work.

This should be followed by a second series, given by representatives of departments and other specific phases of university work, of the various lines of work offered in the university; what the various departments stand for; what they are trying to do; their relationships to each other and to the whole university; their natural affiliations, and their proper correctives; and especially their relationships to the various vocational opportunities and de-

mands set forth in the first series of talks. This course should make plain to the student the meanings of such terms as "cultural," "utilitarian," "vocational," liberal." It would help the student to face the university future with some intelligence. It might lead him to decide that this was not the place for him, thus forestalling a later action to the same effect on the part of the university. It would probably help him to see what work he should do. It would certainly give a more intelligent basis for making elections.

Not the least valuable part of such a course would be its reflex action upon the university itself; it would help individual departments to relate themselves more closely to the university ideal in general, and it would bring about a greater degree of institutional self-consciousness.

In this course, also, the teacher in charge of the course should see to it that the members of the class make their constant connections with the complete course from day to day. Each talk should be not more than forty minutes long, giving time for a good many questions, which the class, if it has been properly handled, will be free to ask by this time. The questions may be either written and handed in, or asked directly from the floor.

A third part of the course, covering the remainder of the semester, should be given to making definite the results reached thus far. There should be some talks by the various deans on the general university activities and their relation to the intellectual life of the university. The president will have something constructive to say about university ideals, and the relationships of athletics, social affairs, and general student life to the work the university fundamentally stands for. Chairmen of various important faculty committees may have some valuable help for new students; the librarian will tell them about the use of books and the library as a tool, etc.

But especially some simple talks should be given in the last few weeks of the course on methods of study. Many students have complained that if they had but known some of the simple laws of Attention, or Memory, or Association of Ideas, or Habit, in the earlier years, their whole course would have meant so much more. There is some simple information of this sort which might be given in the high school. It should surely be given in the freshman year of the university, not in technical form, nor as psychology or pedagogy, but as method for the use of the student the remainder of his days. He should also be brought face to face with some of the simple elements that enter into the making of a choice. There are certain simple laws of choice that enter into the determination of outlooks and vocations that should be presented early.

There should, probably, be no final examination in the course save, if thought best, a quiz on some general aspects of the field, and on the collateral reading if any is carried. There should be required, however, a final paper (announced from the first), by each student, on the general subject: "What are you here for; what is your place in this world of living; what do you see here in the university for you; what are you interested in; how do you connect your interests with anything offered in the university; what are you going to do?"

There should be no mere moralizing or preaching in the course, though it should be organized with reference to the more ideal considerations. It should bring broad-minded and sympathetic information and real inspiration out of the larger world of experience, within and without the university, and assemble it in such a way as to help those who have need of just such help, at a time when they need it very much and have no other way of getting it.

What is there about the plan that is not possible of execution? Why should it not be seriously thought about, at any rate?

JOSEPH K. HART.

University of Washington, Seattle, January 20.

P. S. Since the above was put in type the General Faculty of the University of Washington have voted to permit the Faculty of Arts and Sciences to undertake a modified form of this plan of work, beginning with the year 1911-12.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The recent publication of "Moses Coit Tyler: Selections from his Letters and Diaries," revives the question of the value of personal records regarded as historical material. The Preface states that the volume "might in a very broad sense be called an autobiography," and that the only desire of the editor has been to let the author of the diaries "tell in his own language as continuous a story of his life as possible."

But does not the exclusive use of this form of material impose serious limitations on all who attempt through this means to portray the life and character of a great man? It must assuredly seem so to all who read "Moses Coit Tyler" and seek to find in it any true reflection of a man beloved and revered by thousands who were once his students at Michigan and Cornell. The work gives not a hint of any personal interest in a single one of them—only twice is an individual student mentioned and then most casually. Yet no man ever gave time and strength to his students more generously: he was tireless in his efforts to procure positions for them; he encouraged the discouraged, he sympathized with those in trouble, and he always had a cheery word and a sunny smile for all. Nothing can be learned from the book in regard to his great success in the classroom, where he stimulated even the dullest to think for himself, and where the most gifted found unfailing inspiration. The diaries give the impression that he found his college work a good deal of a bore. Yet his enthusiasm was contagious, he gave hundreds of students their first introduction to many of the great productions of literature, he had reprinted for his classes selections from works that were rare or inaccessible, and he gave to many a student his first notion of the difference between genuine criticism of literature and bumptious fault-finding or effusive praise.

But behind the personal disappointment that comes from reading such a diary must be the question whether it is not a form of record that, from the standpoint of the historian, must always have grave defects. The diary is written at the end of the day, presumably when the writer is wearied perhaps even to the point of exhaustion, or when he is almost morbidly introspective, and it reflects a tired body, not a vigorous mind. At the end of the day, too often nothing seems quite worth while, discouragement and disappointment are often uppermost, and all life may seem but a weariness of the flesh. Can a diary written under such conditions be a trustworthy source to be used either by a biographer or by an historian? L. M. S.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., February 15.

KIPLING AND HIS CAPTAINS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There was a time when the great moguls of literature, envious of the popular success of rebels like Kipling and Rider Haggard (they bracketed them together in those days), could express in the London *Athenæum* the pious wish that they might some day reach the happy shore

> Where the Rudyards cease from Kipling
> And the Haggards ride no more.

But that spirit ought to have long passed. The revival of it in Mr. Thompson's attempt, in the *Nation* of February 8, to force personal animus into the dramatic intensity of the "Three Captains," calls for protest. In this age of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy every educated person knows that you can find any meaning you please in anything you please. But to read an author's private vindictiveness into this little imaginative poem ought no longer to be regarded as courteous.

Happily, Mr. Thompson does not repeat the suggestion, which occurred to uncharitable minds when the poem appeared, that the accidental resemblance of the line

> The bezant is hard, ay, and black

to the names of Mr. Besant, Mr. Hardy, and Mr. Black was intentional, and that the fact that the line broke both context and rhythm was meant to draw attention thereto.

We, who know the touching piety of the "Recessional," which might well be read even in church, cannot keep silent when coincidences like those Mr. Thompson so cunningly discovers are twisted into evidences of personal ferocity on the part of Mr. Kipling.

Let me remind him of Mr. Palgrave's admonition against attributing the democratic sentiments of Mr. Tennyson's "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" to Lord Tennyson. He says: "This poem has so much personal animation, that the reader should bear in mind that it is intended only as a dramatic picture of imaginary characters." That this hint was possibly inspired adds to its force. The application is obvious.

W. HANSON PULSFORD.

Chicago, February 12.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am surprised to find that, in an exceedingly interesting and valuable article (*Nation*, February 8), on Kipling's poem, "The Rhyme of the Three Captains," and its relation to an American publisher, Mr. James Westfall Thompson fails to mention three remarkable puns on the names of the three famous English authors who sided against Kipling in the controversy—which arose over the piratical publication of six of his short stories when, in 1890, he was still struggling for recognition.

The fifth line from the end of the poem contains the references:

> We are paid in the coin of the white's man's trade: the bezant is hard, ay, and black.

If these do not refer to Sir Walter Besant, Thomas Hardy, and William Black, then there is no virtuo in puns.

"Slaver's rag," in the final line, to which Mr. Thompson objects as "weak and without relation to the sense of the whole ballad," is at least as good as the original form, "pirate's rag," for the reason that in the middle of the poem there is also a forcible reference to the American publisher as a slaver:

> He carries the taint of a musky ship—the reek of the slaver's dhow!

One further detail is worth noting. Kipling refers, in the following line, to the fact that he was at the time of the controversy still a young, unseasoned writer:

> He has stripped my rails of the shaddock-frails and the *green unripened* pine.

What he objected to was evidently quite as much the fact that no opportunity was allowed him to revise and improve these early stories as that they were piratically published—by a person who is mentioned in the prologue to Longfellow's "Evangeline" as one of those who have "beards that rest on their bosoms." Kipling also gives him a beard:

> I had stripped his hide for my hammock-side, and tasselled his beard i' the mesh.

HARRY T. BAKER.

Philadelphia, February 9.

MR. ROOSEVELT AND MR. GREGSBURY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A good deal of adverse comment has been aroused by the episode of Col. Roosevelt's quoting Lincoln to a group of reporters who interviewed him on the subject of his potential candidacy. Without desiring to add anything more thereto, may I ask merely to point out another, and perhaps more pertinent, instance of a great man's refusing to accede at the time to the demands made upon him. The example is taken from fiction, and the question at issue was one of resigning, instead of answering a plain question. Nicholas Nickleby happened to call at the office of Mr. Gregsbury, M.P., at a time when that gentleman was waited upon by a deputation requesting his resignation. The statesman's answer, in the form of a letter to one of his constituents, is, with slight emendations, as follows:

> My Dear Mr. Pugstyles:
>
> Next to the welfare of our beloved America—this great and free and happy country, whose powers and resources are, I sincerely believe, illimitable—I value that noble independence which is an American's proudest boast, and which I fondly hope to bequeath to my children, untarnished and unsullied. Actuated by no personal motives, but moved only by high and great constitutional considerations; which I will not attempt to explain, for they are really beneath the comprehension of those who have not made themselves masters, as I have, of the intricate and arduous study of politics; I would rather keep silent, and intend doing so.
>
> Will you do me the favor to present my compliments to the constituent body, and acquaint them with this circumstance?
>
> With great esteem,
>
> My dear Mr. Pugstyles, etc., etc.

The application of the letter is obvious. It shows us that men of all times and places who have large public interests at heart and no thought of self are united by a common bond.

JULIUS C. PETER.

Seymour, Ind., February 17.

Literature

A FINANCIAL AUTOCRAT.

The Life Story of J. Pierpont Morgan. By Carl Hovey. New York: Sturgis & Walton. $2.50 net.

A few months ago, four or five of the monthly magazines suddenly and simultaneously burst forth with biographies of J. Pierpont Morgan. Such curiosity or interest as the reading public may have entertained when these productions were announced was promptly quenched when it was found that, with one or two exceptions, they were little more than embittered attacks on the Money Power, the story of Mr. Morgan's character, education, and financial career being used merely to illustrate the central theme.

The present book, the work of a New York journalist, appeared in serial form in one of the magazines at the same time as the others, but it has the merit of singularity, when considered along with the so-called biographies just referred to, in being frankly eulogistic, and in not only recognizing that the man it describes was a very great financier, but in asserting that the financial achievements with which he was conspicuously identified were in all respects wise, beneficial, and necessary to the public welfare. This may not perhaps be the surest path to the sound conclusions of historical criticism, but it is at all events biography, which the "muckraking" articles certainly were not.

The publishers of this book have been at pains to declare that Mr. Morgan himself was cognizant of its preparation; that he read parts of the proof or manuscript before publication, and that Mr. Morgan's relatives or associates were personally responsible for the account of some of the episodes. Any one familiar with the events described would draw some such inference from internal evidence. There are numerous details and incidents, especially in regard to the famous Government bond syndicate of 1895, which could hardly have been otherwise ascertained. Even the errors in these parts of the narrative—of which there are not a few—are such as would naturally occur when the details were thus obtained.

Mr. Hovey's book correctly divides Mr. Morgan's career into three main episodes—the effort, in the period from 1885 to 1897, at first to avert and finally to repair the financial disasters of the railways; the organization of the banking syndicate of 1895 for controlling the export of gold and preventing suspension of gold payments by the Government, and, most familiar of all to the general public, the constructing of the enormous Trusts of a decade ago, notably the billion-dollar United States Steel.

The chaos in American railway finance during the later eighties and early nineties resulted from several causes, not all of which are usually recognized. That railway-building went on at too rapid a pace in such years as 1887 is probably true. But the real mischief lay in the facts that so many of the lines then laid down and equipped were not the fruit of matured commercial judgment, but of a hope of forcing the older competing lines to buy them up at extortionate prices, and that they were outrageously over-capitalized. The first of these circumstances led to the reckless cutting of rates, even in prosperous years, below cost of transportation; the second led to widespread railway insolvency, in which many of the older companies were involved. Mr. Morgan's part in the episode lay in persuading the old railways to buy up some of the most dangerous of these free-lance competitors, and then in inducing the presidents to agree informally that rate-cutting should be stopped.

These expedients, on the whole, were futile; they reached one root of trouble, but not the other. It was left for the new corporation laws of another generation, with their Interstate Commerce Commissions and their Public Service Commissions, to grapple intelligently with the real railway problems of 1887 and 1889, and it must be said that when the legislative bodies took the matter thus in hand, they got little but protest or abuse from high finance. Even to-day, despite the important principles and precedents established, the problem is by no means solved; but Mr. Morgan's expedients of those earlier years gave not the slightest promise of their solution. The causes of mischief—notably gross and unscrupulous inflation of bonded debt—were not removed until one-fourth of the railway mileage in the country had passed through the bankruptcy courts.

When, however, the time arrived to solve the question of reorganization, Mr. Morgan at once assumed a commanding position. He was instrumental in putting a stop to the high-handed attempt, in the earlier plans for such companies as the Reading, to force bondholders to bear the heaviest burden of getting shareholders out of their scrape. Through his extremely capable partner, the late Charles H. Coster, the intricate problem of recapitalization, along with drastic reduction of fixed charges and even-handed justice to creditors, was worked out for a number of companies whose position was in great measure the key to the financial and investment markets. It is easy for people who

judge that episode only by the great prosperity of the railways in the succeeding decade, to underrate the real achievement of the reorganization days, and it is true that there were instances (like that of the Erie Railway) where later history showed the mistake of overcapitalization to have been repeated by the reorganizers. But nothing can be more certain than that the energy, judgment, and financial influence of Mr. Morgan, combined with his resolute faith in the future of American industry, were factors of the highest importance in making possible the great revival which followed.

Mr. Hovey's narrative of the celebrated contract to protect the United States Treasury's gold reserve in 1895 seems to be based, to a greater degree than any other part of his book, on what his publishers call "inside information." In its incidental details, the story is correctly told, but the large economic factors which were at work are missed almost entirely. In explaining that the expulsion of gold after 1893, and the Treasury's embarrassment, were influenced by the free-silver agitation, Mr. Hovey is only partly right. After-panic trade reaction and disclosures of unsound railway finance would have caused the movement, even without that agitation. The predicament of the Treasury itself was due, not to the mere fact of large gold exports, but to the much more serious fact that the Silver Purchase Act of 1890 had forced some $150,000,000 new government paper money on the markets, without making any clear provision for its redemption except in silver dollars.

The so-called "raid on the Treasury" was not, as Mr. Hovey describes it, a result of "exchanging the poorer metal for the better one." Neither the silver dollars nor the Treasury notes depreciated; but that they did not do so was wholly due to maintenance of gold payments against the Treasury notes, with a steadily dwindling gold reserve. The problem was: Could these payments continue, when the Treasury, through the incredible financial blunders of the Harrison Administration, had been placed in the position of a bank which has enormously increased its demand liabilities while allowing its reserve to be impaired?

The Cleveland Administration eventually saved the day, and it did so through the contract with Mr. Morgan. But the reason why that unusual contract became necessary was that Secretary Carlisle had failed to grapple courageously with the difficulty until it was too late to meet it by ordinary measures. The progressive collapse of the Treasury's gold reserve, through presentation of government paper money for redemption, was caused, first by inflation of the currency itself, next by the automatic expulsion of gold, then by the market's fear that the Treasury would not see fit to continue gold redemption, and finally by the belief that the Treasury could not do so, even if it would.

The "Belmont-Morgan contract" of 1895 was much more than an expedient to make good the depleted gold reserve; its real purport lay in the bankers' pledge to "make all legitimate efforts to protect the Treasury . . . against the withdrawal of gold." Mr. Hovey tells us that this was to be achieved "by controlling the price of exchange"—a statement which is entirely misleading. To solve the problem in that way, the syndicate would have had to break sterling to a price at which gold could not profitably have been exported. What it really did was to corner the foreign exchange market, keep it at normal gold export rates, but meantime provide for meeting its own drafts on Europe by borrowing abroad and not by shipping gold. The success of Mr. Morgan in banding together all the foreign exchange houses under such a pledge was a notable instance of his personal authority in finance. It undoubtedly saved the Government from a lapse, temporary or permanent, into silver redemption. But the scheme was nevertheless financially unsound; the country had to suffer for it afterward, and it is not at all likely to stand as a useful precedent in financial history. Its excuse will always be, however, that it was a desperate remedy applied for a condition which, by neglect and delay, had been allowed to become critical.

In discussing the organization of the great Morgan Trusts in 1901 and succeeding years, our book reaches highly controversial ground. To-day, perhaps more than at any previous period, the question whether the Steel Trust, for instance, was a legitimate and necessary economic expedient, is under warm discussion. Mr. Hovey betrays no doubt upon the matter, and is content to repeat the familiar Wall Street catchword that competition, as a factor in industrial progress, is dead. The steel trade incidents immediately preceding the merger of 1901 he tells with sufficient accuracy, though he does not point out that it was overcapitalization of the hastily-constructed hundred-million-dollar steel-making corporations of 1899 which converted the highly prosperous steel trade position of 1898 into the confused situation of 1900. The remedy of 1901 involved more overcapitalization; Mr. Hovey does not tell us of the madness of speculation which seized on the community and which swept wholly out of their customary balance even the greatest of our bankers. The "first underwriting syndicate" in the Steel shares, with its 200 per cent. cash profit, is described as a normal financial achievement; but we learn nothing of the "second Steel syndicate," formed to underwrite the utterly unsound plan of turning $200,000,000 of the company's stock into bonds, for no legitimate consideration whatever.

In the matter of the unlucky Shipping Trust underwriting, Mr. Hovey is more frank, though he does not go so far as to state the undoubted truth, that the miscarriage was merely an instance of what was bound to result from the recklessness of the great promotions of the period. We are told very frankly, however, that Mr. Morgan was accustomed, in his underwritings, to put down a given capitalist for what appeared to be the proper amount, and to deny him access to "good things" in the future, if he refused to accept. It will occur to most minds that there is an element of unsoundness, not to say peril, in any such practice, systematically pursued on a great scale in finance. The Armstrong committee's inquiry of 1905 into the life insurance companies showed one aspect of it; the "rich men's panic" of 1903 was a direct consequence of it.

The critical and judicial review of Mr. Morgan's remarkable career will not be written just now; we are too near to the events to say the last word on actions or policies. But in the meantime, any honest attempt to tell the story and sketch the character of a man who will undoubtedly stand out hereafter as one of the great figures of the period, deserves recognition.

CURRENT FICTION.

Flower o' the Peach. By Perceval Gibbon. New York: Century Co.

Admirers of Vrouw Grobelaar and her fund of South African lore will find little to interest them in this story of a tiny veld community consisting of a Boer farm and an English sanatorium for consumptives. It is fashioned in the vein of peculiarly maudlin extravaganza that Mr. Gibbon has dedicated to his globe-trotting Miss Gregory. Like that beneficent gray-haired adventurer in petticoats, the young heroine of the present tale takes with her on her travels the gracious refinements of the politest English society. Her practice of the graces of the impeccably bred enlivens rather disagreeably her sojourn in the Cape Colony health resort. For with the fine freedom of the true aristocrat she unreservedly extends the right hand of fellowship, even across the color line, and suffers upon her digits the respectful kiss of a forlorn Kaffir whom an English education and costume have rendered an anomaly and an abomination in the land of his birth. We infer from all that follows that the color line in North America is as the shadow of a cobweb when compared to the color line as it is drawn in South Africa.

The whole matter has been conceived in spiritual squalor. The author's pen

betrays an astonishing predisposition towards what is tawdry and dingy in human ware, and his adulation of the *real* gentleman and the *real* lady, besides being somewhat excessive, has altogether too much of a cockney tone. These events and these people would leave us with an impression of utter dreariness, had he not somehow contrived to throw round them the redeeming mantle of authentic "atmosphere"—the mysterious texture of an existence half-dream, half-exile, unspeakably lonely and at the same time crowded with enforced companionship, the artificial life amid primitive surroundings of a little ill-assorted congregation of health-seekers.

Ember Light. By Roy Rolfe Gilson. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

Whether or not the reader detects a trace of mawkishness in the unabashed sentimentality of these pages must depend, after all, upon how far he is a stickler for the restraint which is just now good form. The fashion shifts in this matter as in others. Perhaps the fairest thing to say of the book is that it has a sort of kinship to "The Cricket on the Hearth," "Reveries of a Bachelor," and the like. It is half a story, half a series of discourses on domestic life, under conditions, to be sure, undreamed-of by Dickens or Ik. Marvel. Marriage as it now is, in the America of the moment, is our theme; and Mr. Gilson, in the course of his many variations, touches, at least, upon most aspects of the problem—or condition. Two households are chiefly involved. The first is that of a young architect who, after years of struggle, finds himself, with a growing family, still far, to all appearances, from even the first rung of the ladder of success. His chance comes in the building of an Italianate palace for a millionaire friend, who is married to a beautiful but childless siren. She lays her snare for the young architect, and captures his fancy by her unfettered charm. So he gradually drifts away from the wife of his bosom, and is on the eve of elopement with the siren when the simple wiles of his children, and a sudden realization of what his wife is to him, win him back to his own hearth. Other considerations apart, the child-talk in the book is remarkably real, and the *personæ* as a whole, under all the rosy light of sentiment in which they move, appear like creatures of flesh and blood. But the reader who does not believe in Paul Dombey, and laughs at the death-bed of Little Nell, may be warned that to read these chapters would be for him a waste of time.

Bypaths in Dixie. By Sarah Johnson Cocke. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Harry Stillwell Edwards's introduction to this book points out the fact that, among all the stories of the old South there have been very few relating to the nursery and the old black mammy. He calls Mrs. Cocke "the happy preemptor of the new find," and testifies to the truthfulness of her scenes and to the faithfulness of her presentation of the "gentle, tender, playful, elusive, young-old, child-wise mind of the African nurse in the white family." While deprecating the occasional sowing of superstitions in childish minds, he stoutly defends mammy from the charge of inflicting punishment by blows. "Blows were unnecessary with the wise-old mammy. There were the cupboard and pantry, the fruit orchard, the kitchen stove, and there were the birds, beasts, and fowls to be invoked in song and story." Mrs. Cocke's Mammy Phyllis is a supreme authority with her young charges. Her stories may seem at the start to be merely efforts to divert misbehaving children, but the moral invariably puts in its word at the right moment. The buzzard that tried to be an eagle, the ill-behaved pigs at the party, the combative, unrewarded hornet and yellow jacket, are not only actors in thrilling stories, but moral agents full of admonition. The fables have the familiar folk-lore ring. But mammy is never more amusing than when inventing impromptu explanations for puzzled inquiring childhood. "'Mammy, could Major Peafowl fly up to the top of Mister Tall Pine?' asked Mary Van in amazement. 'Who sed he fly up ter der top? I sed he went up ter de Pine Tree Holl'r. De Major ain' gwine bus' in nobody's room les'n he sen' his cyard up fus—an' how you know dey ain' got one dem ellumvat'rs like de new hotel got?' 'Oh!' apologetically, [the child] exclaimed." The children's pleas for clemency to threatened bird or beast are charmingly natural and are usually entertained, although there are times when the majesty of the law demands full sentence for offenders.

CLASSICAL AND ROMANTIC.

Essentials of Poetry. By William Allan Neilson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

Professor Neilson's book has the advantage of all attempts to look at things in new ways, or, it may be, in ways which are so old that they seem new. With reference to poetry in particular, men have heard something too much of the stereotyped division into Romanticism, Classicism, and Realism. A deal of loose definition has left us uncertain as to what any one of them is precisely, though it is still generally assumed that all persons temperamentally have a bias towards one or another of them; and that poetry should be so classed still seems to many to answer the demand of a fundamental point of view. The difficulty with the scheme has been that it precipitated a quarrel more rancorous than the old battle of the books—a battle of temperaments. Under its stress people have tended to term all poetry which to them was futile classical or romantic, if they were realists, or believed themselves to be; classical or realistic, if they were romantics, etc. There has been more mud-throwing than throwing of light. If, therefore, a new satisfactory arrangement could be found which should dispense with such troublous terms, the New Jerusalem would be immeasurably nearer.

Mr. Neilson is too cautious to state that he has hit upon anything so revolutionary, saying that his is only one of the many angles from which poetry can properly be viewed; but he very evidently would not be surprised if it furnished for others such long clear vistas as it has for him. Briefly, he takes his cue from a passage in Bacon's "De Augmentis": "The best division of human learning is that derived from the three faculties of the rational soul, which is the seat of learning. History has reference to the memory, poesy to the Imagination, and philosophy to the Reason." For his purpose Mr. Neilson equates "memory" with the more modern-sounding "sense of fact," which, together with reason and imagination, he regards as sufficiently fundamental elements to serve as touchstones for poetry. In a brief preliminary testing of these qualities he finds that poetry usually called romantic is that in which the imaginative predominates; that classicism rests chiefly on the rational; and that realism gets its special color from sense of fact. Experiment with Shakespeare reveals a nice balance of all three elements, in addition to a fourth element which supreme poetry can hardly do without—intensity. Such is his general thesis.

The chapter in which an attempt is made to define imagination is, as the author admits, not wholly adequate, though he does not, apparently, realize how damaging anything short of a full discussion at this point may later prove. His purpose is merely to describe the essence of imagination and to illustrate certain of its functions. Here, as in the case of his fundamental divisions, he harks back to old authority, to Aristotle's theory of "imitation." With the Greek all may admit that a truly creative imagination involves at least a two-fold process, the first portion operative in the perception of objects, whereby images which the memory recalls are not literal transcripts, but are colored by fancy, by selection, by emotion; the second being a re-creation of the recalled images into concrete types of the universal. Examples of the first stage are everywhere, notably in Wordsworth's poem on the daisy:

> Oft on the dappled turf at ease
> I sit, and play with similes.

What Wordsworth designated fancy represents it. The line, "Ah, sunflower, weary of Time!" illustrates an idea carried through the second stage. The characteristic attitude of this watcher of the sun stands for that of all sunflowers since the world began, and to it is given the human vision, the somewhat futile vision, of the ages. Mr. Neilson does not present the case quite so simply, though his variations do not get much beyond what we have indicated. His difficulty lies in the application of the definition. In using short passages always for examples, he neglects the larger instances of what to many seems the highest sort of imagination—the true instinct for form and structure. This he includes as a necessary attribute of the classical, whose chief basis is reason. But we protest that sense of form and imagination are often too closely knit to be separated. How should one describe Dante's imagination in "The Divine Comedy" apart from its magnificent framework? So in the case of classical tragedy, it would be folly to pick passages and dub them imaginative or not; for often the central idea, as in "Prometheus," working through the larger medium, colors and transforms sentences which on the surface look commonplace. In a word, imagination is as frequently as not reasoned.

To define romantic poetry as that in which the imagination predominates does not solve the problem, even though the author seems to mean a formless imagination. That in effect does nothing more than say that the romanticists wrote series of lyric poems. We suspect that Mr. Neilson's definition involves nothing more fundamental than imagery, and it may be true that on that basis something might be done towards reaching a distinction between the romanticists, and, say, the neo-classicists. Would he admit, perhaps, that in romantic poetry the conceits are usually carried through the second of the Aristotelian stages? But that is merely reiterating the somewhat archaic complaint that Pope was content to experiment merely with fancy, when he chose to be poetic at all. Of the more fundamental question of attitude and philosophy of life nothing of a positive character is offered, though the author does good service in reviewing destructively the "back to nature" test and numerous others with which literary criticism is cluttered.

The weakness of the plan is still more evident when levelled on Milton, who might well be called our greatest classical poet, save that he "is so much else, is so richly endowed on the other sides of his nature, that we refrain from insisting on the epithet classical, lest it deprive him of a greater honor." This in spite of the fact that classicism has been rigidly distinguished from neo-classicism. One may ask whether, according to the new definitions, Milton in any way differs from Shakespeare, who, it will be recalled, was found to have a nice balance of all the essentials. All great poets, by the original premise, are supposed to possess these, classical as well as modern, and yet Mr. Neilson restricts classicism to the sort of poetry which succeeds in conveying "a general, not a particular, impression of beauty, and so is concerned with large outlines, definite enough to place the figure in its class, rather than with specific details which might serve to identify an individual." The argument leads nowhither.

Tested on many sides, the divisions seem to us arbitrary. A chapter is devoted to intensity. Individual passages again unfortunately serve for illustration. The well-known words of Ferdinand are cited in "The Duchess of Malfi" which are uttered as he looks upon the face of the sister whom he has murdered:

> Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle: she died young;

and Othello's

> It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul.

In both instances it must be evident that the tremendous effect comes from the situations, which in turn are the products of both the imagination and the reason, and is not a thing in itself at all. Loosely used, as it is in common speech, intensity is a useful term to indicate that poetic, dramatic, or other properties have done their work well. But is it not dangerous, by considering it separately, to wrest it from the medium without which it has no life? Nor is the suggestion made that it may often result from an exquisite sense of form, in much the same way as the highest sort of imagination.

We have followed the argument at sufficient length to show the lines which it takes. Worked out logically in connection with the large matters which poetry involves, it could never, we believe, remove the troublous categories with which literary historians have had to get along, since it creates quite as many difficulties as it confronts. Yet the book is stimulating throughout. For the nonce it places poetry in a vacuum, apart from the vapors of prejudice, and searches for its essence. Such questions as biography, gossip, sources, political and social history, which have too frequently, though unnecessarily, clouded vital issues in literary criticism, are put aside by an initial fiat, and one is free to range from Homer to Kipling with a glance. In the process a good many minor matters are cleared up. One of the best points made is the demonstration that not all the failures of the romanticists were romantic failures. Wordsworth in the "Excursion" was trying his hand at the neo-classic method of calm, pointed reasoning. It is a sharp illustration of the well-known fact that in any age and in many writers poetry has received very various treatment. The final chapters of the volume deal with sentimentalism and humor, which latter is not carefully distinguished from wit.

A History of the Peninsular War. By Charles Oman. Vol. IV. New York: Henry Frowde. $4.75.

Three years have elapsed between the publication of the third and fourth instalments of Professor Oman's great work on the Peninsular War, and a good part of the time, at least, has been characteristically employed by him in the production of another massive book on a very different field—Anglo-Saxon England. Considering this, and the fact that he has spent many weeks in visiting the various peninsular battlefields, not to speak of his academic duties at Oxford, his apology in the preface for the delay in the appearance of the present volume seems somewhat superfluous. It is to be hoped, however, that Professor Oman will not permit any other task to interfere with the speedy completion of his *magnum opus*. His contributions, whatever the field they take, are always welcome, but some are less indispensable than others.

The period of the Peninsular War covered by the present volume (December, 1810-December, 1811) sees the allied and the French armies in a state of virtual equipoise. Save for Suchet's victories in the East, which are really only a side issue, interest is centred solely on the campaigns in Portugal and on the Portuguese frontier. The high-water mark of French conquest there had been reached on the knoll of Sobral before the lines of Torres Vedras in October, 1810. The retreat thence which began a month later did not end until French soil had been reached in 1814; indeed, in a larger sense, it did not end until Waterloo. The period dealt with in the present volume, therefore, shows the French armies no longer inspired by that spirit of offence which had been one of the most potent causes of their earlier successes. Masséna evacuated Portugal in March, 1811, and through the remainder of the year the French occupied themselves with a fairly successful defence of the Spanish frontier. Had Wellington been possessed of sufficient resources, they might not have been able to maintain themselves there: as it was, their stand on the Agueda and Guadiana was only made possible by a dangerous disgarnishing of most of the Spanish provinces that lay beneath their yoke. They had abandoned the offensive, but it would not be correct to say that the allies had as yet

assumed it: that was to be reserved for the year 1812.

It was during this period of equipoise, however, that the bloodiest of all the fights of the Peninsular War was fought—the terrible battle of Albuera. No finer illustration of Professor Oman's methods can be asked for than is afforded by his chapter on that great slaughter. It is pretty dreary reading after Napier—that the warmest of his admirers will have to confess: unfortunately, Professor Oman seems to select the very places where his predecessor attains the loftiest heights of his splendid military style, to lapse occasionally into positive slovenliness of expression. But, on the other hand, one feels, on every page, that one is getting at the facts in a way that has never been possible before. Professor Oman's figures, whether cited in text or appendix, are always impressive. His local topographical knowledge, derived from his frequent visits to the different battlefields, is a formidable weapon, of which he makes skilful use (Napier's famous "ravine of the Arroyo" is now relegated to the limbo of unsupported tradition). Various new sources have been placed at his disposal. Last of all, he has no axe to grind, no hero to exalt, no villain to abase: he seeks the truth, and the truth alone, and scatters praise and blame with an impartial hand. There is no logical escape from his main conclusions, and we gladly recognize how completely his work has necessitated the revision of a number of hitherto accepted judgments.

One matter of prime importance Professor Oman has caused to stand out in almost every chapter of the present volume as it has never stood out before, and that is the fatal results of Napoleon's refusal to appoint a single commander-in-chief in Spain to whom all others should be strictly subordinate; his determination to manage everything himself from Paris—"de loin." "He did not wish to 'have a marshal at Madrid, who would want to have all the glory along with all the responsibility'—*i. e.*, he refused to make one of his servants dangerously great." He insisted on giving orders himself which were founded on facts at least three weeks old when reported to him, and more than six weeks old when his orders had been transmitted to the front. Napoleon himself was perfectly aware of the evils of the system; but it was by no means easy to devise a better one. To descend himself into Spain was impossible, even in that comparatively quiet year. It was no wonder that he shrank from the other alternative—the appointment of a subordinate on the ground with full powers; for there was no one in Spain of sufficient ability whom he could trust. He was well aware of the limitations of his brother Joseph; Soult, who after Masséna's dismissal would have been an obvious candidate for the post, had intrigued for kingship at Oporto in 1809, and might very likely do so again; and so on through the entire list: somo fatal objection was to be urged against each one. The policy and methods of Philip II of Spain should not seem at first sight to offer many points of resemblance to those of Napoleon; yet in some respects there is a striking parallel between the way in which the former attempted to manage the Dutch campaigns and direct the tactics of the Armada, and the manner in which the latter dictated the movements of his armies in the Iberian peninsula. To a certain extent the defects of both were almost necessarily inherent in any system of one-man power. But that Napoleon should not have been able to find a solution of his difficulties is one of a number of proofs that he had passed the zenith of his genius in 1811; and it goes to confirm the common verdict that the Peninsular War was on the whole the least well-managed of any in which his armies were engaged.

The Works of Friedrich Nietzsche. Vol. II, Early Greek Philosophy and Other Essays, Translated by M. A. Mügge; VII, Human All-Too-Human, ii, Translated by Paul V. Cohn; VIII, The Case of Wagner, Translated by A. M. Ludovici; IX, The Dawn of Day, Translated by J. M. Kennedy; XVI, The Twilight of Idols, The Anti-Christ, Translated by A. M. Ludovici; XVII, Ecce Homo and Poetry, Translated by A. M. Ludovici. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Nietzsche. By Paul Elmer More. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1 net.

With this issue of six volumes the great translation of Nietzsche's Works, edited by Dr. Oscar Levy, has, after considerable delay, come virtually to an end; only an eighteenth volume, promised for this spring, is yet to contain "Supplementary Essays and an Index." Even those to whom Nietzsche's philosophy is most repellent will welcome this English presentation of a writer who has become one of the acknowledged influences of Continental life, and whose German style, though much admired, is not particularly easy for the foreigner. In general it may be said that the English version is faithful to the original, and often succeeds, notably in "Zarathustra," in catching something of Nietzsche's peculiar rhythm. The "Ecce Homo" of the present instalment does not seem to us quite so successful as the "Zarathustra" from the same hand. This does not mean errors of interpretation, for the original of the autobiography is not included in the sämmtliche Ausgabe of Nietzsche owned by the reviewer, and no comparison of the German and English has been made. The reference is rather to an occasional laxity in the English itself, such as a plain *will* for *shall*. It is regrettable that this occasional carelessness, though not really a serious blemish, should show itself in the volume of this new instalment to which the inquisitive reader will first turn.

Nor does M. Ludovici appear altogether at his best in his Introduction to this volume. It would seem wiser, certainly more persuasive, to admit that the exaggerated vanity of "Ecce Homo" has a strain of morbidness portentous of the author's approaching madness. It is merely flouting common-sense to say that this lack of restraint "can be regarded as pathological only in a democratic age in which people have lost all sense of gradation and rank, and in which the virtues of modesty and humility have to be preached far and wide as a corrective against the vulgar pretensions of thousands of wretched nobodies." Even the most hardened apologist for Nietzsche might hesitate profitably before accepting as characteristic of their hero in health such an outburst of megalomania as this:

> There is not a single passage in this revelation of truth which had already been anticipated [the Teutonism is Mr. Ludovici's English], and divined by even the greatest among men. Before Zarathustra there was no wisdom, no probing of the soul, no art of speech.

Yet, despite these outbreaks of almost insane egotism, in part even because of them, it is right to regard this strange autobiography as among the most important and illuminating of Nietzsche's works. Nowhere else in his books do we find shrewder and at times sounder epigrams on the conduct of life or more biting critical dicta, when his main philosophical thesis is in abeyance; and nowhere else does this philosophical thesis display more clearly its central error. God, he says in the chapter Why I Am So Clever, is only "a coarse and rude *prohibition* of us." There one touches the heart of Nietzsche's doctrine. His boasted discovery of the Will to Power and the vaunted Transvaluation of All Values is in reality merely a denial of the validity of any check within ourselves contrary to the primitive instincts and impulses of nature. God, or any ideal within ourselves, is a hindrance and *prohibition* upon self-development, and so can have no place in the thought of the Superman. Nietzsche did not see that true development in a conscious being can only come by a choice among natural impulses which implies a controlling power above them, a power which may thus be properly called *supra naturam*. He did not see that true character comes only with prohibition, and that without prohibition there is no will in any senso of the word, but surrender, and in tho end dissipation and death. In other words,

he carried naturalism to its extreme, and thereby showed its inherent fallacy.

This, in brief, is the aspect of naturalism considered in the little book on "Nietzsche" named above, which is, in fact, an expansion of two essays that appeared in the *Nation* of September 21 and 28, of last year. A biographical section has been added, and the development of the twin ideas of sympathy and egotism under naturalism has been followed more precisely. The book may be offered as an attempt to place Nietzsche in relation to his age and the past, and as a comment on the translation of Nietzsche, now happily brought to a conclusion.

The Life and Labors of Bishop Hare, Apostle to the Sioux. By M. A. De Wolfe Howe. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. $2.50 net.

As the story of a devoted and self-sacrificing life, this biography of a missionary to the Indians will be an inspiration to every reader. The condition of the great Dakota Territory forty years ago, with the serious problems in government, are described by one who took a leading part in solving them. William Hobart Hare, a native of Princeton, N. J., after a short term of service in parish and mission work in the East, was sent out to this region in 1873 as missionary bishop of the Episcopal Church. Its desolateness at that time can be realized from the fact that in one of his early trips he did not see "a human face or a human habitation, not even an Indian lodge, for eight days." The thinly scattered population consisted mostly of Indians, some of them the most reckless and wildest of the tribes. And yet though he went among them constantly unarmed and often unattended, there is but one recorded instance of his having been actually in danger, and then he was accompanied by United States soldiers. The Indians responded eagerly to his wonderful sympathy. One who was present when he preached his first sermon to them writes: "The Indians say they understood nearly all he said before the translator interpreted it. His eye and voice and manner talked to them." From the beginning he was deeply interested in the children's education, his aim being that "the school training should be such as would not only cultivate their intellect, but also develop their physical functions and teach them to do well the common acts of daily humble life." Boarding schools for boys and girls were established in different parts of the territory, and St. Paul's School for Girls at Sioux Falls was his home during a large part of his ministry. The principal gives a charming account of his life there. She says:

> He so loved to be one with the family in all their activities that parties, entertainments, etc., were planned to come, so far as possible, when the Bishop could be at home; and he was never too busy, too weary, or too burdened to join in their fun. When winter came, the Bishop was the first one out to help make a "slide," and many a frosty evening did he spend on the tennis court trying to coax from a garden hose enough water to make a skating pond.

After ten years of service primarily with the Indians, his work broadened, through the flood of white immigrants. "More land was taken up by settlers in Dakota during the past year," he wrote in 1884, "than in all the other Territories together. Towns are growing up everywhere, with almost magical rapidity." From that time he was a missionary to two races and sought heartily and unweariedly the interests of both white and red man. His successful leadership in the campaign for divorce reform won for him this public tribute from the Roman Catholic Bishop O'Gorman: "Morally and financially, we are all the better for the Christian courage of Bishop Hare. To him, the defender of the home, honor and the gratitude of South Dakota."

There is much in this sainted life which reminds one of the Apostle Paul. Especially is this likeness shown in the strong personal feeling which he had for those to whom he ministered. "I shall have you constantly in my heart" was his promise in his first pastoral letter. How this was kept is shown by the testimony of one who labored long under him: "To me he was not only bishop, but father, brother, friend, and he was all of that to others also." Then, too, he had his "thorn in the flesh" in a serious affection which during the whole of his service caused a constant physical strain and sometimes great suffering. Yet, notwithstanding, he did an unparalleled work, visiting his different missions at regular intervals, the nearest to his home in the early years being one hundred miles, the farthest three hundred. To reach them he had to cross barren prairies where there was not even "a great rock in a weary land" to give him shelter from a blazing summer sun, nor a refuge in the more inhospitable and dangerous winter season when the thermometer sometimes fell to 44 degrees below zero. A typical illustration of his work in later years is found in one of his letters: "I have in twenty days preached twenty times, held sixteen confirmations in which I confirmed seventy candidates, have driven two hundred miles by wagon and travelled eight hundred and sixty-seven miles by rail."

The aim of Mr. Howe in writing this biography has been to make the bishop tell his own story so far as possible through extracts from his letters and addresses. Hence a lifelikeness is given to the account which adds much to its interest and value. The biography would be so helpful to similar workers that we trust a cheaper edition may be published. As Bishop Potter said at the General Convention at Washington in 1898, Bishop Hare is "the most splendid and gracious illustration which our missionary service has given us of devotion to the cause of Christ and those who are forgotten of their fellowmen."

Notes

Holt's list of spring books contains, in fiction: "The Squirrel Cage," by Dorothy Canfield, and "Views and Vagabonds," by R. Macaulay.—Miscellaneous: "Smaller Tuscan Towns," illustrated; "Cities of Belgium," by Grant Allen, new, revised edition; "Umbrian Towns," by J. W. and A. M. Cruickshank, new, revised edition; "Beyond War: A Chapter in the Natural History of Man," by Vernon Kellogg; "Social France in the Time of Philip Augustus," by Achille Luchaine, edited by Louis Halphen, translated by E. B. Krehbiel; "Comments of Bagshot," second series, by J. A. Spender; "A History of Public Permanent Common School Funds in the United States (1795-1905)," by Fletcher Harper Swift.—Biography: The World's Leaders series, edited by W. P. Trent: "The World's Leading Poets," by H. W. Boynton, and "The World's Leading Conquerors," by W. L. Bevan.

"The Butterfly House," a new story by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, is brought out this week by Dodd, Mead & Co., who also have in hand: "The Essential Thing," a novel by Arthur Hodges; "The Chalice of Courage," by Cyrus Townsend Brady; "My Lady Caprice," the first book of Jeffery Farnol; "Death," an essay by Maurice Maeterlinck.

"Chronicles of Avonlea," by L. M. Montgomery; "From Chevrons to Shoulder Straps," by Mrs. Florence Kimball Russell, and "'Tilda Jane in California," by Miss Marshall Saunders, are in the press of L. C. Page & Co.

George Hamlin Fitch is bringing out, through Paul Elder & Co., "Modern English Books of Power," a second series of essays.

Among the books which Putnams will shortly issue are: "The Relentless Current," by Maud Charlesworth; "The Early Court of Queen Victoria," by Clare Jerrold; "Travellers' Tales," by "The Princess"; the following of Molière's works, in the translation by Curtis Hidden Page: "The Tradesman Turned Gentleman," "The Affected Misses," "The Doctor by Compulsion," and "The Hypocrite."

As American representatives of the Cambridge University Press, the Putnams announce: Sir Philip Sidney's "The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia," edited by Prof. Albert Feuillerat of the University of Rennes—the first volume of a set which, when completed, will contain all of Sidney's works; "Foreign Companies and Other Corporations," by E. Hilton Young; "Royal Charters of the City of Lincoln, from Henry II through William III," transcribed and translated with an introduction by Walter de Gray Birch; "The English Provincial Printers, Stationers, and Bookbinders to

1557," by E. Gordon Duff, and "The Distinctions and Anomalies Arising Out of the Equitable Doctrine of the Legal Estate," by R. M. P. Willoughby.

Harvard University announces the publication on February 26 of a "History of the British Post Office," by Prof. J. C. Hemmeon of McGill University. In addition to an account of the development and present organization of the postal department of Great Britain, the book includes a discussion of the parcels post, the telegraph and telephone system, and similar subjects. It is issued as Vol. VII of the Harvard Economic Studies.

Mr. Murray of London promises the second volume of Mgr. Duchesne's "Early History of the Christian Church" this spring.

"Letters and Recollections of Mazzini" is the title of a new book by Mrs. Hamilton King, announced by Longmans, Green & Co.

The Macmillan Company has a long list of spring announcements. It includes, in fiction: "Julia France and Her Times," by Gertrude Atherton; "The Giant Fisher," by Mrs. Hubert Barclay; "The Inside of the Cup," by Winston Churchill; "Joseph in Jeopardy," by Frank Danby; "The Friar of Wittenberg," by William Stearns Davis; Dostoievski's novels; "Crime and Punishment," "The Possessed," "The Idiot," "The House of the Dead," and "The Brothers Karamazov," all translated by Constance Garnett; "Hieronymus Rides," by Anna Coleman Ladd; "The House of Pride," by Jack London; "The Touchstone of Fortune," by Charles Major; "The Goodly Fellowship," by Rachel Capen Schauffler, and "Van Cleve," by Mary S. Watts.—Public affairs: "South America," by James Bryce; "A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil," by Jane Addams; "The New Democracy," by Walter E. Weyl; "Democratic England," by Percy Alden, with an introduction by Charles F. G. Masterman; "Old Age Dependency in the United States," by Lee Welling Squier; "The Elements of Socialism," by John Spargo and G. L. Arner; "The Modern Woman's Rights Movement," by Dr. Kaethe Schirmacher, translated from the second German edition by Carl Conrad Eckhardt; "The Record of a City: A Social Survey of Lowell," by George F. Kenngott, and "The Control of Trusts," by John B. Clark.—Travel: "Spanish Highways and Byways," by Katharine Lee Bates; "Mexico: The Wonderland of the South," by W. E. Carson; "Stage-Coach and Tavern Days," by Alice Morse Earle; "Alaska: The Great Country," by Ella Higginson; "Boston: The Place and the People," by M. A. De Wolfe Howe; "Along French Byways," by Clifton Johnson; "Among English Hedgerows," the same; "The Isle of Shamrock," the same; "The Land of Heather," the same; "New England and Its Neighbors," the same; "New Orleans: The Place and the People," by Grace King; "Charleston: The Place and the People," by Mrs. St. Julien Ravenel; "Philadelphia: The Place and the People," by Agnes Repplier, and "Cuba," by Irene A. Wright, all to be reissued in the New Travel series. —Biography and history: "Marcus Alonzo Hanna—His Life and Works," by Herbert Croly; "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli," Volume II, by W. F. Monypenny; "The Correspondence of William Shirley," collected and edited by Charles Henry Lincoln; "The Life of William Robertson Smith," by John Sutherland Black and George Chrystal; "A History of the United States," Volume III—"The American Revolution, 1760-1789," by Edward Channing; "The New History and Other Essays in Modern Historical Criticism," by James Harvey Robinson; "The Cambridge Mediæval History," Volume II, "The Rise of the Saracens and the Foundations of the Western Empire," and "The Beginnings of Quakerism," by William Braithwaite.—Religion and philosophy: "Christianizing the Social Order," by Walter Rauschenbusch; "Life's Basis and Life's Ideal," by Rudolph Eucken, translated by A. G. Widgery; "Free Will and Human Responsibility," by Herman Harrell Horne; "A History of the Literature of Ancient Israel from the Earliest Times to 135 B. C.," by Henry T. Fowler; "Socialism and the Ethics of Jesus," by Henry C. Vedder; "Individuality and Destiny," by Bernard Bosanquet, and "The Problem of Formal Logic," by F. C. S. Schiller. Macmillan's list of spring announcements will be completed in the *Nation* next week.

The list of Doubleday, Page & Co.'s spring publications includes, in fiction: "The Recording Angel," by Cora Harris; "A Son of the Sun," by Jack London; "The Guests of Hercules," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson; "The Counsel for the Defense," by Leroy Scott; "Red Eve," by H. Rider Haggard; "The White Waterfall," by James Francis Dwyer; "The Girondin," by Hilaire Belloc; "The Radium Terrors," by Albert Dorrington; "In Search of Arcady," by Nina Wilcox Putnam; "The Spartan," by Caroline Dale Snedeker, and "Peter and Polly," by Elizabeth Hays Wilkinson.—Poetry: "Songs out of Books," by Rudyard Kipling, and "Far Quests," by Cale Young Rice.—Miscellaneous: "Where Half the World is Waking Up," by Clarence Poe; "A Personal Narrative of Political Experiences," by Robert M. La Follette; "Many Celebrities and a Few Others," by William H. Rideing; "Happy Humanity," by Dr. Frederik van Eeden; "New Demands in Education," by James P. Munroe; "The Forester's Manual," by Ernest Thompson Seton; "Popular Garden Flowers," by Walter P. Wright; "The Book of Grasses," by Mary Evans Francis; "Moths of the Limberlost," by Gene Stratton-Porter; "Saturday in My Garden," by H. H. Farthing; "The Spider Book," by John Henry Comstock; "Birds of Eastern North America," by Charles K. Reed, and the Delft Leather series of about thirty-five leather-bound books, including "Freckles," "The Brushwood Boy," "Monsieur Beaucaire," etc.

The Justin Winsor prize of $200, awarded every two years by the American Historical Association, is open to competition this year. The monograph must be based upon independent and original investigation in American history, by which is meant the history of any of the British colonies in America to 1783, of other territories, continental or insular, which have since been acquired by the United States, of the United States, and of independent Latin America. Competitors should submit their work, which must be unpublished, to the committee on awards, Prof. Claude H. Van Tyne, University of Michigan, chairman, by July 1.

Nearly 10,000 Japanese books belonging to the late W. G. Aston have been acquired by the University Library of Cambridge, England.

The latest addition to the Wiener Beiträge is a study of "Bryan Waller Procter," by Franz Becker. The book comes to us from Wilhelm Braumüller of Vienna and Leipzig.

To the really charming volume, "The Belmont Book" (Dutton) by "Vados," Arnold Bennett furnishes an introduction in his worst vein, which is simply the worst vein of a whole school of English literary journalists. It might have been written in a weak moment by Mr. Wells or Mr. Chesterton, or by any among a half-dozen others. That is, it is a mere bit of amiable "copy," jaunty, discursive, sporting its array of little paradoxes: in short, existing for its own sake, rather than for the sake of the book it professes to introduce. We suppose the publisher engaged Mr. Bennett to officiate, because his name, just now, is one to conjure with in any connection. Mr. Bennett himself says that an introduction is necessary to this particular book, "partly on account of its pseudonymity, but more because the adventurous reader, before he begins the adventure, ought to be reassured, and also to be warned." That is, the reader is in danger of being either unduly repelled by the title, because it may suggest the "nature book," or unduly attracted by it, because it will somehow convey to him the idea of a novel. As a matter of fact, it is fairly evident at a glance that the book is neither, but a collection of sketches of country life in Normandy, chiefly in its human aspects. We suspect that Mr. Bennett's real function here is to jostle discreetly the veil of anonymity which conceals the author. It seems that she is a novelist of English birth who lives in Paris, who spends most of her year in the centre of a cosmopolitan circle, and the rest of it, with her husband and a dog, on a little estate in the Norman countryside here nicknamed "Belmont." In these papers, says Mr. Bennett, she "has put off the novelist in her. She is just the sympathetic spectator and listener at large, utterly at large. She is exercising a faculty which knows nothing of either selection or prim orderliness." We doubt if this is strictly true. With all their variety of theme and treatment, with all their appearance of casualness, these chapters, taken together, present a very clear picture of a particular scene and personnel. One might almost as well say—as devotees of conventional romance have said—that "The Old Wives' Tale" is a mere jumble of insignificant and unarranged facts. Every touch counts here, whether in the unsparing but not ruthless vignettes of the peasant life of to-day, or in the affectionately traced scenes and episodes drawn from the legends and chronicles of old Normandy. A few of the chapters, such as La Masure, Dame Agnès, and The Emerald Necklace, are, in form at least, perfectly finished short stories. The book, as a whole, is of a class to which a number of admirable members have been added during the past year or two—for example, Stephen Reynolds's "A Poor Man's House" and Richard Whiteing's "Little People." That is, it is a book of essays and sketches with a slight savor of fiction, done in the intimate manner, and owing its charm chiefly to its revelation of a warm human personality.

"Home Life in Norway" (Macmillan), by H. K. Daniels, is a book of exceptional

charm. The author knows the country and its people intimately, loves them as one does the associations of one's childhood, and yet judges them with the worldly shrewdness of a sturdy Britisher. There are fourteen chapters in the compact little volume—on the Grosserer (merchant), A Dinner Party, Home Life in Flats, Children and Their Education, Norwegian Women, Food, Mistress and Maid, Hotels and Restaurants, Les Norvégiens s'amusent, In the Towns, Out of Doors, Darker Norway, The Peasant and His Home, and A Day on a Better-class Farm—and it is difficult to say which is the best, so crammed full are they all of information, conveyed in the best possible humor, and in a style which, in spite of its occasional lapses into journalistic "breeziness," holds the attention of the reader from cover to cover. We heartily recommend to our readers this novel Baedeker of the home-life of one of the most interesting countries.

Under the somewhat unintelligible title of "The Desire for Qualities" (Frowde), Stanley M. Bligh discusses the value of various qualities of character and the means of cultivating them. His purpose is to enable each of us to decide upon the qualities that he wishes to stand for, and then to cultivate them deliberately. The several references to Law's "Serious Call" suggest a characterization of the book. It is a "serious call" of a twentieth-century type—not "to a devout and holy life," but to the use of the resources of psychology and sociology for the development of personal character. Yet the appeal is less to science, in the narrower sense, than to reason—the "artistic reason." What he means is simply that a deliberate and intelligent estimate of values should guide the inner life as well as the outer. The writer is at home in the literature of his subject, and may be read without offence, and perhaps with profit, even by those who feel competent to provide their own "directive psychology." The book is of pocket size, though it contains 322 pages.

"The Unfolding of Personality as the Chief Aim in Education" (University of Chicago Press) is the title of a small volume of educational psychology, by H. Thiselton Mark, lecturer on education in the University of Manchester. Mr. Mark is strongly in sympathy with the tendency marked by the instinct-psychology of William James and the apperceptionism of Professor Stout, and he stands in general for a rather vigorous individualism. The significance of the individual is rendered somewhat doubtful, however, by the closing chapters on the subconscious and the supra-rational, in which the individual is in danger of becoming a mere manifestation of cosmic energy; and it is a question how far these chapters, though speculatively interesting, belong in educational psychology. In any case the volume suggests that educational psychology stands in England for a higher order of literary ability.

In March, 1909, Athelstan Riley addressed a letter to the London *Times* suggesting that the lull in the educational controversy be used for gathering information, and asking that "schemes" for the solution of the educational problem be sent to him. Ten of the hundred schemes submitted, together with documents setting forth the Roman Catholic and the Jewish position, are now published in a volume entitled "The Religious Question in Public Education" (Longmans), under the joint editorship and criticism of Athelstan Riley, Michael E. Sadler of the University of Manchester, and Cyril Jackson, chairman of the London County Council's Education Committee. The character of the schemes which are printed shows that the response was serious and well considered, and the book as a whole provides a useful document for the study of the English education problem. An American reader will be disposed to wonder why the simplest scheme of all, namely, the complete secularization of the schools, is omitted. The reply is furnished by the editors:

> It will only be in the last resort, and in despair of any other settlement, that the mass of English people will consent to the omission of religious worship and religious teaching from the ordinary curriculum of State-aided schools.

The analysis of topics in the American Year Book for 1911 (Appleton) has been somewhat altered from that of the initial volume of 1910. The department of "Comparative Statistics" has been enlarged by the addition of a section on "Problems of Population"; "History" has been divided into American and foreign; "Government and Administration" and "Functions of Government" have been combined under the simple head of "Government"; a new department, "Public Works and National Defence," takes care of certain topics formerly appearing under "Functions of Government," and includes also a new section, entitled "Public Services"; and there are less important changes, all in the direction of simplicity. The new section on "Public Services" is written by Richard Compton Harrison, assistant counsel to the Public Service Commission of the First District of New York, except for the concluding pages on "State Taxation of Corporations," for which Professor Seligman is responsible. The terms are given of the Public Service Commission laws of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Ohio, Kansas, Nevada, and Washington; the important experiences of various city commissions are presented, and the progress of municipal ownership summarized. The new section on "Problems of Population," written by Prof. W. F. Willcox of Cornell, contains analyses of the last census, showing the increase, density, and geographical and racial distribution of the population, and a statement of conditions of immigration and naturalization. Perhaps the section on "Municipal Government" presents the best single illustration of American activities during the year. In addition to such a fundamental matter as the framing of new city charters, there have been vice investigations, the varied undertakings of the municipal research bureaus, and increasing attention to municipal accounting, city planning, problems of housing, fire prevention, and smoke and billboard nuisances. The relative importance of municipal affairs is indicated by the contrast between the forty-three pages given to them and the fourteen devoted to the section on "State, County, and Town Government," ten of which are filled with tables of statistics. Despite its 850 pages, the volume is easy to handle. Its usefulness will be promptly apparent to any one seeking the latest developments in any of the large fields of human endeavor.

The papers presented at the First Universal Races Congress, held at London July 26-29, 1911, have been gathered together by the Hon. Organizer of the Congress, G. Spiller, Esq., and issued in book form under the title "Inter-Racial Problems" (Ginn). It is stated that the object of the Congress was "to discuss, in the light of science and the modern conscience, the general relations subsisting between the peoples of the West and those of the East, between so-called white and so-called colored peoples, with a view to encouraging between them a fuller understanding, the most friendly feelings, and a heartier coöperation." In the furtherance of this object eminent men and women of many races, from many lands, were invited to discuss a variety of questions bearing on race contact. It was inevitable that the resulting volume should contain a large amount of valuable, though somewhat miscellaneous, data, novel, interesting, suggestive, and sometimes amusing. Some of the conclusions reached are, to say the least, startling. Among these the following may be mentioned: that the various important peoples of the world are essentially equals in intellect, enterprise, morality, and physique; that the progressive development of all primitive peoples is possible, if only the environment can be appropriately changed; that difference of skin-color is entirely a matter of climatic control; that the crossing of the black with the white does not generally produce offspring of an inferior intellectual quality; and that the sole basis of race prejudice and inter-racial friction lies in differences of language, with religion as a possible slight contributing cause. It is, of course, unfair to judge a writer's conclusions on the sole basis of a brief address, yet as one runs through the volume the unholy suspicion continually arises that some of the speakers were chosen because of the views they were known to hold, rather than on the basis of pure scholarship. One of the speakers, Dr. Felix von Luschan, confesses this suspicion as to his own invitation. Nevertheless, one of the few jarring notes sounded in the Congress comes—bringing with it a certain sense of relief—from the lips of this speaker, when he says that racial barriers will never cease to exist, and if they should appear to be falling it would be better to prop them up than to hasten their collapse. His pronounced views on the inevitability of war call forth an editorial footnote to the effect that he regards the desire for an Anglo-German conflict as "insane or dastardly." Perhaps the most valuable papers in the book are the articles on China, India, Japan, and other of the supposedly less advanced countries, by representatives of the corresponding races, furnishing, as they do, a sympathetic but broad-minded summary of the civilization of those lands. The recent report of our own Immigration Commission finds its echo in papers by Prof. Franz Boas, Fred C. Croxton, and Prof. W. Jett Lauck. Among other well-known American writers may be mentioned Felix Adler, W. E. B. DuBois, and Charles A. Eastman.

The Library of Congress has issued a "Calendar of the Van Buren Papers," prepared by Miss Elizabeth H. West of the Manuscripts Division. The manuscripts were presented to the Library by Mrs. Smith-Thompson Van Buren and Dr. Stuy-

vesant Fish Morris, and constitute one of the most important of the collections for the period they cover, complementing the Jackson and Polk papers in the same Library. Miss West has performed her task thoroughly and judiciously, and the summary of each paper is sufficiently full to guide the investigator. Due attention has been given to the undated and miscellaneous material, which so often constitutes a stumbling-block to the inexpert. As to the papers themselves, they are of the highest historical importance, revealing a political career that stands out among its contemporaries for shrewdness of management, success of accomplishment, and disappointment of hopes. That Van Buren ever rose above the clever party manager is difficult of proof, and the few glimpses given of true statesmanship are apt to mislead, soon disappearing in the darkness of intrigue and self-interest. It is this very quality, however, that makes the collection of such value to the historian of party. The letters of Van Buren are not easy reading, for they abound in the set phrases of the political chief, the party cries that served to awaken the enthusiasm of the rank and file. The letters addressed to him form the historical richness of the collection, and need only to be properly worked to develop their wealth.

Prof. Charles A. Beard and Birl E. Shultz of Columbia University have compiled a useful collection of "Documents on the State-wide Initiative, Referendum and Recall" (Macmillan). The documents include all of the constitutional amendments on the several subjects now in force, significant statutes based upon the amendments, all of the constitutional amendments now pending, six important judicial decisions, and the U'Ren plan of government for Oregon. No attempt has been made to deal fully with municipal governments, but three documents illustrate the application of the new devices to municipalities in New Jersey, Ohio, and Iowa. The texts are reproduced literally, and the editors "disclaim responsibility for the atrocious grammar and painful obscurities" to be found in them. The inclusion of documents, eleven of them proposals, from thirty States shows how widely the movement has already spread. A valuable introduction, historical and descriptive, is contributed by Professor Beard. A source-book of this character must, of course, need frequent revision, and the editors hold out the hope of new editions as need requires.

Sarah Agues Pryor, the wife of ex-Justice Pryor of New York, died a week ago, in her eighty-second year. She was the author of "The Mother of Washington and Her Times," "Reminiscences of Peace and War," "The Birth of the Nation," and "My Day."

Hope W. Hogg, professor of Semitic languages and literatures in the University of Manchester, died in London last Friday. He was born in 1863 in Cairo, Egypt, the son of the late Rev. Dr. John Hogg, principal of the American College at Assiut. Professor Hogg had contributed many articles to learned journals and to encyclopædias on his subject.

The death is reported from London of Frederic Seebohm, at the age of seventy-eight, some of whose books are well known in this country. We may mention especially "The Oxford Reformers, Colet, Erasmus, and More," "The Era of the Protestant Revolution," "The English Village Community," and "The Tribal System of Wales."

Friedrich Stephan, who from 1880 to 1900 was chief editor of the *Vossische Zeitung*, died recently in Berlin in his eighty-second year.

Science

Cambridge books in Putnam's announcements include: "The Migration of Birds," by T. A. Coward; "The Natural History of Clay," by Alfred B. Searle, and "Prehistoric Man," by W. L. H. Duckworth.

Holt is bringing out shortly Prof. J. Franklin Collins's "Illustrated Key to the Wild and Commonly Cultivated Trees of the Northeastern United States and Adjacent Canada."

Prof. D. T. Macdougal, director of the Desert Laboratory in Arizona, describes, in the *Geographical Journal* for February, the North American deserts. He lays special emphasis on the influence of evaporation, and refers to the invention of a porous clay cup atometer by Prof. B. E. Livingston as "a very efficient tool for the measurement of evaporation as a factor affecting vegetation." In the discussion of the paper after the reading of it before the Royal Geographical Society, Prof. A. C. Seward of Cambridge said that the research work done in the Desert Laboratory was throwing light "not only on purely botanical questions, but also on geological and many other problems." Dr. Tempest Anderson, the leading authority on volcanoes, gives an account of many craters and explosions he had seen in nearly every volcanic country except Japan. Both articles are illustrated with reproductions of photographs.

The foundations of geography, environment, landscape, scenery, structural division are described by E. Banse in *Petermann's Mitteilungen* for January. An accompanying map shows his idea of the true continental division of the earth's surface. Prof. M. Hammer contributes an account of an expedition of two Germans, Dr. Brunhuber and K. Schmitz, to trace to its unknown source in Tibet the Salween, the river forming the boundary between China and Burma. They reached a point far beyond that of any other explorers, where, in January, 1909, they were murdered by the natives. A party sent by the Chinese Taotai of the district to punish the murderers rescued a diary, sketches, photographs, and a route map. This is reproduced, together with several photographs showing remarkably beautiful scenery. The military department contains a study of Albania, with special reference to military operations inland from the coast, and an excellent map of China, illustrating a brief account of events preceding the revolution.

A year ago, on the foundation established by the late Morris K. Jesup, Prof. F. S. Lee of Columbia University delivered a course of lectures at the American Museum of Natural History in New York. These are now published by the Columbia University Press (Lemcke & Buechner) with the title "Scientific Features of Modern Medicine." Dr. Lee undertook for listeners quite unfamiliar with medical science to set forth in untechnical language the aims and methods of the modern practitioner in combating disease. He did his work exceedingly well, and the book deserves to be widely read. Starting with a brief but very clever survey of the normal human body, the author goes on to sketch the nature of disease and the methods of attacking it, to show the rôle played by micro-organisms in the infectious diseases and elsewhere; he is particularly happy in explaining the theory of immunity and related topics. There is also a somewhat detailed discussion of the problems of cancer and tuberculosis; and chapters in the more remarkable aspects of modern surgery, on the importance of experiment in matters pertaining to medicine, and on the relation of the public to the practitioner and to the progress of medical science. These are large subjects for the limited time at the disposal of the lecturer, but Dr. Lee has succeeded in bringing out the essential points with clearness and has avoided the obscurity which much detail is apt to bring to the untrained hearer. At some points the careful reserve with which the matter is handled is really admirable. Lectures of this kind have many pitfalls, but they have been so well avoided here that no serious slip attracts attention; in fact, the only critical remark we should care to make would be that Harvey did *not* demoustrate the circulation of the blood "in Charles the Second's time" (p. 156), but much earlier.

"Nostrums and Quackery" (Chicago: Press of the American Medical Association) is an interesting book of five hundred pages, from which much information may be gleaned concerning the unfortunate gullibility of the public in matters pertaining to disease. The book is largely made up of articles originally published in the *Journal* of the Association; a few are from other sources. Some of this material has been circulated in pamphlet form, but it is brought together again in more convenient shape, often with later information, and the story is helped by new cases and by many reports of judicial decisions. A considerable number of fraudulent "cures," "treatments," and "institutes" are exposed, often in great detail, and yet certain fields in which quackery flourishes are hardly more than mentioned here. The non-medical reader will also find an account of many compounds familiar to him in ingeniously attractive advertisements, or, perhaps, in the concoctions of venders of soda water, and he will be much astonished to learn what they really contain. There is, for example, a surprising list of headache remedies, more than forty in number, and every one of them distinctly dangerous. If the general reader really wants to have his eyes opened to the harm done by irregular and conscienceless practitioners, he can have it done in large measure by reading this book.

While the snow lies deep on the ground the happy memories of gardens well grown in the past and the opportunities for improvements in the future are charmingly brought to mind in Miss L. M. McCauley's "The Joy of Gardens" (Rand McNally). Her theme is the rich contentment which comes from direct contact with the soil. The real joy of actually raising one's own flowers and vegetables has been the beginning of deep friendships between persons

who would otherwise have known nothing of each other. Those who have tasted these joys of nature and the communion of spirit which they foster will find pleasure in Miss McCauley's musings and in her photographs of gardens in many lands, as well as in her suggestions for laying out simple gardens for children and adults.

"Man and Beast in Eastern Ethiopia" (Macmillan), by Dr. J. Bland-Sutton, is the outcome of a journey in East Africa, the main object of which was "to obtain first-hand some knowledge of the country, the natives, the beasts, the birds, and the trees." A brief description of the natural features of the region between the Indian Ocean and Uganda and of a few experiences, while the author travelled and hunted, is followed by a detailed account of the four native races inhabiting it. Special stress is laid upon their ornaments for ears and lips, and their fashions in hairdressing. Next comes an account of what he aptly terms an "uncaged zoo," in which the peculiar anatomical structure of the principal animals and birds is described, while considerable information is incidentally given about the flora, the insect pests, and the ants. To his own observations, the author adds those of other travellers in this region, so that his book is a valuable compendium of many of the scientific results of African exploring and hunting expeditions, a number of the chapters having, appended to them, lists of authorities quoted. The illustrations, 204 in number, picture nearly everything that lives in that country.

Brig.-Gen. Clinton Brooks Sears, U. S. A., retired, died suddenly in Boston on Friday of last week, aged sixty-seven. He graduated from the Military Academy in 1867, having previously taken part in the war. He was the author of "Principles of Tidal Harbor Improvements" and "Ransom Genealogy."

Drama

A FRENCH PLAY FOR CHILDREN.

PARIS, February 5.

"Un bon petit Diable," a play in three acts at the Gymnase theatre of Paris, has notable authors—Rosemonde Gérard, and Maurice Rostand, that is, the wife and son of him who wrote "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "Chantecler." It keeps the family resemblance. It is very French, very literary, very poetic, and precious and sprightly and lyrical to a degree. It is built up from the story book of the name by the Comtesse de Ségur, who was the Russian Rostopchin's daughter, but became the story-telling grandmother of French children. And it pretends to be for children. I suspect it is somewhat rudimentary for the new preposterously wise generation of children; but it is the delight of their elders, as Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" has been, because they catch in its dialogue dainty verse and fancy and decorative allusions and the play of life in a symbol. No real child's Aristophanes ever had such frisking, versifying parts for his actors to play.

The broken, old-fashioned English names of the *dramatis personæ* have a quaint ring. The hero is Charles Mac-Lance, orphan and "good little devil," seeing wonders and with shadowy fairies to aid him. Madame Mac-Miche is his crabbed cousin, who brings him up by hand as Mrs. Joe did Pip (all the Rostands have been fed on Dickens and transform the nourishment into French lyrics). Betzy is the good servant, who pities and abets him. Juliette, the blind girl, is his playmate. Old Nick and Nick Junior keep the Black School, where the cousin wishes to put him that she may be freed from his upbringing. First, there must be an examination. Charles knows in geography the names of countries only by their colors on the map; and in history, when Old Nick asks him what he knows about Kings, he answers, "The Queens are nicer!" And he proceeds to discourse musically of one who spins and another who lets her long hair down from her window that her lover may climb up as by a ladder. Old Nick carries him off to the Black School; but he escapes as a beggar boy and gets back to Juliette, while his twelve school-chums scale the wall and run after him. They are disguised as brigands and carry twelve rope ladders with which to abduct as many fair maidens from a dozen balconies.

> On a remis douze lettres
> Aux douze balcons tantôt;
> Et bientôt douze manteaux
> Seront aux douze fenêtres!

Charles at Juliette's knees is reading "Ivanhoé," which is just the reminiscent rhyme needed for the Ark of "Noé." The twelve schoolboys, superior in number, make Madame Mac-Miche and Old Nick sing and meanwhile throw their money into the well, whither Charles plunges after it, and whence he withdraws it unwet, thanks to his fairies. And then he has his great inheritance in London, as who should say from an uncle in India.

> Il part en Angleterre!
> Qui sait s'il reviendra?

Of course, he forgets blind Juliette for haughty British Rosalinde; but he consents to return, once only, to pardon the converted Madame Mac-Miche. He is deaf to the voices of his childhood which speak from every corner, and is going away—when, presto! in the gloom of his old room the little Charles in Scotch plaid and cap appears and speaks up to the big Charles. We have had Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde successively, but not the unselfish boy and the egoist man simultaneously on the stage. It is a new manœuvre of the one personality undoubling before us. It ends by Charles as a boy substituting his own letter for the farewell letter of Charles the man to Juliette. Juliette is so commotioned that she sees—and then all is over for Rosalinde.

S. D.

"Embers," which furnishes the title for the little volume that contains them (Holt), is the first of half a dozen one-act plays written by George Middleton. In a modest word of introduction the author says that they are, in their present form, intended only for the reading public, and especially for those who can appreciate this concentrated form of drama which meets with so little managerial favor upon the English-speaking stage. Possibly the managers are not alone to blame in this matter. The fact is that the one-act play, except where merely farcical incident is concerned, requires a greater amount of constructive skill, more power of compact arrangement, and swift and clear exposition, more thought and more definite purpose, than most of our modern popular dramatists possess. Moreover, to be successful, it demands a superior order of character acting to that which suffices for the current drama of crude emotion and violent action. These works of Mr. Middleton, if not ideal examples of the type, at least demonstrate some of its possibilities. Although they are not always logical or entirely human, they are genuine studies of character, display originality of invention, and have not only literary, but, in several instances, decided theatrical value. In one or two cases the psychological argument is too subtle and too fanciful to be effective in actual representation, while the subjects are not always attractive. The best of them are "Embers" and "Madonna."

In "Embers" a widow, who in her youth preferred a rich to a romantic union, and lived to regret it, appeals to the rejected lover of her early days—now a famous statesman—to save her only son from ruin. The boy has met with disappointment in love, and is seeking to drown his grief in dissipation. The older man, in a scene full of fine feeling and intuition, shows the youth the selfishness and the folly of his course, arguing that true love is an ennobling passion, which, even when not returned, ever strives to prove itself worthy of its object. He then tells how the success of his own life had been due to the inspiration of an unending but hopeless love. Of course, the boy is rescued from the pit, and the piece ends with an intimation that the statesman will find his reward in the mother's gratitude. This is a tender, human, and inspiring piece, somewhat akin to Gilbert's "Sweethearts" and Howard's "Old Love Letters." "Madonna" is another tender little play, in which a doting father delivers his only daughter—the one solace of his life—into her future husband's keeping. Here a difficult subject is treated with exceeding delicacy and touches of simple pathos. "The Gargoyle," a quasi-scientific study of an imaginative author, who, to avoid a broken heart, has succeeded in converting himself into a sort of dual personality, by so subjecting his emotions to intellectual domination that he has lost the capacity for any sincere feeling, is a curious conceit very ingeniously and somewhat plausibly treated, but too vague, presumptuous, and unconvincing in its psychology to be effective on the stage or profitable in the study. The philosophy of it is neither

sound nor human, but the thesis is adroitly handled. In "The Failures," a weak married woman, who has inspired an artist with a great passion, but—out of sheer cowardice, not from any conviction of duty—elected to remain with her husband until his death, finally returns to her lover to find him contemptuous and cold. In the end, however, she rekindles his devotion by avowing her weakness and throwing herself upon his protection. Here the theatrical situations are well worked out, and the characters vividly sketched, but the spirit is not admirable, and the final reconciliation unlikely under the prescribed circumstances. "In His House" is a domestic melodrama, with some spiritual truth in it, and several good situations, but too greatly dependent upon the long arm of coincidence. "The Man Masterful," showing the struggle between a broken wife and a strong woman for the possession of the former's husband, is, perhaps, the weakest, as it is the last of the series. But in every play there is much good literary workmanship, with many evidences of keen observation and ready invention.

Another repertory society has been formed in London, under the name of "The Connoisseurs." The object is to promote the study and enjoyment of the best modern dramatic art. It is intended that the work carried out by the successful Repertory Theatre at Manchester and Glasgow shall be closely followed, and frequent representations given of dramatic works which do not at present find a place in the regular programmes of the London theatres. Admission to the performances will be limited to members of the society. The directors wish it to be clearly understood that the society is entirely independent of any propagandist movement. All classes of artistic plays will be produced. Special efforts will be made to produce the exact atmosphere for each play; all lighting and other effects will be made as perfect as possible. There will be no acting membership, as the casts will be chosen to fit the plays, not the plays to fit the casts. The society will begin with a performance of "The Silver Box," by John Galsworthy, and will then select from: "Chains," by Elizabeth Baker; "The Younger Generation," by Stanley Houghton; "The Visit," and other plays, produced by Miss Horniman at the Gayety Theatre, Manchester; "Riders to the Sea" and "The Shadow of the Glen," by the late J. M. Synge; "The Rising of the Moon" and "The Workhouse Ward," by Lady Gregory; "Success," an original four-act play, by Marr Murray; and "Justice" and "Strife," by John Galsworthy. Sir Arthur Pinero is president, Mr. Galsworthy vice-president, and Frederick Ward and St. John Joyner are honorary co-directors.

Lewis Waller, the popular English actor, will soon be seen here as the hero in "Monsieur Beaucaire," a part in which he has long been extremely popular in England. He will be supported by Grace Lane and other players who were associated with him in his London production.

The latest addition to Australian labor organizations is an Actors' Union, whose members propose to put an embargo upon the importation of stage-players, even those who merely visit the country on tour. At the meeting held in Sydney, it was agreed to except "stars," who, apparently, may go and strut their hour upon the stage unchecked, but must be supported by local companies, recruited and rehearsed on the spot.

The latest play of M. Bernstein, "L'Assant," which has been presented successfully at the Gymnase in Paris, is free from disagreeable taint, being a study of redemption achieved by strength of character. The hero is a prominent politician, Alexandre Mérital, before whom the highest honors of the state lie open when a rival, who has been delving into his past, revives a story of his having robbed his employer while he was still a youth. Mérital triumphs in the libel suit, which follows, but his great trial is yet before him. He loves and he dares not woo until his whole past is open to the beloved one. So he confesses that he did, indeed, commit the theft in an hour of youthful despair, but that he had never rested until he had repaid the whole, and been forgiven by his old employer. The piece was magnificently acted, especially by M. Guitry, who was the Mérital, and was received with great favor.

Music

Franz Liszt: Ein Gedenkblatt von Seiner Tochter. München: F. Bruckmann.

When Cosima Wagner, daughter of Franz Liszt, was asked, fourteen years ago, to contribute a few pages of reminiscences to the memorial volume issued in this country in aid of the widow of Anton Seidl, she refused, with the words: "Ich bin keine Schriftstellerin." She might have told many interesting things about the five years Seidl had spent in Wagner's house as musical secretary. She now has, after all, come forward as an author, encouraged, no doubt, by the extraordinary preparations that were made last summer to celebrate the centenary of her father's birth. Her book was published as a contribution to these celebrations, and whatever profits accrue from it will be added to the funds for perpetuating the Bayreuth festivals.

Many readers of Richard Wagner's autobiography, which was dictated to his second wife, Cosima, doubtless wondered whether those voluminous and gossipy volumes would not be supplemented by a book of her own containing minute details in the years during which she was the great composer's helpmeet. A perusal of her book on her father does not encourage the hope that she has such a volume to offer to the world in regard to her husband. She has evidently not indulged in the habit of taking notes, or keeping a diary, and biographers will not find in her pages many facts or incidents to add to their material. Yet it is an interesting book; it might be called a study in Liszt psychology. The bulk of it is devoted to remarks on his relations with the Princess Wittgenstein and Wagner. The Princess had sacrificed everything to Liszt: her native land, her life on her estates, her exalted position, even her reputation in the eyes of those who knew not her true character. She created a home for him, took care of his health, encouraged and guided his creative activity. Their work tables were adjoining—they had everything in common, including their letters from friends.

Never was there a more virile, manly man than Franz Liszt—a man more original, more creative. Yet in his relations with the Princess he was as receptive as a woman. In his letters to her, which have been published in two volumes, he frequently intimates that he is a mere dreamer who gets all his inspiration, all his impulses, from her. His devotion to her was characterized by the extravagance of romantic love. Though Wagner was his idol, he writes that the fluttering of her handkerchief means more to him than the whole of the Nibelung's Ring. Nor did he hesitate a moment to neglect Wagner's advice if it conflicted with that of the Princess, even in musical matters, in which she was an ignoramus. In Paris, Liszt had won considerable success with a juvenile opera. Some years later he had under consideration a libretto which Rubinstein subsequently set to music. Wagner also often urged him to write operas, but the Princess said "don't," and he didn't. More surprising still was his conduct with regard to the "Dante" symphony. When Wagner disapproved of the closing section, in which the Princess's suggestions had been followed, Liszt agreed with him and wrote another ending; but when the score appeared in print, Wagner found to his amazement that the version preferred by the Princess had been chosen. She had never been in sympathy with Wagner. Although she wrote the greater part of the essay on the "Flying Dutchman," with which Liszt opened his literary campaign for Wagner, she had no real insight, as Frau Wagner justly points out, into its dramatic significance; and as for Wagner's later efforts, they were utterly beyond her comprehension. His theoretical treatises she sneered at as *de grosses bêtises*. She was jealous of Wagner's influence over her protégé, and fought it in every possible way. Hans von Bülow once had an argument with her on this subject, but got the worst of it. "She talks by the hour and allows her interlocutor barely half a minute to reply," he wrote; "and all the time she smokes the strongest of cigars, filling the air with horrible fumes."

It was the absolute subjection of Liszt to the will of this strong-minded woman that brought about the temporary estrangement between him and Wagner, and explains the sudden break in their correspondence. Wagner knew that the Princess read all his letters,

and that arrested his pen. "I would have to keep silent on too many topics," as he wrote to Bülow. Frau Cosima declares repeatedly that since Liszt's letters to the Princess are mostly replies to hers, these also ought to have been published. She says nothing as to their having been preserved; but publishers would in any case be likely to be afraid of them in view of the fact that her pen was as voluble as her tongue. She assisted him with most of his books and literary essays, not to their advantage as a rule. To his monograph on Chopin she added some valuable pages, but his book on the Hungarian gypsies she did her best to mar. She wrote the preface to the Dante symphony, and Frau Wagner suspects that to Lina Ramann, who brought out a life of Liszt in several volumes, she not only gave facts, but wrote some of the pages. For Berlioz she prepared the libretto to "The Trojans," which made Wagner "shudder."

Apart from these contributions to the understanding of the Wittgenstein period in Liszt's life, the most interesting pages in his daughter's book are those in which she refers to his personal appearance and his religious aspirations. The strongest bond between him and the Princess was their religious zealousness. She wants to make a cardinal of him, forgetting that he was, as he often said, "half-Franciscan, half-gypsy." He really hated Rome, dwelling there part of the time for her sake only. But his religious enthusiasm was genuine. His daughter finds in his physiognomy a mixture of saint and Magyar:

> Liszt was a Hungarian. In examining his features we find indeed a great resemblance of his type to the portraits of saints painted by the old German masters; a Johannes von Pfenning over the Tucher-sche altar actually seems like a portrait of him. On Dürer portraits his features often appear, and Dürer, as is well known, was of Hungarian descent.

Massenet's new opera "Roma" will be given shortly at Monte Carlo.

Saint-Saëns's second concerto in D minor will be played for the first time in America by Hans Kronold, the 'cellist, at his recital in the Carnegie Lyceum on March 4.

The famous Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, which ranks first among American choirs, will give two concerts on February 27 and 28 in Carnegie Hall. On the first night the programme will be miscellaneous; the second night Verdi's Requiem will be given with four of the leading soloists of the country—Miss Hinkle, Christine Miller, George Hamlin, Clarence Whitehill. The Theodore Thomas Orchestra of Chicago will assist.

Parisians are at last beginning to realize that for the proper performance of Wagner's music dramas a great conductor is as important as great singers, and accordingly they have engaged Arthur Nikisch as conductor for the opera festival which occurs in Paris in May and June. Prior to this, Herr Nikisch will make his American tour at the head of the London Symphony Orchestra, under the management of Howard Pew of New York, and will conduct a short tour of the orchestra in the Continental cities of Europe.

Art

ART IN PHILADELPHIA.

They have a fashion at the large annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of selecting, whenever appropriate material is at hand, some one artist or small group for special honor in point of wall space. A few years ago there was an attractive roomful of the Dutch pictures of Gari Melchers, nineteen canvases in all. This year the plan has been followed in behalf of Henry Golden Dearth among the painters and Frederick G. R. Roth among the sculptors. Mr. Roth's group of small animal figures contains seventeen pieces, in which he displays clever modelling and considerable feeling for what is amusing and picturesque. His polar bears, elephants, donkeys, etc., for all their spirit, are not immediately conspicuous in the sculpture section, which, as always, is the tail of the kite. It is different with the twenty-two canvases of Mr. Dearth. In their small gallery they are easily the most conspicuous exhibits on the walls; once seen they stand out in recollection above the more obvious mass of the rest of the collection. They are the sensation, if a sensation is desired, of the year's show.

In them Mr. Dearth has departed sharply from all his former practice. He leaves, also, the beaten track of the majority of his fellow-painters. It follows naturally enough that these paintings raise doubts. We should be on our guard against the conservatism of our critical opinions. We may also be properly enough on our guard against the attempt to gain attention by a deliberate essay in the bizarre. To run a line between the shallowness of artistic posturing and the shallowness of critical dulness is no easy task at times.

Mr. Dearth's new paintings are of rocks at the ocean shore, perches for the girlish, summer-gowned visitor and local habitation for the intertidal kelp, mussle, and limpet; or quiet pools enclosed among these rocks and lying transparent to their populous bottoms. He varies this once or twice with a bowl of chrysanthemums or gardenias, a plate of Persian underglaze, a tapestried hanging, or figured table-cover. These things he has painted with small strokes, or as often small spots of color with a good deal of black on a ground generally of whitish drabs. Though the result, as compared to colors applied in continuous masses, involves some confusion of form here and there, the whole endeavor speaks plainly of a purpose to transliterate nature with fidelity, rather than to transfix the beholder with astonishment. For this reason we cannot see in Mr. Dearth's departure from his former oily, thick concoction of rich and glowing pigment, any mere bid for notoriety. Nothing could be more delightful than the way Mr. Dearth paints his rock-closed pools right down to their bottom sands without worrying over the chances that the canvas may not at first flush tell the eye what is seen above water and what below. Nature worries about it just as little. But some of Mr. Dearth's pictures carry us nowhere. He shows an excellent refinement of vision, but without always applying it to rewarding result. The best art is never mysterious. Some of these canvases undoubtedly are.

These pictures stand apart by themselves as almost the only specimens of work not in a familiar rut. Nevertheless, the exhibition, on the whole, though not rich in novelties, maintains its standing as the most representative gathering of oils in the country. In bulk it runs considerably beyond last year's. There are 750 works shown as compared with 523 last year and 412 at the National Academy two months ago. The paintings number 568, the sculptures 182. The artists represented are 440.

Though this is an exhibition without a Sargent, the portrait painters are here in force. Hugh H. Breckenridge, in his commission for the University of Pennsylvania, exhibits a portrait of Dr. James Tyson. The emeritus professor of medicine is shown seated beside a table in the sick-room, studying, with knit brow and pursed moustache, the chart. Behind him stands a nurse, glancing at the patient, whose arm lies over the coverlet in the light. The artist's fondness for warm, tremulous effect and ruddy glow finds an opportunity in the scheme. His other portrait, of Howard B. French, presents the president of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy in academic gown, the interest centred on the face and penetrating eye. Robert W. Vonnoh's portrait of Dr. Talcott Williams is a work in which the most careful apprehension of character and personality has not dimmed the freshness and spontaneity of expression, has perhaps brought it about. The portrait of Dr. W. R. Howell, lent by Johns Hopkins University, is characteristic of the firm brush and acumen of Cecilia Beaux. Joseph DeCamp's group of the Clothiers shows three generations of the male line.

L. G. Seyffert's portrait of Judge Buffington shows an appreciation of the possibilities in drawing character by noting the hands carefully. Mr. Tarbell's portraits of Dr. Morse and Dr. Reynolds are craftsmanship of a high or-

der, joined to a sympathetic rendering and intelligent reading of the sitter. Mr. Chase has a portrait and three studies, painted with a free and sweeping brush. Besides the sedately delightful portrait of the Kohl sisters, Irving Wiles has a standing figure in black hat, shoulder-wrap, and gown, in which mood, expression, and the pleasure in assured control of texture play for the upper hand. Homer Boss's portrait of a young girl is painted with the high note of decision and emphatic utterance which threatened at one time to get the better of his tact in color, but which is now assuming its place as a reasonable, if marked, element of a better style. There is movement, as usual, in his work, in the advanced foot, the pocketed hands, the toss of the head. The canvas has more balance than the girl with a fan by Robert Henri. Eugene Speicher's portrait of C. D. Gibson, which won a prize in New York, is here; also Mrs. Herter's portrait of David Mannes pulling the bow across his violin.

The boundary between portrait and figure cannot be followed strictly. The two outweigh the landscape this year. We have Robert Henri; Robert Reid, with one of the pale rose themes included in his recent exhibition, and another, a Benson-like girl against the sky; Benson, with one of the familiar water-side snatches of summer life, and an interior, more formal, with mother and child at the lesson; Charles W. Hawthorne, his level-eyed damsel no longer holding fish, but sheet music near a piano; John C. Johansen, clever but a touch uncertain in the sewing-room figure, less uneasy in the straightforward Village Rider, where the wide back of her mount has as much sense of mass as Ellerhusen's little bronze of the drinking horse. The reclining figure on the sofa, the thoroughly-at-ease young woman, by George Bellows, which appeared with so much éclat at the New York Academy, renews the delicious aspect of comfortable languor. There is still something the matter with her foot. John W. Alexander's delicate, romantic setting for soft figures, refined and musing, is painted thinly on a wide mesh. Sergeant Kendall, cuddling his groups within swooping lines effectively, makes his color as pretty as his sentiment. Mary Cassatt points his obvious contrast.

Of paintings with the nude there are no less than seven; it quite takes one's breath away—one in every eighty. And there is interesting quality of a subdued sort in Gilchrist's and Mora's. W. W. Gilchrist, jr., for his well-designed small study of three poses from one model shown against a Japanese screen, has painted over gold leaf and handled the whole quietly. F. Luis Mora paints a dreamy torso in soft color. The figure in M. Baynon Copeland's Chatterers is more assertive, the color correspondingly sharper. Norwood MacGilvary's is one of those mournful figures that crouch over harps or urns in the deep twilight that never was. Allegory is not plentiful. Two panels for the Curtis Publishing Company's dining room are of a series of seventeen by Maxfield Parrish. Perhaps we should count Arthur B. Davies's Sea Wind and Sea with the nudes, though it is not altogether safe to classify him. His imaginary world is represented also by a hunter with dogs on a jutting ledge of high land in the night, a canvas that is full of the sense of open distance and cold air.

Among those who paint the glimpses of the life about us, Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones deserves first mention for her millinery shop riot of sheer color, to which the Mary Smith prize was awarded, and for the shoe-shop interior. John Sloan takes the show window outside for some of his best notes. Gifford Beal has gone this year to the circus. The metropolitan walls and gullies of New York are to be come upon here and there, as with Colin Campbell Cooper, George H. Macrum, and others. Alfred Juergens introduces the neglected suburban street.

Landscape is in the hands of tried painters, whose ways are known. There are Edward W. Redfield, Elmer Schofield, Alden Weir, D. W. Tryon, Gardner Symons, A. L. Groll, Henry R. Poore, Ernest Lawson, William Sartain, William Ritschel, Edward Dufner, Van D. Perrine, Hugo Ballin, Daniel Garber, Chauncey F. Ryder, and Hobart Nichols—these among others. Charles Morris Young has done his best in his Red Mill, a veracious bit of countryside, with road and a most enjoyable passage of painting. Charles Rosen's flooded quarry is kept to a pervasive gray, with much charm. Willard L. Metcalf's Spring Fields is in his best vein. To it the Jennie Sesnan medal was awarded.

The sculpture includes a number of portrait heads, an array of small animal bronzes and figurines. Janet Scudder receives special honor in the centring of her exhibits in two of the main galleries apart from the sculpture in the rotunda. Her success in sun-dials has borne much fruit. One of the ingenious devices is the use made by Lucy Richards of the pond lily stem for shadow rod, drawn taut by a crouching figure which is in the act of uprooting the lily from its pond. Portraits in bas-relief are shown by Frances Grimes, Richard H. Recchia, Madeleine A. Barnett, Harriet W. Frishmuth, and others.

The large bronze turkey, by Albert Laessle, strutting its fan-like pride, has a special award from the jury, no prize being available for the purpose.

The prize awards were as follows: The Temple gold medal to Emil Carlsen for his picture entitled Open Sea; the Jennie Sesnan medal to Willard L. Metcalf for his picturo entitled Spring Fields; the Carol H. Beck gold medal to Joseph De Camp for his portrait entitled Francis I. Amory; tho Mary Smith prize to Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones for her picture entitled In the Spring.

G. B. Rose's "The World's Leading Painters," and "Engraved Gems" by Duffield Osborne, are announced by Holt.

Howard C. Levis has placed with Messrs. Ellis of London a "Bibliography of Books in English on the Art and History of Engraving and Print Collecting." It will be illustrated with facsimiles of rare title-pages.

It is welcome news to all archæologists that the Austrian Institute is resuming its exploration of the city of Ephesus, which had been discontinued for several years. Permission to excavate this site had been granted to the Austrians in 1899 by the Sultan Abdul Hamid; but with the new order which was established in 1908 this permission lapsed and could not be renewed in its terms consistently with the Constitution. Then came Austria's annexation of Bosnia, followed by strained feelings between Turkey and that Power. The Archæological Institute had to close up its excavation house and leave the scene of ten seasons' operations. Fortunately, the difficulties have now been smoothed away, and work will probably begin again this spring.

News has been received of the wanton destruction of a famous painted stucco pavement at Tell-el-Amarna, in Egypt. The pavement was discovered by Prof. Flinders Petrie in 1891, while excavating on this site, which was built about 1360 B. C. by King Akhenaten. The pavement was decorated with paintings representing ponds with birds and animals, rendered in a very naturalistic style, and was one of the most valuable monuments of the realistic tendencies in Egyptian art for this period. The deed appears to have been perpetrated by a discharged watchman.

Announcement was made on Monday, after the annual meeting of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, that the Museum had received from Francis L. Leland, president of the New York County National Bank, 1,200 shares of stock valued at more than $1,000,000, the gift to be absolutely without condition. This sum is one of the four largest received by the Museum. According to the trustees, the Museum expended in the last year $562,948.11 on objects of art, the largest amount ever appropriated in a single year for purchases. The expenditure for administration and maintenance was $338,864.41, of which the city contributed $200,000. Besides the big item mentioned above, the legacies received were: Estate of Charles E. Tilford, $21,866.25; estate of Thomas Achelis, $5,000, and estate of Caroline Phelps Stokes, $1,000. Under the will of Joseph Pulitzer the Museum will receive $500,000. In addition to amounts already paid by executors the sum of $1,005,000 was received on account of the legacy of John Stewart Kennedy, and from the estate of the late Frederick C. Hewitt $442,520.38. Among the gifts was one of $100,000 from George A. Hearn and one of $15,000 from Samuel Putnam Avery and Howard Cas-

sell Smith as a fund in memory of the late Charles Stewart Smith.

Prof. Henry Williamson Haynes, archæologist, died at his home in Boston last Friday, at the age of eighty. After graduating from Harvard in 1851, he taught in the University of Vermont, and in 1873 began his researches in archæology abroad. His contributions to knowledge earned him a medal from the International Congress of Anthropological Sciences in 1878.

Finance

FIXING PRICES.

The so-called Stanley committee of the House of Representatives, which was appointed ostensibly to investigate the Steel Trust, became some time ago a sort of forum for the expression of economic views by eminent financiers summoned as witnesses. Judge Gary was invited, last June, to give evidence on the Tennessee Coal purchase by the Steel Corporation, concerning which the suspicion was afloat in Congress that the panic of 1907 had been caused by a few financiers determining to force the Tennessee property's owners to sell out. The committee made no progress in establishing that fact, but they drew from Judge Gary, chairman of the Steel Trust, the following statement of opinion as to the fixing of prices in the steel trade:

> I believe we must come to enforced publicity and governmental control. . . . Speaking for our company as far as I have the right to do, I would be very glad . . . if we had some place where we could go, to a responsible governmental authority, and say to them: "Here are our facts and figures, here is our property, here our cost of production; now you tell us what we have the right to do and what prices we have the right to charge."

And this was taken as supplementary to Judge Gary's statement of April, 1908: "The mere fact that the demand is greater than the supply . . . does not justify an increase in price, nor does the fact that the demand is less than the supply furnish an argument for lowering the price."

On Tuesday of last week, James J. Hill was summoned for cross-examination on the question of the ore-land lease by the Steel Trust from the Great Northern Railway, concerning which Congress seemed to have had a rooted suspicion that a complete monopoly in the raw material of iron had been established by the contract. As in the case of the "Tennessee Coal deal," that inquiry led to nothing except confusion of preconceived ideas; but, as with the cross-questioning of Judge Gary, the examination of Mr. Hill brought about some positive declarations of economic opinion.

Mr. Hill was asked, incidentally, whether it would be a good thing for the Government to take control of business through the fixing of prices for commodities. He replied:

> If this Government ever undertakes to regulate prices, as has been proposed, the present form of government will pass out of existence. It will be succeeded for a time by confusion and then anarchy.

When further questioned as to the doctrine that the competitive régime was dead, Mr. Hill replied:

> You will have to tame human nature and eliminate all selfish motives that rule human beings and every other form of life, before you will eliminate competition. There will be competition as long as the doctrine of the survival of the fittest lasts, and that will be operating long after our present statutes have been wiped off the books.

So that here is a flat and absolute cleavage of opinion, on a point of vital importance to the producing community, between two of the highest practical authorities in the country. Which of the two has the clearer vision of the future?

One answer will be that Judge Gary speaks with the responsibility of an enormous manufacturing plant upon his shoulders, while Mr. Hill is not a manufacturer at all. But, on the other hand, it will possibly be alleged that Mr. Hill was in a position to judge the problem in the light of unfettered common sense, whereas Judge Gary had obviously taken refuge in his plan of 1911 for price-fixing by the Government, as an alternative to his plan of 1908 for replacing the law of supply and demand by the dictum of private individuals. Public opinion had at once pronounced that earlier theory untenable; its assertion complicated the Steel Trust's relation to the law; hence the recourse to paternal government.

But if this was the basis for Judge Gary's reasoning, what was the basis for Mr. Hill's? What ground had he for predicting the downfall of republican institutions in a state where the Government fixes prices? Undoubtedly, his argument was that no power on earth is so great, so difficult to administer rightly, so susceptible of abuse, and so easily adaptable to the purposes of demagogues in office, as the power to fix by arbitrary decree the price of materials for industry and the cost of living to the people.

Probably, also, Mr. Hill had in view the fact that if things went badly under the price-fixing régime, demand for actual government ownership of the industrial plant would inevitably follow. If the people thought the arbitrary official prices unjustly high, they would begin to ask for ownership by the state; and if the manufacturers deemed the prices ruinously low, they would themselves insist on the Government running industries in which its price decrees prevented a living profit to individuals. It was not an accident that the leading Socialist organ of the country hailed Judge Gary's statement of last June as the "capitalist prelude to the social and industrial revolution." "If it does not lead to government ownership," the *Call* concluded, "it leads nowhere and changes nothing."

Whether all these considerations do not still leave open the question of governmental restriction on unfair competition, on savage price-cutting with a view to ruining competitors, is another matter. Judge Gary recognizes this as a part of his plan for government supervision. Mr. Hill declared at Washington last week that Government should not only rigidly supervise the capitalization of industrial companies, but should "lay down the law of right and wrong." President Taft has said in a message to Congress that he can "see decided advantages in the enactment of a law which shall describe and denounce, in a criminal statute, methods of competition which are unfair."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aborigines of Minnesota. St. Paul: Minnesota Historical Society.

Ahad Ha-'Am. Selected Essays. Translated from the Hebrew by Leon Simon. Philadelphia: Jewish Pub. Society of America.

Atkinson, Eleanor. Greyfriars Bobby. Harper. $1.20 net.

Barker, Granville. The Madras House: A Comedy in Four Acts; Three Plays—The Marrying of Ann Leete; The Voysey Inheritance; Waste. Mitchell Kennerley. $1, $1.50 net.

Birch, Noel. Modern Riding and Horse Education. W. R. Jenkins Co. $2.

Bogg, T. H The Anglo-Saxon in India and the Philippines. Reprint from Journal of Race Development. Dartmouth College: The Author.

Broster, D. K., and Taylor, G. W. Chantemerle. Brentano. $1.35 net.

Buchanan, G. D. Biyonde Cifrun (Beyond Zero). Boston: Buchanan & Co.

Buckrose, J. E. The Toll Bar. Putnam. $1.35 net.

Buffum, David. The Horse. Outing Pub. Co. 70 cents.

Bulwer-Lytton to Macready. Letters. Introduction by Brander Matthews. Newark, N. J.: Carteret Book Club. (Privately printed.)

Burr, L. G. My Silent Voice. Dodd, Mead. 60 cents net.

Carnegie Institute of Washington. Year Book No. 10, 1911.

Central Conference of American Rabbis. Year Book, Vol. XXI. St. Paul, Minn.

Collmann, C. W. Easy German Poetry. Edited with notes and vocabulary. Boston: Ginn. 40 cents.

Cooke, H. P. Maurice, the Philosopher. Cambridge (England). W. Heffer & Sons.

Coulevain, Pierre de. The Heart of Life. Translated by Alys Hallard. Dutton. $1.25 net.

Croker, B. M. A Rolling Stone. Brentano. $1.35 net.

Curtis, I. G. The Woman From Wolverton. Century Co. $1.25 net.

Dickerson, O. M. American Colonial Government, 1696—1765. Cleveland: A. H. Clark Co. $4 net.

Dreiser, Theodore. Sister Carrie. Harper. $1.35 net.

Duclaux, Madame. (A. Mary F. Robinson.) The French Ideal. Dutton. $2.50 net.

Durell, Fletcher. School Algebra. C. E. Merrill Co. $1.10.

Farnell, L. R. Greece and Babylon. Scribner.

Fornaro, C. de. Mortals and Immortals (Caricatures.) The Hornet Publishing Co.

Franklin, G. E. Palestine Depicted and Described. Dutton. $3 net.
Gallon, Tom. The Great Gay Road. Brentano. $1.35 net.
Gilbert, Levi. Dynamic Christianity. Eaton & Mains. $1.50 net.
Harper, J. Henry. The House of Harper: A Century of Publishing in Franklin Square. Harper & Bros. $3 net.
Haywood, A. H. W. Through Timbuctu and Across the Great Sahara. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $3.50 net.
Hazeltine, Horace. The Sable Lorcha. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.
Henson, M. A. A Negro Explorer at the North Pole. Stokes. $1 net.
Horne, H. H. Free Will and Human Responsibility. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Huebsch, R. W., and Smith, R. F. Progressive Lessons in German. Part I. Boston: Smith & Co.
Hutton, S. K. Among the Eskimos of Labrador. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $3.50 net.
Ingram, E. M. From the Car Behind. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Isola, Antonia. Simple Italian Cookery. Harper. 50 cents net.
Johnstone, Hilda. A Hundred Years of History—1216-1327. Longmans.
Ketkar, S. V. An Essay on Hinduism. Second volume of "History of Caste in India. London: Luzac.
Langford, N. P. Vigilante Days and Ways: The Pioneers of the Rockies. Chicago: McClurg. $2 net.
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Nonpareil High-Pressure Coverings. Armstrong Cork Co.
Pedrick, Gale. A Manual of Heraldry. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.75 net.
Pellissier, Georges. Le Réalisme du Romantisme. Paris: Hachette.
Preyer, D. C. The Art of the Berlin Galleries. Boston: Page & Co. $2 net.
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Read, G. H. The Last Cruise of the Saginaw. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
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Walter, F. K. Abbreviations and Technical Terms Used in Book Catalogs. Boston Book Co.
Ward, Wilfrid. The Life of John Henry, Cardinal Newman. 2 vols. Longmans. $9 net.
White, Hervey. The Adventures of Young Maverick; A Ship of Souls; New Songs for Old. Woodstock, N. Y.: Maverick Press.
Wolff, S. L. The Greek Romances in Elizabethan Prose Fiction. Col. Univ. Studies. Lemcke & Buechner. $2 net.
Woman and New York Law. Edited by G. J. Bayles. The Law Press.
Yoshimoto, T. A Peasant Sage of Japan: Life and Work of Sontoku Ninomiya. Longmans.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1912.

The Week

The winning of half the Oklahoma delegation to the Baltimore Convention is a highly significant victory for Woodrow Wilson, for it fully confirms the estimate that has been placed by his advocates upon his strength in the Middle West. In Oklahoma Champ Clark was supposed to be strongly intrenched, the neighborhood feeling, as well as other elements, being a powerful factor in his favor. With this send-off in a comparatively unpromising State, it may now be expected that cumulative indications of Gov. Wilson's strength will be showing themselves, both in the West and in the South. Of course, much will depend on developments in the political situation generally, and in the Republican as well as in the Democratic party. The case is very different from what it would be if the Republican nomination were a foregone conclusion. For the present, nobody can be quite certain what aspect the campaign will present; and at the last moment the choice may turn on the feeling that one Democrat rather than another is the "logical" candidate to be put up at Baltimore in response to the choice made the previous week at Chicago.

One straw vote in the West has been strangely overlooked by the Colonel's admirers, though it gives convincing proof of his immense popularity. We refer to the postal-card canvass conducted by the *Appeal to Reason*. This is the well-known Socialist paper, with a large circulation. Calling upon its readers for an expression of their Presidential preferences, it has found, to date, that 41,384 of them want Roosevelt, while only 426 declare for Taft. This looks perfectly overwhelming till we note that Roosevelt really ran fourth, Debs leading with 65,928 votes, McNamara getting 54,726, Gompers being third with 48,225. Closely after Roosevelt, the fourth favorite, came Haywood with 41,109 votes. This is fine company for the Colonel. But as he is only fourth in the affections of the Socialists, it follows, by the irresistible logic which has been used in connection with the other Western straw votes, that there is a whirlwind demand of the people that Debs be made President.

We are not always able to agree with the Chicago *Inter Ocean*, but its opposition to the desire of political conventions to break all records for length of cheering popular leaders is both sound and bold. It owns to sympathy with the man who rises and waves his flags and lets out his voice from spontaneous impulse. It even avows a belief in the yelling that is sincere. But it criticises the "demonstration" that has become a mere affair of keeping itself going as long as possible, and it refers to the spectacle at Chicago and to the one at Denver four years ago when the names of Roosevelt and Bryan, respectively, were presented. Those who read of what followed may have received the idea of a touching outburst of genuine loyalty which a solid hour of shouting and marching could hardly exhaust, but to those on the spot the creaking of the machinery grew increasingly evident after the first few minutes. And what good came of it at last? A few short months after Mr. Bryan's trained acousticians had triumphed over those of Mr. Roosevelt, and still more impressively over those of Mr. Taft, the last-named gentleman was inaugurated.

Those were wholesome and sober words that Gov. Harmon spoke to the Kentucky Legislature when he said that the ultimate force behind the movement for the initiative, referendum, and recall was supplied by the shortcomings of the men in public office. Agitators are quick to seize upon grievances and make a great noise about cheap cure-alls; but if the grievances were not there, such men would have little chance. Quite properly, too, Mr. Harmon pointed out some substantial administrative and fiscal reforms that had been accomplished in Ohio in his term as Governor; for upon actual achievements of this kind the case for representative government as we have known it in the past must rest. It is to be regretted, however, that he put the case of the expenses of the national Government as he did. "It ought not to cost," he said, "a billion dollars a year, or over $11 for each man, woman, and child in the country, to maintain the Federal Government with its limited functions." That there is need of economizing in the Federal Government is true enough; but such a statement as this makes a false impression. Outside the post office, which is self-supporting, the annual expenditures of the Federal Government are not a billion dollars, but about $650,000,000; and of this about $400,000,000 are for army, navy, pensions, and interest on the public debt. What is spent in order to "maintain the Federal Government, with its limited functions," as that phrase would usually be understood, is about a quarter of a billion dollars, instead of a billion.

Serious faults in the bill to regulate immigration, now pending in the Senate, are discovered as the debate on the measure proceeds. As drafted, the bill specified among aliens to be excluded "persons who are not eligible to become citizens of the United States by naturalization." The intent was, obviously, to settle in this way the question of Chinese and Japanese immigration. But an unforeseen difficulty at once arose; for in order to become naturalized, applicants must be able to speak English, and hence this clause of the bill might be tortured into authority for keeping out all immigrants who speak only a foreign language. When this danger was pointed out, the advocates of the bill rather shamefacedly accepted an amendment providing that "no alien shall be denied admission to the United States solely because of inability to speak the English language." Even this does not meet the case, since applications for naturalization must, by the law, be "signed by the applicant in his own handwriting." Thus there might be in the clause in question a lurking attempt to set up by indirection the literary test for immigrants. Other similar complications might easily be caused by passing the bill as framed. Its chief defect, as we have before said, is its lack of explicitness. It may be well to revise and codify our immigration laws, but the work should be done with a thoroughness that left no room for suspicion of "jokers" in the bill.

Early action is expected in the Senate on the Stephenson case. The Committee on Privileges and Elections is unanimous in saying that the expenditure of $107,793 (the amount which Senator Stephenson acknowledges he paid to carry the primaries) "was in violation of the fundamental principles underlying our system of government, which contemplated the selection of candidates by the electors, not the selection of the electors by the candidate." Yet the majority of the committee does not see in that fact sufficient reason for unseating the man who paid this sum of money avowedly and designedly for that purpose. In other words, the majority lends its sanction to a violation of the "fundamental principles" of our system of government, and gives its assent to the selection of electors by the candidate, on a cash basis. If the Senate ratifies the majority report it will by so much give license to the rich men of the country to buy up the seats in that body. If all the seats are to be put up at auction, there is no doubt that buyers can be found in all the States as easily as in Wisconsin and Illinois.

A brief homily on the question of violence in labor disputes, chiefly interesting because it is written from the "inside," appears in last week's *Independent*. The author is Harry Orchard, of Haywood-Moyer trial fame, and he writes from the inside of Idaho State's Prison at Boisé. It is Mr. Orchard's emphatic belief that "direct action" is both wicked and unprofitable. The system of intimidation by dynamite did work well, "with hardly an exception, up until the McNamara confession," but it has now got a blow from which it will never recover. All right-thinking men will join Mr. Orchard in this hope. At any rate, Harry Orchard out of prison never did as clear thinking as he reveals in the following passage:

> Now, while the great wheels of industry are busy grinding out their dollars, they are also slowly, but surely, grinding out the lives of men and women that keep them in motion. Some of the great industries are very hazardous at best. The greedy captains that control them should be forced to make the conditions as safe and sanitary as possible. The kind of force, however, that we have been talking about will not do the work. But if labor organizations will place big, broad-minded men at their head, letting them direct the policies of the union, and, instead of sowing the seed of discontent and strife, establish schools of education along economic lines, etc.

The trouble is that the partisan of "direct action" is dazzled by the immediateness of results obtained. A bridge or a factory is blown up and the "victory" is won. A fig for your painfully slow orthodox union methods! What the anarchist refuses to see is that violence, like murder, will out; that his "victory" turns to ashes, and that it takes years of painful effort for labor to make up the loss of that "victory."

The American Express Company, we read, has paid $43,500,000 in dividends since 1868. Forty-three million dollars in forty-four years is almost exactly a million dollars a year, and that might not seem an outrageous annual profit for a business concern of such vast dimensions. Neither is there anything overwhelming in the statement that this same company has received from its patrons during the same period the sum of $598,000,000, which means an annual gross revenue of $15,000,000 a year; this again might seem no formidable sum for an enterprise of national scope. One need not hold a brief for the express companies to question the effectiveness of such long strings of figures. Nevertheless, there is little doubt that the express companies have been charging excessive rates and accumulating very large profits. The Interstate Commerce Commission's investigation into the express business has already been more than justified. But for the purpose of emphasizing the extortionate practices of the express companies, the statement that they charge fifty cents for carrying a parcel that could be carried for fifteen is more convincing than any number of millions spread before the eye.

It would be interesting to know how leading members of the bar in our country feel when confronted with such a statement as that made by Mr. Justice Riddell of Ontario, in an interview in the New York *Sun:*

> I have been at the bar or on the bench about thirty years, and never, even in murder cases have I seen more than half an hour consumed in getting a jury. . . . I have never but once known even a murder case to last as much as four days. . . . Some time ago I went to hold the London (Ont.) Assizes. There were to be tried four criminal cases, one of murder, one of manslaughter, one of serious embezzlement, and one of less importance, and eleven civil cases. At the same time I opened my assize in London, a court in Detroit, Mich., only a few hours further along the railroad, began to get a jury in a murder case. My four prisoners were on their way to the penitentiary and seven of the eleven civil cases had been disposed of before half the jury had been got together in Detroit. . . . Our criminal law is codified in the simplest possible form, and there is not an appeal once in fifty cases.

The contrast may here be somewhat exaggerated, but in essence it represents the truth. And what do we get in return for the frightful waste and trouble of our criminal procedure? Does any one pretend that we get more exact justice than is attained in England or in Canada? Is it not true, on the contrary, that the tremendous cumbrousness of our procedure only lowers the confidence of the community in the soundness of its results?

Resolutions pointing to an energetic campaign against the chestnut tree blight marked the close of the congress of experts from twenty-nine States, which, at the invitation of Gov. Tener, has been meeting at Harrisburg. The gathering called upon the States, the Federal Government, and Canada to follow the lead of Pennsylvania in combating the disease which menaces the entire chestnut growth of the Atlantic Coast, by making appropriations to "enable authorities to cope with the disease, where practicable." One resolution asks Congress to appropriate $60,000 for the Government coöperation. Two opposing points of view were manifest in the first session of the congress. Delay was advocated by Prof. W. A. Murrill of New York, who asserted that public money could be saved by allowing active field work to wait upon further scientific investigation; but for the policy of immediate extirpation of affected trees, to prevent further spread of the destructive blight, I. C. Williams, deputy forestry commissioner of Pennsylvania, stood sponsor. The results already obtained by this method in that State led to the endorsement of its militant policy by the congress.

The movement to erect a memorial to Whittier in the national capital calls attention to an odd diversity between our professions and practice. At bottom, we are a peaceable people, with a jealous preference for the supremacy of the civil power over all matters of the army

and navy. But when we look around for distinguished citizens to whom monuments may appropriately be erected, we are strangely beset by the notion that such persons must belong to one of two classes. They must be either dead politicians, and therefore presumably statesmen, or heroes of battle. The exceptions are just numerous enough to emphasize the rule. Longfellow now breaks the monotony of the long series of statues to "public" men in Washington, but there is no reason why his memorial should not be supplemented by those of several other men and women who have raised our national reputation by what they have written rather than by what they done.

Secretary Knox striking an appropriate attitude at Panama and bidding all Central and South America stop, look, and listen to the honeyed words in which their big neighbor at the North once more strives to express its feelings towards them, will be a sight for gods and men—and Mr. Dooley. "Here," the Secretary may begin with a smile, "we meet on common ground—that is, of course, if the Government which I have the honor to represent does not decide to discriminate against you in the matter of tolls. The one subject of possible disagreement between the United States and any of you having been happily removed by the—er—annexation of this fair land, my Government feels very strongly that it is a part of the patriotic duty of every citizen of a Central or South American republic, especially of those in authority, to let bygones be bygones, to accept our protestations of goodwill at their face value, and, in a word, to think of us as we would fain be thought of." At this point the cheering will doubtless no longer be restrained, unless Col. Goethals should meanwhile have taken a leaf from Nicaragua's book, and given orders prohibiting any demonstrations, favorable or otherwise, in connection with the Secretary's visit.

The first bye-election in Canada since last year's overwhelming Liberal defeat has resulted in a gain for the Liberals, which is quite in accordance with the law that seems to govern bye-elections. It is the regular thing that, after a general campaign in which the country has plumped with unrestrained enthusiasm for one party or another, the voters shall turn about, and right on the heels of election day begin to elect members of the minority. Apparently, there is about this procedure something of the shame-faced awakening to cold wisdom which follows an emotional outburst. Certainly some such reaction was to be looked for in Canada, where a spontaneous assertion of unsuspected popular sentiment made fools out of the prophets in both parties. No one has yet been able to bring out all the reasons for that mad rush in which the Liberal party was so badly trampled. Partial explanations are at hand in plenty, but at bottom we seem to be facing one of those curious manifestations of the psychology of the crowd which make the business of political prophecy so hazardous.

The figure of George V has gradually emerged during the hopeful discussions regarding the betterment of Anglo-German relations. A German newspaper of standing assigns credit to the English monarch for taking the initiative in Mr. Haldane's visit to Berlin. There is nothing improbable in the hypothesis. It would be quite appropriate that King George should take up a line of activity in which Edward VII is conceded to have done useful work for his country. The late King was largely instrumental in forging the chain of Continental friendships and alliances which Germany chose to regard as a menace to her own interests, but which, there is good reason to believe, Edward VII regarded sincerely as working for the peace of Europe. The sphere of foreign affairs is one in which a British monarch, for all his complete subordination to Constitutional forms, still exercises real power. Unlike the late King, who was his own travelling ambassador, and whose personality made him welcome in the capitals of Europe, George V chooses to work through his Ministers; but there is every reason to believe that the monarch's views will carry weight with the Cabinet.

The bill providing for the annexation of Tripoli and Cyrenaica was passed in the Italian Chamber of Deputies last Friday with only thirty-eight dissenting votes in a poll of 469, and amidst scenes of frenzied popular enthusiasm. From the first it has been apparent that, with the exception of the revolutionary Socialist faction, the attack on Tripoli had popular approval behind it, in the sense that the men who engineered the raid could count on certain conditions of public sentiment. The Italian people has watched the annexation game being played on all sides, by France and Spain in Morocco, by Austria in the Balkans, by Russia and Great Britain in the Far East. The memory of Italy's own sad experiences in Abyssinia has rankled. National sentiment has been raised to a climax by the celebration of the semi-centennial of Italian unity. No politician was taking undue risk in planning an attack upon a defenceless foreign province under such circumstances. The only danger lay in the actual course of military operations. A serious setback would have been fatal to the Cabinet. A crushing defeat might have been fatal to the throne. So far these dangers have been averted, but the Government will still have to deal with the problems arising out of the heavy taxation that is the corollary of Imperialist politics, and is beginning to be in Europe a fruitful source of popular discontent.

Mr. Shuster's statement to the press is not so careful in its wording as his speeches in England and elsewhere on his way home from Teheran. At any rate, it is overstating the point to accuse Great Britain of having set out "to create a strong Russia after the Japanese war." It was not within England's power nor for her best interests to create a strong Russia. That Empire's recuperation from the disasters of the Manchurian war was a natural and inevitable process. What does remain true is that the present directors of English foreign policy have attached so much importance to Russia's friendship in Europe that they have been willing to let the Czar have virtually a free hand in middle Asia. That is a policy of which the wisdom as well as the morality may be easily questioned. Russia as an ally or a friend is a weak reed to lean upon. The French found that out again and again in the course of recent complications with Germany. And England, too, may discover, in time of crisis, that Russia's friendship was not worth the sacrifice of important interests in Persia or the cold-blooded abandonment of that country to the tender mercies of the Czar.

THE "HEAVY RESPONSIBILITY."

Mr. Roosevelt declares that he realizes "to the full" the "heavy responsibility" which he assumes in announcing that he will be a candidate for the Presidency. But does he? Can he be entirely aware of the full weight of the grievous burden which he is binding on his own back? We doubt it. We should hate to think, for example, that he had deliberately considered and coolly disregarded the fact that he was about to shatter the ideal of Roosevelt which has been admiringly, however mistakenly, cherished all over the country. For in that ideal one element has been the conception of him as a man fit to stand on the holy hill because he sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not. But now he is seen to be false to his plighted faith. What he had voluntarily and solemnly assured the people that he would do under no circumstances, he now proposes to do without explanation or a glimmer of remorse. Thousands of his truest friends have been vehemently asserting for three years past that Theodore Roosevelt was incapable of doing this thing. Whatever else he might be, he was a man of his word. But this trust in him he has now dashed to the ground. Instead of the ideal Roosevelt, we see a Machiavellian prince acting on the maxim that a "signore prudente" does not feel bound to stand by his pledges when they can be turned against him, or when his motive for making them no longer exists.

To multitudes throughout the land this will seem a fall like Lucifer's, that other son of the morning. It is not now a question of the validity of the tradition against a third term. It is merely a question of Theodore Roosevelt's personal honor. Others may doubt or challenge the third-term custom; he cannot. He publicly pronounced it "wise," declared that he felt bound by it, and told the people who had just elected him President: "Under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination." John Morley was a guest at the White House when President Roosevelt made that announcement on November 8, 1904. The story was printed at the time that Mr. Roosevelt said to Morley that his declaration had "no string" to it. The Englishman was puzzled by this bit of American slang. Now, however, Honest John will understand what it means. The "string" has been pulled and the word broken. It is a terrible thing for Roosevelt thus to destroy the faith which credulous thousands have placed in his personal integrity.

The heavy responsibility which Mr. Roosevelt has blithely shouldered includes the confirming of the worst interpretation which has been put upon his conduct for the past three years. He himself now admits the truth of what he has been charged with. In the light of his own statements, few can be found longer to believe that his course has been aught but that of a secret plotter. To undermine his friend Taft has been his passion. To scheme for his own nomination has been his consistent but concealed plan. What are we to think now of its successive steps? First, he was not a candidate and would not be. He wrote last year that any movement to win the nomination for him would be a "genuine calamity." He asserted that no friend of his could possibly countenance anything of the kind. Then came the time of his standing on his dignity. He would not do a thing or say a word. After that came the period of contingencies. Roosevelt would not lift his hand, but, of course, if the united voice of a mighty people summoned him as the "one man in sight," he could not refuse. But presently even those professed hesitations and scruples were abandoned: the Columbus address was an open bid for the Presidency; and now comes his acceptance of the first formal proposal that he be a candidate for the nomination—an acceptance tantamount to a frank avowal that he wants the Presidency consumedly and will move heaven and earth to get it. What a light all this throws upon the long and despicable intrigue in which this frankest and most generous of men has for months been up to his neck!

Another aspect of the heavy responsibility which Mr. Roosevelt light-heartedly assumes is that of splitting asunder the party which has showered honors upon him and to which he has professed gratitude and devotion. To dash it to pieces now is but a trifle for his insatiate ambition. He has delayed so long in coming out from his cover that a fierce contest within the party is to-day inevitable. In the struggle the organization may be crumpled into a heap, the party principles may be trampled upon, undying bitterness and rancor may be developed, Republican hopes may visibly turn to ashes—but what does this matter to the man who is so eaten up of selfishness and conceit that he thinks of all men and of all parties as only tools in his hand, to be used as long as convenient and then thrown on the junk heap?

The heaviest part of the responsibility which Mr. Roosevelt undertakes goes, however, beyond persons or parties. It touches the good of the country. At the moment when success was about to reward the painful striving of finance and industry to recover from the heavy blows they have suffered, when business men were reporting the disturbance of Presidential year to be less than was feared, Mr. Roosevelt invites us to plunge into a vast upheaval. He would call upon all the winds of social passion to blow and crack their cheeks. He would give us a series of explosions, and would precipitate a contest that would shake the land. If he has his way, instead of slow recuperation we shall have a period of fear and ferocity, of unscrupulous appeal and incendiary tactics. But it is not to be believed that he is going to have his way. Even if he terrorizes or tricks the Republican Convention into nominating him, or if he sets himself up as the independent candidate of all the discontented, he has the sober sense of the mass of his countrymen to reckon with, and upon that he cannot again impose. For it is no more the Roosevelt of old going forth in shining armor to overthrow his opponents. He is known better now; troops of friends are walking backward from him with averted gaze; his reckless craving for power is at last disclosed. What was said of Charles Fox, after he had made a betrayal of his friends and his party, may now be said of Theodore Roosevelt: "He felt that he had done something that required defence; the mouth still spoke great things, but the swell of soul was no more."

THE PRESIDENT ON POST-OFFICE QUESTIONS.

Besides the second-class postage rate question, the President, in his message on post-office matters, comments on several other topics of importance. Naturally enough, he gives a conspicuous place to the fact that for the fiscal year

which ended on June 30 last the accounts of the Post Office Department show a slight surplus—$219,000—compared with a deficit of more than $17,000,000 two years before. He is careful to state that this financial gain has been accomplished without curtailing the service, and indeed in the face of a considerable enlargement both of postal facilities and of salaries; moreover, there has been an increase of more than 8,000 in the number of employees. Of course, these things could not have been simultaneously possible without a combination of improved management and expanded revenue. As a matter of fact, the revenues increased by $8,000,000 in the last year, and by $13,000,000 in the last but one; but this is less than the usual biennial increase, and accordingly it seems fair to set down the bettered financial showing, in the main, to improvements in administration.

From the Postmaster-General's recommendation that the Government shall acquire the telegraph system of the country and operate it as part of its postal business, the President flatly dissents. The reasons he assigns for this conclusion will, we make no doubt, command general approval. Unless a perfectly clear case can be made out of great public advantage, it is evident that such a change is not entitled to serious consideration as a practical proposal. So far from thinking that such a case has been made out, the President is "not satisfied from any evidence that if these properties were taken over by the Government they could be managed any more economically or any more efficiently, or that this would enable the Government to furnish service at any smaller rate than the public are now required to pay by private companies." After this, it is not necessary for the President at this time to dwell on the seriousness of enlarging by hundreds of thousands the army of Government employees, though he makes it plain enough that this consideration weighs heavily with him. But he points out another consideration which constitutes a special reason for not entering upon this undertaking, over and above the general presumption against it; namely, that the Department has now on its hands, and very far from solution, a problem with which it is clearly called upon to deal before any new complication is added. In the matter of a parcels post, we are far behind other countries, nor is this convenience satisfactorily furnished by any private agency.

In his recommendation as to rates for second-class matter, the President simply follows the report of the special Commission, consisting of Supreme Court Justice Hughes, President Lowell of Harvard, and Mr. H. A. Wheeler, president of the Chicago Association of Commerce. So far as regards the matters of fact involved, there is no room for doubting the substantial accuracy of the results reached by the Commission, for the methods pursued are set forth with exemplary completeness and lucidity in its reports. Its plan that the general rate for magazines and newspapers mailed by publishers and news agents should be increased from one cent a pound to two cents is adopted by the President as his own recommendation to Congress. This plan, the Commission explicitly states, is not based on any consideration of an existing deficit, but on the desire to bring the charges for this service more nearly into correspondence with cost. The basis of calculation is that, in estimating cost, each part of the service must be charged with its proportionate share and not as a merely residual factor. On such a basis the cost directly assignable to the handling of pound-rate matter, exclusive of general post-office expenses, has recently been more than six cents a pound, and will in the future be in excess of five cents a pound. Whether the public objects served by encouraging the dissemination of this matter warrants a subvention so great as this is a question of public policy which Congress must settle; the Commission and the President emphatically hold that a two-cent rate would meet all reasonable requirements of the case; and it is hardly fitting that organs of public opinion, which have a direct pecuniary interest in the question, should press a contrary view. The facts relating to cost are now before the country in an authoritative form.

The whole matter affords an instructive illustration of the problems involved in governmental rate-fixing. The ascertainment of facts is necessarily only one part of the question; the question of policy still remains, and there is no way of getting rid of it. Indeed, the question of policy may be said to enter, and in a highly important way, even into that part of the task which relates exclusively to the ascertainment of facts; in this instance, for example, the result would have been materially different if an estimate had been made not of the proportionate cost of handling second-class matter, but of what may be called the residual cost—the amount added to the cost to which the Government would be put if this matter were not carried at all. But, waiving this, and accepting the estimate of cost as conclusive, there are still any number of questions of policy. Shall newspapers, with their average haul of 255 miles, pay the same rate as magazines with an average of 707 miles? Shall there be a zone system? What attitude should be taken with regard to the competition of private transportation agencies? All this apart from the three principal questions—how far shall the rate be fixed with a view to making the second-class service self-supporting, to what extent should consideration for established interests be taken into account, and what weight should be given to the public benefit derived from encouragement of journalistic activities? The rate recommended by the Commission is necessarily in the nature of a compromise; whether it is the best or not is, after all, a question for individual judgment. And what is true of this simple question would be true of the myriads of questions that would arise in the administration of a Government railway system. Those who lightly advocate the assumption of such a task by the Government forget that in this country transportation questions play a part incomparably more vital than in any other country in the world.

NEW IDEAS IN TRUST LEGISLATION.

Several incidents of the past few days indicate a somewhat new turn in the controversy over control of combinations in restraint of trade. The experience of the promoters of the so-called "Money Trust inquiry" has itself been pretty significant. The overwhelming defeat, in the House Democratic caucus of three weeks ago, of the proposal for a special committee with instructions which should take the results of its inquiry for granted, and whose avowed purpose should be that of spectacular agitation, was one indication of the feeling of sober legisla-

tors. Both parties to the controversy, however, appeared to misunderstand the purport of the Underwood resolution adopted by that caucus. The agitators proclaimed that the reference of the inquiry to the Banking and Currency Committee meant the stifling of all investigation, and in some quarters of the outside business community a rather similar conclusion seemed to be drawn. Such inferences were unwarranted. The Banking Committee's subsequent proposal to investigate "the banking and currency conditions of the country, for the purpose of determining what legislation is needed," did indeed broaden the field of inquiry; but it excluded none of the specific questions proposed in the defeated Henry resolution, and, indeed, Mr. Underwood himself, when asked in the caucus whether his own resolution contemplated inquiry into those specific topics, replied that he so understood it.

There was, therefore, no ground whatever for the assertion, in some of Saturday's Washington dispatches, that the formal inclusion of the Henry inquiries in the programme of the Banking Committee was a "victory for the radicals" or a "new turn in the situation." So far as we are aware, no Congressman has opposed an investigation of the "Money Trust" with a view to answering just those questions about concentrated control of banking resources, discrimination in loans, or favoritism to one set of corporations. The real attitude of the House was thus expressed on Saturday, in a speech on the resolution by Mr. Vreeland, a conservative New York Republican:

> Mr. Speaker, I favor this investigation, not with a blare of trumpets and explosion of dynamite, but along safe and orderly methods of procedure. I believe in making it thorough. I think any man or set of men in the United States, who believe that financiers in New York have conspired against them or injured them, will receive a full and fair hearing before the committee.

Simultaneously with this move in the "Money Trust" investigation, the Senate committee has begun to take in hand the much-discussed question of supplementary legislation in restriction of industrial Trusts and monopolies. Last week Chairman Gary of the Steel Corporation, who has been insistent, ever since his Stanley Committee testimony of last June, for legislation empowering Government to fix prices, forwarded to Washington a proposed measure to that purpose. Judge Gary proposed a commission of three to regulate interstate trade conditions. A corporation engaged in such trade, with $10,000,000 capital or more, must have a Federal license, revocable if it undertook monopoly or restraint of trade. If it already controlled more than 50 per cent. of the business in its line it should not be allowed to buy up any competing plant until the three commissioners had decided that such purchase would not tend to restraint of trade. Finally, the commissioners "may fix the maximum prices of any products" involved in such an operation, "if, in the judgment of the commission, the fixing of such prices shall be necessary to prevent a monopoly or an undue restraint of trade or commerce."

The pith of this proposal is plainly in the last-mentioned clause. That scheme of governmental price-fixing is something of a retreat from Judge Gary's programme of last June, when he declared to the Stanley Committee that he should like to have some governmental agency where the Steel Corporation could go and say: "Here are our facts and figures, here is our property, here our cost of production; now you tell us what we have the right to do and what prices we have the right to charge." But the entering wedge of an extremely dangerous policy, pointing towards eventual State Socialism, is none the less inserted, and this fact is clearly recognized in the bill introduced on Monday by Senator Cummins from the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee. Mr. Cummins proposes a commission of three, with power, not of licensing corporations, but of supervising them. He expressly leaves the present Anti-Trust law unchanged, but provides in addition against the common ownership of industrial plants and transportation systems, against "community-of-interest" directors, against watered stock, and, especially, against the "practice of selling below actual cost so as to destroy a competitor." Corporations found to have been indulging in such a practice, or which sell to different customers at different prices, are to be excluded from the field of interstate commerce.

Of Senator Cummins's measure we shall now only remark that it undertakes, without upsetting or emasculating the present Anti-Trust law, to deal with the problem which opponents of that law have alleged must arise in formidable shape if the great combinations are to be dissolved. There has been of late something less of the confident assertion that "the competitive régime is dead," but in shifting their position the advocates of dominating combinations rest on the assertion that return to what they describe as the "old-time cut-throat competition" would utterly disorganize business. That some sort of protection against such a situation may be desirable, President Taft himself has admitted. For ourselves, we can see that the problem might be made more formidable from the mere fact that such enormous aggregations of capital are commanded by the present Trusts, and might be commanded by their component parts even after dissolution.

EFFICIENCY IN PUBLIC SERVICE.

There is coming from the Chicago Bureau of Public Efficiency a series of reports upon the administration of the various offices of the city and county. These reports are of a detailed and practical character, and at the same time are so simply and clearly arranged and worded as to be easily followed by any intelligent person. With one of these before him, the ordinary citizen has no excuse for not knowing far more about the actual working of the department to which it relates, and of the direction in which improvements therein are needed, than any one except a student or an expert could have known previously. Here, for instance, is an attractively printed pamphlet of twenty-six pages, entitled "Administration of the Office of Sheriff of Cook County, Illinois." One's ideas of the natural and proper order of topics in such a report receive a surprise at the first glance at the table of contents, for the "Conclusions" are placed at the beginning, and the "Text of Report" at the end. Who, however, could resist a look at conclusions so temptingly laid before him? This result was perhaps in the minds of the sagacious framers of the report, who were but too well aware of the normal attitude of voters towards the machinery of government for which it is their proud privilege to name the engineers and pay the expenses.

A second surprise awaits the reader in the opening sentenco of tho Report. "The present Sheriff," it runs, "is de-

serving of great credit for introducing a system of reports and records designed to indicate the character and volume of work performed by deputies and bailiffs." Further on, one learns that "the attitude of Sheriff Zimmer indicates a desire on his part to secure the highest degree of efficiency in the administration of his office compatible with existing political conditions. He has shown much more zeal for public service than any of his predecessors in that office for many years." Evidently, the Chicago Bureau of Public Efficiency is anything but an organization for irritating the gentlemen whose offices it investigates. After such words of praise, qualified as they are by the reference to "existing political conditions," can one imagine Sheriff Zimmer refusing to consider seriously any suggestion the Bureau may offer for rendering his administration worthy of more generous compliment? Nor does the Bureau allow its tact to restrain it from criticism. The Sheriff, it appears, owing to an increase in the number of judges by six, is asking for ten additional bailiffs. But the Bureau has made an analysis of the service records installed by this efficiency-loving officer, and finds from them that the work required of the bailiffs outside of the court-room is "inconsiderable for the number performing it." It recommends, therefore, the retaining of the bailiffs at the present number.

And now the Bureau shows the stuff of which it is made. The section dealing with this matter of the bailiffs is headed "Recommended Decreases in Staff." Here are the paragraphs in which the bold recommendations are set forth:

> The actual time reported by deputy sheriffs, exclusive of time unnecessarily spent in the office, indicates that the work could have been performed, and all demands have been provided for, with four fewer deputies. The Bureau recommends that the staff be decreased by that number.
>
> The necessity for an assistant sheriff in addition to a chief deputy sheriff is not apparent, particularly as the assistant sheriff generally is one unfamiliar with the details of administration and procedure. It is recommended, therefore, that this position be abolished.

One important feature of the readableness of this report is the brevity of its sections. Like a newspaper story in which we may not be especially interested, its successive paragraphs lure us on by the very rapidity with which they may be dispatched. The section following the one we have just been treating is entitled "Salary Reductions Recommended." Now, if there is anything calculated to attract the eye, and, still more, the attention of the taxpayer, it is such words as these. The report does not waste space or the reader's patience on preliminaries. "It is the opinion of the Bureau," it says, crisply, "that deputy sheriffs and bailiffs—except the personal bailiffs of the judges, twenty-five in number—are overpaid." And it proceeds to point out that city policemen, with a maximum salary of $1,200 a year, have as important duties to perform as deputy sheriffs, who receive $2,000.

It is difficult to see how any citizen of Chicago or Cook County, deserving of the right of franchise, can fail to be deeply interested in such a report as this. Its method disposes completely of the objection that one cannot understand what is going on between reformers and officials beyond wordy altercations. Here are set down, in plain black and white, specific recommendations, based upon careful analysis, with an equally plain statement of the reasons behind them. It is clear that we are going to tolerate with increasing impatience and protest the worse than slipshod management of municipal affairs that has given us a name all over the Old World. Mingled with this feeling must be regret that such a consummation should have been so long delayed. But the sordid truth is that first the fight had to be made for honesty. To talk of efficiency with a Tweed behind the curtain would have been anything but an example of efficiency. Then it is to be recognized that business itself, which, as any business man will tell you, has always been the incarnation of efficiency, has but recently awakened to the possibilities in this direction. It can hardly be denied that, for once at least, public administration has been quick to respond to the new spirit that was manifesting itself in private affairs.

LITERATURE AND MORALS IN ENGLAND.

The conflict between the British censorship and the advanced element among British writers and playwrights has been increasingly animated and confusing. The word censorship is here used in its broad, non-technical meaning. As yet there is no government official who exercises the same authority over new books that the Lord Chamberlain exercises over plays. But from an important section of the public has come, though not in so many words perhaps, the demand for some form of supervision over the printed book akin to the conditions under which the London theatre labors. Thus we have a case of carrying the war into the enemy's territory with a vengeance. While some of the leading men of letters in England are fulminating against the tyrannies and ineptitudes of the Dramatic Censor, a very respectable body of public men, journalists and publishers even, are crying out against the unchecked flow of demoralizing literature from the printing presses. We catch almost daily echoes of the controversy on this side of the water. Hardly a week passes that does not bring news of some play prohibited by the Censor followed by a round-robin of protest bearing such names as Thomas Hardy, H. G. Wells, Shaw, Pinero, Hewlett, Barker, and Galsworthy. Usually the prohibited play is produced before a private audience, as was the case with Eden Phillpotts's "New Woman," or it is put out in book form as with Zangwill's "New Religion."

The element of confusion arises from the nature of the campaign that has been set on foot by the opponents of what is loosely described as "pernicious" or "demoralizing" tendencies in contemporary literature. Before the Home Secretary there recently appeared an influential deputation of writers and publishers to voice the demand that the laws against the dissemination of "demoralizing" literature should be more rigorously enforced and that additional legislation should be enacted for the purpose if existing regulations are insufficient. The principal spokesman of the deputation was Mr. St. Loe Strachey, editor of the *Spectator*. Now the editor of the *Spectator* has been foremost in denouncing the ultra-realistic swing in contemporary fiction as exemplified in H. G. Wells's "Ann Veronica," against which Mr. Strachey carried on a vigorous polemic. He has also come to blows with the editors of the *English Review*, a publication of good literary standing and radical views, which is in the habit of describing itself as "the Great Adult Review." Mr. Strachey recently declared

the Great Adult Review to be unfit for circulation among respectable people and ejected its advertisements from the columns of the *Spectator*. He immediately became a literary storm centre. Therefore, when the editor of the *Spectator* appears as the head of a deputation to speak on the subject of demoralizing literature, the idea that first leaps to the mind is that here is at least a clear joining of issues between the new realism and the advocates of that older standard of reticence in the written word which is usually described as Mid-Victorian.

But it is not with literature in a real sense that this particular deputation concerned itself. Mr. Strachey and his associates dealt entirely with that class of gutter print which the law designates as obscene and which falls under the jurisdiction of the police in every civilized country. It seems to be agreed that the English laws against the production and distribution of filth of this kind are regrettably indulgent and incomplete, and the Home Secretary, in his reply, promised that the Government would take up and deal energetically with the problem. Now it would be an insult to the entire generation of English readers even to bring the names of men like Wells, Phillpotts, or Granville Barker in connection with so disgusting a subject; and, of course, no such attempt was made. But it was unfortunate that this deputation against "demoralizing" literature should come at a time when conservative opinion is busy attacking the "demoralizing" literature of the Wells, Barker, and Shaw type. It was also unfortunate that the leader of the deputation should be a man who has been in the forefront of the assault on the modern school of British fiction and drama.

Thus if the unthinking public lumps together as "demoralizing" the work of the most skilful men in England and the products of the sewer, it is to a very appreciable extent the fault of much loose arguing on the subject by men who should know better. In the *Hibbert Journal*, writing on the subject of "pernicious literature," Canon Rawnsley is guilty of sad lack of discrimination. From the grossly indecent photograph or broadside he passes on to the moving-picture shows and so to the "nasty novelists":

> Women in this field of license vie with men in writing seductively and realistically, but with no serious purpose, what they are pleased to call the sex problem. These novels, some of them, the publishers tell us, have gone through a million copies. They glorify lust; they preach free love; they mock at marriage as a relic of barbarism, and appeal to pure animal passion and appetite.

Here is an unmistakable slant at the Wells novel amidst a rush of accusation that it would be outrageously unjust to bring into connection with Mr. Wells's art or his motives. It is a case of mixing up two widely different things in such a reckless way as to give the radicals ground for fearing that the two things are really the same in the eyes of these men, and that the present move against obscene publications may be intended as an entering wedge for a crusade against the new realism in literature.

The present outlook is that it will be some time before the subject of realism in art and literature will be freed from the confusion injected into the problem by bringing forward the question of the defence of public morals by the police. The issue will then be brought back to its original form: whether the present state of English literature demands the exercise of some form of censorship, either by a regularly constituted authority, or as has been suggested, by an agreement among the circulating libraries. The history of the English novel since its beginning weighs heavily against any formal censorship. It has in every age been the reflex of the prevailing tone of social life, rough and outspoken with Fielding and Smollet, sentimental and outspoken with Richardson, clean-lipped and sentimental with the Victorians. The danger of a censorship is that it intensifies the spirit of opposition and drives the recusant to extremes. The radical novels may have pernicious tendencies, but their evil, if evil there be, is different in kind from that of the pornographic literature that properly falls under censorship. They do not circulate by the million. They address themselves to people of intelligence, and in the long run intelligent public opinion may be trusted to deal with the standards and motives of literary men.

FRENCH BOOK NOTES.

PARIS, February 14.

Emile Faguet's "Vie de Rousseau" (Société Française d'Imprimerie; 418 pages) came out a year before the bicentenary of its subject's birth (June 28, 1712). Jean-Jacques Rousseau, in life and in death, excites the same perennial flames of controversy. For the general reader, for the beginning student, this life is perhaps the best yet written, the most likely to set him afloat along a true course. Emile Faguet is the full man whom reading maketh, according to Bacon; but he is also the professor of the great Ecole Normale where the clash of alert, youthful minds will not allow of too much inexactness. Besides his seat in the French Academy, he has some forty critical works to his credit, in literary history or literary politics. Not his least fitness for his present task comes from his studies in nineteenth-century 'isms. His standpoint, clearly and deliberately chosen, is that of French Liberalism, and is nearly akin to the traditional thought which alone has a right to the name of Americanism, as in Channing, who, in a way, was a by-product of Rousseau. With all this, Emile Faguet has an easy-going style, and says what he has to say quite fully. This means that his Rousseau is less precious as literature than the Conférences of Jules Lemaître, which set all these Rousseau controversies blazing.

In twenty-five chapters, the book proceeds by little groups of years through Rousseau's troubled life and still more troubled association with the lives of men and women around him; and a twenty-sixth sums up the life in itself. For, although the author is a critic of political philosophy and influences in history, he has kept here to the life of the man Rousseau:

> Rousseau, as he said himself a thousand times, was born good, in this sense, that he was born tender-hearted, generous, charitable—in a word, an altruist. But he was also born without any moral sense, and his education, which was null, or rather very bad, gave him none. I understand by lack of moral sense the absence of all rule of conduct *and of the need of having one*. Never did Rousseau have such a need. He felt that he was good, which was true, and he concluded from it that whatever he did could not but be excellent. This is precisely the state of soul of most men, but with most men it is mixed, and with Jean-Jacques it was absolute. . . . He has no moral sense, but little by little, as he frequents society that is somewhat better, he perceives it, seeks to deaden the thought by sophisms, at bottom suffers horribly from it—and this gives him a direction along two new ways: on the one side, to believe that, being born good, he has been depraved by society, which is half true, and to conclude from it that society is abominable, in which there is some truth also; on the other side, to believe himself obliged to repair his faults by the cult of

virtue and the preaching of virtue. . . . He said of Voltaire something which was very false when applied to Voltaire and was precisely very true, without his ever suspecting it, when applied to Rousseau: "His first impulses are good; but reflection makes him perverse (*méchant*)."

Voltaire and Rousseau made the eighteenth century their own and a great part of the nineteenth, until the reaction came and spent itself, when they resumed their sway for the twentieth:

> Je suis tombé par terre,
> C'est la faute à Voltaire;
> Le nez dans le ruisseau,
> C'est la faute à Rousseau.

There are some new side-books to help us understand this wonderful eighteenth century. "Les Hommes de lettres au XVIIIe siècle" (A. Colin; 310 pages—3.50 francs), by Maurice Pellisson, is one of these. It is really a history of the emancipation of the literary man who, Carlyle said, is the priest of these latter days. From the documents of the time—many of them unpublished, from the Anisson Duperron collection—the author shows the relations of the men of letters with the law, Government, publishers, play-actors; in private life; among themselves (*genus detestabile*, as poor Rousseau knew to his cost, but already fraternizing in their own cafés and, under Madame Necker's guidance, beginning to erect statues to one another); with the world of the court and of the town; with public opinion; and (already) with journalists. There are twenty-six pages of documents in an appendix—and ten entire pages of double-columned index of names of men of letters cited in the course of this valuable book for the history of literature.

"Les Sciences de la Nature en France, au XVIIIe siècle" (A. Colin; 300 pages—3.50 francs), by D. Mornet, is, according to its author, "a chapter of the history of ideas." It really centres in Buffon, who was to his century something like Darwin to the next. The book is systematic, erudite. In a first part, it shows the *épuration* of science or "natural history" before Buffon, in the struggle against the marvellous and against theology; in a second part, the organization of science in systems, the Buffon quarrel, and the organizing of experiment; in a third part, the diffusion of science in the triumph of natural history, its art of pleasing, and the consequences. There are twenty pages of valuable bibliography and fourteen of text-references. Dr. Mornet, doctor of letters and university professor, has written before of nature-sentiment in France, from Rousseau to Bernardin de Saint-Pierre.

"Les Moeurs et la Vie privée d'autrefois" (Calmann-Lévy: 390 pages—3.50 francs), by Humbert de Gallier, is a first portion of alert, capable studies of private life and habits of living under the old régime; and, naturally, it looks closely into the eighteenth century. The present book begins with "how they spent their money"—gentlemen's houses in town and country, and peasants' houses, their size, furniture, rent, comfort, and luxury; clothing, monsieur spending more than madame, and Queen Marie Antoinette in muslin and linen gowns (unavailing Rousseauism); and then hunting and gambling and mistresses and debts. "How they married" is explained among *bourgeois* (the middle classes), the people, and the nobles. They married more then than now; and, because the family was everything and the individual little, marriage was at once more serious and more businesslike, with love, if it came at all, following rather than preceding; but marriage presents and ceremonies were ample. "How they were served"—the treatment of the servants and how these treated their masters, those who were of the family and those who were only lackeys—leads the author to the conclusion that "the lot of domestics was better then than now." "How they took care of themselves," with all their healers and swift epidemics and still more sudden remedies, points to a contrary conclusion, in spite of every man being his own doctor nowadays with an abundance of patented medicines. This book also has a laudable index of names cited, eighteen double-column pages.

"Trois Drames de l'histoire de Russie" (A. Colin: 300 pages—3.50 francs), by the late Vicomte de Vogüé, gathers into one small volume three dramatic studies in Russian history, with its outlandish development of the eighteenth century. The tragedy of Peter the Great's son, Mazeppa in legend and history, and the lightning change of régime at the death of the great Catherine of the philosophers, are good samples of the literature of a writer who introduced the Russian soul to Young France, whose pen was dipped in Chateaubriand's inkstand, and whose own lofty soul was long supposed to have diffused the new spirit among his countrymen. It is not sure that his words are yet dead.

How Germany rebounded from eighteenth-century philosophy and *doctrinaires* is shown in "La Littérature patriotique en Allemagne—1800-1815" (A. Colin: 310 pages—3.50 francs), by G. Gromaire. It begins with the literary patriotism which was the legacy of the eighteenth century, and follows the course of romanticism until the fatal date of Jena. Then, year by year, the author portrays the consequences of that shock—Austria and the campaign of 1808; the revival of Prussia from 1810 to 1812; Arndt, who merits a whole chapter; the romantics now at their full; a whole chapter again to Körner; and then, from 1813, the secondary poets and people's songs. With 1815 the book stops, not because the patriotic movement of German minds ceased, for, on the contrary, it only then began sweeping the whole people within its train until the nation came into existence. But in 1815, "with the disappearance of Napoleon, the situation of Europe changes." The last verses of the book are from Ditfurth's elegy to the parting conqueror, for even after Jena Germans were found to recognize that it was Napoleon who had brought the Fatherland to a consciousness of self. "It is the beginning of the Bonapartist legend which has spread throughout Europe—not excepting Germany." It was Goethe's Epimenides Waking; and the French writer has the perspective needed to narrate it.

S. D.

Correspondence

WEEMS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There is so little accurate information about Mason Locke Weems, the first to print the story of Washington and the cherry tree, that a summary of the facts which the writer and a few other persons interested in the matter have unearthed in the past few years may be welcome in your columns.

The date of Weems's birth, as shown by family records in the absence of any entry in the parish register, is October 1, 1759. The place was the family estate of Marshes Seat on Herring Bay, Anne Arundel County, Maryland. The next established date about him is his arrival in Nantes in 1782, as shown by a letter to Franklin asking for passports for England. In 1784 Franklin's correspondence and John Adams's show that Weems tried to procure ordination without taking the oath of allegiance to the British Crown. Finally an act of Parliament (24 George III, cap. 35) allowed him to do this, and he was ordained a deacon on September 5, 1784, by the Bishop of Chester, and on September 12, 1784, a priest by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

These incidents and Weems's subsequent experiences as a rector in Maryland from 1784 to 1794 have been well set forth in "Parson Weems" (Baltimore, 1911), by L. C. Wroth, to whom credit is due for discovering the dates of the ordination and for gathering considerable material from the manuscript diary of William Duke and the Allen manuscript, both in the Maryland Diocesan Library. These show that Weems early began his work of selling books, even before his marriage to Fanny Ewell on July 2, 1795, at Belle Air, near Dumfries, Virginia, which place became from that time his home.

For the period from 1796 to 1802 Weems was chiefly employed by Matthew Carey, and continued to be more or less so for many years, as is shown by the letters preserved by Carey's successors, Lea & Febiger. From 1802 to 1808 he also did much work for Caleb Wayne, who employed him to push the sale of Marshall's "Life of Washington." Much of this correspondence

is preserved in the Dreer collection of manuscripts in the Pennsylvania Historical Society.

As soon as Washington died Weems brought out a small pamphlet on Washington and added material as it came to him, until in the fifth edition, published in 1806 in Augusta, Georgia, he inserted the anecdotes of the cherry tree, the seeds, and the rest of Washington's youth. Only one copy of this edition has been known of late years, and that, though in the possession of Paul Leicester Ford before his death, seems now to have disappeared.

There is no direct evidence in favor of the authenticity of these anecdotes. Weems, indeed, knew many intimate friends of Washington, but that he should have, as he says, kept the stories secret for twenty years is incredible. A better explanation has come to me from a grandson of Weems, who had it from his father. It is that the whole thing was suggested by a similar occurrence to Weems's eldest son, who was born in 1799. He cut down a Pride of China and confessed, but, sad to say, according to my informer, he received not blessings, but a sound thrashing. The seed story is certainly from James Beattie's account of the youth of his son, James Hay Beattie. Weems never regarded himself seriously as an historian, but as a teacher of morals, and knew that dialogue and anecdote were unsurpassed in driving home a moral lesson.

The remainder of Weems's material about Washington is derived from popular tradition in the South (especially in the vicinity of Mount Vernon, where he frequently occupied the pulpit of Pohick Church, as is shown by letters and by Davis's "Travels of Four Years and a Half,") or from well-known accounts, particularly the *Annual Register* and its plagiarists, Gordon and Ramsay.

The rest of his time he spent selling books throughout the States from New York to Georgia, and he died in Beaufort, S. C., May 23, 1825. He was first buried in Beaufort in St. Helena's Churchyard, but later removed to the Ewell burial ground at Belle Air, as was ascertained some years ago by Mr. G. C. Round, the present owner of the property, from interviews with old persons in the neighborhood. His grave in the southeast corner of the burial ground is still unmarked, though its occupant can well be called the creator of the current conception of Washington, and the author of the best-known hero tale in American history.

WALTER B. NORRIS.

United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, February 22.

COLLEGE ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I be permitted through your columns to add one more suggestion to the mass of variegated counsel under which college teachers of freshman composition are now almost buried? Most of the discussion has clearly depended upon the definition of the purposes of such a compulsory course in writing. No one can deny that daily themes do not create authors; but the Conservatives have replied to the Progressive—not to say Radical—Professor Lounsbury that nobody is trying to turn freshmen into authors. Compulsory composition is supposed to train students in the correct and accurate use of the English language. This sounds well, but the proof of the pudding is in the eating; and it is the almost universal testimony of college teachers that college seniors are in the vast majority of cases illiterate. A senior who had passed creditably in prescribed composition once met my criticism that a thesis of his was devoid of punctuation with the naïve statement that he had not had time to put in the commas, and did not think it mattered much. If prescribed work in composition can neither foster talent nor create competence, it certainly has little ground upon which to plead immunity from criticism.

But let us consider the problem which the teacher of college English has to face. His freshman students for the most part cannot spell. Their notions of grammar are often either non-existent or hideously warped. Their vocabularies are infinitesimal, and, which is worse, their use of the few words that they dare employ without blushing is so loose as to defy definition. In preparation for college—note the irony of the phrase—they have written a few perfectly meaningless little essays on "Dr. Johnson and his Club" or "Was Hamlet Mad?" Thus the whole business of writing English has become, not a matter of accurate self-expression, but a frankly artificial exercise of ingenuity, without method or purpose. All this the college teacher must fight against, and yet, out of respect for academic traditions, and also in consideration of the saving remnant to whom the English language has not become a snare and a delusion, he must make his work "advanced." He cannot line up his class and institute a spelling-bee; he cannot take as a text-book a primer of grammar. In other words, he must try to reconcile two irreconcilable elements. A German teacher who had his classes read "Faust" the day after they mastered *Der-die-das* would justly be condemned; yet it is with an equivalent amount of straw that the college teacher of prescribed composition is expected, in the absurdly brief space of a year, to produce presentable bricks. It is not surprising that, as a general thing, he fails.

No reformation of college work in writing can hope to alter materially these conditions. The change must come first of all in the schools; for though a college student may be in dire need of a primer, he is beyond the stage when he is likely to profit by it. When the schools can supply more spelling than grammar, even if Dr. Johnson and "Hamlet" suffer thereby, which it has yet to be shown that they will, the college can shape its work to the requirements of students who are fitted to pursue it.

HENRY ADAMS BELLOWS.

University of Minnesota, February 21.

A BAVARIAN SCHOOL OF HOUSEKEEPING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As the train pulls into the little station of Miesbach, Bavaria, one of the interesting sights that strikes a stranger is the large red brick building standing on a high slope some distance away, and surrounded by trees and hedges which give it the appearance of a stately baronial estate. It is that of the famous School of Housekeeping, which graduates yearly some fifty pupils or more. The inside of this substantial-looking house shows its proximity to Munich, for the simple ornamentation, the tasteful coloring, and the comfortable furniture bespeak its nearness to the great art centre of Germany. The school is fitted up in the most approved and modern fashion as to heat, light, electricity, etc.

The large dining-room, with its soft tints of blue and white, its numerous small tables, covered with spotless linen and the prettiest of silver and glass, looks more like the dining-room of a well-kept hotel than of a school.

The kitchens are spacious, immaculate in their white tiling, and fitted up with every possible convenience. The preserve-rooms fairly glisten with jars of strawberries, pears, plums, grape-jam, marmalade, asparagus, beans, peas, tomatoes, sweet and sour pickles, etc., all grown and put up by the pupils of the school.

There is a practical and a theoretical course, both of which are obligatory. The practical course includes: (1) cooking, baking, and preserving; (2) washing and ironing; (3) housework, viz., bedmaking, sweeping, dusting, knowledge of the care of hardwood floors, and of blanket cleaning and summer storing; (4) flower, vegetable, and fruit growing; (5) poultry and bee-keeping; (6) sewing, dressmaking, mending, and repairing. The theoretical course comprises an advanced course in botany, chemistry, physics, political economy, and household-bookkeeping. The science of nourishment is also taught, as is a proper knowledge of the different cuts of meat, their average cost and weight, etc.; also "first aid to the injured" and how to prescribe for the simpler ailments in the ordinary household, and lastly the elementary methods of caring for the health and character of children.

The outdoor life presents equally wholesome and desirable surroundings. Here all kinds of vegetables, flowers, and fruits are grown, tended in the most scientific fashion by the pupils of the school. Lettuce and cauliflower, for instance, are grown under the large glass bells found so useful in the sewage market gardens about Paris, and the poultry, ducks, and geese are looked after with the utmost care and knowledge, the large result of which is a commendable supply of fresh eggs and marketable birds every week.

The girls take turns each week in attending to the various household duties; a certain number taking charge of the kitchen, planning all the meals, buying and paying for all the food, and preparing and cooking it for the whole school. Another set of pupils do all the sweeping and dusting, all the silver and brass polishing, take note of the condition of the floors, and see that fresh flowers are put in their accustomed places. Others, in turn, attend to the bees and poultry, and still others do the gardening. The instruction in sewing, mending, dressmaking, millinery, and embroidery is rich in results, and teaches method and thrift in buying clothes, and care in keeping them neat. Every detail of the daily housekeeping is thought out to a nicety, and as few maids are kept in the school, the pupils are made responsible for the proper and efficient care of the entire household. The indoor life prepares pretty solidly for

the subsequent duties of housewife and mother. It is safe to say that when these girls have their own establishments to manage, there will be neither culpable negligence nor ignorance.

MARY PARKINSON.

Munich, Germany, February 15.

THE DEATH OF LYDGATE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: John Metham's romance of "Amorys and Cleopes," soon to be published by the Early English Text Society, gives us closer limits for the death of the monk, John Lydgate. Writing, as he tells us in his "Envoy" in 27 Henry VI (1 Sept., 1448-31 Aug., 1449), Metham regrets that Chaucer and Lydgate are both dead. As the Pipe Rolls give the record of the payment to Lydgate of his pension up to Easter, 1449, the date of his death should seem to be fixed between Easter and September 1, 1449. Metham lived at Norwich, and had been a scholar at Cambridge. As a resident of East Anglia, he is entitled to full credence on such a matter as the death of the monk. His references to the monk's work show that he was acquainted with the very latest production of Lydgate's pen.

So far as I know, Metham's evidence has passed unnoticed in print. The recent article on Lydgate, in the Encyclopædia Britannica, quotes Metham's opinion of Lydgate's writing, but follows the Dictionary of National Biography in retaining 1451 as the date of the death of the Monk of Bury.

H. N. MACCRACKEN.

New Haven, Conn., February 23.

DIPLOMATIC SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The pamphlet of instruction issued by the Department of State, entitled "Information Regarding Appointments and Promotions in the Diplomatic Service of the United States," provides that "the object of the oral examination shall also be to determine the candidate's general alertness, general contemporary information, and natural fitness for the service, including mental, moral, and physical qualifications, character, address, general education, and good command of English." But the candidate is carefully asked if he is rich, or whether he depends upon his earnings for his living expenses. The Secretary of State recently, at a meeting held in New York, stated that it was impossible for the Department to recommend for appointment in the Diplomatic Service any but rich men. It would therefore seem that "general fitness for the service" included, among other qualifications, a private fortune. Does it also include political influence? Civil service examinations are supposed to be conducted on an impartial basis and to show no favor. Perhaps, however, the backing of a strong Senator or two may be included under "moral fitness."

Again, the pamphlet mentioned above provides: "The names of candidates will remain on the eligible list for two years, except in case of such candidates as shall within that period be appointed or shall withdraw their names." But if a candidate fails to qualify in the oral examination—that of "general fitness"—he is informed by the Department that "under the rule" he is not eligible to further designation or examination, and that he might as well drop out of the running. This in the face of the provisions of the regulations made by the President, November 26, 1909. What is this rule, and who made it? How does it take precedence over the instructions of the President and over the "Information" issued by the Department itself?

F. W. K.

City of Mexico, February 16.

Literature

ARCTIC VOYAGES.

In Northern Mists: Arctic Exploration in Early Times. By Fridtjof Nansen, G.C.V.O., D.Sc., D.C.L., Ph.D., Professor of Oceanography in the University of Christiania. Translated by Arthur G. Chater. In two volumes, with frontispieces in color and over one hundred and fifty illustrations in black-and-white. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Co. $8 net.

From J. Scott Keltie, we are told, came the impulse which led Dr. Nansen to the production of the *magnum opus* now before us. Asked to contribute an account of Arctic voyages to Dr. Keltie's series of books on geographical exploration, he accepted the commission and soon found himself involved in a sea of mingled myth, fiction, and history almost as hard to navigate as the dark, curdled outer waters of ancient and mediæval legend. But he has fought his way through, and no less an authority than Sir Clements R. Markham, in the *Geographical Journal* for January, has given him credit for drawing the veil from the mystery of early Arctic history, as he had previously drawn it from the mystery of Arctic geography. Confessedly not a master of the classical languages, he has called Amund Sommerfeldt to his aid in searching out and translating the numerous passages in ancient and mediæval Greek and Roman authors bearing upon his subject, as he has gone to Prof. Alexander Seippel for help with his Arab sources. We mention this chiefly as a suggestion to college and university history departments which are guilty of encouraging students to believe that they can fit themselves satisfactorily for "original research" in history with no broader linguistic equipment than a smattering of two or three modern languages.

Dr. Nansen has carried his work through with a noble enthusiasm. The whole story, he says, is a magnificent illustration of the power of the unknown over the mind of man. "Nowhere else have we won our way more slowly, nowhere else has every new step cost so much trouble, so many privations and sufferings, and certainly nowhere else have the resulting discoveries promised fewer material advantages—and, nevertheless, new forces have always been found to carry the attack farther, to stretch once more the limits of the world." The first three chapters are given to the ancients. Here Pytheas of Massilia, of course, towers above all others, though distance has unfortunately blurred the definite outlines of the tower, as in the well-known illustration of Lucretius. Little as the ancients grasped the possible meaning of his discoveries, however ready some of their historians were to accept his relations as true, enough has filtered down to justify Dr. Nansen in pronouncing him "one of the most capable and undaunted explorers the world has seen." To break out of the Mediterranean regions by sea as early as the time of Alexander the Great, and make his way to the Arctic Circle, coasting along northern Gaul and Germany, and bringing to the then civilized world its earliest first-hand knowledge of Great Britain, the Scottish Isles, Shetland, and Norway, was to set a pace which, all things considered, has not since been equalled. But the world of his time could neither mentally appreciate nor physically appropriate his discoveries. Dr. Nansen accepts fully the identification of the "Thule" of Pytheas with Norway, specifically combating the objections which Karl Müllenhoff raised against that view a few decades ago.

Later antiquity and the earlier Middle Ages made no real progress in northern research, being content merely to "chew the cud of knowledge that had been collected in remote antiquity," and that mostly at second hand, from the later Roman authors. The first mediæval contribution of serious import was recounted by the Roman historian Cassiodorus, but has reached us, unfortunately, only through the Goth Jordanes, in his "Origin and Deeds of the Goths." The information concerning the North contained in this work Dr. Nansen believes to have come largely from the Norwegian King Rodulph and his men, the reality of whose visit to Theodoric, King of the Goths, there seems to be no reason to question. The next authority of weight is the Byzantine Procopius, who had ample opportunity to gather first-hand information concerning the North from the northern warriors enlisted under Belisarius in the armies of the Eastern Empire. But we have not space to follow Dr. Nansen's chapters in detail. A point of prime interest to many readers will be his treatment of the much discussed discovery of America by the Norsemen. He holds firmly to the belief that such a discovery was actually made; but after his relentless wiping from the slate of all the well-known lore of "Wineland the Good," and other legends clinging around the name of Leif Ericson, one wishes that he had given a more definite statement of his positive reasons for accepting the dis-

covery as a fact. The very name "Wineland" is an accretion of far later date than the supposed discovery, and all the tales of wine and wheat found in such abundance by Leif and his men are traceable to familiar legends of classical antiquity, making their first appearance in Norse literature only in the saga of Eric the Red, at the close of the thirteenth century. Readers of "The Discovery of America," by John Fiske, will remember the high historical standing which he assigned to this saga. "That document contains unmistakable knowledge of some things which mediæval Europeans could by no human possibility have learned, except through a visit to some part of the coast of North America further south than Labrador or Newfoundland. It tells an eminently probable story in a simple, straightforward way, agreeing in its details with what we know of the North American coast between Point Judith and Cape Breton." Mr. Fiske made no difficulty of identifying the "self-sown wheat" of the saga as Indian corn, and took this and the mention of the vines as evidence that Leif's visit should be located not farther north than Massachusetts Bay. But, of course, he never accepted the alleged discovery of "Norumbega," at Watertown, and his arguments against the theory of any actual settlement by the Norsemen are keen and unanswerable.

In Nansen's view, however, Eric's saga "contains scarcely a single feature that is not wholly or in part mythical or borrowed from elsewhere." For the wine and the wheat of the saga we are to look not to the fields and forests of Northeastern America, but to ancient legend, gathered up in the pages of Isidore of Seville, whose description of the "Insulæ Fortunatæ" gradually worked its way into the North and inevitably connected itself with the mixture of myth and history which lay at the basis of such literature as the saga of Eric the Red. Professor Fiske could not see why the part of Eric's saga which deals with Greenland should be accepted and the rest discarded: "What shall be said of a style of criticism which, in dealing with one and the same document, cuts it in two in the middle and calls the first half history and the last half legend?" ("The Discovery of America," I, 213). But Nansen remarks in a footnote: "The beginning of this saga, dealing with the discovery of Greenland by Eric the Red, is taken straight out of the Landnámabók, and is thus much older." But for the loss of historic value Dr. Nansen finds solace in increased admiration for "the extraordinary powers of realistic description in Icelandic literature. In reading Eric's saga one cannot help being struck by the way in which many of the events are so described, often in a few words, that the whole thing is before one's eyes, and it is difficult to believe that it has not actually occurred." Professor Fiske took this very quality as a guarantee of the truth of the narrative, which to him read "not in the least like a fairy-tale, but often much like a ship's log." But Nansen adds to the words above quoted: "This is just the same quality that characterizes our Norwegian fairy-tales: all that is supernatural is made so natural and realistic that it is brought straight before one. The Icelanders created the realistic novel; and at a time when the prose style of Europe was still in its infancy their prose narrative often reaches the summit of clear simplicity." Dr. Nansen clinches his extended discussion of the whole matter with a formidable array of twenty-two numbered paragraphs, but it would be rash to predict that "the last word has been said." In the field of historical argument the *clôture* is hard to apply. Dr. Nansen's views on the subject were uttered in an address before the Royal Geographical Society, in November, and any who have access to the *Geographical Journal* (December) will be interested in its account of the discussion which followed, in which the participants were Lord Curzon, Sir Clements Markham, and G. M. Gathorne-Hardy, Lord Curzon betraying the strongest signs of reluctance to give up any material part of the story of "Leif the Lucky."

Mediæval cartography, Arab geographers, compass-charts, the maps of Claudius Clavus, and fifteenth-century maps are among the various subjects which, along with accounts of actual or alleged voyages of discovery, go to make up a work which it is safe to predict will see no rival in the lifetime of the present generation.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Progress of Mrs. Cripps-Middlemore. By Gerard Bendall. New York: John Lane Co.

A Mr. Hugo Street, reviewer, makes his casual appearance in these pages, and leaves behind him at least one memorable utterance. His journal, he complains, is "literally inundated" with fiction, and he has been compelled to invent a means of relief: "If a book is slangy, middle-class, vulgar, we call it a little effort in the style of Dickens; if full of cheap cynicism and maudlin sentiment, a contribution after the manner of Thackeray; if the writer appears to have been to school, and to have a slight acquaintance with the classics, we say an essay in the well-known style of Thomas Love Peacock." From this unexpected conjunction of Peacock with Dickens and Thackeray, and from the evidence of the present book, we should say that Mr. Bendall has been accused of being "Peacockian." So he is, in a sense, and we take this to be a unique distinction in this day. He bears quite as close a relation to Peacock as Mr. De Morgan to Dickens, or Mrs. Watts to Thackeray. Why should not Mr. Hugo Streets be permitted to call attention to so interesting a fact? The group of persons who revolve about the bland figure of Mrs. Cripps-Middlemore are as carefully chosen types as the intimates of Crochet Castle or Gryll Grange; and there is no doubt as to the lineage of the suave, ironical style in which the story is told. The dialogue often amounts to discourse rather than conversation, and the range of topics touched upon is wide. But in one respect—and this gives the book its peculiar tone—Mr. Bendall seems to derive from an older master than Peacock, namely, the Reverend Laurence Sterne. "The Philanderers" would have been a good title for this story, if it had been available. These persons, young and old, involve themselves in an extraordinary series of amatory situations, with which it is not professed that passion has anything to do, unless as the man about town understands the word. There is a great deal of insinuation and double meaning—a method more provocative than calling a spade a spade, and less in accordance with the traditions of the English-speaking race.

The Heart of Us. By T. R. Sullivan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Love-making in Boston, with excursions into a rigidly respectable Boston Bohemia of Temple players to temper the decorum of the Back Bay, supplies this tale with its somewhat slender thread of romance. Upon that thread is strung a deal of circumstantial evidence to prove the story's right to a Boston habitat. The evidence includes much talk, seasoned with learning in the shape of quotations from the Latin poets, and culture in the guise of allusions to more modern classics. There are hints also of a staid and sober philosophy such as might ripen in the precincts of the Common and take the air upon Commonwealth Avenue.

The hero is a young man of Beacon Street lineage, whose chief claim to the reader's interest is his possession of a soul strong enough to prefer banking to play-writing, in spite of having scored an initial success as translator of a French piece and a subsequent failure with a play of his own devising. This superiority to the weakness of lesser men comes very near losing him the love of an excellent New England young woman with "views." And there you have the plot and the story. An elderly mentor and another excellent New England young woman of the innermost Brahmin circle assist the development with their several gifts of experience and feminine guile, and the little party

of Bohemians assemhled around the leading comedian of the Temple company provide the lovers with a curtain-raiser and a finale to their own drama. There are touches here and there of something which might almost be life, might almost he charm—but just misses the mark.

The Believing Years. By Edmund Lester Pearson. New York: The Macmillan Co.

These are stories retold, in an altered form, from a series puhlished in the *Outlook*. They are very real reproductions of the mind and activities of the ordinary small hoy. He is not the hoy of Kenneth Graham, nor of Rohert Louis Stevenson, nor of Mrs. Ewing, hut the unvarnished man-child living in a somewhat unvarnished surrounding, having feelings and experiences which pertain less to the castle-huilding, hero-worshipping child than to our own familiar little Toms, Dicks, and Harrys. The appeal is perhaps less to the lover of universal childhood than to the rememherer of his own. Any man who has hated arithmetic, has loved fishing, egg-hunting, playing Indian, or has saved his pennies to go to the circus will follow reminiscently the vacation days of Sam and his fellows. Here are photographs of hoyhood as it used to he when one was a hoy in a New England coast town—a hoyhood not unconcerned with knightly adventure, hut having also largely to do with strange messes cooked out of doors, with wriggling moist treasures, and experimental huryings and up-diggings. The stories are pleasantly told, simply, with a twinkle of the eye and with a climactic prick at the end of each one.

The Toll Bar. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Whether of earlier or later origin, this is a disappointing story from the author of "Down Our Street." The rich and quiet humor, the tenderness, the simplicity of that delightful hook are altogether lacking here. Instead we have a melodramatic plot, rudimentary characterization, and a general straining for effect. The chief persons are pale caricatures, relics of a cruder age of fiction. Daniel Oldroyd, the landlord of the Toll Bar Inn, is an inhuman monster who cannot be made credihle hy the assertion that "he stood on the bedrock of things where men's instincts generate and mature while their souls remain in emhryo." He is a mere hogey. And his wife, with her pallor, her impassivity, and her interminahle patchwork, into which she stitches the substance of a lifelong tragedy, is at hest no hetter than a stage presence. The young hero, Richard, supposed to be laboring under an equally tragic curse, is nothing more or less than a selfish young dream-cuh, a paper-doll Hamlet. What if Oldroyd had murdered Richard's father? Richard need not on that account have taken to himself the rôle of emotional jumping-jack, at poor Alice Oldroyd's expense: his sentimental reactions hecome tiresome to the point of nausea before we are done with them, and we wish heartily that Oldroyd's daughter would send him ahout his business. But her part is that of the modern Griselda, and she plays it not without dignity, the only real figure in a world of not very skilfully manipulated puppets.

LIFE OF FREDERIC HARRISON.

Autobiographic Memoirs. By Frederic Harrison. New York: The Macmillan Co. 2 vols. $7.50 net.

Mr. Harrison sets for a motto on his title-page, *Vivre au grand jour*, and whoever reads his two volumes will recognize its fitness: for from early manhood until his eighty-first year, in which he completed this autohiography, Mr. Harrison has always heen living in hroad daylight. He has heen among the first to detect and to welcome the currents of fresh thought and to enlist in the vanguard of new causes.

To epitomize the suhstance of these reminiscences would require a closely-packed essay: but we can at least indicate their quality. They are as frank as Mill's—an ohvious virtue; and if they do not leave so deep an impression upon us as Mill's, it is hecause we never feel that the tragic conflicts of life ground as poignantly into Mr. Harrison's soul as we know they did into Mill's. Mr. Harrison, like Ulysses, seems to have habitually taken the thunder and the sunshine with a frolic welcome; and at eighty, he declares himself an optimist. He has seen the world improve greatly during his life-time: but he admits that its present lack of faith in religion is the cause of many evils, and that the growing dishelief in the family is "the most dangerous symptom of our age."

Mr. Harrison's method as an autobiographer is somewhat mixed: for he intersperses chapters of straightforward narrative with others devoted to special topics or general information. Thus he interrupts his account of his education, in order to discuss the reforms introduced into Oxford sixty years ago and to contrast old Oxford with that of 1910. So, too, he digresses into a survey of the Crimean War, or of India during the Mutiny, or of a dozen political and social issues. If this method, on the one hand, prevents a perfect fusion of autohiographic material, it permits, on the other, the introduction of much valuable material, such as his gallery of pen-portraits of Mill, Bright, and the politicians of 1860-70, or his paper on London life during that decade, or his description of French celehrities. All this would convince any doubter that the memoirs are thoroughly documented; and in addition, Mr. Harrison furnishes appendices containing sections of his correspondence, extracts from his diary, and even from his pamphlets and other sources.

As is often the case with honest autohiographies, so with Mr. Harrison's, the story of his childhood and formative years is the most interesting of all. Besides an unusually inquisitive mind, he had the interest that a healthy hoy should have in unhookish things. But he preferred normal exercise to athletics. Though he began early to speculate on the ultimate facts of life, he seems never to have suffered any spiritual pangs, much less such a wrench as his elder contemporaries, Clough and Arnold, experienced, in breaking away from the religious traditions in which they were hred. Mr. Harrison became a rationalist, and, when he reached maturity, a Positivist. It is as the chief British disciple of Comte, indeed, that he has heen latterly most easily classified, and these volumes will need to he referred to by whoever wishes to follow the fortunes of Comtism during the last half-century.

But although Mr. Harrison himself naturally regards this as the most important concern of his career, there were many others which will appeal quite as strongly to most of his readers. Without ever sitting in Parliament, he was behind the scenes in more than one political campaign. Politicians of hoth parties trusted him, and he had intimates among churchmen and dissenters, Roman Catholics and agnostics. By the accident of early schooling in France, he came into close sympathies with the French, and in middle life he more than once served the London *Times* as special correspondent on the occasion of French political crises. Especially interesting are his pages about the birth of the repuhlic and the monarchist plot of 1877. Mr. Harrison had a way of turning up on the Continent just at the right moment to report a political upheaval. He kept copious diaries and wrote voluminous letters, from some of which he has drawn vivid passages. One might fill a page with hright anecdotes and epigrams. Gamhetta's definition of Blowitz, for instance, is worthy of Bismarck's wit: "Il a tous les vices—il est Juif, Bohême, Catholique, et décoré." To which Blowitz might have replied that the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, if he would succeed, must be all things to all men.

These "Memoirs" confirm the impression that Mr. Harrison's talent is that of the puhlicist—or pamphleteer, as he would have been called in the Georgian era. He mentions some eighty essays, hesides his lectures and addresses, and

letters and discussions in the newspapers. His volumes, with the exception of his short biographies of Cromwell, William the Silent, Ruskin, and Chatham, are mostly collections of articles which first appeared in the magazines. He has displayed remarkable versatility, but that alone would not account for the impression he has made. While he has treated many themes, he has put himself into each essay. He has written, as he has worked, to promote great causes. His love of fair-play, his sturdy honesty, his belief in liberty, and his courage flow through all his writings. He has a refreshing frankness in giving his downright opinions. Even on the emotional side he is not deficient—witness his tributes to Ruskin—although, like many another Englishman, he usually prefers to show the world his intellectual side only. But it is his gift of pungent speech that has carried his voice far. He criticised English manners, morals, and men with perfect independence and more than cleverness: and that the English like, if it be done by one of themselves and not by a foreigner. He formed his opinions, as he took his views, at first hand, and always in broad daylight. His "Memoirs," like his varied tastes and enthusiasms, should appeal to diverse readers.

Addresses Delivered in the University of St. Andrews. By Sir James Donaldson. Printed for the University by T. & A. Constable.

The traditional English attitude towards education appears to be founded upon the conception that it is primarily a private matter, with which the state ought to interfere as little as possible. To care for it is one of the proper functions of the family, or of voluntary private initiative. Of course, the church early took a hand, but mainly for the sake of providing itself with trained servants. Thus its activity was directly comparable to that of the family in the same field. Scotland, however, looks at things from quite a different standpoint, at least since the Reformation. It has to thank John Knox for a system of popular education based on a conception of the duty of the state which is a commonplace also in America. When the state in Scotland disestablished Romanism, it naturally possessed itself of the academic ecclesiastical foundations, but in the course of the juggling back and forth from which that unfortunate realm suffered for more than a century, the endowments of the universities were in large measure diverted from their original purpose. The state assumed authority over the universities, and responsibility for their maintenance. But Scotland became politically united with England, and to the Parliament at Westminster, thoroughly English in traditions and sentiments, the Scotch universities must henceforth look for supplies. The result was lamentable. The Englishman held a different theory from the Scot about the duty of the state towards education, and declined to recognize that in taking over the rights and emoluments of the northern realm he had inherited responsibilities other than those he acknowledged in his own country. The Scotch universities were left to poverty and hard work. From this untoward condition they are only just now emerging, and that with but grudging assistance from Parliament, upon which they directly and willingly ac knowledge themselves to be dependent.

The University of St. Andrews, the oldest of the Scotch foundations, has just celebrated with great scholastic impressiveness its five hundredth birthday. At the same time its well-beloved principal, Sir James Donaldson, completed the twenty-fifth year of his extremely able administration. As his own contribution to the quincentenary celebrations he has republished in a handsome volume the series of public academic addresses with which he has opened the successive years of scholastic work. In each he reviews briefly the history of the past year, and in many he sets forth with considerable fulness, and in charming manner, some item in the earlier annals of the University, or his own views about scholastic ideals of the present and future. The result is a volume of much more interest than a formal history could have possessed, because of the greater intimacy to which the reader is admitted. The American reader will find it unique in affording him an inside view of the wide difference of ideal, standpoint, method, and character between Scotland and England. Principal Donaldson's theories of education are most sane and virile, and much in point for America as well as for Scotland. Incidentally also the temperamental kinship between American and Scotchman, as contrasted with the lack of it between American and Englishman, can here be further observed; and much of the recent history of the internal development of St. Andrews is strangely like that of a New England college a generation ago. But no American faculty of equal size could measure up in scholarly achievement to the remarkable faculty of St. Andrews.

Political and Ecclesiastical Allegory of the First Book of the Faerie Queene. By Frederick Morgan Padelford. Boston: Ginn & Co. 75 cents.

That there was a certain amount of political allegory in Spenser's great poem, even in the first book, has, of course, always been recognized. A suggestion of Spenser's eighteenth-century editor, Upton, that the Red Cross Knight might be identical with Henry VIII as Defensor Fidei, led J. Ernest Whitney, in the Transactions of the American Philological Association for 1888, to develop the theory that there was a general correspondence of the kind just indicated. Professor Padelford takes up this theory again but carries it much further, inasmuch as he tries to discover in the political and ecclesiastical history of England during the Reformation the key to every character or incident of any importance in the first book of Spenser's poem—so that this book becomes under his interpretation a detailed allegorical history. To drive a theory as hard as this arouses in the reader a spirit of incredulity, which, we believe, is not likely to be allayed on a closer examination of the evidence. For, according to this supposition, in planning the first book (which alone is considerably more than half the length of "Paradise Lost"), Spenser set himself the task of inventing a series of imaginative incidents which should constitute a continuous moral and religious allegory, itself of an intricate character, and at the same time an allegorical reflection throughout of the historical development of the English Reformation. That he intended the first is, of course, beyond dispute, and it is merely a question of the second. Now, on the face of it, such a procedure is highly improbable. There is nothing similar elsewhere in the history of allegory, and the enterprise is one from which even the most heroic spirit might have shrunk. As a matter of fact, Professor Padelford, himself, breaks down at the Cave of Despair and the reader shares his sense of exhaustion. This is bound to be the fate, we are convinced, of any commentator who endeavors to hold down the poet to so complex and rigorous a scheme.

Spenser has told us that Belphœbe is intended to represent Queen Elizabeth in certain aspects, yet no one would maintain that much—perhaps most—that is related of this heroine has any allegorical significance; but, if this is true of a character of the later books, why should we expect such rigorous consistency in the first book, even though the allegory here is, obviously, more systematic? In matters so vague it is as hard to combat as to defend such identifications as those proposed by our author: Sansfoy with Wolsey, Sansloy with Gardiner, Sansjoy with Pole, Sir Satyrane with Cranmer, the lion with Thomas Cromwell. In the case of Sansjoy, as Professor Padelford acknowledges, the identification has little force; and there are serious flaws in that of Sir Satyrane, for Cranmer was not of illegitimate birth, and Sir Satyrane should have lost his life in the defence of Una, if the two were identical. Furthermore, whatever Gardiner's faults may have been, we do not see any appropriateness in applying to him the name, Sansloy, or "Lawlessness."

The identification of Wolsey with Sansfoy of necessity rests on considerations of the vaguest kind, for the character appears in only one passage of eight stanzas. It seems to us, moreover, that if Professor Padelford's theory is correct, he is called on to supply the historical key to such minor characters as Fradubio and Fralissa, a task which he does not attempt. Finally, we do not believe that Spenser's appeal to the muse of history, apparently, rather than to the muse of epic poetry in the Prologue to this first book, affords any support to our author's thesis. In the introductory letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, Spenser designates the great epic poets, Homer, Virgil, Ariosto, and Tasso as "poets historicall." This reveals sufficiently his point of view.

Tennyson and His Friends. Edited by Hallam, Lord Tennyson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.

It is a matter of taste whether the reader will enjoy this collection of reminiscences as a whole. The present reviewer, who in general is none too squeamish in accepting the personal records of great men, must admit that his final impression of this work of filial piety was not altogether pleasant. Possibly he was prejudiced against the whole book by the opening chapter, which contains the Recollections of My Early Life, by Emily, Lady Tennyson. "You ask me," the writer begins, "to tell you something of my life before marriage at Horncastle in Lincolnshire. It would be hard indeed not to do anything you ask of me if within my power. To say the truth, this particular thing you want is somewhat painful." Lady Tennyson's instinctive repugnance is in nicer taste than her son's insistence. Her Recollections are rather feeble and should never have been printed. Certain other chapters contributed by willing or unwilling friends of the poet are garrulous or empty, and, especially in these days when his own name is somewhat under eclipse for the sentimentality of much of his verse, will not add to his fame. Two of the sections are made up of Tennyson's own poems on his Cambridge and later friends. It is somewhat significant of the tone of the book that "A Character" is not included:

With a half-glance upon the sky
At night he said, "The wanderings
Of this most intricate Universe
Teach me the nothingness of things."
Yet could not all creation pierce
Beyond the bottom of his eye.
. . . . . .
With lips depress'd as he were meek,
Himself unto himself he sold:
Upon himself himself did feed:
Quiet, dispassionate, and cold,
And other than his form of creed,
With chisell'd features clear and sleek.

That caustic portrait, we believe of the future Master of Trinity (one of the finest things Tennyson ever wrote, by the way), would have been a relief in these pages. We miss something of Thompson's own pungent and uncharitable observations.

But if the taste of the book as a whole may be questioned, there are sections of it that stand out by the solidity of the information or by the entertainment they provide. Perhaps the most purely interesting chapter is that in which Willingham Rawnsley writes of Tennyson and Lincolnshire. There are bits of admirable description in these pages, with many quotations showing how persistently (the fact was already well known, of course) the sights and sounds of the Lincolnshire wold and marsh recur in the poet's works. Nor have we ever read a better account of the families about Somersby visited by the Tennysons, or of the peasants and servants whose sturdy independence made so deep an impression on the poet's mind. The story of the old Waterloo cavalryman who served as coachman at Halton Rectory (the home of the Rawnsleys), may not be new, though we do not at the moment recall having read it before. At any rate, it is amusing enough and characteristic enough to be repeated:

Perhaps his most famous saying was addressed to my younger brother, who, when attempting to copy his elders who always jumped the quickest hedge opposite the saddle-room as a short cut to the house, had stuck in the thorns and cried, "Grayson, Grayson, come and help me out!" The old man slowly wiped his hands, and with his usual deliberation said, "Yis, I'm a-coming." "But look sharp, confound you, it's pricking me." "Oh, if you're going to sweër you may stay theër, and be damned to you."

The best of the character sketches, to our taste, is the long chapter on James Spedding, contributed by W. Aldis Wright—Spedding, "the Pope among us young men, the wisest man I know," as Tennyson said; the scholar who spent a lifetime whitewashing Bacon, and whose majestic head furnished FitzGerald with some of his best raillery; as in his letter to Laurence: "You have, of course, read the account of Spedding's forehead landing in America, etc." And if Spedding's altitudinous brow was the cause of wit in the letters of others, some of his own letters, as given here by Professor Wright, if not exactly witty, are solid and good, and in their way, as becomes a great Baconian, entertaining. We wish that Professor Wright had been able to give us more of the correspondence between Spedding and Thompson.

Other chapters of particular interest are those that deal with Frederick and Charles Tennyson and with the poet's friendship for W. G. Ward. In the letters of Frederick something may be observed of the mystical vein that ran through the family, and that finds full expression in the poems of Alfred quoted in the chapter on W. G. Ward. Altogether, as we con over the passages we have marked while reading the book, we are inclined to ask if our first judgment of the whole work was not too severe.

The Indian Tribes of the Upper Mississippi Valley and Region of the Great Lakes, as described by Nicholas Perrot, French Commandant in the Northwest; Bacqueville de la Potherie, French Royal Commissioner to Canada; Morrell Marsten, American Army Officer; and Thomas Forsyth, United States Agent at Fort Armstrong. Translated, edited, annotated, and with bibliography and index, by Emma Helen Blair. 2 vols. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co. $10 net.

These two volumes of approximately four hundred pages each are the last work of one who, during her life, had become known as a careful and painstaking student in a limited field of research. Miss Blair has here made available for English readers two important, but little known, French sources of information about the Indians inhabiting the Great Lake region, and besides these, two later accounts of the Sauk and Fox Indians, written by Americans. To these longer memorials there are added, as appendices, a biographical sketch of Nicolas Perrot; notes on Indian social organizations and mental and religious life, by modern ethnologists; and letters written to the editor by missionaries and other observers, "describing the character and present conditions of the Sioux, Potawatomi, and Winnebago tribes." The whole work is provided with long and scholarly notes.

The Memoir by Perrot, which was written in the years from 1680 to 1718, was first published with voluminous annotations by Father Failhan in 1864. Although it is not difficult to purchase in the second-hand book market, it is not as well known outside the circle of specialists as it should be, for it is a far better and more reliable account of the Indians than the more famous works of Father Hennepin, Baron La Hontan, and Jonathan Carver. Perrot lived for nearly forty years as *coureur de bois*, trader, and explorer among the natives, and came to know them as few men of his generation did. In his Memoir he treats at length of Indian life as it manifested itself in various ways, and adds thereto an excellent history of the wars of the Iroquois with the nations of the Lake region. The other French work is the "History of the Savage Peoples who are Allies of New France," by Claude Charles Le Roy, Sieur de Bacqueville de la Potherie. It is the second volume of the author's "Histoire de l'Amérique

septentrionale." La Potherie's first employment in America was in the squadron under D'Iberville that was sent in 1697 to drive the English out of Hudson's Bay. The following year he was appointed to the newly created post of comptroller-general of the marine and fortifications in Canada, where he lived till family affairs compelled him to go to Guadaloupe. The second volume of his history only is here translated, as its basis is the lost memorials of Perrot.

The translations have been faithfully, although not brilliantly, executed. Miss Blair's long experience as a translator for the "Jesuit Relations" and works of similar character has fitted her well for this kind of editorial work. For Perrot's Memoir she has generally retained or else summarized Father Tailhan's notes, her own longer notes being reserved for the other documents.

The last two documents are of much less importance and of later date. The letter of Major Marsten, addressed to the Rev. Dr. Morse, was written in 1820; and the "Account of the Manners and Customs of the Sauk and Foxes," by Thomas Forsyth, bears the date 1827. Both are very interesting, and the latter is printed for the first time, but one wonders why such a long leap across the "sands of time" was made. Certainly there are similar accounts of the Indians of the Lake region, both printed and unprinted, which might have been found to bridge the gap of one hundred years, during which time most important changes occurred among the Indians, both in customs and their geographical situation.

The frontispiece of the first volume is a map showing the location of the leading Indian tribes from the earliest time until they were driven across the Mississippi. The making of a map to show the position of shifting tribes with large hunting areas over which they roamed offers great difficulties, which Miss Blair has succeeded in overcoming; but the notice of the reviewer is caught by some errors. She locates the Peoria Indians at Kaskaskia from 1700-1833, and on the Illinois River from 1768-1832. The fact is that they were at the latter place when Joliet and Marquette came up the river in 1673, and never removed from there until the nineteenth century. It is evident, both from note 19 on page 46 and the map, that Miss Blair has committed the usual error of identifying the eastern and western divisions of the Shawnee, for she writes of that tribe crossing and recrossing the Alleghanies, when the truth is that the western division moved only from the Cumberland River to the Ohio about 1700, and never farther eastward. The attempt to associate one division with the movements of both has unfortunately led to several curious mistakes in dates on the map. These do not seriously impair the value of the work, however, and the two volumes will be regarded by historians as a worthy and fitting monument to the memory of a faithful scholar; and the publishers have given the work a beautiful setting through their choice of paper, printing, and illustration.

Notes

Included in Macmillan's list of spring publications, part of which was printed in the *Nation* last week, are: "The Hill of Vision," poems by James Stephens; "Daily Bread," poems by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson; "Swinburne," by George Edward Woodberry; "Tennyson and His Friends," edited by Hallam Lord Tennyson; "The Complete Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer," put into modern English by John S. P. Tatlock and Percy MacKaye; "Thoughts on Education: Chosen from the Writings of Matthew Arnold," edited by Leonard Huxley; "Expository Writing," by Maurice G. Fulton; "A Course in Public Speaking," by I. L. Winter; "Laws of Wages," by Henry L. Moore; "Essentials of Socialism," by Ira B. Cross; "The Governments of Europe," by Frederick Austin Ogg; "Initiative, Referendum, and Recall Documents," by Charles A. Beard; "Readings on Parties and Elections in the United States," by Chester Lloyd Jones; "The New Realism," by Profs. E. B. Holt, W. T. Marvin, W. P. Montague, R. B. Perry, W. B. Pitkin, and E. G. Spaulding, and "Outline of a History of Psychology," by Max Dessoir.

The following books will be published by Houghton Mifflin Company on March 2: "The Plain Path," a novel by Frances Symmes Allen; "Copyright: Its History and Law," by R. R. Bowker; "The Adventure of Life," by Wilfred T. Grenfell; "Socialism and Character," by Vida D. Scudder; "The Rolling Earth: Outdoor Scenes and Thoughts from the Writings of Walt Whitman," compiled by Waldo R. Browne; "The Boy and His Gang," by J. Adams Puffer, and "Improvement of Rural Schools," by Ellwood P. Cubberley.

Among the new books announced by Scribners are: "The Sources of Religious Insight," by Josiah Royce; "Suggestion and Psychotherapy," by Dr. George W. Jacoby; "The Abolition Crusade and Its Consequences," by Hillary A. Herbert, with a preface by James Ford Rhodes; "Courts, Criminals, and the Camorra," by Arthur Train; "Wisconsin: an Experiment of Democracy," by Frederic C. Howe, and a volume of verse called "Wild Oats: Moods, Songs, and Doggerels," by John Galsworthy.

T. & T. Clark publications, which will be imported this season by Scribners, include: "Greece and Babylon: A Comparative Sketch of Mesopotamian, Anatolian, and Hellenic Religions," by Lewis R. Farnell; "The Religion of the Ancient Celts," by Canon MacCulloch; "A History of Creeds and Confessions of Faith in Christendom and Beyond," by W. A. Curtis; "Communion with God: The Preparation Before Christ and the Realization in Him," by Darewell Stone and David Capell Simpson; "Christ's Message of the Kingdom: A Course of Daily Study for Private Students and for Bible Circles," by A. G. Hogg; "At the Temple Church," by the Rev. H. G. Woods, and "A Disciple's Religion," by the Rev. W. H. Hutton.

Little, Brown & Co.'s miscellaneous spring publications include: "A Handbook of Home Economics," by Etta Proctor Flagg; "The Boys' Parkman," compiled by Louise S. Hasbrouck; "The British West Indies," by Algernon E. Aspinwall in the All-Red British Empire series; "Pin Money Suggestions," by Lilian W. Babcock, and "Anomalies of the English Law," by S. Beach Chester.

Prof. William T. Brewster's "English Composition and Style," and Prof. Carl Holliday's "English Fiction," which latter is a study of the story-telling instinct among the English people and a survey of the English novel from the fifth to the twentieth century, are in preparation by the Century Company.

Messrs. Methuen announce a new biographical study of William the Silent, by Jack Collings Squire.

Gilbert K. Chesterton has written an introduction for the Rev. A. H. Baverstock's "The English Agricultural Labourer," which Mr. Fifield will shortly issue.

The fifth and final volume of Petrus Johannes Blok's "History of the People of the Netherlands," translated by Oscar A. Bierstadt, is promised by Putnams for early March.

In the list of Fleming H. Revell Company we note: "American-Japanese Relations," by Prof. Kiyoshi K. Kawakami; "The Battle of Principles: A Story of the Heroism and Eloquence of the Anti-Slavery Conflict," by Newell Dwight Hillis, and "The Stolen Bridegroom and Other East Indian Idylls," by Anstice Abbott.

Moffat, Yard & Co. have in hand: "The Blind Road," a new novel by Hugh Gordon; "On the Trail to Sunset," the story of a motor trip across the country, by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Willy, and "The Sentence of Silence," by Reginald Wright Kauffman.

"The Festival Book—May-day Pastimes and the Maypole" is the title of a book by Mrs. Jennette E. C. Lincoln which is now in the press of the A. S. Barnes Company.

Prof. Morris W. Croll has prepared notes and an introduction for "English Lyrics from Dryden to Burns," announced by Holt as a number of the English Readings for Schools series, edited by Prof. W. L. Cross.

The same house will bring out shortly "Language Lessons for Intermediate Grades," by Dr. Alma Blount.

The three memoirs which make the text of "Cambridge Under Queen Anne" (London: Bell & Sons) were already accessible in type. The memoir of Ambrose Bonwicke, indeed, was published in 1870 by Prof. J. E. B. Mayor himself, with this statement:

> This volume is extracted from "Cambridge Under Queen Anne," which will also comprise visits to London, to Oxford, and particularly Cambridge, by Francis Burman in 1702, and by Zacharias Conrad von Uffenbach in 1710. The complete work is printed mainly for such of my private friends as are interested in the history of the Universities, and in the advancement of learning and science.

Professor Mayor never printed the complete work, but at the time of his death he had prepared a vast mass of notes illustra-

tive chiefly of the allusions to Cambridge in these three tracts, and these, with the tracts themselves, are now issued by the care of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society. To his task of annotation the editor brought the same patient and inexhaustible learning which distinguishes his "Juvenal." The result is something like an encyclopædic account of a host of obscure men and books, without neglect of some of the larger names. As an example of these biographical sketches we may specify the pages on the too little known and read Benjamin Whichcote. Nor are customs and places ignored in the editor's all-embracing interest. As for the three tracts themselves, those of Burman and Uffenbach are mainly valuable for the allusions and details which have instigated the editor's research. Bonwicke's memoir, written by his father, gives the pathetic story of a scholar of St. John's, who died early from consumption, to which excessive study and painful religion were contributory causes. Were it not for something hectic in the young man's faith (not to use the harsher word, priggish), we might think ourselves, while reading his letters and devotional exercises, back in the mid-seventeenth century instead of the deistic days of Anne. His difficulty in taking the oaths and his conscientious manner of evading their consequences are of considerable interest for the psychological student of history.

"The Puhlic Library of the City of Boston" is the history by its librarian, Horace G. Wadlin, of the first large library established as a municipal institution. Its founders, therefore, are justly entitled to be called the fathers of the public library movement. Singularly enough the interest in it was awakened by a French actor, Alexandre Vattemare, who had left the stage in order to promote a system of international exchange of books and the establishment of free public libraries and museums in all countries. With this end in view he came to Boston in 1841 and explained his plan at a public meeting, with the result that a committee was appointed to consider the practicability of the scheme. Though some of the leading citizens pleaded for the library as completing the system of popular education, yet it was regarded, says George Ticknor, the Spanish historian, "by many whose judgment and influence could neither be wisely nor safely overlooked, as an experiment, promising little real or lasting good to the city." This opposition was gradually overcome, and the library was put on a firm basis in 1852 by the unexpected gift of $50,000 from Joshua Bates, a member of the house of Baring Bros. His reason for it is given in a letter to a friend:

> My own experience as a poor boy convinced me of the great advantage of such a library. Having no money to spend and no place to go to, not being able to pay for a fire in my own room, I could not pay for books, and the best way I could pass my evenings was to sit in Hastings, Etheridge & Bliss's bookstore, and read what they kindly permitted me to; and I am confident that had there heen good, warm, and well-lighted rooms to which we could have resorted, with proper books, nearly all the youth of my acquaintance would have spent their evenings there, to the improvement of their minds and morals.

The larger part of the book is naturally of purely local interest. After tracing the development of the library and enumerating its notable gifts and collections, the author gives brief biographical sketches of the leading trustees and librarians, the closing chapter being devoted to an account of its present condition and method of operation. Inciuding the branches it contains nearly a million volumes, the home use being more than 1,500,000 annually. One of the earliest gifts, it is interesting to note, was about fifty volumes from the city of Paris. The educational value of the library is shown by the fact that "four hundred and seventy-seven different volumes were recently consulted in one day by students from a single college." The work, which is the product of the library press, contains a map showing the location of the hranches and reading-rooms, pictures of its three homes, and fourteen portraits.

Though the argument is labored, repetitious, and too long spun out, William Boyd's book may be recommended as a work of solid usefuness for one seeking to form a clear conception of "The Educational Theory of Jean Jacques Rousseau" (Longmans). Dr. Boyd makes use of the political writings, and the "Nouvelle Héloïse," quite as much as of the "Emile"; for, as he shows, Rousseau's pedagogy is everywhere involved in his politics. Indeed, it is a question whether, in the present volume, the politics is not the major topic. In one mood an extreme individualist, in another an equally extreme socialist, Rousseau aims in his theory of education, now to develop the self-sufficient man, now again the good citizen. The truth is, however, according to Dr. Boyd, that in both cases he is thinking of the small, well-harmonized social group, such as the city-state of his native Geneva, or, in his pedagogical theory, the family. His hostility to society is directed, therefore, against the modern nation, for which neither his social nor his educational theory is able to provide. Yet, with all his defects as a man and as a writer, he has performed an imnortant service to modern education—a service more warmly appreciated in the preface than in the text—in being the first of a series of writers to call attention to the point of view of the child. With the passing of Froebel and Herbart, the direct influence of Rousseau came to an end. At present, however, we are witnessing a recrudescence of Rouseilianism in our American "child-study," which Dr. Boyd thinks to he of doubtful value, with the exception of the writings of Prof. John Dewey, to whom he accords high praise.

Edwin J. Dingle, the author of "Across China on Foot, Life in the Interior and the Reform Movement" (Holt), is a young English journalist, who seems to have first determined upon a waik across China as a vacation ramble, with little preparation for the trip and with even less appreciation of its risks. It might be wished, since he has ventured into print, that he had taken the precaution to study his subject, if not the language of the country, before starting. As it was, he wasted a considerable amount of vital energy in the performance of a task made more difficult than it had need to be, and produced a result hardly commensurate in value with his pains. But time and experience are effective teachers. The traveller becomes less commonplace in his observations as he becomes accustomed to the people and the land, and at the end of an arduous year he is able to contribute information about them that is worth recording. In another book, which he promises to write on the aboriginal tribes of southwestern China, he bids fair to produce a work of serious interest, but he is likely to live long enough to regret the rather inconsequential character of this first effort. Mr. Dingle's pedestrian tour comprised the river trip of 1,500 miles by steamer and boat to Chung-king, and thence 1,600 miles on foot and horse to British Burma. It might be unfair to insist upon the misnomer involved in his title, but it deserves mention. Half the distance across China by road was enough almost to kill him in two illnesses brought on by hardships; had be undertaken to perform the other half in the same way he would presumably have perished incontinently. Throughout his long tramp he proves himself to be a cheerful traveller, fairly observant of the things which he can see, though not always inspiring confidence in the things repeated as told him by his "boy." His record has been compiled from a diary written on the way in 1909, without much revision and often corrected by footnotes added a year later, which occasionally contradict the statements in the text.

Mr. Dingle's interest in the countrymen of China reveals a sympathetic nature. Like most visitors who take the trouble to get their point of view, he sees great possibilities in even the lowest grades of the people and is not repelled by their uniform indifference to filth and squalor. Indications of new currents surging in the life of these remote districts were visible frequently if not everywhere; but to the question "Does China really want the foreigner?" he is inclined to return an unqualified "no." Yet if change means progress, China is progressing rapidly, for every considerable centre he reached displayed the two signs which chiefly mark her departure from her old ways—public schools and modern military establishments. The former are hardly more than an advertisement of what is yet to come, a costly plant already well begun, but no educated class so far produced that is capable of moulding the opinion of the community. The Model Army already developed in Yun-nan impresses him, however, as being a thoroughly trained and equipped force. "The military academy," he declares, "would be a credit to any town in India; the discipline and military bearing of the troops on parade would be no disgrace to any native or foreign regiment in Asia; the thoroughness with which the Yun-nan Model Army is equipped with modern gear not only shows that the provincial authorities mean business, but that the army shall be in a position to put that business through." And what is going on in the capital, he saw in a lesser degree in other towns throughout the province. His opinion that the new army would remain loyal to the Government has already been demolished by the events of the last few months, but the spirit developed in these troops here and elsewhere in China ought, if his observations are trustworthy, to carry her through the crisis, when a real leader is found. Whatever the outcome of the rebellion, the forces of a militant China already generated promise no further submission to predatory foreign Powers in the future.

Egerton R. Williams, jr., has followed his "Hill-Towns of Italy" with a volume on

"Plain-Towns of Italy" (Houghton Mifflin). His "plain" is old Venetia, and his limits are Udine on the east and Brescia on the west. He describes many of the places once famous but now usually neglected by the tourist, although they well deserve attention. Whoever would recover some of the Old World Italian atmosphere should pass a day at Bassano or Vicenza, or at any one of the dozen other towns to which Mr. Williams devotes a chapter. Verona and Padua he treats at much greater length. His method is to give not merely a sightseer's impression, but such historical and artistic information as a cultivated traveller desires to know. He writes agreeably, and has excellent illustrations. His volume ought to serve as a delightful complement to Baedeker for every one who explores the beautiful Venetian Plain.

The American Antiquarian Society of Worcester, Mass., has introduced a broader interest into its publications by printing a compilation of "British Royal Proclamations relating to America, 1603-1783," prepared by Clarence S. Brigham. At best a proclamation requires some interpretation, and its time and sphere of action should be defined, unless those facts are stated in the document. The proclamation of 1622, for example, issued at the behest of the council for Plymouth, to prevent irregular trading outside of the council's patent in New England, had no effect, because there was not sufficient force to make it effective. Each document has a history, and it could be wished that the notes of the editor, judicious as they are, had been extended. The prominence of the tobacco interests of Virginia is shown by the eighteen proclamations issued before 1640, or more than one-half the total issued in that period. Trade regulation is the most important single subject treated, and the record does not show any undue interference with American affairs, for the measures were framed according to the commercial spirit of the day. Piracy, the apprehension of criminals, and the continuance in office of Colonial administrations receive attention. The proclamations for fast days from 1776 to 1783 are little more than curiosities. There are one hundred and one proclamations printed in the volume, a convenient compilation for reference.

An examination of eleven new volumes in the Home University Library (Holt) confirms what was said in these pages regarding the first instalment of these little books. It is a useful and interesting series, which now sells at the moderate rate of 50 cents the volume, in large, clear print, and attractive binding. The monographs are written by men of unquestioned authority in their field, but evidently with a minimum of general editorial supervision. This means that there is a considerable variety with regard to method of treatment. Not all of the volumes are primers in the sense of aiming at the simple presentment of accepted fact for the ordinary reader. Frequently the author chooses to develop his own views on a controverted question, and sometimes he does so in a manner that presupposes considerable preliminary knowledge. One advantage is that we have here a vigor and attractiveness of style that are not to be found in the ordinary handbook. G. H. Mair writes on "Modern English Literature" with ease and authority. His treatment of the subject is not inclusive, and, since he allows himself to pass judgment on writers of recent date concerning whom criticism is as yet in a condition of flux, there is room for taking exception to his opinions. But there is no doubt that his text stimulates to further study in the subject, and so serves its purpose. Another example of personal treatment is Dr. Barry's sketch, "The Papacy and Modern Times," in which the author develops the thesis that the Vatican has played an important rôle in history as the champion of the individual and the state against Cæsarism. Professor Myres of Oxford, in "The Dawn of History," studies historical evolution as shaped by physiographical and primitive sociological conditions; he takes account of the latest discoveries in Egypt, Mesopotamia, and the Ægean. Closer to the type of the ordinary text-book are the "Astronomy" of Arthur R. Hinks of Cambridge Observatory, England; "The Civilization of China," by Prof. Herbert A. Giles of Cambridge University, an intimate and comprehensive little treatise; and "The History of Our Time, 1885-1911," by G. P. Gooch, which necessarily fails to be comprehensive. W. M. Geldart's "Elements of English Law" is an excellent summary. So is W. F. Barrett's "Psychical Research," which sets out to be a survey of the results so far achieved by the Society for Psychical Research. Two volumes, which suffer from an overloose treatment of a vague subject, are D. H. Macgregor's "The Evolution of Industry," which is handicapped also by an obscure style, and Prof. J. Arthur Thomson's "Introduction to Science." Professor Thomson is one of the general editors of the series, and, with Professor Geddes, has written the fascinating volume on Evolution. Here we have a discursive treatment on the nature and implications of science which is agreeable philosophizing, but does not get anywhere in particular. The only American contributor is Prof. Frederic L. Paxson of the University of Wisconsin, who writes on our Civil War. In his preface Professor Paxson asserts it to be "reasonably clear to-day, that the South would of herself have discarded slavery in another generation." That presupposition does not interfere with his giving us a straightforward narrative of events.

"The Modern Railroad" (McClurg), by Edward Hungerford, depicts in twentieth century magazine style the human side of the railway industry. It has no concern with the railway problem. Its purpose is to give the reader an intimate knowledge of the everyday problems of the men engaged in building and operating our transportation lines, by describing in order the duties of the different railway officers, and of the various grades of employees. It is filled with anecdotes, significant statistics, and dramatic situations, and it is generously illustrated. While its vivid writing may have too great a tendency to surround with an atmosphere of romance what is mere commonplace, its five hundred pages contain a store of interesting information.

"The Civil War Literature of Ohio: A Bibliography," by Daniel J. Ryan, published by Burrows Brothers Co. of Cleveland, is a distinct contribution to the literature of Western history and bibliography. There are in all eight hundred and ninety-nine titles listed, consisting mostly of public documents, regimental histories, and ephemeral literature, such as speeches and sermons. The annotations are excellent and of such a length as to make it unnecessary, in many cases, for the student to go to the original. The editor has followed the usual bibliographical method of arrangement in alphabetical order, although the grouping into topics would be far more convenient for the student, and all the benefits of the alphabetical order might be put in the index. Three-fourths of the titles are taken from the editor's own library, but the list does not indicate where copies of the others may be found, information that is essential in the case of scarce and little-known books and pamphlets.

A second edition has just appeared of that fascinating and valuable work by Prof. Otto Jespersen, the "Growth and Structure of the English Language" (Teubner), mentioned by the *Nation* in February, 1906, before it received the Volney prize of the Institut de France. Although the substance has not been greatly altered, the revision has been more extensive than the author's modest explanation in the Preface might lead one to expect. The work as a whole has gained through slight changes of expression here and there, through fresh illustrations, and through occasional condensation. Several errors of the printer have disappeared, and, so far as we have observed, no new ones of importance have crept in. The book is now a little more compact, and the new type and paper make easier reading. In connection with the chapter on Shakespeare and the Language of Poetry, we may remark, as Professor Jespersen duly notes, that the whole subject of the diction of Shakespeare, as compared with that of Bacon, "has been investigated by N. Bøgholm ('Bacon og Shakespeare,' Copenhagen, 1906), who has succeeded in pointing out an astonishing number of discrepancies between the two authors." We recommend all of the chapters in their new dress to teachers who desire to attract immature students of language by means that are at once inspiring and safe.

Dr. Andrew Martin Fairbairn, for twenty-three years principal of Mansfield College, Oxford, died recently in London, at the age of seventy-three. He was Lyman Beecher lecturer at Yale in 1891-92, and was the author of several works on religious and philosophical subjects, among them "Studies in the Philosophy of Religion and History," "Studies in the Life of Christ," "Catholicism, Roman and Anglican," and "The Philosophy of the Christian Religion."

Mrs. Margaret Byers, doctor of laws, and principal, since 1859, of Victoria College, Belfast, died in that city last week. From the first she was deeply interested in all movements looking to the improvement of the condition of Irish women, and in due course became the founder and director of Victoria College, which has been prominent in all pioneer and educational work. It was begun as a secondary school before collegiate education for women was thought of. In 1878 she worked for the inclusion of girls in the benefits of the Irish Intermediate act. The college was a natural evolution of all that had gone before, when, in 1881, the Royal University of Ireland offered its examinations and degrees to wo-

men. Mrs. Byers was interested in many forms of philanthropic work. But amid her many labors she found time for a good deal of literary work.

Dr. Joseph Ettlinger, who a short time before his recent death, in his forty-third year, was appointed feuilleton editor of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, wrote a number of distinguished biographies; for example, "Hofman von Hofmanswaldau" and "Madame Récamier."

Science

Aerial Navigation. By Albert F. Zahm. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3 net.

This book has unusual merit. It is popular in tone, but contains many important scientific facts related directly and indirectly to aviation, and cannot fail to be regarded as an excellent addition to aeronautic literature. The author is professor of mechanics in the Catholic University of America in Washington, and has conducted some excellent investigations on aerodynamics, especially concerning air resistance to moving planes, and the coefficient of skin friction.

In the historical introduction, Professor Zahm has a most interesting chapter on the Fancy and Folk-lore of flying. Ovid's account of Icarus, son of Dædalus, is quoted, and there are many other references to such legends, including the tales of the great flying bird, the roc. Among those who imagined the possibilities of the so-called Dædalean flight was none less than Leonardo da Vinci, a gifted engineer as well as an artist, who devised a flying gear for man which clearly showed genius. The devices invented are reproduced from Da Vinci's sketches. To Jean-Baptiste Dante, who lived in the fifteenth century, is credited the first successful soaring flight. The experiments took place at Perugia. The remarkable flight of the Marquis de Bacqueville in Paris over the Seine in 1742 is described. From the evidence available, it is probable that both Dante and De Bacqueville used some sort of aeroplane glider. The early history of the many forms of balloons and their fanciful inventors, which follows, is very entertaining.

Part I is entitled "The Growth of Aerostation," and in the first chapter is found a history of the development of the passive balloon. Progress in the science got its first real impetus from the discovery in 1766 by Henry Cavendish that hydrogen was many times lighter than air. Dr. Black, an Edinburgh chemist, suggested the use of hydrogen for balloons, an idea shortly after put into practical use by Tiberius Cavallo in the form of small soap bubbles filled with that gas. It was left to the Montgolfier brothers and to the physicist, Professor Charles, to devise the man-carrying hydrogen balloon. The balloons of the Montgolfiers were highly decorated and designed in curious shapes. It is said that the suggestion of the invention came from the Siege of Gibraltar, the possibility of escaping like rising smoke having occurred to Joseph Montgolfier. The brothers were rich paper manufacturers, but Stephen is said to have been an architect also. The passenger balloon designed by Professor Charles about 1783 was a truly scientific invention. It was twenty-seven and a half feet in diameter and made of varnished silk. After several successful ascensions it was destroyed. The adventurous flight of Glaisher and Coxwell in 1861 is described in detail, with a discussion relating to the height reached by these aeronauts. At an altitude of 30,000 feet or more both became almost unconscious, but they managed somehow to descend.

The early history of power balloons begins essentially with Blanchard's, in 1784, which was provided with a boat-like car having aerial oars. A number of the pioneer forms of these balloons are pictured, but it is evident that the real advance was the man-carrying dirigible, La France, of Capt. Renard and Capt. Krebs, in 1884. This aerial vessel actually returned to the starting point against a wind, the propelling power being a 220-pound electric motor which developed nine horsepower. Then came the famous dirigibles of Santos Dumont, which are described in detail. Seventy-five pages are devoted to the various gasolene-driven dirigibles. These are divided into two classes: the non-rigid, represented by the Clement-Bayard, and the rigid type, such as the Zeppelin.

Part II relates to the growth of aviation. Here again the reader is led back to the early history of the science. Leonardo da Vinci's fertile mind conceived three distinct devices for carrying a man in the air. Owing to the lack of motive power the early inventors, of course, could not navigate dynamic flyers, however ingeniously contrived. Da Vinci's first design, referred to in the introduction, is shown by a drawing copied from the original. It provides the operator with two wings manipulated by his arms and legs. The second design is a helicopter. The drawing shows a screw twenty-six feet in diameter to be operated by the aviator. It is quite obvious that the machine was never used. The third device was a framed sail, on which a man could settle slowly down to the earth. Thus da Vinci was the father of the parachute. The first use of the parachute is said to have been made in the year 1783, when Lenormand descended from the Montpelier Observatory by means of two specially made umbrellas, one being held in each hand. In this connection the author describes an interesting parachute found in nature in the form of a two-winged seed which grows on a tree in India. When the seed falls it descends to the ground in wide, graceful curves. Descriptions follow of the inventions of the Englishmen, Sir George Cayley and Henson. The latter in 1847-48 constructed a model which was supposed to be the first flying machine to perform a successful flight. Other early models are cited, including the aeroplane kite of Hargrave, on the design of which is based the construction of the box kite bearing their name, so universally used as the most efficient form. The work of Langley is illustrated with excellent photographs, as is also that of the unfortunate Lilienthal. Four beautiful photographs show the Wright brothers' first and second gliders and their first power-driven aeroplane, and there are some interesting stories of their experiments on the dunes near Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. Not the least interesting are the descriptions of the remarkable glider flights of the late Professor Montgomery, who was killed in California recently. In a hundred subsequent pages the progress of aviation is sketched during the past four years, much of which is familiar to all.

Part III is a discussion of the general properties of the free air. On page 349 a table gives the percentage distribution of gases in the atmosphere up to an altitude of 150 kilometers, which is taken from Moore's "Descriptive Meteorology." The accuracy of this table is questionable, since it represents an unproved theory only. The other tables are good, and there is much of interest in the hundred pages which deal with "aeronautic meteorology," for the author presents the subject well. The aeronautic letters written from Passy, France, in 1783, by Benjamin Franklin, relating to the experiments of the Montgolfier brothers and Professor Charles, are of particular interest. The last pages of the book are devoted to military dirigible balloons, and to aeroplanes which can rise from water.

Science books in Macmillan's list include: "Insect Pests," by W. C. O'Kane; "The Beginner in Poultry," by C. S. Valentine; "Farm Boys and Girls," by William A. McKeever; "Milk and Its Products," by Henry H. Wing; "The Training and Breaking of Horses," by M. W. Harper; "Forage Crops for the South," by S. M. Tracy; "Farm Management," by G. F. Warren; "Farm Poultry," by George C. Watson; "Poultry Husbandry," by J. E. Rice; "Plant Breeding," by H. J. Webber; "The Healthy Baby and How to Keep Him So," by Roger H. Dennet; "Food for the Invalid and the Convalescent," by Winifred S. Gibbs; "Stuttering and Lisping," by E. W. Scripture; "Who's Who in Science"; "College Zoology," by R. W. Hegner; "Principles of Human Nutrition," by W. H. Jordon; "Meteorology," by W. I. Milham; "Earth Features and Their Meaning," by William

Herbert Hobbs; "Analytical Mechanics," by Alexander Ziwet and Peter Field; "Storage Batteries," by Harry W. Morse; "Elements of Statistical Method," by Willford I. King; "Anthropology," by Dr. H. Schurtz, translated and adapted by Prof. Franz Boas.

"The Teaching of Primary Arithmetic," by Henry Suzzallo, will be brought out by Houghton Mifflin Co. on March 2.

Edward Bok has arranged for the publication by the Fleming H. Revell Co. of a series of treatises on sex hygiene. The first three are now announced: "How Shall I Tell My Child," by Mrs. Woodallen Chapman; "When a Boy Becomes a Man," by H. Bissecker, and "Instead of Wild Oats," by Winfield Scott Hall.

The Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory, which, on account of its work on the sun, enjoys the unique distinction of threefold location—in Washington, and on the summits of Mount Wilson and Mount Whitney, California—has accomplished much excellent work in the past year. Following up the work of the late lamented Langley, whose first expedition to the summit of Mt. Whitney was undertaken nearly a third of a century ago, Dr. C. G. Abbot, the director, has now made solar-constant determinations simultaneously at sea level (Washington), at above a mile altitude (Mount Wilson), and again at Mount Wilson, and at nearly three miles altitude (Mount Whitney). Although both the quantity and the quality of the solar radiation found at these stations differ very much, neither the "solar constant" nor the distribution of the solar energy in the spectrum outside the atmosphere, as fixed by the wholly independent measurements at these three stations, differs more than would be expected in view of the unavoidable small errors of observation. It seems just to conclude that we do, in fact, eliminate the effects of atmospheric losses and actually determine the true quantity and quality of the sun's radiation outside the atmosphere, as we might do if we could observe in free space, with no atmosphere at all to hinder. Also, Dr. Abbot reaches the further important conclusion, though as yet tentatively, that the sun actually varies from day to day in its output of radiation within limits of from 5 to 10 per cent. in quantity, and in irregular periods of from 5 to 10 days; and that the solar radiation comes from sources ranging in temperature, perhaps, between the limits 5,000 degrees and 7,000 degrees absolute centigrade, but mostly from sources between 6,000 degrees and 7,000 degrees.

Charles Robert Sanger, professor of chemistry and director of the chemical laboratory at Harvard University, died in Cambridge on Sunday, after a brief illness, at fifty-six years. Professor Sanger graduated from Harvard in 1881, and after graduate work there and in Germany filled the chair of chemistry at the United States Naval Academy for six years and at Washington University in St. Louis for seven years. He was called to Harvard in 1899.

Philip Rounseville Alger, professor of mathematics at the United States Naval Academy, died on Friday of last week, at the age of fifty-two. He was an expert in ordnance and the chemistry of explosives, and was the author of "Exterior Ballistics," "Elastic Strength of Guns," and "Hydromechanics."

Miss Grace Anna Lewis, one of America's foremost scientific women and widely known as a naturalist, died in Media, Pa., on Sunday. She was born in 1821. In 1869 she printed a pamphlet showing the relation of birds to the animal kingdom. This pamphlet was the germ of charts that she prepared later, among which were "Chart of the Classification of Birds," "Chart of the Animal Kingdom," and "Chart of Geology, with a Special Reference to Palæontology." She also prepared "Water-Color Paintings of Wild Flowers" and "Studies in Forestry."

Drama

John Galsworthy's play "The "Pigeon" will be published by Scribners about the time that Winthrop Ames presents it on the stage. Another play by this author, "The Eldest Son," will be issued by the same house somewhat later.

There was need of a monograph such as Mary Leland Hunt has given us in "Thomas Dekker, a Study" (Columbia University Press, Lemeke & Buechner). A certain sentimentalism which pervades the book betrays the feminine hand, but the work is thoroughly done and marks an advance on anything that had previously been written on the subject. As was to be expected, the author has not succeeded in bringing to light any new facts concerning the poet's life. The expression she points out in Samuel Rowlands's pamphlet, "Martin Markall" (1610), according to which Dekker is accused of employing "old words used forty years ago, before he was born," would not materially change the prevalent dating of his birth, even if we accepted it as literally true, which, of course, it is not likely to be. It must also remain uncertain whether Dekker travelled on the Continent in his early life, although his fondness for Dutch lends some color to the supposition that he once visited Holland. Owing to the dearth of biographical data, the book is devoted almost wholly to Dekker's works, especially the dramas. Like nearly all students of the poet in recent times, Miss Hunt writes under the spell of Charles Lamb's saying that Dekker "had poetry enough for anything," which certainly contains a gross exaggeration. For instance, "The Shoemaker's Holiday," which is probably the best of his plays not written in collaboration, possesses an undeniable sweetness and wholesome charm, but who would maintain that it moves on a high level of poetry? Our author criticises A. W. Ward's estimate of the poet as too depreciatory. We believe, however, that he was nearer the truth than Professor Schelling when he speaks of so formless a work as "Old Fortunatus" as "this beautiful play." In reading Elizabethan productions of this kind we feel that the much decried period of classicism had its uses after all—and not merely in prose. We do not mean to deny to Dekker, of course, a true lyrical charm and the capacity, which he shared with so many of his contemporaries, of striking off occasionally beautiful images and even fine passages of a somewhat greater extent, but, in the main, his plays, in so far as they hold the reader, do so by qualities which are very different from those implied in Lamb's phrase. This is true even of the most powerful drama with which his name is connected, "The Witch of Edmonton," which he produced in conjunction with Ford. One cannot say positively, of course, how much of this play we owe to the superior tragic genius of Ford, but after all it remains on the level of domestic tragedy, and despite its genuine pathos and power it is wanting in the imaginative quality which might have lifted it into the higher regions of poetry.

Miss Hunt's book is generally well-written, but we cannot regard as very happy the term which she applies to the Middleton type of comedy—the "comedy of mud"—still less such a phrase as "monstrous mush of concession," which is supposed to be descriptive of Griselda's patience—evidently from the Pankhurst rather than the Chaucerian point of view. It is a pity that such small type should be employed for quotations in these Columbia University Studies. Where the quotations are long, as is often the case in the present volume, it becomes a serious matter.

The performance of "Lady Patricia" in the Empire Theatre on Monday evening proved a disappointment to those who expected brilliant results from a comedy by the clever author of "Don." The real strength of this piece lies more in its witty dialogue and satirical characterization than in its highly artificial comic incident, and this strength was not emphasized in the representation. Nothing could be more artificial or unlifelike than the story itself, which must be familiar to many of our readers. Lady Patricia and her husband, Michael Cosway, old married folk, grow tired of humdrum matrimony, and—being of romantic disposition—seek excitement in strange loves, while pretending deep devotion to each other. Their chosen affinities, with whom they exchange vows of eternal fidelity and renunciation—for the bonds are to be entirely Platonic—are a boy and girl who, of course, fall in love and leave their elderly adorers, after humiliating exposure, to finish their lives together as they best may. Lady Patricia, the mature spouse, who revels in the notion of reciprocal devastating passions which are to be altogether Platonic, is an entirely Gilbertian figure, and, of course, ought to be enacted with perfect sincerity, as if she were really the languorous, elegant, and passionate sentimentalist of her habitual pose. It is only thus that the piece can be made effective as genuine satirical comedy. Mrs. Fiske, one of the least plastic of stage performers, has not the temperament, the style, or the acting abilities necessary for the proper interpretation of such a character. She makes of the aristocratic, mooning Patricia a pert, incisive, self-conscious personage, resembling a burlesquer never unmindful of her audience. Her impersonation lacks imagination, refinement, and fascination, three of its most vital elements. The piece was beautifully dressed and mounted, but the acting throughout was of second-rate quality, and the representation dragged for the want of a little interpretative intelligence.

The stage version of H. G. Wells's "Kipps," prepared by the author himself and Rudolf Besier, will be presented soon

in London. It is in three acts, the first being laid in the shop where Kipps served his laborer's apprenticeship; and the second in the house of which the little hero became the proud possessor. The third and last act is divided into two scenes, the first introducing a big garden party, and the second the kitchen of Kipps's abode, where he and Anne eventually come together. Louis Calvert will be the producer, and the scenery will be painted by Mr. Joseph Harker.

Early in March there will be produced in the Aldwych Theatre, London, a four-act play, entitled "Proud Maisie," by E. G. Hemmerde, K.C., part-author of "The Butterfly on the Wheel" and "The Crucible." "Proud Maisie" deals with a Scotch subject, and abounds in moving incidents and thrilling adventures, set in a framework of pure romance. The two principal characters will be played by Miss Alexandra Carlisle and Henry Ainley.

A new three-act comedy, called "Minerva's Husband," is to be presented by the Playfellows' Society, in London. The author is J. B. Sterndale Bennett, a grandson of the famous composer, and report speaks well of his work.

Alfred Sutro's new play, "The Fire Screen," which has just been produced at the Garrick Theatre, in London, does not appear to be a work of striking originality or great dramatic value. But, it is said to have the merit of being exceedingly amusing.

There seems to have been no particular reason why the London Stage Society should have produced the "Travellers," of Norman McKeown, except possibly the fact that no one else would. Half of the independent societies appear to be possessed by the delusion that any piece which no practical manager will have anything to do with must naturally be a masterpiece. "Travellers" is a tale of the unlawful passion inspired in the breast of a mining Hercules for the wife of a puny little professor, who prates about eugenics and the necessity of improving the human race. Hercules proposes to make a practical application of these theories, but when he broaches the subject to the professor, finds himself looking down the barrel of a revolver, and listening to a stern injunction—which he obeys promptly—to be off about his proper business and keep hereafter at a respectful distance.

The New Players of London have been giving the "Medea" of Euripides in Gilbert Murray's translation. Adeline Bourne was the Medea. Mr. Walkley, writing of her performance, says:

> Unless the Medea is great enough to fill us with awe, and not merely horror, the play will not earn the honorable title of tragedy. And Miss Adeline Bourne, while she shocked and thrilled and now and then all but disgusted us with the intensity of this haggard, dishevelled, neurotic woman's distorted passions, hardly made Medea great. Her vengeance did not fill the heavens; it made the earth creepy. And there are at least two passages where Medea's sorrows, as distinct from her wrongs, well to the surface in "warm tears"; these pass by all but unnoticed.

W. B. Yeats has made a new version, in prose, of "Œdipus Rex" for production at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. Gordon Craig's scenery is used for the purpose.

"The Five Frankfurters," a successful Berlin play of which the American rights have been obtained by the Shuberts, deals with the beginnings of the house of Rothschild. The date is 1822, and the first act takes place in the living-room, situated over the historic bank in Frankfurt where the fortunes of the Rothschild family were started. Here, in company with their mother, are assembled the five brothers, who have come, one from Paris, another from London, a third from Vienna, and so forth, to discuss the question of a big loan to be made to an Austrian Duke. A love story is blended with the financial motive of the tale.

Music

MASSENET'S "CENDRILLON."

Previous to the opening of the Manhattan Opera House, four only of Massenet's operas had been heard in New York—"Manon," "Werther," "Le Cid," and "La Navarraise." Oscar Hammerstein added five more—"Thaïs," "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," "Hérodiade," "Sapho," and "Grisélidis." The tenth of Massenet's twenty-two operas, "Cendrillon," had its first hearing in this city on Tuesday evening of last week, when it was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House by Mr. Dippel's opera company, which had previously won genuine successes with it in Chicago and Philadelphia. The cast included Mary Garden, Maggie Teyte, Marie Cavan, Mabel Riegelmann, Hector Dufranne, and M. Huberdeau, who, under the painstaking and enthusiastic direction of Campanini, gave an admirable rendering of this characteristic product of Massenet's genius. Particular interest attached to the Cinderella of Maggie Teyte, who, not long ago, jumped into sudden fame in Europe and on this occasion made her first appearance on the operatic stage here. She has evident talent for acting; her voice is youthful and charming, and no one could have sung the music better. Mary Garden has once more put Massenet under obligations by impersonating one of his parts—that of Prince Charming—with rare art, while her singing was better than usual.

When "Cendrillon" was produced in Paris it was suggested that Massenet had been prompted to set this fairy tale to music by the sensational success of Humperdinck's "Hänsel and Gretel." As a matter of fact, "Cendrillon" had been planned and partly written before that German fairy opera had been launched; but it was put aside and was not produced at the Opéra Comique till six years later (1899). It was exceptionally well received by both public and press. Louis Schneider, Massenet's official biographer, declared that the composer "dusted the tale of Perrault and the libretto of Henri Cain with a fine powder of sounds," which applies to the opera as a whole, but does not do justice to the more emotional moments of the score.

Henri Cain's libretto is of unusual poetic merit, and Massenet's music is in perfect accord with it. Because this Parisian has the gift of composing simple, pleasing melodies, the impression has gone abroad that he is not a deep expert musician. As a matter of fact, he was for a number of years professor of harmony and composition at the Paris Conservatoire, where most of the younger men now prominent in the musical life of that city came under his influence. None of these is a more thorough master of his craft than he, but better than all of them he knows how to conceal art, and combine depth with clarity, while avoiding needless dissonances. "Cendrillon" is as exquisitely scored as "The Juggler of Notre Dame." In all French opera there is perhaps nothing more delicious than the passage "You are my Prince Charming," where the oboe and voice chant together lovingly. There is a surprising amount of variety, too. Cinderella's song, in which she resigns herself to her dull life, is plaintive, while nothing could be more pompous or grotesque than the entry of her relatives. Exceptionally good, also, are the dances at the ball. The first one is rhythmically as Spanish as the "Carmen" ballet, while the third has a piquant *pizzicato ostinato*. Altogether, "Cendrillon" was decidedly worth producing. Possibly, next season, Mr. Dippel may choose to produce Massenet's latest opera, "Roma," or his "Don Quixote," which is now having a run in Paris and which would give Maurice Renaud a splendid opportunity to reveal his art in a new aspect.

Dodd, Mead & Co. have added to their collection of librettos of famous operas two of Wagner's: "Die Meistersinger" and "Tristan and Isolde," bound, like their predecessors, in red and of convenient size for the pocket. W. J. Henderson, as before, has provided readable and helpful introductions, telling the stories and commenting briefly on the peculiarities of the operas.

Inasmuch as Humperdinck's second fairy opera, "Königskinder," had its first performance anywhere in New York City, it is proper that the first books on it should also be local products. Some time ago Anna Alice Chapin wrote a book telling the story of this opera in a simple style, for the benefit of children. But since, unlike "Hänsel and Gretel," this work appeals to adults even more strongly than to the young folks, there was room for another book, devoted to the task of initiating opera-goers into the subtle art of Humperdinck's latest score. This book has been written by two well-equipped men, Lewis M. Isaacs and Kurt J. Rahlson (Dodd, Mead & Co.). It contains a portrait of the composer with a sketch of his career, pictures of some of the scenes, a lucid synopsis of the plot, and, best of all, nearly sixty pages in which the musical web of the beautiful score is put under the microscope and ana-

lyzed. There are nearly half a hundred distinct melodies and motives in it. These are printed, numbered, and labelled, and the authors display great ingenuity in showing how the composer has used them in Wagner's manner, to enhance the eloquence and impressiveness of the music and deepen the meaning of the text. Even those who have heard this opera repeatedly will find here the key to beauties of detail that had escaped their attention. To cite only one case: In speaking of the "Beauty" motive, the authors say: "In this, the composer neatly illustrates the way in which an extra-musical idea can be translated into music; for the Beauty mirrored in the fountain is an exact inversion of the Goose Girl's own theme." Humperdinck himself has complimented the authors on having worked out their task "very carefully and with much insight."

Art

Chinese Porcelains and Hard Stones. By Edgar Gorer and J. F. Blacker. 2 large quartos, with 254 color plates. London: Bernard Quaritch.

The limitations of these beautiful albums are candidly admitted by the authors at the outset. No facsimiles can convey the ultimate material perfections of fine porcelains. Only constant handling of choice examples can teach anything about paste and potting; there are refinements in these matters that reveal themselves more readily to the finger-tips than to the eye. Yet facsimiles as good as those we have here are immensely useful. No one who pores over these reproductions can fail to quicken his color sense. And it is in the minutest of color discriminations, after all, that sense of quality consists. It is by something in the color quite obscure to the layman that the expert recognizes an Imperial vase from afar. In fact, for porcelains there are virtually no scientific criteria. Dr. Percynski's Morellian classification of the Kang-he painters will be helpful, but essentially we know porcelains instinctively—as the product of long experience of course—by "the look." When the late William M. Laffan catalogued the Morgan-Garland porcelains and overthrew scores of traditional attributions to the Ming period, he justified himself only by remarking that "Ming looks its age." And indeed there was nothing more to say.

Now, these facsimiles in Messrs. Gorer's and Blacker's catalogue are on the whole the most useful aid to a collector that we know of, precisely because they give this "look" of fine pieces. The vases have been ingeniously lighted in a way to eliminate distracting reflections and deep shadows. The resulting flatness is justified because it emphasizes the effect of the color. Here remarkable effects have been attained. The almost impossible *finesses* of early blues have been faithfully conveyed to paper, the greens and yellows are of true vividness and delicacy. Merely from these plates the student could learn much, and he who in addition possessed a few good typical pieces might readily perfect his ceramic education.

In this English-French catalogue, which is properly ancillary to the reproductions, and sensibly omits marks, the authors have laid most stress upon the classic reign of the Emperor Kang-he. Many pieces are credited to the earlier Ming dynasties, but judging from the plates, not a quarter of such attributions are tenable. In particular, the pieces ascribed to Cheng-hwa are plainly magnificent examples of Kang-he archaism. This whole matter of Ming attributions may be less important than it seems. We fancy, indeed, that if Ming pieces were as plentiful as those of Kang-he, a sensitive collector would in most cases prefer the later ware. Because of their rarity one possibly exaggerates the quality of the early pieces. Considerable attention is given in this catalogue to the Yung-ching period which witnessed the development of *famille rose* and egg-shell porcelains. The Kien-lung products, which already mark the decline of the art, are scantily but sufficiently represented. These dryly perfect masterpieces of the late eighteenth century are rarely quite satisfactory in the cabinet, but for purely decorative use nothing can be finer than the large single-color pieces of Kien-lung.

Besides porcelains, this work contains numerous plates of cut crystal, glass, and jade. These are often extraordinarily beautiful objects, but they are present at the cost of slurring more relevant matters. Whites, celadons, *clairs de lune*, crackles, etc., are quite unrepresented. The excuse is difficulty of reproduction. It would be more cogent if the process did not cope successfully with the problem of rock crystal. We could wish that the plates allotted to hard stones had been devoted to the whites, and to an epitome of the finest pottery and stoneware. The types are, after all, not numerous, and their inclusion would have made this work a complete guide to Chinese ceramics of the highest class. We hope that these authors may be moved to complete their work with a supplementary volume of the scope indicated above. Meanwhile, they have done a great service to collectors and students. The edition of this sumptuous catalogue, which is doubly useful because most of the pieces are inaccessible in private collections, is limited to one thousand copies.

A large, thin folio, in blue boards, on "Albrecht Dürer" (Macmillan, $2.50 net) is one of the best arranged art books that has come under our eye. The text, translated from the German of Dr. Friedrich Nüchter, comprises a terse biography enriched from Dürer's own writings, with explanations opposite the fifty-three plates. The reproductions are excellent, and there is an introductory note by Sir Martin Conway. It is hard to imagine anything more convenient either for the dilettante or the student beginner.

Facts about furniture, gathered and classified by an indefatigable literary worker, have at last been assembled in a single volume ("Furniture," by Esther Singleton; Duffield). As a guide book of the historic styles this is an admirable work, a veritable Baedeker of furniture. Its contents are sumptuously impressive. Something might be said favoring a slightly less reserved literary treatment of the subject matter. In contrast to the Englishmen who are now writing many good books about the decorative arts and who frequently become vehement in their enthusiasm and indignation, Miss Singleton only occasionally expresses an opinion; her nearest approach to warmth of statement is in describing Mid-Victorian iniquities:

> It seems incredible that furniture of the Chippendale, Heppelwhite, and Sheraton periods should have been turned out of old houses for mahogany marked with such clumsy and repulsive forms—furniture which frequently masquerades to-day under the name of "Colonial" and which accords with what M. Molinier aptly describes as "the horrible simplicity of prison architecture."

Styles and schools are described in the first third of the volume, after which the conventional articles of furniture are taken up. Frequent quotations from old newspaper advertisements, sales records, inventories, and wills enliven the chapters on beds, seats, cupboards, mirror frames, and clocks. A questionable generalization may be noted now and then. Concerning Spanish and Gothic furniture, for example, the assertion that "little study has yet been given to the arts in Spain during the Middle Ages" makes one wonder if the author has properly valued the research underlying Leonard Williams's three books on "Arts and Crafts of Older Spain." Generally speaking, nevertheless, this furniture book is so superior to several recently published manuals of hastily cribbed and badly compiled information that its appearance is a cause for extending congratulations to the publishing house which has had the courage to produce it so handsomely. Many of the illustrations have been drawn from the furniture collections of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The Société des Artistes Indépendants, who hold their next annual exhibition March 15 at the Quai d'Orsay, have reëlected Paul Signac president.

The new French Under-Secretary for Fine Arts, Léon Bérard, reflects the spirit of the times in announcing his intention to open the Louvre more freely to the public; he desires to do away entirely with "paying days." It is his hope, also, that the Luxembourg Museum may be transferred shortly to the quarters prepared for it in the Seminary of St. Sulpice.

The death is reported of the English engraver, Charles William Sherborn.

The death is reported from Farningham, Kent, of Joseph N. Ward, the well-known Egyptologist, and author of publications on art. A collection of Greek coins made by

him is now in J. Pierpont Morgan's exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum.

Jules-Joseph Lefebvre, the well-known French painter and member of the Institute, died Saturday in Paris. He was born at Tournon, in the Department of the Seine-et-Marne, in 1834, was a pupil of Léon Cogniet, and won the Grand Prix de Rome, with his painting, The Death of Priam, in 1861, six years after his maiden exhibit in the Salon. Among his best-known paintings are La Cigale, in the Museum at St. Louis; La Vérité, in the Museum of Luxembourg, and Diane Surprise, in the museum at Buenos Ayres. He was decorated with the Legion of Honor in 1870, becoming an officer of the order in 1878. The Academy of Fine Arts elected him to membership in 1891.

News comes to us from Berlin of the death of Prof. Albert Hertel, painter of landscapes and still life, aged sixty-eight. He became a member of the Berlin Academy in 1901.

Finance

THE PROBLEM OF "DULNESS."

One topic, not at all novel, has largely superseded others in financial discussion during the past two or three weeks. In most other fields of human interest, it is taken for granted that conditions are normal and usual when nothing in particular is happening, but that the fact of sensational activity at once calls for explanation. On the Stock Exchange the contrary is true. Nobody ever thinks, when the stock market is stirred into violent commotion, of asking why prices should be moving. No financial critic ever heads an article Activity, and proceeds to discuss his topic as in itself the perplexing subject of the day. But columns of argument, inquiry, and conjecture have been published under the heading Dulness.

In a measure, this attitude is mere reflection of the impatience of speculators at the absence of any such sharp fluctuations as will favor quick profits to good guessers. But it has a more rational excuse when it is based on the fact that not only are price fluctuations narrow, but that actual purchases, especially by the outside investing public, are abnormally small. The total of 127,000 shares sold on Tuesday of last week on the New York Stock Exchange was the smallest of any day since the close of last July. It was not far above the smallest day's trading of 1911—the 80,500 shares of July 14—or the 70,800 shares of July 3, 1908, which is the lowest full day's record in fifteen years. That small day of last week followed a week whose total transactions were the smallest of any corresponding week since 1903.

Thus Dulness is at all events somewhat unusually conspicuous just now and it is natural enough that explanations should be asked. A common answer is that professional traders on the floor of the Exchange, whose dealings always make up the bulk of a day's total purchases or sales, have been forced into inactivity by the market's motionless condition. But that is to beg the question; for every one knows that if influences bearing on values were really in evidence, and if the investing public were coming in, the professional speculator would wake up. So that the real problem is, why the outsiders will neither buy nor sell.

There seem to be three different answers to the question. The first and most familiar is the political uncertainty. Whether Taft will be renominated; whether he can be elected if he is; whether his reëlection would itself be a good thing or a bad thing; whether Roosevelt's intrusion is a menace because of his excessively radical Columbus speech or a matter of reassurance because he denounces the Steel Trust prosecution; whether, if Wilson gets the Democratic nomination, he is not too radical or too unstable, and whether, if he does not get it, somebody still more radical may not run—all these are considerations which may easily make the real investor pause. It is quite possible that the course of industry and prosperity will be duly pursued, whoever is nominated or elected. But in the high financial quarters, where opinion is largely formulated for Wall Street (whence it percolates to the outside investing world), there has been repeated and obstinate declaration to the contrary. To that extent, the very people who are now complaining most bitterly of Dulness are themselves chiefly responsible for it.

A somewhat similar comment must be made on the second explanation, that the Trust prosecutions, the restriction on railway rate advances, and the tariff legislation are the cause of the outside public's apathy. A good case might be made out for the argument that all these things were exaggerated as influences on prosperity, or that, at any rate, they have been discounted. But, on the other hand, important financiers are on record as proclaiming impetuously that these three influences were bound to paralyze all activity, and their predictions had a hand in shaping the programme of the public.

It might be remarked of the two explanations already noticed that the absence of any continuous decline in prices can be construed as reassuring. It would seem to mean that the public intends to keep what securities it has already. The third explanation, less frequently heard, is somewhat more far-reaching, since it involves the query whether prices of stocks and merchandise are really low or not. Some commodities—cotton and steel, for instance—seem to be cheap, even though the present price of cotton would have been called high in 1901. But with other commodities the case is different. *Bradstreet's* February average of all staple prices is the lowest since last August; but the difference from recent months is very slight; it is far above the monthly average even of 1909, and is higher than that of any month between the early nineties and December, 1906. Are we, then, economizing and saving and accumulating as we have led ourselves to suppose? Or have we been under an illusion, and is a new chapter of readjusting prices and cost of living before us?

It is an interesting problem. Probably the economist would reply that, partly or chiefly as a result of increase in the metallic money supply, prices have for fourteen years been adjusting themselves to a higher standard; that wages of labor have gone up simultaneously so as to allow the workingman to buy at the higher prices the same quantity of goods he used to buy, and that, labor cost having thus advanced, prices of commodities cannot go back to their old-time level without cutting wages—which employers dare not do. From one point of view this might be called an unnatural and precarious position. But from another the conclusion might as easily be that economic forces have brought the normal price level higher than of old; that, as in the present case of cotton, what used to be deemed a comparatively high price may now be actually low, and that people may really economize and heap up capital for future use, without bringing back prices to the level of 1900.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aiden, Percy. Democratic England. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Allen, F. N. S. The Plain Path. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.30 net.

Anson, W. R. The Law and Custom of the Constitution. Vol. I. Parliament. Reissue revised. Frowde.

Baldensperger, F. Alfred de Vigny. Paris: Hachette.

Baring, Maurice. The Russian People. Doran. $3.50 net.

Bartlett, F. O. The Guardian. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.35 net.

Beerbohm, Max. Zuleika Dobson. Lane Co. $1.30 net.

Benton, P. A. Kanuri Readings. Frowde.

Betham-Edwards, Miss. In the Heart of the Vosges. Chicago: McClurg.

Bosanquet, Bernard. Logic; Second edition. 2 vols. Frowde.

Bosanquet, B. The Principle of Individuality and Value. (Gifford Lectures, 1911.) Macmillan. $3.25 net.

Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature, Nos. 19 to 27, inclusive. Putnam. 40 cents each.

Cicero. Ten Orations and Selected Letters. Edited by J. R. Bishop, F. A King, and N. W. Helm. American Book Co. $1.

Dante's Divina Commedia. Translated into English verse by Sir Samuel W. Griffith. Frowde.

Davis, M. O. The Story of England. Frowde.

Delattre, Floris. English Fairy Poetry, from the Origins to the Seventeenth Century. Frowde.

Delattre, Floris. Robert Herrick. Paris: Félix Alcan.

Ditmau, N. E. Home Hygiene and Prevention of Disease. Duffield. $1.50 net.
Eucken, R. The Problem of Human Life. Translated by W. S. Hough and W. R. B. Gibson. Scribner. $2 net.
Faruol, Jeffery. My Lady Caprice. Dodd, Mead. $1 net.
Forbush, W. B. The Coming Generation. D. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Foulke, W. D. Dorothy Day; Maya. Cosmopolitan Press. $1.25 net, each.
Freeman, M. E. W. The Butterfly House. Dodd, Mead. $1.20 net.
Granger, Grace. The Light of the Gods. Cosmopolitan Press. $1.
Groves, W. H. The Rational Memory. Second edition. Cosmopolitan Press. $1.35 net.
Haines, D. H. The Return of Pierre: A Tale of 1870. Holt. $1.25 net.
Halsey, R. V. Forgotten Books of the American Nursery. Boston: Goodspeed & Co. $4 net.
Hammer, V. P. The United States Government. Neale Publishing Co. $1.25 net.
Harvard College Observatory Annals. Vol. LXI, Part III, A Statistical Investigation of Cometary Orbits, by W. H. Pickering; Vol. LVI, No. VI, Stars Having Peculiar Spectra, by W. P. Fleming.
Haskin, F. J. The American Government. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1 net.
Haydon, A. L. The Trooper Police of Australia. Chicago: McClurg.
Hodges, Arthur. The Essential Thing. Dodd, Mead. $1.30 net.
Honan, J. H. Handbook to Medical Europe. Philadelphia: Blakiston. $1.50 net.
Hornung, E. W. Fathers of Men. Scribner. $1.30 net.
Jacks, L. P. Among the Idolmakers. Holt. $1.35 net.
Jepson, Edgar. Pollyooly: a Romance. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Johnson, T. M. Ship Wiring and Fitting. Van Nostrand. 75 cents net.
Jones, Katharine. The Man Who Reaps. Desmond FitzGerald. $1.20 net.
Jordan, M. H. Vagrant Verses; Sidney; The Studio Baby. Cosmopolitan Press. $1, $1, $1.25 net, each.
Keet, A. E. Hands Across the Equator. New York: The Author.
Kennerly, S. J. The Story of Sam Tag. Cosmopolitan Press. $1.
Kimball, G. S. Providence in Colonial Times. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $6.50 net.
King, C. A. Constructive Carpentry. American Book Co. 70 cents.
Lancaster, Hewes. The One and the Other. Boston: Small, Maynard.
Lémonon, E. L'Europe et la Politique britannique (1882-1911). Paris: Félix Alcan.
Loveridge, B. G. Appreciation of Art. Granville, O.: The Author.
Linebarger, C. E. Text-book on Physics. Boston: Heath.
Litsey, E. C. The Man from Jericho. Neale Publishing Co. $1.50.
Mackaye, Percy. Yankee Fantasies: Five One-Act Plays. Duffield. $1.25 net.
Macmillan, Donald. A Short History of the Scottish People. Doran. $3 net.
Maeterlinck, M. Death. Dodd, Mead. $1 net.
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Newman, B. Paul. Roddles. London: Murray.
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Robbins, M. H. Truant from Heaven. Boston. Badger. $1 net.
Rubber Industry: Report of the Proceedings of the International Rubber Congress, London, 1911. London: International Rubber and Allied Trades Exhibition.
Savage, E. A. Old English Libraries. Chicago: McClurg.
Scudder, V. D. Shorter English Poems. Edited from the College Entrance Requirements in English. Chicago: Scott, Foresman.
Scudder, V. D. Socialism and Character. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Serl, E. In Fableland. Boston: Silver, Burdett. 60 cents.
Serl, E. W. The Laughter of Jesus. Neale Publishing Co. $1 net.
Severance, F. H. Studies of the Niagara Frontier. Buffalo (N. Y.) Historical Society. $4 net.
Shakespeare, Tudor edition. Henry VIII, edited by C. G. Dunlap. Macmillan. 35 cents net.
Slosson, A. T. A Local Colorist. Scribner. 75 cents net.
Spender, J. A. The Comments of Bagshot (Second Series). Holt. $1.25 net.
Spivey, T. S. The Seven Sons of Ballyhack. Cosmopolitan Press. $1.
Starr, C. A. The Underworld and the Upper. Eaton & Mains. $1 net.
Stone, J. S. The Passion of Christ. Longmans.
Stranathan, May. The Huff Case. Boston: Badger. 75 cents net.
Strindberg, August. Plays. Translated, with introduction, by Edwin Björkman. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Thomas, A. C. A History of the United States. New edition. 2 vols. Jewish Press Publishing Co.
Thorne, Guy. The Drunkard. Sturgis & Walton. $1.35 net.
Tolstoi, Leo N. The Living Corpse: A Drama. Trans. by Mrs. E. M. Evarts. Philadelphia: Brown Bros. $1 net.
Trepoff, Ivan. He That Is Without Sin. Cosmopolitan Press. $1.50.
Wallis-Tayler, A. J. Refrigeration, Cold Storage and Ice-making. Third edition, revised. Van Nostrand. $4.50 net.
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1912.

The Week

The report that Vice-President Sherman has been chosen by the Taft leaders for running-mate to the President is emphatically, and apparently authoritatively, denied. Unless Mr. Taft is amazingly ill-advised, the denial will be adhered to and borne out by the facts. Such an attachment to Mr. Taft's candidacy would manifestly be a disastrous handicap in the electoral campaign, and there is good reason for believing that it would operate almost as disastrously in the nomination campaign. The danger to Taft lies in the question of the final attitude of those persons who are not unfriendly to him, but who have objected to certain features of his record, and who, though they may not be Progressives with a big P, are sincerely and soberly progressive. About the best way to alienate such men is to tie him up with Sherman, and especially to fasten upon him the responsibility for the selection. The choice of Sherman four years ago was not in pursuance of Mr. Taft's desire or judgment, but was the result of the efforts of men close to Roosevelt. Mr. Taft's preference was for the late Senator Dolliver, perhaps the ablest of the Western Progressives. If he and his advisers are sagacious, they will look for a man of somewhat that type as his associate in the candidacy.

Mr. Taft's attitude towards the Mexican revolt continues to be wholly admirable. Once we put aside the unfortunate manner in which last year's mobilization was initiated, the Administration's bearing in the face of a difficult situation has reflected credit on the entire American people, and served as the best possible rejoinder to the reflections frequently cast upon our motives with regard to the Latin Americans. When we speak of the situation as difficult, we have in mind not Mexico alone. The Administration has been under severe pressure to take aggressive action on the Mexican frontier. A man of different temperament from Mr. Taft's, and of a more complicated sense of right and wrong, might have found sufficient reason for intervention by this time. And especially in a Presidential year when parties pant after political capital as the hart after the water brooks, an Administration facing a dubious election might be tempted to inject the khaki element into the contest. But one finds it utterly impossible to think of Mr. Taft playing a game of this nature.

President Taft's re-statement of his tariff views, which he gave to Mr. Francis E. Leupp for publication in the *Outlook*, carries him over ground that he has already made familiar. He is for revision, schedule by schedule, based upon the findings of the Tariff Board. The latter he would continue as a permanent body, acting as a fountain of information for manufacturers and merchants as well as for Congress. In some of his expressions, Mr. Taft departs widely from the accepted notions of protectionists, declaring, for example, that protective duties are designed to help only those who are "economically worth helping, not to provide an ambulance for the helpless or the laggards." On the other hand, he now slips back to the plank of the 1908 platform which undertakes to guarantee a "reasonable profit" to the American manufacturer. This had been quietly dropped by the President in his speeches and messages, doubtless because he perceived that it made meaningless or deceptive the talk of basing duties upon the difference in cost of production at home and abroad. If it is really a question of the Government insuring a "reasonable profit," the helpless and the laggards are as much entitled to it as anybody else.

To ex-Senator Hansborough's grave charges that Mr. Roosevelt ordered the pigeonholing of the proposed prosecution of the Harvester Trust while he was President, there now come the familiar sweeping denials. It is all a "lie made out of whole cloth," not worthy of notice. But Mr. Hansborough is not thereby cast down. He returns to the attack in the New York *World*, declaring that his statements are based on knowledge, and then he asks these specific questions: "Does the Colonel deny that he told me that he would prosecute the Harvester Trust on the Townsend report [made to Attorney-General Bonaparte]? Does he deny that he wrote a letter to Attorney-General Bonaparte directing him not to prosecute the Harvester Trust?" Mr. Roosevelt may, of course, continue to ignore the charge. That is his privilege. Mr. Bonaparte, who is now out for Roosevelt, may also take the dignified attitude of refusing to answer these specific questions. But the facts in the case ought to be, and, we are inclined to think, will be, brought out soon. It is not denied that Attorney-General Wickersham is now proceeding against the Trust, and there is in existence, moreover, the Stanley Committee, which has the power to compel the Department of Justice to produce any letters in regard to the proposed Roosevelt prosecution of 1907 if there be such on file. We sincerely trust that the matter will be quickly probed to the bottom, so that this "peculiarly iniquitous falsehood" may be exposed.

A long and somewhat hysterical attack upon Gov. Harmon has been published by the so-called "Progressive Democrats" of Ohio. In it they make many railing accusations against the Governor, not all of which those unfamiliar with the intricacies of Ohio politics will be able to weigh intelligently. But in one point the supposed odium poured upon Gov. Harmon will appear to disinterested outsiders really to be praise. The charge is that he has not "cleaned house" in Ohio, and that, despite his having been Governor for more than three years, there are still as many as 1,500 Republicans holding office under him—nearly as many as the Democrats whom he has appointed to official positions. This may seem an awful crime to Democrats whose "progressiveness" means progress towards the swine-trough of spoils, but to those who believe in the ideas of civil service reform, and the continuance of efficient public servants in office despite their party preferences, it will seem that Gov. Harmon has had a feather stuck in his cap by his enemies.

It is not necessary to impute sordid

motives to the Baltimore hotel managers against whose action the Secretary of the Democratic National Committee protests. From time immemorial hotel rates have risen in convention cities with a regularity that could not have been brought about by mere agreement. The selection of the favored spot operates upon prices in and around it in much the same manner as a violent increase in the production of gold operates upon prices in general. To blame the individuals who reap the profit of the occurrence is human, but it is also useless.

"Whatever is right is Constitutional." To this epigram has the Governor of Michigan reduced the whole vexed question of the authority of a Legislature. The words occur in the message in which Gov. Osborn has summoned the Legislature in extraordinary session for the purpose of enacting a Presidential preference primary law. What leads to their utterance is an awkward provision in the Michigan Constitution empowering the Legislature to give immediate effect to acts which either make appropriations or are necessary for the preservation of the public peace, health, or safety. As it is not evident that a Presidential primary falls exactly under either of these classes, the Governor reminds the legislators that half of the bills to which they gave immediate effect in their last session were not appropriation bills in the ordinary meaning of the term, and that above a fourth of them carried no appropriation whatever. And the Constitution "was just as sacred last year as this year." Besides, such a law might contain a provision for paying the expenses of delegates. But he has little patience with this line of reasoning, which he regards as the kind of subterfuge that would be resorted to by those who desire to use the Constitution against the interest of the people. The great fact is that courts and lawyers of the better sort "now regard the Constitution as being broad and elastic enough to cover and warrant what is right, and especially when there is no dispute as to the right. Abraham Lincoln said: 'The life of this nation is greater than any Constitution.'" And, of course, an oath to uphold the Constitution is taken—in Michigan—in a purely Pickwickian sense.

The decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois that an appropriation of $60,000 for the Medical School of the State University is invalid because, not having been printed after it had been made part of a conference committee report, it "was not passed in the mode prescribed by the Constitution," is not likely to have the sweeping effect upon other and more important legislation of the last forty years that was at first feared. Every such law will have to be impugned separately, and will be defended upon its own particular set of circumstances, while a special session of the Legislature can be called to validate it if necessary. The teeth of the decision are in its implied warning against laws rushed through in the future in the same eleventh-hour confusion. Illinois is one of the States that impose no restriction upon the length of the legislative session, but, by one of the strange inconsistencies of our political theories, the closing hours of her Legislatures have long been marked by a pandemonium of law-making.

What an association of business men can do to promote the general welfare, as well as its own private affairs, is being shown by the Illinois Bankers' Association. This organization is endeavoring to bring the private banks of Illinois under control of the State Banking Department, to cause regulation and restriction of so-called investment stocks, and to introduce habits of thrift and cautious investment among the people. But the association does not confine its energies to these purely financial matters. Its wider activities include the promotion of modern methods as applied to farming, and a campaign for the construction of better roads. It has also a bill before Congress to create a system of field demonstrations of the most approved agricultural practice. This reaching out to economic reform on the part of bankers has been heartily approved by the citizens of Illinois. It is evidence of the growing and wholesome tendency among technical men and men of affairs to employ their special knowledge and exceptional facilities for the public good.

That college graduates are neither scholars nor practical men may now be regarded as established by frequent repetition of both parts of the assertion. It is apparently one of those melancholy truths to which we must yield in the end, and to this particular one we have become somewhat reconciled. But this only makes it harder to accept the further and more serious criticism that college men are not markedly superior to their unlettered companions in the ability to play professional baseball. One player-manager of renown is quoted as declaring that he could count on his ten fingers all the really good college baseball players in the country. It seems to be admitted that rowdyism has largely gone out of the game since the entrance of the man with a degree, but this merely moral improvement is no solace for the suggested failure of the graduate to excel in those feats that appeal to crowded and excited bleachers. We hope that some clever and, if necessary, not too scrupulous mathematician will without delay present a series of tables demonstrating that, despite appearances, the college man, when it comes to a test of throwing or catching a ball or sliding to a base, is as far ahead of his unschooled rivals as we once fondly believed him to be intellectually.

Attorney-General Wickersham has done a manly and a useful thing in protesting against the action of the executive committee of the American Bar Association which has voted to exclude from membership in the Association Assistant Attorney-General William H. Lewis, on the ground that Mr. Lewis is a negro. Mr. Wickersham speaks of the committee's "outrageous" action. It is difficult to say whether it is the outrageous injustice or the outrageous stupidity of such conduct that stands out most conspicuously. The committee should have foreseen that precisely such a protest as the Attorney-General has made would be forthcoming. Nothing in the Constitution of the American Bar Association sanctions such race discrimination, and if lawyers were not traditionally obtuse in the law when it comes home to them personally, the committee might have known that legal measures could be invoked against its arbitrary action.

Secretary Knox's speech at Panama may not have appealed strongly to Central American statesmen, but their poets must have been stirred by it. Not only

did the Secretary let himself go in praise of their beautiful scenery, but he showed that he had given so much attention to the poetry related to the region that he was able not only to quote it but correct it. He cited the line—which, we believe, has been heard before—"Silent, upon a peak in Darien," but did not make the mistake, with Keats, of saying that it was "stout Cortez" who first "stared at the Pacific." The Secretary accurately made it Balboa. This is not bad for "Pittsburgh diplomacy."

Upon a clear issue between labor and capital concerning a question of wages, there has probably never been, in any country, so grave a situation as that which now presents itself in Great Britain, since the mere continuance of the coal strike for a few weeks, even if unaccompanied by violence or disorder, would so paralyze all the productive activities of the country as to inflict lasting injury of the most serious nature. As the London *Economist* put it, in a quiet and sober discussion of the situation two weeks ago: "A prolonged coal strike would kill the present trade boom, and reduce the country from the heights of prosperity to the depths of depression. . . . In two or three weeks' time the losses on both sides would pile up, and if months or years of bad trade followed the price of coal would suffer a permanent fall." In other words, the possibilities presented by the coal strike in its direct economic aspect comprise—apart from its immediate hardships—a general depression of British industry for years, carrying with it as an incidental consequence most serious loss both of profits to the mine-owners and of wages to the mine workers.

That the Government has been at its wits' end in dealing with this impending national calamity is plain enough. So far as the question of disorder is concerned, the indications are plain that the Government is determined to deal firmly with that aspect of the matter, should it come to the front. As for a minimum-wage law for coal-miners, it would not be the first step Parliament has taken in this direction. The Trade Boards act, which was passed in 1909, and went into effect January 1, 1910, created a Central Trade Board, with District Trade Committees working under it, the Trade Board having the power to fix minimum wages in certain specified industries, in which the "sweating" system prevailed. The mode of operation of this act, as indicated in official explanations of its intended working, is far removed from an arbitrary fixing of the minimum according to a preconceived standard. It was held to be essential to its successful working that there should be "a great flexibility of procedure, a treatment which would vary with the complexities of the particular trade, a wide discretion accorded to persons whose whole fortunes and interests were embarked in the trade affected, and the guidance at every stage of expert, impartial, and devoted officials." From the beginning thus made in the case of a few minor—though not unimportant—trades in which the workers were supposed to be peculiarly helpless, it would be a momentous step to pass to the Governmental establishment of a minimum wage in the basic industry of the kingdom.

Riotous violence by a branch of the English suffragists seems the more inexcusable coming as it did so soon after the great meeting in Albert Hall, where Mr. Lloyd George set forth the attitude of the Government and the Parliamentary outlook. He asserted that three-fourths of the Liberal party favor extending the suffrage to women. Two-thirds of the members of the Cabinet will vote in the House for the suffrage amendment. Yet it could not be made a Government measure at present, except on pain of breaking up the Cabinet and wrecking the party. Lloyd George declared that no statesman and no party can now form a Ministry to carry woman suffrage.

At the Economic Club dinner in New York last Thursday night, Mr. Shuster presented the tragic case of Persia in a few strong and simple words that went to the heart of every lover of liberty and justice, and every hater of iniquity and cold-blooded oppression, within the sound of his voice. Among the many international crimes that have been committed in these latter days, the despoiling of Persia, the ruthless crushing out of her aspirations in the face of so much merit shown by her people under circumstances of almost hopeless difficulty, stands out preëminent in infamy. It must be a source of pride to us in America that, in the forlorn-hope struggle of the Persians for right against unscrupulous and overwhelming might, a part so honorable and so inspiring was borne by one of our countrymen. How his work and his words have impressed able and high-minded Englishmen may be judged from this passage in the leading editorial of the London *Economist* of February 3, which was devoted to the subject:

> Mr. Shuster's speech on Monday at the dinner given in his honor by the Persian Committee struck those who heard it as one of the most memorable pronouncements to which they had ever listened. A complete absence of rancour, a grave simplicity of utterance, a combination of modesty and conviction, a detailed repudiation of the random charges and gossip of Russian officials and journalists, a generous yet discriminating testimony to the capacity and character of the Mejliss, made a deep impression on his audience. The tragic folly of his dismissal was intensified as he narrated and explained the steps he had taken to reorganize the finances of the country whose service he had entered. No one who saw and heard Mr. Shuster could doubt that in him Persia had found a man capable of evolving order from chaos, in complete loyalty both to his employers and to the rights and interests of Great Britain and Russia as recorded in the treaty of 1907.

The disorders at Peking and Tien-tsin, though laden with serious consequences if allowed to go unchecked, do not necessarily constitute a deep-seated crisis. The soldiers have apparently grown tired of waiting for their pay. The same situation, in milder form, arose among the republican troops in the South only the other day, and it is to be presumed that if the financial stringency at Peking and elsewhere were relieved by a large foreign loan, there would be no great difficulty in bringing the mutiny to an end. Such explanations as that Yuan Shi-Kai instigated the mutiny in order to prepare the way for a dictatorship are fantastic. Should Yuan desert the republican cause he would have to reckon with the armies of the South, and the present situation certainly does not argue a condition of discipline among Yuan's soldiers that would enable him to make head against the well-led republican armies of that region. The present looting and assassination are to be regarded as part of the price that China must pay before her transition from the old to the new can be completed.

WHAT ROOSEVELTISM MEANS.

When Mr. Roosevelt threw his hat into the ring the other day, he gave the signal for a contest the like of which has not been seen before in this country. It is not like the struggle between the Bryan wing and the anti-Bryan wing of the Democratic party; it is not like any contest in which Mr. Roosevelt himself has hitherto figured. To attempt to sum up its character in a word or a phrase would be quite impossible; for both on his side and on the opposing side there is a highly complex array of forces working together without any true bond of connection. It is none the less clear that at the heart of the Roosevelt movement of 1912 there is something absolutely distinctive, and something that in American politics is wholly novel.

It has long been a commonplace of political comment among us that Roosevelt has stolen Bryan's thunder; and it is quite true that in a certain way he stands in the shoes of the man whose radicalism, not many years ago, he denounced with unmeasured vehemence. But there is one aspect of Roosevelt's present candidacy, and that the most vital of all, to which Bryan's furnished no parallel. Bryan always had a paramount issue, or a batch of paramount issues, on which the salvation of the people depended; but, in spite of the wild enthusiasm he evoked, and the extraordinary hold he obtained over a large part of the nation, he never for a moment regarded himself, nor did his followers regard him, as a personal savior of the American people. It was free silver that was to rescue them from the clutches of the Gold Power; it was destruction of the Trusts that was to free them from the oppressions of monopoly; it was the initiative and referendum that were to work the restoration of pure democracy; it was guarantee of bank deposits that was to make panics impossible. Bryan appealed for the suffrages of the people on the ground that he was the champion of these measures, and on the ground that these measures were desperately necessary for the people's welfare. Never was there any claim, express or implied, that he carried in his own person a singular power, a unique virtue, through which the country was to be saved and without which it was doomed to ruin. But the very pith of the Roosevelt campaign of 1912, the thing that gives it life, the thing that will make it win if it is to win at all, is that upon Roosevelt personally our salvation depends; whether shouted from the housetops or only intimated or implied, the master-thought of the true Rooseveltian to-day is that only through placing Roosevelt once more in the Presidential chair can we stem the tide that is making for revolution.

Just at this moment, indeed, Mr. Roosevelt is placing in the forefront of his agitation the proposal that the decisions of the highest State courts on questions of constitutionality should be made subject to reversal by popular vote. But for the purpose of judging of the character of the Roosevelt movement, it is quite needless to go into the merits of that proposal. It has had nothing to do with the rise of Roosevelteism; it may or may not have anything to do with its future development. If he is looked upon as the hero of the Progressive cause, it is not because of his specific position on this or on any other radical issue. Upon not a single one of the great features of the Progressive programme, except that of conservation of natural resources, has he played the part of a pioneer or even of a leader. His attitude towards the Trusts is wholly different from that of the radicals; on the tariff he has been not far from a standpatter; on the initiative and referendum as definite practical propositions, his position is extremely canny; even in the matter of campaign contributions—surely a case of the dollar against the man—he is on record, in the very last months of his Administration, as opposing bitterly the publication of contributions before the election. What, then, is it that makes him seem, in the eyes of thousands of enthusiastic admirers, the very embodiment of progress, the pillar of a people's hope, the centre of a world's desire?

The answer is not far to seek. It has been furnished by Mr. Roosevelt himself, in scores of speeches and interviews. It burst forth in the first speeches he made in the West after his return from Africa. "I will make the corporations come to time," he declared in his rear-platform harangues. In his Ossawatomie speech, he put the matter into more substantial shape, when he spoke of the Executive as "the steward of the public welfare," and laid out a vague but sweeping programme of paternalism to show what a vast area he meant should be covered by that stewardship. His happy appropriation of the phrase of the "square deal" has furnished his followers with a convenient pocket edition of their gospel. It is not this or that measure that must be passed; not this or that policy that is to be promoted or stimulated. All the blessings that we seek are to be attained, all the burdens under which we groan are to be lifted, by the magic of the square deal, with Roosevelt, its inventor and custodian, in charge of the process. There are doubtless thousands of Rooseveltians throughout the country who imagine that the movements for child-labor laws, and for employers' liability, and for juvenile courts, and improved sanitation, which have been steadily spreading over the country for many years as a result of the earnest endeavors of many devoted men and women, owe their existence, somehow or other, to the virtue of Roosevelt, and that progress will come to an end if he should disappear from the scene. But there is another thing far more serious. For the whole trend of the Roosevelt gospel is towards the belief that the deep-seated causes of unrest and discontent can be removed by the crude processes of a Rooseveltian square deal. To elect him would mean, to thousands of enthusiasts, the sending forth of a champion armed to the teeth, to destroy the dragons of injustice and inequality, and allay the clamors of the poor and discontented.

To find the nearest analogue to this phenomenon we have to go to the French Republic in its dark days. It is not a personal comparison we are making; we would not be understood to say that between Col. Roosevelt and Gen. Boulanger there is any resemblance whatever, either as to character or ability. But between Boulangism and Rooseveltism there is a very close resemblance indeed. The sentiment that rallies to Roosevelt as the necessary savior of the Republic is essentially of the same type as that which made "le brav' Général" for a time the idol of millions of Frenchmen. The test to which the American people are now about to be put is a test not of their judgment as to particular measures, nor even as to particular men; it is a

test of their sobriety as a nation. Has the country come to such a pass that it must turn for rescue to a savior of the Republic? Has this nation, of whose institutions, of whose prosperity, of whose history, it was the custom of Americans, only a few years ago, to be so proud—has it suddenly been discovered to be in such dire straits that its salvation hangs on the heroic virtues of a single champion? France found she did not need her Boulanger; are we to confess that we are in worse case now than she was a generation ago?

IMPROVING THE JUDICIARY.

To a "looker-on in Vienna" the most interesting thing about the agitation for the recall of judges in our country must be neither the crudeness of the proposal nor the fact that it has made some headway, but rather the fact that it has thus far shown so little sign of being regarded with approval by any considerable part of the American people. It has behind it a number of the forces that usually make for popularity. Among these not the least important, though perhaps the least spoken of, is the fact that now for a number of years the actual working of our judicial machinery has been the subject of emphatic, and indeed vehement, criticism at the hands of the weightiest representatives of sober and conservative opinion. President Taft himself, whom it is the fashion of the moment, in certain quarters, to regard as the most benighted of reactionaries, declared two or three years ago that American criminal procedure is so defective and so far behind that of other countries as to be a disgrace to the nation; and in some respects his criticism of matters connected with our civil procedure was only less harsh than this. He has several times since taken occasion to reiterate these strictures; and in doing so he was but giving the authority of his high office to judgments that have been pronounced by leading members of the bench and bar.

Again, the picture which ardent agitators have drawn of outrageous conditions existing in certain special cases —such as that of California, for example—was naturally calculated to make a very effective appeal to the imagination. The best friends of the judiciary, so the thought may be supposed to have run, admit that there is urgent need of reform; but they are only mincing matters—look here, and here, and here, if you wish to see the actual truth. So there was the grievance, big and spectacular enough to make a popular issue. And as for the remedy, it had just that naïve simplicity that is so calculated to win the favor of the populace. Let us get right down to the people, and we are sure to be all right. We know, to begin with, that the people are sound to the core. If courts and judges are not what they should be, it must be because we have not faithfully adhered to the democratic principle in the matter of the judiciary. Let us throw open the doors and windows and let in the fresh air of the popular will. That is the sovereign cure for all ills of the body politic; to doubt that it has virtue to effect the cure of this disease is to distrust democracy itself and be false to American ideals. We will make the judges created by the people subject to recall by the people. Then we shall have judges that are honest, efficient, expeditious, and methods of procedure that satisfy all the requirements of justice.

Nevertheless, it may be asserted without the slightest hesitation that an overwhelming majority of the American electorate has remained unmoved by the plea and is resolutely opposed to any such tampering with our judicial system. To say this is only to say that the American people are still, as they have been throughout their history, a sober people. They believe in democracy, but they do not believe that there resides in democracy a magic power to dissolve all the difficulties, to disentangle all the intricacies, of life. No specious juggling of phrases can suffice to convince them that the simple process of occasionally recalling a judge whom the people disapprove can be made a substitute for the patient, intelligent, and arduous work that is necessary for establishing a stronger judiciary and a better judicial procedure. And we cannot but think that there is enough left of our "ancient humor," of hard-headed Yankee shrewdness, to see the inherent absurdity of the recall of judges. The idea that we can procure for the bench a body of able, impartial, self-assertive, and independent judges by the childish expedient of once in a while thrusting out with ignominy one whom the people wish to get rid of is hardly calculated to appeal to the average American's business intelligence.

It happens, too, that in countries where the status of the judiciary is precisely the opposite of that which the advocates of the recall are seeking to bring about, no such complaints are heard as those which form the basis of this agitation. The English and the Canadian courts, with their judges appointed and holding for life, are accused neither of inefficiency nor of favoritism. Their work is done with effectiveness and dispatch. As for procedure, at the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign judicial methods in England were encumbered with technicalities and absurdities to a degree far greater than anything we know here; and these were got rid of within a few decades, not by the application of any cheap nostrum, but by determined and intelligent effort on the part of those who knew the business they were dealing with. What we need here we shall not get at any less price. Improvements in procedure will be attained, if attained at all, by the twofold process of carefully framed laws directed to that end and of judges chosen according to a higher popular standard and under conditions more calculated to attract the best type of men to the bench. Not by the threat of discharge, such as might be held over a department-shop clerk, but by the amplest recognition of the dignity and independence of the post, can we hope to cause the kind of man whom we ought to seek for every place on the bench to be willing or anxious to accept its responsibilities. Democracy has great virtues, but there is nothing in its charter which repeals the laws of human nature; and until those laws have been repealed we can never hope to elevate the quality of the judiciary by lowering its status and authority.

FREE SUGAR AND AN INCOME TAX.

The bills approved by the caucus of House Democrats for making sugar free and taxing incomes above $5,000, came as a genuine surprise. The secret of their preparing had been well kept. They have been hailed as a great party stroke. Already the political advantages to be gained by the Democrats are confidently reckoned up. But it is a general rule in politics that surprises and great strokes lead to disap-

pointment. The surprise is as apt to prove disagreeable as of the other sort; and the stroke may easily wound the party which thinks to inflict it upon the other. Any proposal for a radical change of policy, particularly in the matter of taxation, has to be considered not only as a matter of immediate impressions, but of ultimate judgment; not merely the tactics but the consequences must be taken into the reckoning. Viewed in this larger way, there seems reason to doubt the wisdom of these latest fiscal bills of the House Democrats.

So far as boldness goes in attacking a protective duty which has come to have the air of a vested right, the plan to put sugar, both raw and refined, upon the free list deserves praise. The proposal was adopted over the vehement protests of Democratic Representatives from Louisiana and Colorado, speaking for cane-growers and the producers of sugar beets. But their local interest was disregarded, as every local interest should be when it conflicts with a broad and sound national policy. For this display of the true spirit that should animate tariff framers, Mr. Underwood and those who stood with him merit commendation. We cannot get a justifiable system of tariff taxes until they are made to fit national conditions and general demands, with parochial and even private back-yard appeals ruled out.

But if tariff duties are to be levied for revenue only, we must be very careful about laying a rude hand upon a schedule which is confessedly a great revenue-producer. The sugar taxes bring in more than $50,000,000 a year. That fact is one which must bulk large with any man responsible for making up the national budget. He may not like the incidental protection that goes with the tax, and may resent the insolent and threatening attitude of those who benefit by it, but still there stands the large contribution to the Treasury. He may rightly think of sugar as now a universal necessary of life and desire to reduce its cost to millions; but if he is a statesman more than a politician he will not run off with the taking cry of a "free breakfast table" until he has discovered some way in which the deficiency in revenue may be made good.

It is only fair to Mr. Underwood to say that he has consistently maintained the correct attitude in this matter. Both last year and this, in the drafting and presentation of tariff bills, he has kept steadily in mind the need of supplying the government with funds for carrying it on. And it is in keeping with this position that he now admits the necessity of making good the $50,000,000 of revenue which would be cut off by abolishing the duty on sugar. Hence the proposal of an income tax. That would seem a natural alternative, if the enactment of such a tax were clearly legal, but suppose it turns out that you are only enacting a lawsuit? Lawsuits yield no public revenue, as was unhappily discovered in 1895 when the income-tax measure of the Wilson tariff was taken into the courts. And the present plan would inevitably be so taken. About it there is an air of attempting something irregular, or at least unforeseen. The excise tax on the doing of business which the Supreme Court has held legal in the case of corporations, is somehow to be extended to partnerships and to individuals. But the whole thing is confessedly uncertain, and has the appearance of fumbling at a big problem. It is virtually certain that we shall some day have an income tax in this country. The Constitutional amendment making it unquestionably legal is in a fair way to be ratified. And if we are to have the tax at all we ought to have it in a definite form, with the law drawn broadly and carefully, instead of by means of a device that looks very like a quibble, and in a halting measure which might be oppressive and unjust to some and which would surely leave many of the large incomes untaxed. Even convinced advocates of a straight-out income tax will not like this "excise," which is neither flesh nor fowl nor good red herring.

Over and above such considerations there rises another. It is that the Democrats in Congress are not, in these measures, impressing the country as steady or entirely sincere. They seem to be feeling about for a fetching political issue, rather than laying their real political programme before the people. It is scarcely pretended now that the bills for making sugar free and for levying a disguised income tax can pass both houses and get the President's signature. There is too much the impression of something having been advanced for political effect, not for serious legislation. This was not the case with the other tariff bills which the Democrats have favored and put through the House. They may not have expected them to become law, but at least they were ready to make them law, and if the Democrats were to be put in complete power next year, there can be no reasonable doubt that such reductions of duty as their party has committed itself to in the items of wool and steel and cotton and chemicals would, in fact, become law. With these latest proposals the look of things is different. They do not have the appearance of mature consideration. They seem to be more like political experiments than deliberate legislation. And in our opinion they will not do the party any good, since they will make it appear not sure of its ground and disposed to be flighty. And if there is anything the Democrats need to do, in order to regain the confidence of the country, it is to show themselves calm and cautious and sure-footed.

REPORT OF THE FACTORY COMMISSION.

The dreadful loss of life in the Triangle Waist Company fire of a year ago brought home to the people of New York, as nothing else could have done, the lack of proper exercise of the police power of the State in safeguarding the lives of industrial workers. The most superficial examination revealed the fact that the loss of life could have been prevented, in fact that the fire itself would probably never have taken place, if the simplest precautions had been in force in this factory. If smoking had been prevented, the cigarette which started this fire would not have been lighted and thrown into the pile of waste. If the waste had been properly disposed of in fireproof receptacles, the fire could not have spread with such tremendous velocity. If an automatic sprinkler system had been installed, the fire would have been put out before it got any headway. If the workers had not been so crowded together and the aisles so clogged by their chairs and machines, the panic would not have started and the exits would not have been clogged. If the exits had been properly marked, open, and brought to the attention of the workers by signs and fire-drills, the workers would have

been able to escape from the fire in greater numbers and the loss of life would have been much reduced, even if the other precautions had been omitted. These facts were brought out at the time of the fire. It was also recognized at that time that the conditions in this factory were typical of the conditions throughout the city and State in numerous other factories. Not only this, but the community awoke to a consideration of its neglect of other matters besides the fire hazard which are the proper subject of police protection.

It was a recognition of these conditions that led the Legislature of 1911 to appoint a commission to investigate the factories in this State. The report of the Commission has just been made to the Legislature. It is a valuable piece of work. It takes its place in the same class with the report of the Employers' Liability Commission to the New York State Legislature and the report on railway securities to the President. It is a matter of congratulation that such work as this can be obtained by the State as a matter of patriotic duty instead of for gain. The commissioners included two Senators, three Assemblymen, and four private citizens, all of whom served without pay. Their counsel, who, of course, bore the great burden of the work, was Mr. A. I. Elkus, and he also served without compensation; and many of the experts upon whom the Commission had to depend for help, such as Dr. George M. Price and Dr. H. F. Porter and others, gave their services virtually free.

This preliminary report of the Commission covers only three months' work and is remarkable for the great range of subjects which it treats, for the clearness and simplicity with which it presents the problems, and for the definiteness with which it makes recommendations for new legislation. The subjects treated are fire hazard, factory inspection, sanitation, occupational diseases, bakeries, manufacturing in tenements, employment of women and children, and foundries. At first sight, one might suppose it was a mistake to turn over to one commission an investigation covering such a multiplicity of problems. What possible relationship has fire hazard to the employment of women and children, or to foundries? The answer is that legislation on each and every one of these different subjects depends for its validity upon the exercise by the State of its police powers. Acts have been passed from time to time in New York dealing with one or another of the problems considered by this Commission. For instance, tenement manufacturing has been the subject of legislation, there has been an effort to regulate the hours of women by legislation, and manufacturing in bakeries has also been the subject of legislative enactment. In each case, the legislation has met with Constitutional objections, which have led the Court of Appeals to declare the acts in part or in whole void. To overcome these Constitutional objections, it is essential that the act should be a valid exercise of the police power. In other words, the purpose of the act must be to promote the health, safety, and welfare of the people of the State, and the means provided in the act must be clearly adapted to this end. The Commission believes that in each of these cases legislation can be devised which will meet the Constitutional requirements, but that much more time and study must be given to the problems. It therefore does not now make definite recommendations on these lines, but asks to have its time extended.

The report does, however, make definite recommendations for new legislation in regard to many of the subjects investigated. In connection with the fire hazard, it recommends legislation to concentrate the responsibility for State inspection, to compel factories to put in fireproof receptacles, enclose and protect gas lights and prevent smoking, to enable the Fire Department to compel fire drills in factories, to require the installation of automatic sprinklers in factories where more than two hundred people are employed and the factories are above seven stories in height, to increase the protection afforded by exits and fire escapes, and to regulate the number of workers that may be employed in one of these factories. The specific legislation proposed in relation to this last point is perhaps the most important of the Commission's recommendations.

In this branch of its investigation, as well as in other branches, the Commission has but marked out the field and ploughed the ground. Attention is called to the necessity of a building code and there is valuable comment on the subject of occupational diseases. The evils of tenement manufacturing are thoroughly considered, and the question of the employment of women and children is discussed with care and ability. But on these subjects the Commission refrains from making definite recommendations. The problem of the legislation to be recommended is, of course, the most serious task of the Commission. Our statute books are full of laws on these subjects to-day which are not adequately enforced, or which are actually incapable of enforcement, and in addition to the difficulty of meeting Constitutional limitations, the Commission must meet the greater difficulty of imparting enforceability to the legislation recommended by it. A striking illustration of this is found in the fact that up to now there has been no provision for registering factories in New York, and hundreds of factories are started whose existence is unknown to the Department whose duty it is to inspect them under our present laws. The Commission makes recommendations looking towards the remedy of this evil by providing that all factories shall be registered, and by concentrating the responsibility of inspections, which is now divided among many departments; but even more than this is needed.

It is a satisfaction to learn that both branches of the Legislature have passed a bill continuing the Commission for another year and making the necessary appropriation.

THE COMPLETE SUBURBANITE.

The commuter and his problems have been greatly misunderstood and misrepresented. The mass of literature on the subject may be divided into two types. One treats of the commuter as essentially a comic individual who brings paper parcels into town in the morning and carries lawn-mowers into the country at night. The other type depicts the commuter as a man who, setting out with fifty eggs and an incubator, violates every law of economic science by the prodigious speed with which he grows wealthy. It would be hard to say which type of literature has done the cause of the commuter more harm, the satiric article which describes him as a man with parcels clinging to the rear platform of an outgoing train, or the bouncing optimistic article which tells how a boy may be sent

through college on twenty hens a year. Such stuff is obviously written for urban consumption; it is intended for that large body of straphangers which at regular intervals hears the call of the soil and is allured by independence in a truck-garden, but then shrinks from the prospect of carrying paper parcels into town.

The commuter may be sufficiently defined as a citizen who digs in a garden and detests railway presidents. This sentiment may vary from instinctive dislike to consuming hatred, but in some form it is always present. The attitude, one is bound to admit, is in one important respect unjustified; and paradoxical as it may seem, the slower the trains on the commuter's road, the less reason is there for resentment. For it is largely because he travels on a road which might carry him faster than it actually does that the commuter is made valuable to himself, the State, and the nation. Those two prolonged journeys every day give him the necessary leisure for contemplation that the man in the city, clinging to a strap and wedged in between two men bigger than himself, is entirely deprived of.

The results are obvious. As for the city man, the only way in which he can forget the misery of his situation is to plunge into a furious reading of one newspaper after another, with the primary object of obtaining, not information, but oblivion. The opportunity to read slowly, to pause, to reflect, and to digest what one has read, is to be had only in a comfortable seat on a comparatively slow train; and every disarrangement of the schedule only contributes to this educational process. There are commuters—those who have just moved out to the country—who do indulge in fair dreams of wealth in connection with their poultry-yards, as we have described, but such flights of fancy are invariably reserved for the quiet hour on the train. Once at home, there is no nonsense in the business. The daily trip is the commuter's opportunity for a *Katharsis* that makes men sensible.

This regular adventure in the realm of fancy followed by a regular return to the world of fact, makes the commuter an ideal citizen. On the train he dreams and ponders. In the garden he works. He thus combines in himself an intelligent progressivism and an intelligent conservatism. The man who has by patient labor brought forth the flower from the seed and the tree from the sapling, will not be carried off his feet by the quack economist and the dealer in political nostrums. He knows that peach trees cannot be made to grow by coming out loudly for the recall of the San José scale or the leaf-blight. He knows that vegetable gardens do not flourish when we solemnly reassert the superiority of human rights over the rights of the potato-bug. He knows that the earth will not yield its increase by the mere declaration of undying enmity against rust and brown-rot. Patient digging and delving, ceaseless labor with the watering-can and the hose, patient and remorseless warfare with the arsenic spray, the knife, and the shears—these are the methods by which garden-patches and orchards are kept in condition and the increasing demands of the family are provided for. When somebody sends the commuter a catalogue with miracles in it, he takes it with him on the train and thinks it over.

He has thus retained the antique virtues, this suburban citizen of ours, and added to them conquests of the modern spirit. In his hesitating, plodding way, he beats down the resistance of an ungrateful soil and surmounts the difficulties of ferry travel in winter. Railway presidents are afraid of him. They may mock at him, revile him, tell him he is unprofitable traffic and is not wanted; but they end by making excuses about terminal facilities and delays incident to regrading and electrification. He has his dreams of wealth, of the time when he may give up his desk in the city and put in ten hours a day on his land. But it is doubtful whether at heart he desires to grow rich. For in his present situation he realizes the ideal of the Sabine farm, that alternation of life close to nature and life close to Broadway which only millionaires with a prodigious income and poets without any income at all are able to realize.

GEORG BRANDES AT SEVENTY.

BERGEN, Norway, February 14.

The eminent Danish literary critic, Georg Brandes, celebrated his seventieth birthday on February 4, and was greeted as the great master and leader of the intellectual world in articles and speeches all over the Scandinavian countries. It makes a strange impression to see papers which forty years ago indulged in the vilest abuse, now joining in the praise of his life work, and to hear individuals who formerly compared him to the devil now adore him as a demi-god. It reminds one of the impressions of Edmund Gosse expressed in his "Two Visits to Denmark, 1872-1874." Giving an account of his relations with Brandes during his visit to Denmark in the latter year, the English critic writes:

> It was difficult to account for the repulsion and even terror of Georg Brandes which I heard expressed around me whenever his name came up in the course of general conversation. At the present day we have grown to be so lax and so indulgent to opinions that it is not easy for us to reconstruct, even in imagination, the indignant zealotry of earlier times. That universal suspicion, that scurrilous abuse, of Shelley, which prevailed about 1819, which culminated in the poet's being knocked down by an English bully in the post office of Pisa, and which were reflected in the loathsome insinuations of the *Quarterly Review*—these are the nearest parallel which I can think of to the way in which Brandes was shunned and maligned in Copenhagen in 1874.

But things have changed in the course of these forty years, and the mind and heart of the Scandinavian peoples have been widely liberalized. It is Brandes's enduring merit to have brought about this change and to have "set thoughts free" in religion, morals, patriotism, and literature.

On the occasion of the festival the well-known Gyldendalske Forlag (Gyldendal's publishing firm) put out a new and splendidly illustrated edition (Jubilee Edition) of one of Brandes's most famous works, the study of Shakespeare. At the same time was initiated at the Royal Library of Copenhagen a so-called Brandes Archive (Georg Brandes Arkivet), containing books by and on Brandes, letters, manuscripts, and so forth. On this occasion the chairman of the Danish Authors' Society, Otto Benzon, paid a high tribute to the genius of Brandes, concluding as follows:

> So we transfer to the Royal Library the Georg Brandes Archive, not as a valuable gift only, but as a monument of a man, a significant man, who, by knowledge and clearsightedness, threw new light on many things, a courageous man, who disinterestedly fought for what he thought just and against what he thought unjust, a good Danish man, who did honor to his country. . . . Seventy years old, this knight-errant now stands in the arena, dauntless as ever. We wish that for a long time he may stand so.

A Danish periodical, *Tilskueren* (The Spectator), to which Brandes for many years has been a frequent contributor, put out a special Brandes number, containing many valuable and interesting

studies on the critic. Brandes also received a more official recognition of his work in the shape of the so-called "medal of merit in gold," bestowed upon him by the Danish King on the recommendation of the Ecclesiastical Department.

In Norway appeared a handsomely printed book of greetings from prominent Norwegian men and women, "Georg Brandes, 1842-1912, from Norway on the Septuagesimal Day." The greetings vary in length from a single line to several pages, and are chiefly concerned with the immense influence Brandes exerted on individual development as well as on national life. The work opens with a characteristic note by the author, Knut Hamsun, in which he praises Brandes as the ever young and courageous champion; and is followed by contributions from such men as Gunnar Heiberg, Christian Krohg, J. Lövland, Christian Sinding, and Gerhard Gran. A few of the utterances may be worth quoting. The poet Gunnar Heiberg says: "As a young man, I chose two teachers, Johan Sverdrup and Georg Brandes. The former maintained Norway for the Norwegians. Georg Brandes taught me Europe for Norway. I never repented my choice." The author Johan Bojer finishes a two-page article with the following words: "And now he is seventy years old. In the Germanic and Slavic world his name started like a banner, then it became a culture—now it has formed a generation." The late Minister of Foreign Affairs, J. Lövland, says in part: "For the disposition, the fidelity, the farsightedness, the courage, and the rich influence he has shown in his many fights for liberty, he deserves the thanks and homage of all nations."

The Swedish periodicals and newspapers paid an equally high tribute to his genius. From England he received an address expressing admiration of his work and good wishes for the coming years, signed by fifty representatives of the world of English literature and art. From the Danish colonies in London, Manchester, Newcastle, and Edinburgh were sent telegrams to their illustrious countryman.

In strict accordance with his nature, Brandes fled from the country to avoid all the festivals and personal homage which he knew to be in store for him if he stayed at home. He went to Paris, where he spent his birthday in simplicity and tranquillity, refusing an invitation from the Scandinavian Society of that city to attend a banquet in his honor. A couple of days later he delivered a lecture in Paris for the benefit of a poor old newspaperwoman, whom he had come across on a street-corner near his hotel.

ARNE KILDAL.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Henry de Quincey, writing to his brother Thomas in 1808, says: "I send this by Mr. Harden, and should have come myself if it had not rained so. I folded it well in paper, that he might not see the redness of the cover through it and thereby judge what it was." On this letter Thomas inscribes this grim "mem.—The book was 'The Simpliciad' by Mr. Mant, a poor Oxford Fool."

The author thus emphatically condemned was Richard Mant, born in 1776, who matriculated at Oxford in 1793, became a fellow of Oriel in 1798, M.A. in 1800, and D.D. in 1815. After holding several benefices he was appointed Bishop of Killaloe in 1820, Bishop of Down and Connor in 1823, of Dromore in 1842, and died November 2, 1848. Probably if de Quincey had been favored with a prophetic glimpse of the career of the man so unfavorably characterized he would have framed his judgment in a milder phrase. And if he had said that Mant was the writer of a foolish work—it is really only a pamphlet of 51 pages—it would not be easy to say very much to the purpose against such a verdict. But in 1808 Mant did but give expression to the poor foolishness of a large proportion of the British reading public. The booklet is now rare, and its authorship is little known. Even in the British Museum Catalogue it is shrouded in anonymity. The title page reads:

THE
SIMPLICIAD;
a satirico-didactic
Poem.
Containing
hints for the scholars of the
new school,
suggested by Horace's Art of Poetry,
and improved by a contemplation of the
works
of
the first masters.
Simplex munditiis.—Horace.
Undecked save with herself.—Milton.
London: Printed for John Joseph Stockdale, No. 41 Pall Mall. 1808. 12mo.

The dedication, with its flimsy pretext of concealment by the omission of vowels, is "To Messrs. W-ll - - m W-rdsw-rth, R-b-rt S--th-y and S. T. C-l-r-dg-." Precise references, with extracts, are given to the writings of the three poetic revolutionaries. The critic acknowledges that it was his intention to ridicule the "new and anti-classical school," but protests that he has used no exaggeration and that, indeed, the school is "incapable of caricature." He disclaims all malignity, and closes a dedication of a very unusual kind in these words:

With the friends of humanity and virtue I venerate your humane feelings and your virtuous principles: with the generality of our countrymen, I acknowledge and admire your talents: but at the same time, with most men of discernment and cultivated minds, I lament the degradation of your genius, and deprecate the propagation of your perverted taste.

Such was the attitude of a man of classical culture and of some poetic impulse ten years after the appearance of the "Lyrical Ballads." To him the three are only

Poets who fix their visionary sight
On sparrow's eggs in prospect of delight,
With fervent welcome greet the glowworm's flame,
Put it to bed and bless it by its name;
Hunt waterfalls, that gallop down the hills;
And dance with dancing, laughing daffodills;
Or measure muddy ponds from side to side,
And find them three feet long and two feet wide;
Poets with brother lark or brother robin fly,
And flutter with half-brother butterfly;
To woodland shades with liberty repair,
And scorn with pious sneer the House of Pray'r:
Of apostolic daisies learn to think,
Draughts from their urns of true devotion drink:
Woo with fond languishment their chymic maids,
Pray for their spaniels; consecrate their spades;
Whine over tattered cloaks or ragged breeches
And moralize with gatherers of leeches.

Wordsworth's small celandine is very harshly handled, and of course no mercy is shown to Coleridge's young ass. But the critic praises a "feeling" poem in which Southey "invoked revenge for bleeding Afric's wrong," and warmly commends Wordsworth's "festal strain to good Lord Clifford's praise." However, he cannot endure to hear of

Goodies who toil their pottage one and one
By the same fire; and some who live aloue;
Beggars on lies and impudence who thrive
And cottage girls who don't know seven from five.
. . . . . .
Such subjects are original, 'tis true;
But then they're very poor and paltry too.
And thro' the frame so swiftly venom speeds,
So hard it is to purge a field from weeds.
'Tis chance but themes like these infect your style,
Debase your thoughts, and make your language vile.

He is deeply pained that the three revolutionaries are not content with the metres of Milton, Thomson, Cowper, Pope, Gray, and Dryden, but must

. . . rummage Percy's Reliques:
In sapphics limp, or amble in dactylics,
Trip it in Ambrose Philips trochaics;
In dithyrambics vault; or hobble in prosaics.

Wordsworth's Goody Blake, Betty Foy, and Alice Fell, and Southey's "blear-eyed collier Moll" are singled out for especial blame.

"The Simpliciad" is included in the list of the Bishop's writings in the *Gentlemen's Magazine* (January, 1849), and is also mentioned in the biography by Archdeacon Edward Berens. It is interesting to note that in one of his latest publications, Bishop Mant quotes Wordsworth's sonnet on the "Decay of Piety." His objection to "the anti-classical school," whom he had satirized in his earlier days, was perhaps not inveterate. So far as the Bishop is remembered at all by this generation, it is as a hymn-writer. "When all Bishop Mant's translations, original hymns, and versions of the Psalms in common use are taken into account, it is found that he is somewhat strongly represented in modern hymnology," says Dr. John Julian, in his "Dictionary of Hymnology."

From this bibliographical excursion we may conclude that Richard Mant at thirty-two and Thomas de Quincey at twenty-two were both somewhat rash in their judgments. No great stress can be laid upon a private memorandum written on a private letter, but Mant's anonymous diatribe was more serious. Mant's tract is worth the attention of the growing tribe of Coleridge collectors, for while he names one piece by Southey and one by Wordsworth of which he approves, he has no word of praise for S. T. C. In the year 1808, when "The Simpliciad" was published, Coleridge had been known for ten years as the author of the "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner"! As to this poem, one of the greatest in the English language, Mant is absolutely silent. Such are the perils of the conventional when confronted by genius.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

LIBRARY CONDITIONS IN NEW YORK STATE.

The annual report on libraries, just submitted by the education department to the State Legislature, continues unbroken the remarkable record of growth which these reports have shown for the last nineteen years, ever since the present library law was enacted. The report is based on returns from 1,390 different libraries, which have a total stock of 9,718,899 volumes in their collections, and a circulation of 21,483,996. These figures show a gain over the preceding year of forty-five in the number of libraries reporting, and of 940,625 in the annual issue of books, but a decrease of 375,347 in the stock of books, the decrease being due entirely to the destruction by fire of the State Library last March. Since 1893 the number of libraries in the State has more than doubled, the number of books has increased threefold, and the circulation has increased sevenfold. Even since 1906, when many thought that library expansion had for a time at least about reached its limit, there has been a gain of 124 in the number of libraries, 1,000,000 in the stock of books, and above 6,000,000 in the circulation. For the whole population of the State there is now an annual average issue of 2.2 books for each person, or about ten books for each household.

The following table gives summaries of annual reports for the past nineteen years:

Year.	No. of libraries.	Volumes—Added.	Volumes—Total.	Circulation.
1893 ...	600	225,195	3,851,943	3,136,602
1894 ...	704	246,751	4,133,378	3,619,178
1895 ...	723	258,741	4,392,999	4,156,744
1896 ...	806	296,498	4,647,661	5,008,402
1897 ...	869	324,687	4,934,889	5,814,470
1898 ...	938	373,615	5,393,106	7,248,249
1899 ...	985	441,964	5,846,519	8,372,888
1900 ...	1,035	483,551	6,217,980	8,760,678
1901 ...	1,137	616,941	6,796,241	10,227,735
1902 ...	1,137	464,751	6,975,540	10,984,625
1903 ...	1,160	435,898	7,415,376	11,839,828
1904 ...	1,140	456,904	7,700,367	12,219,458
1905 ...	1,243	488,996	8,164,686	13,266,779
1906 ...	1,266	552,292	8,890,485	14,992,354
1907 ...	1,282	558,331	9,355,121	16,575,161
1908 ...	1,301	608,044	9,963,235	17,630,413
1909 ...	1,306	720,954	9,957,225	19,916,346
1910 ...	1,345	.....	10,094,246	20,542,355
1911 ...	1,390	683,656	9,718,899	21,482,990

Of the 1,390 libraries reporting, 845 belong to high schools and academies, and offer only a limited service to the general public, 53 belong to other institutions and are used mainly for institutional purposes, 51 are subscription or circulating libraries independent of the education department, and 440 are free public libraries belonging to the State library system, and entitled to the various forms of State aid provided for that purpose. Of the total circulation from free libraries, amounting to more than 20,000,000 a year, all but 939,000 or more than 95 per cent. are credited to the 440 libraries registered by the regents and under their general supervision.

The amount of State money distributed directly to public libraries last year was $31,628, divided among 362 libraries which qualified and applied for the grant, an average of $87 to each library so benefited. This direct grant by the State of $31,628 compares with a total of $1,590,000 raised during the year for free libraries by local taxation, the State contributing less than 2 per cent. of the annual cost of the public library system.

The number of public libraries now supported or aided by local taxation is 299, an increase of 18 above the preceding year; and the total amount of taxation for libraries shows an increase for the year of $86,337. Notwithstanding the large and steady increase in the number of places providing tax support for their libraries, the increase in the number of libraries is proceeding at a still more rapid rate, and there are now 190 free libraries chartered by the State depending entirely for their local support on voluntary contributions and endowments, as compared with 165 such libraries two years ago.

Charters were granted during the past year to 13 new libraries, and 10 libraries or branches were brought into relations with the education department by official registry, making an increase of 23 in the number of free libraries in the State system. Of the new enterprises reported, by far the most important is the public library provided for by act of Legislature for the city of Rochester. Ten thousand dollars was appropriated by the city for initial expeuses in organizing the system, aud plans have been adopted for a large and comprehensive development.

Naturally, library support and library extension have reached their fullest development in the cities. All of the cities of the State, with the exception of two which are in a seuse parts of other cities, are now in possession of free library facilities, and all but eight appropriate public money for library support. While the cities have 74 per cent. of the population of the State, they are credited with 85 per cent. of the library circulatiou and 96 per ceut. of the library tax. But, in view of all the conditions making for the growth of the cities at the expense of the country, library progress outside the cities is, perhaps, even more encouraging and remarkable than that within the cities. Thus, for the population of the State living in villages or the open couutry, numbering 2,386,599, there are 306 registered free libraries, having 1,483,429 volumes, and an annual circulation of 3,090,915. These figures applying to but 26 per cent. of the State's population, and that widely scattered, equal or exceed the figures reported for the whole State, including the cities, in 1895, and the average per capita supply and issue of books to people outside the cities is now three times as great as for the whole State at that date. That but 4 per cent. of the amount raised for libraries by tax is credited to villages and hamlets, means both that these libraries are managed with extreme economy, and that their support is supplied largely from gifts, endowments, and voluntary service. But, as noted above, the principle of public taxation for library support is making rapid progress in the towns and villages, and there are now 85 more such places voting an annual library tax than six years ago.

The annual appropriation for libraries by cities varies from more than a million dollars to three hundred. Twelve cities in the State appropriate each $10,000 or more for this purpose, as follows: New York, $1,192,790; Buffalo, $99,950; Syracuse, $40,500; Utica, $24,000; Albany, $12,600; Youkers, $12,500; New Rochelle, $11,000; Poughkeepsie, $10,740; Binghamton and Mt. Vernon, each $10,200; Rochester and Schenectady, each $10,000.

Estimating total city appropriations in terms of circulation, New York city pays 9 cents for each volume issued, Buffalo 10, Syracuse 14, Utica 13, Albany 4, Yonkers 6, New Rochelle 8, Poughkeepsie 9, Binghamton 7, Mount Vernon 7, Schenectady 7. It must be remembered, however, that the average cost per volume of issue is no final test of relative efficiency, as libraries differ so widely in the emphasis on reference work.

Forty-five libraries of the State were benefited during the year by gifts or bequests, each valued at $100 or more, the more important being: One hundred thousand dollars left to Rochester by will of M. W. Rundell for a library and fine arts building; $95,000 to New Rochelle from Andrew Carnegie for a library building; $50,000 to Washingtonville by will of David A. Moffat; $29,000 to the Library Association of Friendship by will of Mrs. Mary Pitt; $26,000 to Ossining from Andrew Carnegie for library building; $25,000 to Corning from Andrew Carnegie; $18,000 to Nunda from Mrs. G. H. Lewis; $10,000 to New York City from Mrs. Russell Sage for fire-house libraries; $10,000 to the library of the New York Bar Association, by will of Samuel Riker; $10,000 to Rockville Centre by Andrew Carnegie.

The following libraries have completed and occupied new buildings during the year: New York Public, Library of the American Geographical Society, New York City, Hornell Public, Bolivar Free, Frankfort Free, Richfield Springs Public, Sherburne Public, Theresa Free, Union Springs Free, and West Hebron Free. Three of these were provided by gift of Mr. Carnegie, three by local subscriptions, two by gifts from interested patrons, one by city bonds, and one by accumulated funds of the corporation. In addition to the branch libraries in Greater New York, there are now in the State 34 library buildings contributed by Mr. Carnegie, and 120 provided by other individual donors. There are 288 buildings in the State erected and devoted entirely to library purposes, which, together with their sites, represent a valuation of about $47,300,000.

Correspondence

ST. BERNARD AND NATURE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As the object of the kindly admonitions of "J. H." in your issue of February 1, may I say that I suppose no persou of intelligence would be likely to differ with him when he remarks: "One should not take a single sentence out of its allegorical context, and accept it literally because the literal meaning happens to suit more modern sentiments, which had no place in Bernard's ascetic mind"—provided always that they *had* no place in his mind, which is precisely the point at issue. "Moreover," says our mentor, "it is easy to show that St. Beruard had no eye for nature, or, indeed, for anything delightful to the senses." And his proof is that the old Latin life of St. Bernard ascribes to him the statement that in the woods aud fields he had no masters except the oaks and beeches!

Among the works printed by Dr. Eales in his translation as St. Bernard's is one concerning the site of the abbey of Clairvaux ("Life and Works of Saint Bernard," II, 460-467). The reader shall judge from a few extracts whether St. Bernard had "no

eye for nature, or, indeed, for anything delightful to the senses." Here we are told of—

the sturdy oak which salutes the heavens with its lofty top, the graceful lime-tree which spreads its arms, the ash-tree, whose wood is so elastic and easily split, or the leafy beech.

Later he speaks of—

the verdant bank of a pool filled with pure and running water, where they can watch the sports of the little fish in water clear as crystal, which swim to and fro in shoals like marching armies;

which seems like an anticipation of Tennyson's

> . . . like a shoal
> Of darting fish, that on a summer morn
> Adown the crystal dykes at Camelot
> Come slipping o'er their shadows on the sand.

Not less beautiful is the author's description of the fountain at Clairvaux:

This fountain, then—which is said to be an indication of a good fountain—has its source opposite to the rising sun, so that at the time of the spring solstice it salutes the ruddy face of the scintillating Aurora.

Of the trees in the orchard adjoining the infirmary, in their relation to the sick monks, he observes:

Under their leafy screen the sun's rays are softened, and their sufferings are soothed as they breathe the air fragrant with the scent of hay. The pleasant green of the trees and of the turf rests their eyes, and the fruit which hangs before them promises them delight when ripened. Their ears are agreeably occupied by the sweet and harmonious concerts of birds of varied plumage. See how, in order to cure one sickness, the goodness of God multiplies remedies, causes the clear air to shine in serenity, the earth to breathe forth fruitfulness, and the sick man himself to inhale through eyes, and ears, and nostrils the delights of colors, of songs, and of odors.

It is true that he looks through nature up to nature's God, as the following passage shows; but is he therefore to be censured for indifference to nature?

The smiling countenance of the earth is painted with varying colors, the blooming verdure of spring satisfies the eyes, and its sweet odor salutes the nostrils. When I delight my eyes with the bright colors of the flowers, I am reminded that this beauty is far above that of the purple robe of Solomon, who in all his glory could not equal the beauty of the lilies of the field, although to him there was wanting neither richness of material, nor wisdom and taste in arrangement. In this way, while I am charmed without by the sweet influence of the beauty of the country, I have not less delight within in reflecting on the mysteries which are hidden beneath it.

Such are the very sentiments which Storrs ("Bernard of Clairvaux," p. 157) attributes to Bernard:

His supreme lessons were always from the Scriptures, which he studied, in the form in which he possessed them, with an assiduous zeal which we may well emulate; but he found great lessons and inspiring suggestions in the lovely and lofty works of God, and kept for these an open sense.

Nor are they inconsistent with the practice of his followers, as described by Neale (Commentary on Ps. 50:11):

S. Bernard, forbidding, as he did, the slightest ornamentation in his churches, forbidding towers, nevertheless taught his Cistercians to choose the loveliest situations for their houses. I wonder whether it were the romantic situation of his father's castle—Fontaines-lèz-Dijon—that taught him the instinctive love of natural beauty which found their places for Clairvaux itself, for Rievaulx in our own Yorkshire, for Batalha in Portugal, and for hundreds of other situations.

If Bernard was indifferent to nature, it is singular that the most authoritative book that we have on the mediæval feeling for nature (Biese, "Die Entwickelung des Naturgefühls im Mittelalter") should not only quote Letter 106 in the same sense as I did, but should ascribe to him as a principle "to learn from earth and trees, from grain, from flowers, and from grass" (p. 197); and that in both respects Biese should be confirmed by Zöckler ("Geschichte der Beziehungen zwischen Theologie und Naturwissenschaft," I, 318), who adds: "His mysticism bears, . . . in not a few of its developments, a character of peculiar natural freshness, savoring of the spicy fragrance of the forest."

Bernard stood by no means alone among monks in his love of natural beauty. More than three hundred years before his time, Alcuin (735-804) thus bursts forth in a poem (the condensed rendering from Montalembert, "Monks of the West," I, 69):

O my cell! sweet and well-beloved home, adieu for ever! I shall see no more the woods which surround thee with their interlacing branches and flowery verdure, nor thy fields full of wholesome and aromatic herbs, nor thy streams of fish, nor thy orchards, nor thy gardens where the lily mingles with the rose. I shall hear no more these birds who, like ourselves, sing matins and celebrate the Creator in their fashion.

If one were to begin to quote Dante as illustrating the love of natural beauty by a theologian of the Middle Ages, one would never end, and indeed it is sufficient to refer to the pages of Dean Church's delightful essay; but one can at least quote two or three sentences from St. Francis' (1182-1226) ever-new Canticle of the Sun:

Praised be thou, my Lord, with all thy creatures, especially milord Brother Sun that dawns and lightens us; and he, beautiful and radiant with great splendor, signifies thee, Most High.

Be praised, my Lord, for Sister Moon and the stars that thou hast made bright and precious and beautiful. . . .

Be praised, my Lord, for Brother Fire, through whom thou dost illumine the night, and comely is he and glad and bold and strong.

Be praised, my Lord, for Sister, Our Mother Earth, that doth cherish and keep us, and produces various fruits with colored flowers and the grass.

ALBERT S. COOK.

Yale University, February 23.

THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The extract given below, taken from the preface to the Index volume of the "Records of the War of the Rebellion," may be of interest for other reasons besides showing what the resources of the Government are in the item of war material of the manuscript sort:

Voluminous as is the completed publication, comprising 128 books and a copious atlas, it nevertheless fails to convey an adequate conception of the labor involved in its compilation and preparation. The majority of the papers printed exist in duplicate, if not in triplicate—originals sent and copies retained—all of which it was necessary to examine with great care in order to guard against omission and to ascertain the authenticity of documents selected for publication. The published papers form but a small fraction of the myriads that were rejected as immaterial, of no historical interest, or otherwise not within the scope of the work, but all of which required careful consideration to determine their ineligibility. The papers examined were well-nigh beyond computation, being counted, not by documents or boxes, but by tons, roomfuls, or the contents of buildings. The volunteer records of discontinued commands (being the books and papers turned in by volunteer officers when mustered out) filled a large four-story warehouse; the Confederate records alone crowded an entire three-story building; the papers to be examined in the Adjutant-General's Office occupied a third of the old War Department building [written in 1901]; military telegrams were almost countless, a single collection of Union dispatches alone containing over 2,000,000; all these, as well as the files of the Secretary's office and the various bureaus of the War Department, had to be carefully read and considered, paper by paper, and, if deemed proper for publication, copied and compared. In addition, thousands of individual contributions of original documents of the war period were received from time to time from officers and others throughout the country, either as loans or as donations to the Government; in many instances the collections thus donated or loaned were of formidable dimensions. In all such cases thorough examination and consideration were required to prevent duplication of matter and to establish not only the accuracy of copies, but the authenticity of original documents. Missing links had to be traced by exhaustive correspondence and other research to secure completeness of the work as each volume appeared.

Obviously, this was a work of magnitude, the cost in 1901 having been $2,858,514.67. The importunities of what serious historian, vacation investigator, or young person writing a dissertation were to be allowed to interfere in the smallest degree with this work? It is not surprising there was a Cabinet order forbidding courtesies: anything like a general interest in such matters is of very recent growth—there will be plenty of time to clear up many small points in the history of our Civil War; as a preliminary measure, get the war as it was, between covers. Whoever has done this work deserves a lot of credit, and very few historians can expect to have a more enduring name.

At an expense of another $3,000,000 (certainly half of which applied to salaries of experts) it is quite possible the Government may be able to house properly, and classify, its astounding collection of war manuscript material, to which the public (under many restrictions) might be admitted.

ALFRED J. MORRISON.

Hampden Sidney, Virginia, February 27.

THE CAUSE OF HIGH PRICES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The cause of high prices is simple and at our doors. The present high prices and the consequent high cost of living are mainly caused by verbal agreements, entered into between retail traders, to keep up prices in the cities and towns in which they are doing business. The prices are pushed up to the top notch, and all the retail traders in the town agree (verbally) to charge the same. They call this method of fleecing the public, "standing together."

One way of dealing with these combinations of retail traders (which I do not recommend) was recently successfully tried in various towns in France, where desperate mobs of respectable women stormed the markets and shops, and compelled the retail dealers to reduce the prices of all the necessary kinds of food to a reasonable level.

BERTRAND SHADWELL.

Galveston, Tex., February 26.

A POSSIBLE MOTIVE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The following explanation of Mr. Roosevelt's motives by one of his admirers—not the present writer—is too ingenious and ingenuous to be lost to the public.

According to this "man in the street," Mr. Roosevelt is still the same devoted friend of Mr. Taft that he was formerly. Perceiving, however, how slender is the President's chance of reelection, he, Mr. Roosevelt, has *pretended* to want and to be ready to accept the nomination only with the intention of finally withdrawing and lending all his influence to the support of his friend. In this way, the Republican party is to be reunited and President Taft swept on to victory both in the convention and in the November election.

Possibly, if this should meet Mr. Roosevelt's eye, it may furnish him with a means of escape from the embarrassment of his statements of 1904, 1907, and 1912.

L. M. P.

Boston, Mass., March 2.

"ANTI-SLAVERY."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your notice (*Nation*, February 15) of the latest section of the Oxford Dictionary reminds the present writer that he apparently neglected to send to Sir James Murray examples of that rhetorical use of the words *slave* and *slavery* so frequently employed by the American patriots for a decade or so before the outbreak of the Revolution. If they declared once, they declared ten thousand times, that they should be "slaves" did they not resist the arbitrary measures of the British Government, and that if they acquiesced in those measures they should be reduced to a state of "slavery."

The notice also naturally recalls *anti-slavery* and the fact that in the *Nation* of March 20, 1902, a writer spoke of "the remarkable omission of" that term from the Oxford Dictionary. This rash statement drew from Sir (then Dr.) James Murray an interesting letter (printed in the issue of April 24, 1902), in which he said in part:

> On account of the interest of *Anti-slavery*, special trouble was taken by me to trace the epithet to its source, and I succeeded in getting a quotation from the manuscript minute-book of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society of the 9th of April, 1823, which is probably the earliest written use of the word on this side the Atlantic. In addition to this, the Dictionary quotes of the same year the New York *Observer* of 17th of May, the *Anti-Slavery Reporter* of 1825, and a speech of Wendell Phillips of 1863 which, I think, sufficiently epitomize the history of the epithet.

How long had the term been employed here before it found its way to England? Shortly after the above letter was printed, I stumbled on a passage in *Niles' Register* of October 28, 1820, which makes it possible to give the approximate date of the earliest appearance of the term in print in this country. That passage is in part as follows:

> *The next President.* An attempt is making in Philadelphia to get up, what its projectors call, an "anti-slavery" ticket, for electors of president and vice-president of the United States. A large meeting was held on Saturday last, at which an opposition ticket was agreed upon, and a committee of correspondence, &c., appointed to promote its success (XIX., 127).

It only remained to examine Philadelphia newspapers, the result being that the following notice was found in *Relf's Philadelphia Gazette* of October 19 and 20, 1820; in *Poulson's American Daily Advertiser* of October 20 and 21, and in the *Aurora* of October 20 and 21:

> ANTI-SLAVERY.
>
> *Electors of President and Vice-President.*
>
> The Citizens of the city and County of Philadelphia and of the adjacent counties, who are opposed to the extension of slavery and in favor of a public declaration of the sentiments of Pennsylvania, upon this momentous question, are invited to assemble at the Mayor's Court Room, on SATURDAY AFTERNOON the 21st inst. at 4 o'clock, for the purpose of agreeing upon an Electoral Ticket to be supported at the approaching Election, against the Ticket agreed upon at Lewiston.

A notice, but shorter than the above, was also inserted in the *Democratic Press* of October 20 and 21, and during the next week there was much in the newspapers about the meeting, about *anti-slavery*, and about the *Anti-Slavery Electoral Ticket*.

Albert Matthews.

Boston, March 1.

Literature

THE YOUNGER PITT.

William Pitt and the Great War. By J. Holland Rose, Litt.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $6 net.

In the first volume of his admirable life of the Younger Pitt Mr. Rose described, as was indicated in an earlier number of the *Nation* (September 7, 1911), the "national revival" which took place in England under Pitt's directing genius in the decade from 1781 to 1791. He made Pitt's personality stand forth prominently from the history of the times by his accounts of Pitt's wonderful rise to the Premiership, of his energetic attempts to repair the evils arising out of the old order of things in England, of his tactful handling of the royal lunatic, and of his personal relations with Wilberforce, Dundas, Dudley Ryder, and the other intimate friends. In 1791, at midsummer, the flight of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette to the eastern frontier, and their ignominious capture and return to Paris, sharpened antagonisms already aroused and gave greater momentum to the mighty forces already set in motion. Democrats and royalists were stirred to a fury, not only in France, but throughout Europe, a fury which foredoomed to failure all attempts at compromise between the old order and the new. War soon broke out between Revolutionary France and the old monarchies of Austria and Prussia. Pitt endeavored to localize the war, but his efforts were fruitless; thenceforth his chief task was to bring to an honorable close a conflict which he had not sought. In the Great War which ensued between England and France, Pitt and Napoleon were indeed the leading actors; but even they were partially dwarfed by the mighty drama in which they played. In this second volume, therefore, we do not find the figure of Pitt drawn out so distinctly from the events of his age as in Mr. Rose's previous volume; there is something more of history and less of biography. Exceptions to this statement are the exceedingly interesting chapters on Pitt's resignation from the post of Prime Minister and his refusal to embarrass his incompetent successor, Addington; also the pages in which the author discusses Pitt's private financial difficulties and his love for Eleanor Eden. He and Miss Eden were fond of each other; the marriage would have given Pitt's nature what it needed—wider sympathies, relaxation, and a freer enjoyment of the amenities of life; but as both were poor and as he felt he could not support her adequately without resort to political jobbery, his scrupulous sense of honor made him renounce the idea of marriage.

In his chapters on the Jacobinism in England, which ran parallel with that in France from the flight to Varennes to the rise of Napoleon, Mr. Rose has drawn richly from the interesting and little-used archives of the Home Office. The harvests of 1792 had been spoiled by wet weather; food prices were rising; discontent was rife; bread riots broke out in Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield, and elsewhere. Nowadays, high prices, heavy taxes, and conservative landlordism lead people in a country like Germany to vote the Social Democratic ticket. In those days, in England, it led them to devour Tom Paine's "Rights of Man," join "corresponding societies," and send fraternal addresses to the Jacobins across the Channel in France. A typical address of this kind, read at the bar of the French Convention on November 7, 1792, declared that five thousand signatories in England stepped forth to rescue their country from the opprobrium thrown upon it by the base conduct of Pitt's Government. They looked on Frenchmen as "citizens of the world, children of the common Father," not as enemies to be assassinated "at the command of weak or ambitious kings, or of corrupt ministers." They deplored the fact that George III, as Elector of Hanover, had joined his Hanoverian troops to those of traitors and robbers; "but the King of England will do well to remember that England is not Hanover; should he forget this, we will not forget it. We ardently wish a Triple Alliance, not of crowned heads, but of the people of America, France, and Great Britain, will give liberty to Europe and peace to the world." After the example given by France, revolutions would become easy. "Reason is about to make rapid progress; and it would not be extraordinary if in a much less space of time than can

be imagined, the French should send addresses of congratulation to a National Convention of England." Addresses of this kind were delivered at meetings all over England and published in newspapers devoted to the democratic cause. To counteract their influence Pitt helped to start two new papers, the *Sun* and the *True Briton*. They were of a popular type and expressed a rather cheap and sensational royalism; and their advent was much resented, as may be imagined, by Mr. Walter of the *Times*, after his support of the Government. Pitt had reasons to fear that deeds might follow words. British Jacobins were reported to have secretly ordered in Birmingham 20,000 daggers, twelve inches in the blade and five in the handle. Apparently, it was a sample specimen of this weapon which Burke melodramatically cast upon the floor of the House of Commons during a speech shortly before the execution of Louis XVI. At the news of Dumouriez's victory over royalism at Jemappes, Radicals in Sheffield evidenced their joy by roasting and devouring an ox, and marching in a great procession carrying the French tricolor and a burlesque banner representing Pitt's Minister, Dundas, stabbing Liberty, and Burke treading down "the swinish multitude" (a phrase which Burke in his "Recollections" had applied to the French revolutionists). The growing boldness of the Radicals finally drew Pitt into a series of repressive measures. Writers have contrasted his earlier advocacy of liberal reforms with his coercive so-called "reign of terror" later; and have charged him with inconsistency. But the charge loses force when one considers how the times changed after 1791, with the rising tide of English Radicalism. The whirl of events in France also seemed to show the need of taking timely measures against lawlessness and over-hasty reform. Years afterwards, when the events of the Revolutionary era could be seen in perspective, it was easy to ask: Why did not Pitt, in view of the unswerving loyalty of the great majority of Britons, rely on the good sense and weight of that mass to overbear the Jacobinical minority? It is to be regretted that he did not take that more intelligent and more courageous course. But to have expected him to do so, in view of the actual events about him, is to expect of him more than human prescience.

Mr. Rose traces in careful detail the events which, in spite of Pitt's efforts towards peace, drew England and France into war. It was not the execution of Louis XVI, as so often stated, which was the prime cause of the war; it was the victorious advance of Dumouriez towards the mouth of the Rhine and the danger from the subversive decrees with which the French enthusiasts threatened England's Dutch ally.

In the chapters on the conduct of the war, that on Toulon is noteworthy. It shows the first clash between the two great national leaders. It illustrates many of the difficulties and disadvantages under which Pitt labored in comparison with Napoleon. Whereas Napoleon could communicate with his Government at Paris in a few hours, it took Pitt at least eleven days to get dispatches from Toulon. Napoleon had the loyal support and absolute disposition of the entire French forces; the English commander at Toulon had many bickerings with his jealous Spanish allies who feared that the English were planning permanently to retain Toulon and make of it a second Gibraltar. This idea has often been repeated, even in such recent scholarly works as those of Cottin. But Mr. Rose shows that Pitt had no such plan. He intended merely to hold Toulon until the conclusion of peace, when it would be restored to the French, though used as a handle for exacting an indemnity in Corsica or the French West Indies. Pitt was also at a disadvantage owing to Austria's culpable failure to fulfil her promises. Thugut had promised to send 5,000 Austrian soldiers from Milan to Toulon, but not a man was sent. It was a vitiating flaw in Pitt's strategic combinations all through his conduct of the war that he too optimistically believed that the cabinets of Austria, Prussia, and Russia would live up to his own high standard of duty and magnanimous endeavor. Counting the Austrian and other promised troops, Pitt had estimated that there were 34,200 men defending Toulon. Mr. Rose calculates that there were actually only 16,912, of whom not more than 12,000 were fit for active service. If Pitt had been in closer touch with the situation, as would have been possible with the modern telegraph, he might have dispatched troops then lying idle at Cork and elsewhere which might have saved Toulon. When at last he realized the situation he instantly gave orders for reinforcements to proceed from England; one day before these orders were given Toulon had already surrendered.

Of all Pitt's problems perhaps the most complex and difficult were those connected with Ireland—the corrupt rule of a Protestant minority in the Irish Parliament at Dublin, the Rebellion of 1798, the constant danger of a French invasion, and the perennial disorders in that unhappy country. Pitt felt that the safety of the British Empire demanded the legislative union of England and Ireland under one central authority, just as Robespierre had seen the need of centralization of authority in France, and he obtained it—by bribery. He used bribery because only by corrupt means could he carry through that corrupt Irish legislature a measure entailing pecuniary loss on most of its members. He hoped to complete the Union by Catholic emancipation. But George III's threatened fit of lunacy at the mere prospect of allowing Catholics to sit in Parliament led Pitt to resign from office and delayed Catholic emancipation for a generation. While Pitt thought only of the safety of England, the King's thoughts continued to gyrate angrily and madly around the Test Act, his Coronation Oath, and the iniquities of Fox.

In his handling of the Irish question, which at the present moment is again arousing such interest and feeling, as well as in dealing with the foreign war and domestic legislation, Mr. Rose has again shown himself to be an historian of unusual ability. He combines great industry, impartiality, and insight with a twentieth century perspective and a distinctly pleasing style. His two volumes on Pitt may be regarded not only as the standard biography of that great statesman but as one of the best accounts of English history between 1781 and 1806.

CURRENT FICTION.

Paradise Farm. By Katharine Tynan. New York: Duffield & Co.

Miss Tynan here forsakes Irish character and Irish scene, yet informs her Wealdshire with the Irish geniality that marks all her tales. With an abducted ward in chancery, a falsely accused husband-poisoner, an Auld Robin Gray effect in returning sailors, a trusty, crusty old servant, a revengeful nurse, a disobeyed but wholly reconcilable father, and a nice baby, there are riches of material for a comfortably uncomfortable little story. Paradise Farm, buried in English lanes, is a charming background for the varied acts of hidden couple and devoted landlady. The romantic devotion, indeed, of Nancy Cripps to her mysterious lodgers, and theirs to her, brought about some of the difficulties, but also cleared them away. Since this cheerful novelist's troubles are seldom more than skin deep, one may trudge on through long lanes of predicament unperturbed and sufficiently beguiled, quite confident of happy turnings.

The Gods and Mr. Perrin. By Hugh Walpole. New York: The Century Co.

You think you will escape, but already the place has its fingers about you. You will be a different man at the end of the term. You will be allowed no friends here, only enemies. You think the rest of us like you. Well, for a moment, perhaps, but only for a moment. . . . You must not be friends with the Head, because then we shall think that you are spying on us. You must not be friends with us, because then the Head will think that you are conspiring against him. You must not be friends with the boys, because then we shall all hate you

and they will despise you. You will be quite alone.

This, and more of it, is the gloomy picture drawn by the cleverest master in a school faculty in Cornwall, England, for the benefit of young Archie Traill, just through the university, and entering upon his first year of teaching. Traill himself, a normal, full-hearted youth, is brought into the story, as is Isabel Desart, a visitor, to set off by contrast the warped and cramped spirit of this little society. Mr. Perrin is its arch embodiment. A bachelor, at forty-five, and apparently with every good intention, he sees his soul ground down by the system to pedantry and pettiness. Still, he will fight for the better side of himself. He is in love with Isabel, and through her he will be saved. Little wonder, then, that pique is replaced by hatred when Traill, by sheer youth and ingenuousness, pushes him one side. Under the circumstances, Perrin's neurotic introspections and final outburst seem hardly overdrawn. This school is not Eton or Harrow, but, according to the author, it is typical of conditions in a hundred schools throughout England.

The Fool in Christ. By Gerhart Hauptmann. Translated by Thomas Seltzer. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

The Indian Lily, and Other Stories. By Hermann Sudermann. Translated by L. Lewisohn. The same.

These translations are likely to satisfy the demands of their readers, though neither permits us long to forget that the original is German. Mr. Seltzer had the easier task, and performed it, on the whole, with sober fidelity. His expressions do not always have the right connotation, nor always fit into their context. A more thorough revision of the version as a new unit in English would have made it more homogeneous. But, at any rate, it does not pretend to be more than it is. Mr. Lewisohn's work, on the contrary, is a little marred by a pretentiousness which appears to be not altogether an involuntary reflection of the salient quality of Sudermann's own style. The translator is not lacking in a sense of rhythm, nor in the capacity for handling periods; but he shows himself sometimes unaware of the meaning of words; and what was in the original a novel, perhaps incongruous, but at least intelligible designation or epithet, becomes in his translation frequently grotesque. Thus: "A certain fogless freedom of thought seemed to me until today the highest point of human development." "She thought out a plan—the first of many by which she meant to rivet her beloved for life." "With abstracted caresses she touched his weary fingers." "She herself saw the world through a blue veil, heard the voices of life across an immeasurable distance, and felt hot, alien shivers run through her enervated limbs." Such sentences as these are not the equivalent of the German. Neither is it creditable to be unable to distinguish between *shall* and *will*.

Vane of the Timberlands. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The British Columbian Pacific Coast, land of the log-driver, the miner, the prospector, supplies again the substance for Mr. Bindloss's story. For background there are men and women, love and rivalries, and mutual service, but they are second in importance to the great romance of forest, river, and sea. No smooth-flowing idyl is this one of nature. Winds blow, floods destroy, snows smother, drifting logs betray; and whether on land or sea, men may face hunger and cold. The author's pleasure is to show the wildness and the beauty and the cruelty of such scenes and their effect on the men who brave them; who from seeking their living along these ways of hardship grow into a fury of affection for them—ready equally to "achieve success or face annihilation." One such, Wallace Vane, is pictured in this story, with his more cautious and considering friend, Carroll. Their journeys, sometimes for their own behoof, and as often in almost quixotic behalf of sundry under-dogs, make impressive reading. That all this is more impressive than exciting is no fault of the experiences, but is rather because of a level of calm common sense in the recital which never gives a chance to lose the breath in reading, and perhaps misses thereby a legitimate sensationalism. But the book worthily escapes the greater fault of hysteria over nature, man, or woman, and is in every way a sane, strong story, tonic and refreshingly well worded.

SENTIMENTAL PLATONISM.

The Vitality of Platonism, and Other Essays. By James Adam. Edited by his Wife, Adela Marion Adam. Cambridge University Press. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

In our notice (July 16, 1908) of the late Professor Adam's admirable treatise on "The Religious Teachers of Greece," we observed that, "if any part of the book has disappointed us a little, it is these concluding chapters on Plato." Something of that disappointment we have felt, have felt even more keenly, while reading these essays on Platonism and kindred subjects now edited and published by his wife. The book is made up of lectures on various occasions, and makes no pretence to strict unity of design. There does, however, run through all the essays, more or less explicitly, a single theme which results in a certain unity of impression; and, unfortunately, the unsoundness of that thesis throws a vitiating atmosphere about much that is otherwise nobly thought and expressed. The fault first shows itself clearly in a comparison of the ideas underlying Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations" with Plato's doctrine of *anamnêsis*, or recollection. Only deep confusion of ideas can follow the failure, as Professor Adam here fails, to see a radical distinction between Wordsworth's notion of a spiritual inheritance of infancy which is gradually overlaid by experience and Plato's doctrine of a vague reminiscence from a former life which must be brought to clearness and efficiency by labor and learning. How quickly such a confusion of ideas passes into dangerous error of precept may be seen in Professor Adam's praise of "Plato's view of education as the free and unconstrained development of the individual soul." The definition applies well enough to Rousseau's "Emile," but we are at a loss to understand how such a picture of education can be drawn from the austere discipline of Plato's communistic "Republic."

At bottom Professor Adam's error springs from a fine but misguided enthusiasm. In his laudable desire to link the religion of the past with that of the present in one glorious, unbroken tradition, in his longing to hold up the vitality of Platonism as a force still moulding the better thoughts of men, he has simply lost the sense of philosophical distinctions. The *logos* is to him the binding thread, the idea at the heart of religion wherever found. Now, in the separate dicussions of this word and its synonyms as they are used by various ancient and modern writers, he no doubt says many things that are right and in their way precious, but when by its means he would merge the philosophies of Plato, Heraclitus, the Stoics, and Wordsworth together in one indiscriminate welter of patheism, he is, we are bound to think, doing but an ill service to the cause he has so much at heart.

> Now I will ask you to believe [he writes] that this half-poetical, half-religious idea of a World-Soul, which, according to Plato, is as it were the incarnation of the Divine Reason, less perfect than God himself, but still wholly rational and far from anger or desire—I will ask you to believe that this World-Soul or World-Reason is in reality Plato's conception of Nature. . . . It follows that Nature, as Dante somewhere says, is the child of God, that she is a spiritual and not a material creature, good and not evil; for God, according to Plato, is the author only of good, and evil cometh not from him. In Plato's way of thinking God and Nature are not two mutually opposing forces, but an omnipotent Father and a loyal son, working harmoniously together toward
>
> that far-off divine event
> To which the whole Creation moves.

That this sentimental view of nature may be educed from certain passages of Plato's Dialogues, especially the "Timæus," we do not gainsay; but that it is honestly representative of Plato's whole view of life, we do most vigorously deny. It is true of Stoicism; it comes into modern English literature chiefly through Shaftesbury's revival of Stoicism and the ensuing romantic school which reaches its culmination in Wordsworth; but between Platonism and Stoicism there is a great gulf fixed. "The Stoic conception of the Logos" Professor Adam defines "as the unity in which all opposites are harmonized." Now Plato in his dialectic, that is when driven by the commands of pure reason, does, no doubt, attempt, though unsuccessfully, to find a rational nexus between the many and the one. Even more clearly his practical doctrine, his ethics, is a discipline by which the soul, through self-discipline and abnegation, is taught to raise itself to contemplation of the divine unity and to a state of justice which is the reflection of that unity in the government of its own faculties. But essentially his philosophy, both dialectic and practical, his *Platonism*, so to speak, is a dualistic conception of the one and the many, being and becoming, ideas and phenomena, God and nature. To slur over this dualism, as Professor Adam does, in order to assimilate Platonism with certain nineteenth-century notions of religion and education and poetry, or to represent Plato as attempting to explain away the existence of evil by a kind of optimistic emotionalism, is to wander far, we must say, from beholding the face of truth. There are, it need scarcely be said again, many admirable and true observations in Professor Adam's lectures, and his language will have a certain charm for those readers at least who have not come, even in spite of themselves, to distrust the allurements of this *préciosité* which threatens to emasculate all writing of the English universities not of a purely pedantic or commonplace sort. After due reservations have been made, the book as a whole must be reckoned a sad divergence from the author's other work, in which he stuck more closely to his Greek and was not betrayed into false comparisons and syncretisms. Virtue is not served by obliterating distinctions; and in particular this æsthetic and sentimental treatment of Plato and the greater Greeks, which was introduced by Pater and has been continued by Professor Mackail in Oxford and Professor Adam in Cambridge, falls under the harsh judgment pronounced by Plato himself upon those who dishonor the soul by setting the pursuit of beauty above that of truth.

BIOGRAPHIES OF TOLSTOY.

The Life of Tolstoy. By Paul Birukoff. Translated from the Russian. New York: Cassell & Co. Pp. 168. $1.50 net.

The Life of Count Lyof N. Tolstoï. By Nathan Haskell Dole. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Pp. 467. $2 net.

Tolstoy. By Romain Rolland, Author of "Jean Christophe." Translated by Bernard Miall. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Pp. 321. $1.50 net.

Paul Birukoff, a disciple and intimate friend of Tolstoy, has written two volumes (Moscow, 1906 and 1908) on the life of his master from 1828 to 1884, of which only the first has been translated into English (New York, 1906); they are unfortunately rather a collection of valuable materials than a real biography. Before completing his main task, he has published a short sketch of the entire life of Tolstoy, which now appears in an English dress. He presents facts simply and clearly, but lays most stress on the development of Tolstoy's moral ideas. Of the novels he says little, and that little by no means well; "Anna Karenin" and "War and Peace" he apparently regards as merely incidents in the life of Tolstoy, from which some conclusions may be drawn as to his spiritual development. Himself without marked literary talent, he gives us no conception of the artistic genius of his friend; but, writing with affection and reverence, he conveys a first-hand, though somewhat shadowy, impression of Tolstoy's powerful personality.

The longer work of Birukoff was the chief authority for the first half of Aylmer Maude's large "Life of Tolstoy" (New York, 1910; reviewed in the *Nation* January 26, 1911), which brought the story to within a few months of Tolstoy's death. Mr. Dole in his turn has written a book based mainly on Birukoff and Maude, though he has not neglected minor sources. The result of his labors it is impossible to praise highly. The two earlier biographers compensate for their lack of skill by a certain glow of enthusiasm for their subject, thanks to which their books become human documents that cannot be neglected. Mr. Dole has merely garnered facts and anecdotes from his authorities, has arranged them in chronological order, has added, by the way, a few commonplace remarks on Tolstoy's novels and on his religious and social opinions, has given an account of the death scene at Astapovo and of the funeral—and has sent forth a book into the world. Though he frequently states that Tolstoy was a genius, and quotes many others to that effect, his own handling of his theme is so bald and tame that the weary reader can scarcely believe that the volume treats of a prince among artists, thinkers, and religious leaders. Yet let us not be unjust. The book is comparatively brief and is moderate in price, so that it will probably reach and spread useful information among a wider circle of readers than will Mr. Maude's bulky volumes. Furthermore, it is honestly written—Mr. Dole frankly acknowledges his debts to his predecessors—it is dignified in tone, and it utters nothing base.

Men and women who are not interested in the petty details of Tolstoy's life, but who wish an appreciation of his true significance as a man of letters and as a moral force, will do well to pass by Birukoff, Maude, and Dole, and take up the fine study of Tolstoy by Romain Rolland, a professional student of the history of art, who is himself a novelist of distinction. This volume is a tribute of admiration from a man of ripe culture and wonderful literary skill; the tribute not of an unreasoning disciple, but of a scholar and artist who has been profoundly affected by the genius of the man of whom he writes. As might have been anticipted, M. Rolland pays due attention to the novels that won Tolstoy his fame as the "great writer of the Russian land." His praise of Tolstoy's art, without ceasing to be carefully considered and discriminating, becomes at times almost lyric in its fervor. Novelists, who study men and women rather than literary critics, who study books, have best appreciated Tolstoy's supremacy as a writer of fiction. Among English and American essayists Mr. Howells has shown an understanding of Tolstoy comparable to that of M. Rolland, but even his sympathetic enthusiasm has produced no criticism quite like the following paragraph on "War and Peace":

> To be truly sensible of the power of this work, we must take into account its hidden unity. Too many readers, unable to see it in perspective, perceive in it nothing but thousands of details, whose profusion amazes and distracts them. They are lost in this forest of life. The reader must stand aloof, upon a height; he must attain the view of the unobstructed horizon, the vast circle of forest and meadow; then he will catch the Homeric spirit of the work, the calm of eternal laws, the awful rhythm of the breathing of Destiny, the sense of the whole of which every detail makes a part; and the genius of the artist, supreme over the whole, like the God of Genesis who broods upon the face of the waters.

Of Tolstoy's religious and social theories, M. Rolland gives no mere paraphrase, but penetrates into the spirit of the man who found in the commandment, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," a taint of egoism, and dared to emend it into, "Love thy neighbor as *Himself* (as God)." Even in treating Tolstoy's criticism of art, he can rise above the superficial injustice and perversity of Tolstoy's single verdicts, and understand their essence when he writes:

What is the artistic significance of the religious ideal which he proposes? This ideal is magnificent. The term "religious art" is apt to mislead one as to the breadth of the conception. Far from narrowing the province of art, Tolstoy enlarges it. Art, he says, is everywhere. "Art creeps into our whole life; what we term art, namely, theatres, concerts, books, exhibitions, is only an infinitesimal portion of art. Our life is full of artistic manifestations of every kind, from the games of children to the offices of religion. Art and speech are the two organs of human progress. One affords the communion of hearts, the other the communion of thoughts. If either of the two is perverted, then society is sick. The art of to-day is perverted."

Restricting biographical details to the merest outline, M. Rolland, nevertheless, gives a clear conception of Tolstoy's personality and of his position in society, with his prejudices and peculiarities, as well as his ideal aspirations; with his youthful "pride of the great noble and the officer who condescendingly mingles with liberal and middle-class scribblers," contrasting with the "ineffable candor" (query, "simple-heartedness," *candeur*) of the aged man, who on his death-bed "wept, not for himself, but for the unhappy," saying, "in the midst of his sobs: 'There are millions of human beings on earth who are suffering: why do you think only of me?'" And so M. Rolland proceeds to his final verdict:

Tolstoy does not speak to the privileged, the enfranchized of the world of thought; he speaks to ordinary men—*hominibus bonæ voluntatis*. He is our conscience. He says what we all think, we average people, and what we all fear to read in ourselves. He is not a master full of pride: one of those haughty geniuses who are throned above humanity upon their art and their intelligence. He is—as he loved to style himself in his letters, by that most beautiful of titles, the most pleasant of all—"our brother."

Students of Tolstoy will not be disturbed by some insignificant slips of detail in M. Rolland's volume. Though we cannot refer to the original, the translator has apparently done his work competently, despite an occasional too literal fidelity to the words and idioms of the French text.

The Works of Henrik Ibsen. Edited with Introductions by William Archer. Viking Edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 13 volumes. $2 the volume.

The Viking Edition of Ibsen's works varies in comparatively little, save in the externals of bookmaking, from the Copyright Edition which the Scribners issued in 1908, "complete in eleven volumes," but to which they have since added, as volumes twelve and thirteen, "From Ibsen's Workshop," a collection of notes, scenarios, and drafts for certain of Ibsen's later plays, translated by A. G. Chater, and the well-known "Life" of the dramatist by Edmund Gosse. The reprint has evidently been made without very close supervision, since, though the circular announces that the set is to consist of thirteen volumes, the first words of the General Preface reappear exactly as Mr. Archer wrote them in 1908: "The *eleven volumes* of this edition," etc.

The only significant changes in the text before us are to be found in the introductions to the various plays, where attention is happily paid to a large body of important material made accessible in 1909 through the printing of the author's "Efterladte Skrifter" ("Literary Remains") in three volumes. Nearly one-half of this material is reproduced in "From Ibsen's Workshop"; but no part of what concerns works earlier than "Pillars of Society" is communicated, except in such short discussions as the revised prefaces of the present publication afford.

Without doubt the Viking Edition provides, as the circular states, "the standard edition in English of the greatest dramatist of the nineteenth century." But it is not beyond reproach either in contents or in style. Mr. Archer omitted, we think, without sufficient reason, Ibsen's first play, "Catilina," which contains in germ many of the author's characteristic ideas. Ibsen insisted on the importance of reading his plays throughout in chronological order, and placed "Catilina" first in the definitive edition he himself prepared. Mr. Archer is right in saying that it "would seem a deliberate disregard of the poet's wishes" to perpetuate the original rather than the revised version of this first fruit of his invention. But, surely, it seems a more culpable disregard of the poet's wishes to omit the play altogether. That "Catilina," not to mention four other complete plays by the author printed in Norwegian, should be passed by in a "standard edition" of the poet's "collected works," and a whole volume be devoted to scraps "From Ibsen's Workshop," is a rare exhibition of inconsistency. Not that we deprecate the publication of this concluding volume, which unquestionably throws valuable light on the dramatist's technique. On the contrary, we wish that the "Literary Remains" might have been translated entire, for they contain other matter of as great interest as anything in the parts selected. Particularly is this true of the so-called "Epic Brand," the recovery of which, after its mysterious loss for some thirty-five years, is one of the most curious incidents of modern book-history. One cannot help wondering if the fact that Ibsen's early work is chiefly in verse did not occasion its neglect.

Mr. Archer had a hard experience in translating "Peer Gynt." Recognizing the fact that he had not the poetic capacity to reproduce that great work adequately, because of its lavish variety of metre, he requested the author's permission to put it into prose. But Ibsen absolutely refused to allow that to be done with his sanction, and only reluctantly agreed to the compromise line-for-line "crib" which was finally evolved. Mr. Archer, at first apologetic for the result, has since grown proud of it; but probably no one else regards his version as satisfactory. We regret that Professor Herford had not a larger share in the English edition of Ibsen's collected works. His translations of "Brand" and "Love's Comedy" are excellent. He shows us in his preface to "Brand" what he might have done with the epic fragment had he undertaken to render it all in English. Had he been general editor, we should pretty certainly have had a volume of Ibsen's shorter poems in our own tongue. As it is, English readers are bound to emphasize Ibsen the problem-play writer unduly at the expense of Ibsen the poet.

The Copyright Edition, being convenient and inexpensive, is likely to remain in most general use, but the Viking Edition, to be sold in sets "by subscription only," should be preferred by all to whom two dollars a volume (four dollars in half-levant) is not a prohibitive price. The paper is of superior quality; the printing and binding are handsome. On the other hand, though some of the illustrations are exceptionally good, the majority, especially photographs of actors and scenes on the stage, might have been omitted without loss.

A Personal Record. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Harper & Co. $1.25 net.

It is hard to guess in advance who is likely to succeed with the familiar vein. One might have thought that Joseph Conrad, with his varied experience and his uncommon powers of description and narrative, would have made an easy business of the present informal autobiographical record. But it is evidently hard for him to hit the right tone—a matter of calculation rather than instinct. In the "Familiar Preface" he is self-conscious and ill at ease. Towards the end of it his discomfort expresses itself in the frank utterance of a doubt as to the probable result of his "trying to be conversational."—"I have never been very well acquainted with conversation," he confesses. ". . . My young days, the days when one's habits and character are formed, have been rather familiar with long silences. Such voices as broke into them were anything but conversational." In the attempt to buttonhole his reader, he assumes a jaunty air which is rather distressing. But this vanishes for the most part with the beginning of the

reminiscences proper. These reminiscences are of casual and fragmentary sort, at first glance, but when one has finished reading them one must feel that the writer's hope has been realized: "that from these pages there may emerge at last the vision of a personality; the mind behind the books so fundamentally dissimilar as, for instance, 'Almayer's Folly' and 'The Secret Agent,' and yet a coherent, justifiable personality both in its origin and in its action."

The writer who has chosen to be known as Joseph Conrad, and to make English his medium, is of Polish birth. A grand-uncle had been a Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur under Napoleon, had gone with him upon the Russian campaign, and had literally eaten dog on the way back. His father was active in the ill-fated uprising of '63, and exiled thereafter. The boy himself had a longing for the sea from his earliest years—an unaccountable instinct. "Why should I, the son of a land which such men as these have turned up with their ploughshares and bedewed with their blood, undertake the pursuit of fantastic meals of salt junk and hardtack upon the wide seas?" The question remains unanswered; but greedy for the sea this son of a land-bound nation was, and he finally, against the protests of all his relatives, had his way.

Fortunately, the uncle who was his guardian, though he disapproved of his nephew's project, did not forbid it. The boy had determined to be not only a seaman but a British seaman; and the reader may piece together from different portions of the fragmentary narrative the stages of Conrad's ascent from common seaman to full master. Not until he was some thirty-five years old, and near the top of the ladder in the British mercantile marine, did the idea of his first story begin to take shape in his brain. The result, "Almayer's Folly," was the intermittent labor of years, and made an author of him. For this reason, no doubt, because it marked the transition from seaman to bookman, the genesis of "Almayer" is traced fully in these pages, from that first meeting with the real Almayer far up a Bornean river to the completion of the story many years later. To account for himself as a man and as a writer, are the two purposes of the record. "In the purposely mingled resonance of this double strain," concludes the Preface, "a friend here and there will perhaps detect a subtle accord." And, indeed, the book has a curious completeness. This effect, one perceives, is gained by the method of the fiction-writer—a careful choice of telling detail—rather than in the cumulative manner of the autobiographer. Its discursiveness and fragmentariness, for which the writer apologizes, are apparent, not real. So much the better: the book would have been a little masterpiece in a rare kind if there had been no attempt "to be conversational."

Notes

Henry Holt & Co. have in hand Ralph Straus's "The Prison without a Wall," the story of a sensitive scholar cloistered in the University of Cambridge.

Karin Michaelis's "Elsie Lindtner," a sequel to "The Dangerous Age," will be issued by John Lane Company this spring.

The Century Company promises for this month a book by Rupert Hughes, giving the picture of a mother's longing for her scattered brood; "The Burgundian," a tale of the court of the mad King, Charles VI of France, by Marion Polk Angelotti, and "The Yosemite," by John Muir.

Fiction in Duffield & Co.'s spring list includes: "The Adjustment," by Marguerite Bryant; "The Gate of Horn," by Beulah Marie Dix; "Paradise Farm," by Katherine Tynan; "The High Adventure," by John Oxenham; "Country Neighbors: A Long Island Pastoral," by Susan Taber; "Mene Tekel," by Augusta Groner; "The House of Robershaye," by Emma Brooke; "The Woollen Dress," a translation of Henry Bordeaux's "La Robe de laine"; "The Garden of Indra," by Michael White, and "Putting Marshville on the Map," the second volume in William Ganson Rose's Ginger Series.

The same house will publish shortly: "The Thread of Life," an authorized translation of the Infanta Eulalia's book; "The Complete Nonsense Book," by Edward Lear; "Byways of Paris," by Georges Cain"; "Success in Gardening," by Jessie P. Frothingham; "Everblooming Roses," by Georgie Torrey Drennan, and "The Book of Love," a volume of verse by Elsa Barker.

"The Abolition Crusade and Its Consequences," by Hilary A. Herbert, who was Secretary of the Navy under President Cleveland, and "The Religions of Modern Syria and Palestine," by Dr. Frederick Jones Bliss, are among the books which Scribners are bringing out this month.

Included in Doubleday, Page & Co.'s spring announcements are: "The Real Mrs. Holyer," by Francis Channon; "Pleasures and Palaces," by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins; "William the Silent," by J. C. Squire; "One Look Back," reminiscences of fifty years of public life in London, by George William Erskine Russell; "The Life of David C. Broderick," by Jeremiah Lynch; "The Life of Woodrow Wilson," by William Bayard Hale, and "Plantation Ballads," by John A. Lomax.

In "Bahaism, the Religion of Brotherhood," announced by Messrs. Longmans, Francis H. Skrine seeks to trace the evolution of organized creeds from magic, through spirit and ancestor worship, totemism, native worship, dualism, pantheism, and monotheism, culminating in the idealism of Baha 'Ullah and his successor, Abdul Baha.

To book-lovers we may properly recommend a work named for them, "The Book-Lovers' Anthology," compiled by R. M. Leonard and published by Henry Frowde. A sufficient number of notes at the end of the volume explain allusions and answer various questions.

Katherine D. Osbourne's "Robert Louis Stevenson in California" (McClurg) is a book for Stevensonians of the inner shrine. That is to say, it assumes a circle of readers whose curiosity concerning their hero's short but pretty desperate sojourn in California has not been satisfied by his vivid letters to Colvin and Mr. Gosse, by his own narrative of his trip across the plains and the camp at Silverado, or by the industry of his various biographers. To what we already know of this period from these sources, the text adds very little of importance. The illustrations, however, of which there are sixty-nine, including a picture of Stevenson never before published, furnish an illuminating commentary on the descriptive powers of the "amateur emigrant." There are views of twisted cypress trees, bits of rocky coast and angry surf at Monterey; likenesses of landlords and landladies patronized by the invalid author, together with their children; sea-fog in Napa valley, the woody way to Silverado, the tunnel of the mine used by Stevenson for a wine-cellar, and many other relevant glimpses of California scenery.

The only criticism to be passed upon Florence Coombe's "Islands of Enchantment: Many-Sided Melanesia" (Macmillan) is that the author underrates the interest in her person which her travels inspire. The reader would welcome some information regarding her activity, the duration of her stay, and her mode of life in the remote islands she so graphically describes. She is, presumably, in some way connected with the British Melanesian Mission, but she withholds any mention of her share in the great work, scientific as well as philanthropic, that has so long distinguished the labors of the missionaries in and about Norfolk Island. Her knowledge of Melanesian dialects is remarkable, and by her translations of native legends, as well as by her sharpsighted observation of customs and physical characteristics, she is able to supplement, in some particulars, even the standard linguistic and anthropological works of Dr. Codrington. She is full of sympathy for the natives, and seeks for some good even in still unregenerate cannibals and head-hunters. According to her, the Melanesian is, on the whole, "the most sociable creature on the earth's surface" and endowed with "the priceless gift of a sense of humor." She has visited, in the steam-yacht of the Melanesian Mission, the Northern New Hebrides, the Banks, and Torres Islands, Santa Cruz and the Reef Islands, and the Eastern Solomons. The fullest account is that of Mala, the wildest and most populous of the Solomons. An idea of the tact required in dealing with its inhabitants may be obtained from her remark that "the year before I made acquaintance with it, in the immediate neighborhood of our first landing, the white priest had sadly counted fourteen murders within a period of six weeks." In describing Guadalcanar, of the same group, she departs from her purpose not to give an account of missionary work, and sketches the perilous struggle that the men of faith have had to encounter there. Nothing can be freer from cant and religious fervor than her plain tale. The

book throughout is marked by good sense, rare modesty, and, not least of all, by considerable literary skill. Externally as well as internally, the volume is unusually attractive

"There are good things in this volume," said Martial of his Epigrams, "there are parts that are mediocre, and much that is poor. That is the only way to make a book." Thomas Carson, in his "Ranching, Sport, and Travel" (Scribner), is almost as frank at times as Martial. After a particularly rambling paragraph, in which the alleged *Fœtor Judaicus*, the *bouquet d'Afrique*, the immunity of Jamaica negroes to yellow fever, and the alleged fifty-three to sixty-four ratio of women to men in comparative sensitiveness, are mingled, he adds: "I only hope that this and other departures, necessary for stuffing purposes, may be excused, especially as they are probably the most entertaining part of the book." Nor is lack of continuity in thought the only flaw discoverable. One stumbles here and there upon such a sentence as this: "To spend one whole month, as I did once, without not only not conversing with, but absolutely not seeing a human being, is an experience that has probably come to very few men, indeed." Yet, Mr. Carson tells, on the whole, an interesting and informing story. Leaving his English home at twenty-two, he spent a few years on tea plantations in India, after which he transferred his activities to cattle ranching, first in Arizona and later in New Mexico and Texas. A fairly successful career in this business was followed by five extensive tours in various foreign lands. About one-fourth of the volume is given to a seriatim account of these tours. Brief as it is, this account includes an occasional self-revelation, which most writers would have omitted, as when a chance meeting with two old friends in Vancouver ends in such a degree of conviviality as to send him to his room in a condition of unconsciousness, from which he is wakened by his stockinged toes coming into contact with a lighted candle jestingly left at his feet by those who had carried him in. Scientific fact and nomenclature mark the narrative with a frequency becoming a F.R.G.S., but one notes an occasional statement which will scarcely bear scientific scrutiny, as for instance, that if a cow gets but the tip of her tail or one hoof into the dangerous quicksand among some of the streams in the ranching regions, a team of horses would not be able to pull her out. Right here it occurs to us to state that Mr. Carson adds his weight to those who hold that a snipe will apply splints and ligatures to a broken limb, though we must disclaim any intention of opening anew the controversy between the naturalists and the nature-writers. But all these temptations to flaw-picking aside, Mr. Carson has gone with keen eyes through a very active and varied life, and tells a story which can hold a firm grip on the reader's interest, especially in the chapters devoted to ranching and tea-growing.

"The Immigration Problem" (Funk & Wagnalls), by Jeremiah W. Jenks and W. Jett Lauck, is, in fact, what its authors claim for it in the preface, rather than what its title would suggest. The purpose of the writers, to put into convenient and satisfactory shape for the public the gist of the information collected in the forty-two volume report of the Immigration Commission, has been well fulfilled; but the book is not, in any sense, a careful and critical survey of the immigration problem in the United States. There is no bibliography, and scarcely a reference to other writers on the subject, with the exception of Professor Steiner. Perspective and symmetry are lacking, and there are no climaxes to relieve the monotony and fix the attention on salient points. At times the authors themselves seem to have failed to grasp the real nature and seriousness of the immigration problem in this country. Phases of the question not covered by the Commission's report are almost untouched. There is evidence that the material was either carelessly or hastily thrown together. Not only are there frequent repetitions, almost verbatim, but the English is often faulty, and at times execrable. Occasionally the careless use of terms leads to actual ambiguity. A limited degree of simplified spelling is adopted, which seems to follow no special rule. As a compilation of data, mostly statistical, the book is of great value. The report of the Immigration Commission is very voluminous, difficult to obtain, and not of a character to be useful to the average citizen. It is well worth while to have available a careful digest of this material, such as this book furnishes. Care must be used, however, to distinguish between facts and opinions in the statements made. As an example, the observation that "the weakest and less ambitious will not have the energy or the means of freeing themselves from their old conditions and securing the means to go to America" stands as a statement of fact, and yet would be seriously questioned by observers who have seen almost the entire male population of villages, except those who were absolutely inadmissible under the United States law, removed to America, through the combined efforts of the transportation agent and the friends in America. But one who uses due judgment will find in this book a large amount of conveniently arranged information. The abundant statistical tables in the appendix, with the copious index, add to its value as a source book.

Lindley D. Clark, who has contributed numerous studies of labor legislation to the recent publications of the United States Bureau of Labor, has now, in a compact volume, entitled "The Law of the Employment of Labor" (Macmillan), endeavored to summarize the more important enactments and judicial opinions which bear upon the employment of labor in this country. The scope of the work, well revealed in the topical table of contents, is indeed comprehensive, embracing not merely such fundamentals as the legal nature of the labor contract and the law governing the payment of wages, but also the regulation of conditions of employment, the attitude of the courts towards labor organizations and labor disputes, doctrines concerning employers' liability, and legislation for the compensation of injured workmen. Over all this field the author has worked with painstaking attention to detail. Obviously, the compressing of so much into small compass necessitates terse and concentrated treatment; but copious citations of authority offer opportunity of further study to those who may wish to verify or to elaborate the brief statements of the text. The list of cases thus cited comprises some thirteen hundred titles. Yet, despite the condensed and documented style in which the book is written, it is not unreadable. As a reference book, to which one may readily turn for information on the present status and trend of labor laws, it promises to be of real service.

A group of special investigations in a local field—"Labor Laws and Their Enforcement With Special Reference to Massachusetts" (Longmans)—is issued as Volume II of the series of Studies in Economic Relations of Women established under the direction of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston. Several authors have here contributed the results of independent research. The opening chapter is a substantial monograph by Charles E. Persons on The Early History of Factory Legislation in Massachusetts, to 1874. The brief description of Unregulated Conditions in Women's Work, by Miss Mabel Parton and Miss Caroline Manning, owes much of its interest to the fact that the authors were actual employees in the factories, workshops, and restaurants in which they found such disregard of sanitary requirements. Miss Grace F. Ward, Miss Edith Reeves, and Miss Mabelle Moses discuss in succeeding chapters the defects in the provisions and enforcement of the Massachusetts child labor laws, the administration of Massachusetts labor legislation in general, the character of the legislation most recently added to the statute books of the Commonwealth, and, finally, the Regulation of Private Employment Agencies in the United States. However unlike in plan and unequal in execution these several essays may be, collectively they render not a little assistance towards the achievement of their common purpose, "to give a clearer understanding of the development and present position of labor legislation in Massachusetts as a preliminary to further improvement of the law and its administration."

"Banques d'Emission et Trésors publics" (Paris: Hachette, 652 pages, 8vo), by Raphael Georges Lévy, is perhaps the most noteworthy, and is sure to be among the most useful, of the year's books on finance. Professor Lévy's lectures at the Ecole des Sciences Politiques have long been well known for their ready and apparently inexhaustible fund of clear information about all financial questions debated in the modern world; and the thirty and more books published by him during the last quarter of a century (one in 1898 on "Finance in the United States") have accustomed the financial world everywhere to look for his judgments. They are always based on the facts in the case. This new book gathers into one portable volume much that is found scattered through the half-hundred publications (some of them of the highest interest) of the National Monetary Commission at Washington.

The part of financial science which treats of banks of issue comprises, to a certain extent, the whole question of banks: for no bank is entirely independent or remains forever isolated from the creative organ of currency bills. In this field there is one particularly interesting point for study—the relations between issue institutions and public treasuries and the influence, direct and indirect, of such relations on the credit of nations. This study is bound up with that of national finances—for issue banks receive their commission from the sovereign power.

In a masterly introduction of 24 pages Professor Lévy indicates the evolution of the issue bank in the various nations—and, without being a poet, he ventures to look forward to its term in the financial federation of the world. He has no illusions for the present, and this gives the chief value to his book. He sees clearly that the monetary system of the modern state is not a matter of pure finance:

> One of the reasons which will long delay the "unification of systems" is the desire of governments to keep at all times the upper hand of issue banks. With the thought, more or less avowed, that in times of crisis the banknote will be war money, the state will not agree that paper shall be created only by economic rules and to serve solely commercial uses. How is this idea made manifest nowadays in the organization of issue institutions? In what measure and under what limits does public action rule their business behavior?

These relations of public treasuries with issue banks are treated in order. Nearly three-quarters of the book is devoted to the study of banknotes—in countries which, like France, Belgium, Holland, Austria-Hungary, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Turkey, Greece, Servia, Rumania, Norway, Denmark, Japan, and others more dependent, have granted an issue monopoly to one particular bank; in countries like England, Germany, Italy, Mexico, and others (including the privileged banks of Canada), in which the privilege of note issue is given to a limited number of establishments; and the single country of the United States, in which the right to issue notes is granted to an unlimited number of national banks, which are bound to observe prescriptions of uniform legislation. To this latter country 43 pages are given, to which 30 more pages have to be added further on to explain fully the American situation. This is in the second part of the book; it deals with state currency bills—in countries which have a state bank, like Russia, Bulgaria, Sweden, Uruguay; and in countries like the United States, Canada (for the Dominion Treasury), Argentina, Chili, Brazil, and others.

Our work will have its full reward if, by an impartial exposition of the facts, we succeed in convincing the reader of the dangers of state intervention and in determining what relations ought to exist between issue institutions and public treasuries. The services which the former render to the latter are so much the greater as their existence is more independent and their management more sharply separated from that of the finances of the state. The less the public authorities occupy themselves with banking, the safer is the guard kept over the credit and the riches of the nation.

Dr. George N. Olcott, professor of Latin at Columbia University, died of pneumonia in Rome on Saturday. In the last fifteen years Dr. Olcott had employed much of his time in archæological studies in Italy. He was an editorial contributor on numismatics to the *American Journal of Archæology*, and the author of several works on Latin inscriptions. He was born in Brooklyn in 1869, and in 1893 graduated from Columbia. In 1897 he became a fellow of the American School of Classical Studies at Rome.

The obvious charge to bring against Edith Wharton's long poem, "Pomegranate Seed," in *Scribner's*, is that she has taken Demeter and Persephone and Hecate and put modern introspective pessimism into their ancient naïve Greek heads. But we confess to an occasional fit of weariness at the solemn differentiations between the classic and the modern soul. The similarities we dare say have always been more than the differences. At any rate, Mrs. Wharton has taken the ancient story and given it a new turn. Persephone, recalled to earth, insists on going back to Pluto and his shades; she has learned to look sadly upon life as only the preparation for death. There are beautiful lines:

> Persephone—
> I fear the light. I fear the sound of life
> That thunders in mine unaccustomed ears.
> Demeter—
> Here is no sound but the soft-falling rain.
> Persephone—
> Dost thou not hear the noise of birth and being,
> The roar of sap in boughs impregnated,
> And all the deafening rumour of the grass?
> Demeter—
> Love hear I, at his endless task of life.
> Persephone—
> The awful immortality of life!
> The white path winding deathlessly to death!
> Why didst thou call the rain from out her caves
> To draw a dying earth back to the day?
> Why fatten flocks for our dark feast, who sit
> Beside the gate, and know where the path ends?
> . . . . . .
> Execrable offices are theirs and thine!
> Mine only nurslings are the waxen-pale
> Dead babes, so small that they are hard to tell
> From the little images their mothers lay
> Beside them, that they may not sleep alone.

"The Inside of a Business Man," by Joseph Fels in the *World's Work*, is an excellent example of the growing literature of self-exposure. The earlier type of philanthropist was always a little inclined to mingle self-praise with his benefactions. His charities were a form of expressing gratitude towards a Providence that had deigned to coöperate with his own exceptional abilities. But there is a type of modern philanthropist who frankly describes his charities as the restitution of stolen goods. Mr. Fels begins by calling himself a robber, and explaining his methods.

Arthur Christopher Benson writes about Charles Dickens in the *North American Review* with a little more than usual of that certain condescension in Dickens critics which the centenary has brought out in rather startling relief. The accepted process in forming an estimate of Charles Dickens is to begin by wondering why so many people for so many years should have liked a writer with so many faults as Dickens, and to end with the discovery that Dickens was really a very great man, don't you know. The faults in him are vulgarity, exaggeration, and mawkish sentimentalism. He is great in his fundamental human sympathies, his vast hilarity, his fine optimism, etc. The implication is that we, the critics, love him because of the best in him, which is an easy way of complimenting ourselves that might have appealed to Dickens's vast humor. Sometimes the doubt occurs whether we do not love Dickens for those faults which our critical faculties feel impelled to frown upon—his vulgarity, his exaggeration, and his mawkish sentimentalism. For the rest Mr. Benson points out with considerable truth how Dickens's genius and his methods were essentially of the theatre. His books are all dramas, "with long descriptive stage directions, the scenes described, instead of being painted." His characters are typical figures; "they make their exits and entrances, they know what every one else in the scene is thinking about, they play into one another's hands."

Under the heading, "The Mania for Hyperbolism," in the current number of the *Bookman*, Max Nordau has some very true, sharp, and amusing things to say about the literary manner of the new generation. Critics vie with creative writers in worshipping at the altar of the superlative. They ejaculate, they stammer, they stutter. Frequently the mere word proves inadequate, and exclamation points, dashes, and dots—"the punctuation used by excessive excitement"—come into play. The new critic writes of a picture: "It is irrigated by all the torrents of thought of this age . . . and the feelings . . . thrills . . ." Of a book of verse: "This narrow volume is a new voice . . ." And here Mr. Nordau has an excellent parenthesis:

> (By the way: the book is no narrower than any other; it is precisely the same width as every volume of the usual octavo form, but the employment of familiar terms in an entirely wrong sense is also one of the characteristics of this fashionable style: "narrow" is used here for "thin.")

The third paper in Clayton Sedgwick Cooper's series, "The American Undergraduate," in the *Century*, deals with the spirit of the college campus. Like its predecessors, the present article is chiefly productive, in one reader's mind, at least, of a sense of disappointment and irritation. Mr. Cooper's text wanders here and wanders there, and succeeds only in reiterating at regular intervals the truth that all is for the best in this world. Anecdote and instance are here in profusion, but they give the impression of existing largely for their own sake. It is an easy-going method that apparently allows for a sharp contradiction of fact within the same paragraph:

> The student who has been brought up always to dine in a dinner-coat will have for his table companions men who have never owned a dress coat, and who see no immediate prospect of needing one. Furthermore, the student world has been subdivided until it is a wholly different thing from what it was fifty, or even twenty-five, years ago. While in the seventies the college student knew every man in his class, in the large institution to-day an undergraduate will meet in the college yard scores of classmates who are perfect strangers, and to whom he has no more idea of speaking than to persons whom he has never seen before.

It is certainly a peculiar sequence in logic that the "furthermore" at the beginning of the second sentence introduces.

In the same number of the *Century*, there is a short chapter of reminiscences of Joseph Jefferson, by Mary Shaw, who describes a man both kindly and canny, and an artist who had worked out the theory of his art. Joseph Jefferson's little lecture to Miss Shaw on the difference between ethics on the stage and in life, is an illuminative bit of criticism which young playwrights might well take to heart, provided young playwrights nowadays take anything to heart.

There are nine autobiographical novels and an autobiographical dramatic trilogy in the list of August Strindberg's works compiled by Edwin Björkman in the *Forum*. This would argue a preoccupation with one's self which we do not usually associate with the purposes of modern objective

art. For that matter, Strindberg can hardly be called modern. He has swung throughout the entire compass from naïve idyllicism to the most pitiless naturalism. He is revolutionary and old-fashioned. Nor can his artistic evolutions and reactions be explained by corresponding processes in the development of his own soul. He seems to have been very easily influenced by the models of the hour. He has copied Ibsen, Zola, and Maeterlinck; but whatever he did, he did with fluency—and temper. A writer, on the whole, who has found many things to write about and many ways in which to write, but who never quite has found himself.

"The Young Turk" is the title of the principal article in the *National Geographic Magazine* for January, in which Rear-Admiral C. M. Chester gives a brief account of Turkish history during the last three and a half years. He calls especial attention to the stupendous obstacles which the reforming party have had to overcome in their efforts to help the country to a new national life. Referring to the noble work of the American missionaries, he quotes the statement of Mr. Gladstone that "they have done more good to the inhabitants of that country than has all Europe combined." T. E. Johnson describes the Greek bronzes found a few years ago in the remains of a Greek galley on the Tunisian coast. Both articles are profusely illustrated, as is one upon the results of recent researches in Crete, particularly those of Dr. A. J. Evans. Prof. R. De C. Ward of Harvard discusses the question as to how far our present immigration laws enable us to exclude those aliens who are physically, mentally, and morally undesirable for parenthood. There is also given a useful map of the countries bordering the Mediterranean.

Science

CANCER.

Fourth Annual Report of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund. By Dr. E. F. Bashford, Director of the Laboratory. London: Taylor & Francis. 7s. 6d.

In view of the dread which a subtle malady like cancer impresses on the majority of people, some of the general conclusions contained in this report are important and reassuring. Others tend to cover, as with a wet blanket, the optimism arising from the too-serious reading of so-called cancer cures in the daily press. The popular conception that cancer is a novel disease brought about by the intensity and strain of life under the conditions of modern civilization, is again refuted by reference to the fact that all animals down to the marine fishes are also subject to cancer. It is stated, however, although in a guarded way, that workers in some fields of labor are more susceptible to certain types of cancer than are other people; also that certain types of cancer are on the increase, especially those of face, lip, mouth, bladder, urethra, and breast—facts which offset somewhat the caution on page xiii: "For the first time it is fully demonstrated that it is erroneous to make statements of a disquieting nature about the increase of cancer in general." The foundation for such a caution is to be found in the new tabulation of statistical data in the decennial Report of the Registrar-General for the years 1901-1909, in the preparation of which the Census Bureau had the coöperation of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund. It may be remarked here, parenthetically, that a similar and a closer coöperation than now exists between our Director of the Census, or heads of State and municipal statistical bureaus, and such organizations as the American Medical Association or the American Association for Cancer Research, might result in more thorough and more enlightening information concerning the incidence of cancer in this country.

Some important conclusions by Dr. Bashford relating to the inheritance of cancer are based largely on a special paper in the report by Dr. J. A. Murray, in which data are brought together covering many years of breeding experiments on mice. From these data it appears that cancers are more likely to develop in the mammary glands of mice with cancerous ancestry than in mice whose ancestors were free from the disease. Such cancers are more frequent for all age-periods in the former than in the latter group, the maxima occurring at the same age-period in both, viz., sixteen to eighteen months, being 21.6 per cent. and 32.1 per cent., respectively, for mice of non-cancerous and cancerous immediate ancestry. To guard against undue apprehension from conclusions drawn from these results, Dr. Bashford points out that it is only by careful inbreeding of mice that this condition of greater liability to cancer of the mamma can be developed, while even with such procedure no great predisposition can be engendered.

> Such a concentration as can be attained in experimental animals can only occur in the human subject by hazard, as a coincidence of considerable rarity, and it is probable that the influence of heredity in the general population is manifested as an average predisposition of low general intensity (page xvi).

To students of cancer the more important conclusions of Dr. Bashford are those that concern the problem of the genesis of malignant tumors. He demonstrates that the beginnings of cancer and the growth of cancer are distinct phenomena, since the conditions necessary to induce the normal tissue cells to divide are different from those which tend to maintain the division energy after the habit of division is acquired. Previous reports from the London laboratory have been devoted largely to the results obtained by the propagation of cancer strains in mice. In this Report, emphasis is laid on the conditions under which cancers develop, and a much larger field of biological inquiry is involved than heretofore. It is clearly stated that tumors, however they may be of the same type, are not equivalent, but each is individual and distinct from all others. This is proved by the fact that it is impossible to make a primary tumor grow in another animal having a similar primary tumor, although it will grow if transplanted to another part of the same animal from which it was derived. In other words, the tumor and the animal in which it develops have a certain symbiotic relation which is characteristic and different from all other analogous relations. Cancer represents, therefore, not only an abnormal growth, but also an abnormal condition in the host. The factors which go to make up this abnormal condition are those which have to do with the genesis of cancer. Bashford and his collaborators, in searching for the origin of such conditions, lay considerable stress upon the effects of chronic irritation as the cause of certain types of tumors. Attention is called to the fact that cancer of specific regions of the body is prevalent in connection with certain clearly defined habits, such as chewing the betel-nut in India, eating hot rice in China, and the habit of carrying small charcoal stoves on the abdomen in Kashmir, etc. In these cases it is assumed that a prolonged proliferation of normal cells under the the influence of chronic irritation may result in the cancers characteristic of the people subject to these habits.

The authors, agreeing with the majority of pathologists and students of the subject, are convinced that cancer is not due to any common causal parasite. They give some evidence to show, nevertheless, that chronic inflammatory changes due to the presence of parasites may be responsible for the later-developing tumors. In M. Haaland's paper on the "Spontaneous Tumors in Mice" printed in the Report, it is stated that nematode, or round, worms were usually found in the interstitial tissues of old mammæ, and that these were capable of causing a considerable inflammatory reaction. From these and other similar facts, he reaches the following significant conclusion:

> The importance of local factors for other forms of cancer has long been recognized. . . . Whether they be animate or inanimate, bilharzia, nematodes, growth of other cancer cells, . . . or mechanical, chemical, and actinic influences, the ultimate result of their action may be the same: the creation of new cell-strains with continuous power of growth. . . . The part played by the chronic irritant is obviously a mediate one, either in that it produces the altered conditions under which the first departure of the cell from the normal may take place, or that it gives spontaneously occurring sports of cells opportunity of multiplying and by degrees adapting themselves to a new mode of life,

similar to what is observed in propagated tumors. This hypothesis rests on the assumption that the malignant transformation of the tissues may take place by stages, for which there now seems to be ample evidence both from the facts obtained from observations of spontaneous cancers and from those obtained from propagated tumors (pp. 87-88).

From the prominence given by Bashford and his colleagues to chronic irritation as a possible explanation of the genesis of cancer, it is evident that new lines of experimental investigation will be developed. The hypothesis that cancer is an abnormal deviation from normal reparative processes, brought about through their continued activity, is biologically acceptable, but the difficulty comes when we attempt to account for the unlimited division energy of cancer cells. As Bashford points out, there is a distinct difference between the genesis of cancer and the growth of cancer, and the processes responsible for the initiation of cancer may be quite different from those responsible for its continued growth. It is on this point that the advocates of the parasite hypothesis had an advantage, for the continued presence of the hypothetical parasite would be sufficient to account for the continued stimulus to division. Another conception, however, is possible: if a parasite is capable of stimulating the cell to divide, it must be for the reason that the normal physiological balance of the cell is upset. It is conceivable that such an upset on the part of cells stimulated to an unwonted activity by chronic irritation might be brought about by deranged vital activities, or by the accumulation of waste matters produced by incomplete nutrition and degeneration. Here is a field of investigation which has not been sufficiently worked.

Drama

Percy MacKaye has written a volume of one-act plays dealing with New England life; it is announced by Duffield & Co.

Henry Frowde (Oxford University Press) issues the first volume of an edition of Shakespeare in the Oxford Standard Authors series. Two other volumes will be published later, and each of the three will be procurable separately. The chief features of the edition are those which are embodied in an edition of nine smaller volumes, issued by the same house They are—a general introduction by Swinburne, introducing studies of the several plays by Professor Dowden, and a text prepared by W. J. Craig. This first volume contains Shakespeare's comedies.

The essential weakness in Sir A. W. Pinero's comedy, "Preserving Mr. Panmure," which has just been produced in the Lyceum Theatre, is its lack of any motive appealing to general human interest. All the personages are either insignificant or despicable. No doubt it reflects with sufficient accuracy the manners and morals of certain typical characters plentiful enough in the heterogeneous social mass vaguely described as "middle class" in England, but the story is so devoid of vital point and so entirely dependent upon theatrical mechanism for its main effects, that it has small claim to consideration as serious drama. The outline of the plot must be pretty generally known by this time. A shallow, pompous county magnate, a rake reformed by force of circumstances, is married to a religious devotee, who makes him deliver "sermonettes" at the family prayer meetings. Incidentally it may be remarked that the treatment of this topic is not always in the best taste. The pretty governess, Josepha—adored by all the men in a large house party—shows him how to gain credit for theological learning by cribbing his addresses from an edition of the early fathers, and in his gratitude he gives her a kiss. Her indignation exacts from him an abject apology, and she agrees to keep silence for the sake of his wife. Unintentionally she betrays the offence, but not the name of the offender. Consequently all the women suspect all the men, except the guilty Panmure, whom Josepha has exonerated, and the household is distracted by jealousy. Up to this point the piece is written on the lines of light comedy, but thereafter it degenerates into farce, sometimes both conventional and extravagant, until the final solution. The whole tale, in its triviality and indefiniteness, is unworthy of the reputation of Pinero, but the handiwork of the expert dramatist is discernible in the neatness of the mechanism, the crisp, appropriate, and satirical dialogue, and the true and facile characterization, much of which was destroyed in the performance. So slight and whimsical a fabric, of course, ought to have been handled delicately by the players, but most of these added exaggeration to exaggeration, so that light comedy was converted into farce, and farce into buffoonery.

In each new character that she assumes, the eminent French actress, Madame Simone, furnishes fresh evidence of her intelligence, skill, and versatility. Her latest impersonation here is that of Melissinda, the heroine of "The Lady of Dreams," an English adaptation and expansion of Rostand's "La Princesse Lointaine." It is a performance full of grace, beauty, and passion, but somewhat lacking in the glamor of romance and imagination. For several reasons it would be unjust to measure it by the standards of precise criticism. In the first place, she was clearly embarrassed by the foreign tongue; in the second, the verse of Mr. Parker, adroit and pretty as it often is, is not the poetry of Rostand, and, in the third, the actors who supported her were, for the most part, inexperienced in the ways of romantic drama. Only A. E. Anson, who played the dying troubadour with fine fervor and picturesque simplicity, knew how to give to verse its appropriate emphasis and rhythm. Julian L'Estrange was a gallant figure as the Knight Bertram, whose love proved stronger than his loyalty, and displayed both power and perception in his acting, but neither in speech nor gesture had he the finish of the old Bensonian. Most of the minor players tried to make up in vigor for their deficiency in cunning. As for Madame Simone she scarcely realized—except in the matter of physical beauty—the mystical poetic charm of the idealistic visionary princess. She was, in the earlier scenes at all events, distinctly modern, although her Melissinda had nothing in common with the heroines of "The Thief" or "The Return to Jerusalem." In the final act, however, in her gradual surrender to the higher, spiritual love by the litter of the dying Prince Rudel, she entered more completely into the spirit of the idyl and played with an ecstatic tenderness and self-devotion which were exceedingly effective. She won a personal success, but the representation, as a whole, suggested the difficulties with which any present attempt to revive the romantic drama must be attended.

Edward Terry and Fred Terry, both of whom have long been incapacitated by illness, are said now to be on the road to recovery, and preparing to resume professional work.

Oswald Stoll has begun a season at the Loudon Savoy, with Ellen Terry and Albert Chevalier as his principal attractions. The first talks about Shakespeare's heroines, while Mr. Chevalier appears in George Gloriel's two-act play, "The House," and J. M. Barrie's "Pantaloon."

Arthur Hardy has a new play which he will produce soon at a London West End theatre. The company has been engaged, and rehearsals are in progress. It is said to be a drama of a stirring character, dealing with a subject prominently before the public. "The Chalk Line" is the title selected by its authors, Norman MacOwan—not to be confounded with Norman McKeown, who wrote "Travellers"—and Fabian Ware. The action is laid in "the wilds of the Highlands." The only hint of its drift is given in the following lines: "Cadmus having slain the dragon, the goddess appeared and told him to take the dragon's teeth and sow them in the ground. From this seed, men, fully armed, sprang out of the earth and fell upon one another in deadly combat until only five survived." The cast will include Kenneth Douglas, C. V. France, Alfred Brydone, and Lady Tree.

Louis Meyer of the London Apollo Theatre has procured the English rights in "Les Petits," a comedy by Lucien Népoty, which, produced at the Théâtre Antoine, in Paris, has been attracting large audiences. The piece has been likened by a Paris critic to the work of Dickens and of Daudet. The plot is based upon the union of a widow and widower, both of whom have two children. Richard, Jeanne Burdon's grown-up son, is so deeply attached to his father's memory that, rather than countenance his mother's second marriage, he determines to seek his fortunes in China. After seven years he returns, to discover that a girl has been born. Out of this situation spring family misunderstandings and recriminations of the most striking nature. Richard's younger brother, Georges, a lad of sixteen, is played by Eve Lavallière, with great success.

Annie Yeamans, who died in New York on Sunday night, had been a public performer for nearly seventy years. In her own sphere she was for half a century a favorite of the public. Born in the Isle of Man, in 1835, she was taken by her parents, whose name was Griffiths, to Sydney,

New South Wales. In Melbourne she played for two seasons in a circus, under the management of G. H. Rowe. In 1853 she married Edward Yeamans, an American clown attached to the circus. Her first appearance in New York was as a page in "Cendrillon," at the old New York Theatre. She next was seen in "The Ticket of Leave Man," in which, as she expressed it a few years ago, she "played about every part, from Sam Willoughby to the old grandmother." Augustin Daly engaged her for "Round the Clock" at the Grand Opera House, which she left to enter upon her long connection with Harrigan and Hart at the Theatre Comique. Hart was a genius in his way, and Harrigan played one type of Irishman supremely well. Mrs. Yeamans, too, had a rare supply of inextinguishable spirits, a roguish eye, and a delicious brogue, as well as an abundant experience. Her racy humor was preeminent in such pieces as "Cordelia's Aspirations" and "Reilly and the Four Hundred." The Harrigan dramas came to an end at last, and Mrs. Yeamans appeared thereafter under many managements, and in all sorts of plays, from "The Lights o' London" to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "A Chinese Honeymoon."

George Grossmith, sr., the well-known English actor and public entertainer, died at Folkestone, England, on March 1, aged sixty-four. He appeared in the leading parts of most of the Gilbert and Sullivan comic operas. By degrees he left the stage to resume his earlier occupation as an entertainer, in which he won success on both sides of the Atlantic. As a mimic he had rare powers, and his imitation of amateur performers, whether vocalists, instrumentalists, reciters, after-dinner speakers, or selected eccentrics, were notable. Mr. Grossmith was the author of various musical sketches, among which may be mentioned "Cups and Saucers," "Mr. Guffin's Elopement," "The Great Toykin," and "Haste to the Wedding." He also published an autobiography.

Music

Post-Victorian Music. By Charles L. Graves. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

This volume consists of forty-four papers which originally appeared in the London *Spectator*, and they were decidedly worth reprinting. Mr. Graves is a remarkably sane and liberal critic, apparently quite free from all objectionable bias. He has had wide and varied experience, and he is master of a simple, lucid style. The first section of his book, which is devoted to Richard Strauss's "Domestic Symphony," "Elektra," and "Salome," indicates at once that the title "Post-Victorian" does not imply that the book is concerned with England only. While London is the background of most of the articles, the author takes his readers on literary excursions to Germany, Austria, and Russia; nay, there is even a paper on American Musical Criticism, in which he notes that, while in the domain of music America has hitherto been assimilative rather than creative, she has begun to stamp the impress of her individuality on the alien composers and artists, and on journalists of foreign descent, including one who has gone to the length of extolling Chopin at the expense of Beethoven, of depreciating Brahms, and of claiming for MacDowell a place alongside Schubert and Schumann as a song-writer.

Times change and opinions change with them. Of this truth Mr. Graves gives some interesting illustrations. For several generations Handel was worshipped in England so exclusively that excommunication, if not the gallows, would have been the lot of a critic daring to write, as Arthur Johnstone has done in our day, that "no greater praise can be bestowed on Handel than to say that in his very best moments he is almost worthy of Bach." Mendelssohn alone was allowed for a generation to share the honors with Bach. His worshippers "regarded it as an act of duty to disparage the music of any newcomer—notably Schumann—who ventured to imperil the supremacy of their idol." Mendelssohn himself did not share this narrowness; at a rehearsal of the London Philharmonic, for example, when the orchestral players became mutinous and laughed at the triplet figure in the last movement of Schubert's C major symphony, he told them that if they refused to treat Schubert with proper respect he would withdraw his own new overture.

Among the most interesting of Mr. Graves's pages are those in which he describes the gradual conquest of England by the German *Lied*. Sir George Grove took every opportunity to call attention to the beauties of the songs of Schubert and Schumann, but it was not until Stockhausen visited England that British audiences began to appreciate these lyrics. Subsequently, Henschel, Bispham, Plunket Greene, and others entered the field, and at present London has its daily song recital. What is hard to understand is why the leading English singers for the most part ignored this movement. Sims Reeves confined himself almost exclusively to oratorio, Italian opera, and English ballads. Santley had two Schubert songs on his list, and Lloyd had one. Of all of them the author might have asserted what he says of Santley: "While keeping abreast of sound popular taste, he did little pioneer work in enlarging the horizon of the average concert-goer." Patti, who for so many years was the idol of the English, confined her excursions into the realm of the *Lied* to Schubert's serenade and a few other simple melodies. Most amazing was the attitude of Antoinette Sterling. For the last two decades of her career she devoted herself almost entirely to English ballads, by Sullivan, Cowen, Molloy, and others. Her attitude towards the accompaniments of songs explains why she had no use for the German *Lieder*, in which the piano often plays as important a part as the voice. She would never allow more than a bar or two of accompaniment between the verses. After the voice had ceased, a couple of bars, sounded very quickly, were the utmost she would permit. Musicians sighed at the liberties she took with their works, but as these helped to turn them into popular successes, they had at least the larger royalties to console them. English audiences of to-day have become not only tolerant of the haunting melodies on the piano; they even applaud songs by Strauss and Wolf and Debussy, in which the voice is entirely subordinated to the piano part.

Some kinds of music are at a disadvantage in London (as they are in New York) because of the lack of suitable homes for them. In a chapter on London's concert halls Mr. Graves notes the fact that, whereas there seems to be no difficulty in procuring capital for the erection of new theatres or new hotels, no one comes to the rescue of the concert-givers. "Whenever in Central London old buildings are demolished, it is generally to make room for some new temple dedicated to the pleasures of the table." He is optimistic enough to hope that when the present craze for restaurant life has abated, one of the superfluous monster hotels may be converted from the service of appetite to that of art. His concluding remarks are, however, less cheering. He half agrees with a distinguished foreigner who maintains that musical England is deteriorating, the interest in the art being diminished by the multiplying of competing distractions.

There are indications that the Wagner centenary will be celebrated all over the world next year, with a fervor exceeding even that of the Liszt festivities this season. Oil is being poured on the flames by Breitkopf & Härtel and others who own the copyrights of Wagner's productions. As these expire next year, the publishers are anticipating the demand for cheaper editions, both of the operas and the literary works, by issuing them at fabulously low rates—the operas at two or three marks each, and the twelve volumes of operatic texts and prose works for only twelve marks!

An association has been formed in Paris for the purpose of collecting funds for a monument to the late Alexandre Guilmant.

Humperdinck's "Königskinder" is gradually passing into various European languages. A few weeks ago it was produced in a Dutch version at Amsterdam, with brilliant success. Humperdinck, according to the latest news from Berlin, is slowly recovering the power of speech, which he completely lost during his recent illness. His mind, however, is not yet clear, as he still believes himself to be in London.

No city has had such a great musical past as Vienna. Unfortunately the gay capital of Austria is outside the usual track of international tourists, wherefore no attempt is usually made during the summer to round them up (as in Munich, Bayreuth, and other towns) for a summer festival. During the fourth week of next June, however, Vienna will offer a musical feast that will doubtless attract thousands of foreigners. In a series of performances at the Imperial Opera and in the concert halls there will be presented a number of masterworks far surpassing in variety the offerings at the festivals in other cities. Vienna was the place where Mozart, Gluck, Beethoven, Schubert, Bruckner, Brahms, and Mahler wrote their masterworks; where the Bohemians, Smetana and Dvorák, helped to provide variety; where Hugo Wolf added his songs to the treasures of Schubert and Brahms; where Lanner and Strauss created new styles of dances and operettas; where folk-music flourished as in few other places. All these phases of Vienna's musical life will be vividly illustrated during the festival week, and at the same time the Court Theatre will present the best works of Austria's playwrights.

Art

Etchings. With 44 illustrations. By Frederick Wedmore. (The Connoisseur's Library.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $7.50.

"The world that cares for art at all," says the author in the preface, "has become strangely and creditably occupied with original prints." One sign of this interest in prints is to be found in the comparative frequency of additions to the literature of the subject, making interleaving already necessary in Bourcard's bibliography ("Gravures et Graveurs," Paris, 1910).

Mr. Wedmore's book in a measure serves both the connoisseur and the less advanced student. While not a systematic history of etching, it has continuity of purpose, and the division into chapters on individual artists or on groups of related etchers helps to emphasize the ever-present importance of the personality behind the print. In etching this factor is particularly potent, for it, more than any other graphic reproductive process, has served as a painter art. It has been preëminently the vehicle for the conveyance of artistic impressions set down directly, without the aid of an intermediate agent, a professional engraver. This reproduction of an artist's work in facsimile constitutes each proper impression from an etched plate to all intents an original work by the artist. In the present book—the product of experience and taste—the limitless possibilities offered by copper-plate, etching needle, and acid to the free expression of ideals and moods are emphasized by an inclusiveness, a catholicity in appreciation which is not, perhaps, always to be expected from the land of the author's birth. It is refreshing to find Rembrandt, Steinlen, Van Dyck, Jacquemart, Veyrassat, Bracquemond, Hollar, Bauer, Goya, Helleu, and others equally diverse in individuality, set before us with discriminating comment. The statement of general principles by the author is sane and fair-minded. In the sentence, "T. F. Simon has employed hues dainty but telling—never obliterating the expression by line which is of the very essence of etching" (p. 101), he not only characterizes tersely and clearly the art of which he writes, but defines his opinion as to the reticence necessary (see also p. 95) when color is used. And his reminder that the desirable state is not necessarily the first but the best, "whether it be the first, the second, or, peradventure, the fifth," is not so much a truism as a basic fact that will bear repetition.

There are limitations to be noted, presumably due to temperament. Various reasons may be sought for the entire ignoring of Germany, and for the strange omission of Charles A. Platt and Miss Cassatt from the somewhat unbalanced chapter of seven pages on America. Certain individual comments, also, such as the easy acceptance of Zorn's characterization in all his male portraits, may not be generally accepted as "well considered." As to the possibly not quite relevant remarks anent catalogues in the chapter on Whistler, it is well to remember that a catalogue is a catalogue and not a selective list, and also that an able critic may be an indifferent cataloguer and a cataloguer incidentally a discriminating connoisseur. The bibliography is negligible, and in the index the author has apparently attempted to summarize his comments on each individual artist, a futile effort with an amateurish result.

The collector will place the book on his shelves next to Hamerton, Hind, Koehler, Beraldi, and the others. The beginner, who has entered into the delights that the print offers, through one of the two or three really introductory books (not histories) that have been written on prints, will do well to read the present more detailed work. He will find imagination and recollection well aided by the illustrations, which are happily reproduced by a process that breaks the line very much less perceptibly than the screen of the half-tone. And that is of prime importance. Indeed, in etching the line, quite apart from its collective use to render masses of shade or tone or texture, often is employed in suggestive indication, with synthetic elimination, and stands out with noteworthy clearness as the symbol that it is.

Lester G. Hornby has done the "Edinburgh" volume of A. & C. Black's Artists' Sketch-book series; it is announced for publication shortly.

The first number of a new architectural journal, entitled the *Architectural Quarterly of Harvard University*, will be published this month. The purpose of the periodical is to present in easily accessible form important work by students, special lectures delivered in the school, and contributions by members of the teaching staff and graduates. The principal article in the first number will be an illustrated paper on "Architectural Acoustics," by Prof. W. C. Sabine, with a practical discussion of a number of recent theatres, lecture halls, and churches. The number will also contain several drawings of important examples of European architecture, and an essay on "The Mediæval Town Halls of Italy," by H. E. Warren. The annual subscription to the *Quarterly* will be two dollars a year, single number sixty cents. The journal will be published by Harvard University.

Besides the title essay, A. E. Gallatin's "Whistler's Pastels and Other Modern Profiles" (John Lane) contains brief notices of the International Society of London, of the work of Ernest Haskell and Everett Shinn, and also papers on "An Etching" by Zorn, and on "The Winslow Homer Memorial Exhibition." The little book is charmingly made at the Merrymount Press, contains some unedited sketches by Whistler, and the edition is limited.

We have received from Philip Lee Warner, publisher for the Medici Society, London, "A Catalogue of an Exhibition of Old Masters in Aid of the National Art-Collections Fund, Grafton Galleries, 1911." This exhibition has already been reviewed by our London correspondent in the number for October 26, 1911, and we need only add that this light and beautifully printed quarto is under the very competent editorship of Roger E. Fry and Maurice W. Brockwell, and contains eighty collotypes of old masters of every school. According to the comity governing loan exhibitions, the attributions are those of the owners. The percentage of error is unusually small, and by citation of Claude Phillips's press notice of this exhibition the warning signal is raised where needed. The scholarly character of this work, and its fine reproductions, will commend it to serious students of the history of art.

Professor Garstang has been continuing his excavations at Meroë, the ancient capital of Ethiopia, and his exertions have now resulted in remarkable discoveries. He has unearthed a prostyle Roman temple, luxurious baths, and other proofs of a Roman occupation of Meroë. The baths were fed by water which first passed through a series of aqueducts and finally flowed down cascades between numerous sculptured lions and other animals. The walls are ornamented with rows of colored tiles, decorated in relief, all still in their original positions; and around the tank are placed a number of statues. The importance of this discovery lies in the fact that it definitely proves that the boundaries of the Roman empire embraced a wider area than has hitherto been believed. The presence of the bronze head of the Emperor Augustus discovered in 1911 and now in the British Museum is thus explained

Finance

BAD NEWS AND THE FINANCIAL MARKETS.

During several weeks, it has been a matter of remark that prices on the Stock Exchange were not responding, in what would have seemed the logical way, to distinctly unfavorable news. A succession of discouraging announcements, a series of reports that business, the country over, had disappointed the hopes with which the year began, and a deepening of the political confusion, at home and abroad, were received on the stock market merely with apathy and indifference. The casual observer would not have guessed, from a glance at the movement of prices for the day, that anything at all had happened.

Following that period of inertia came a still more singular turn in events. A week ago, the stock market which would not go down began to rise, and a few days of greatly increased activity of trading left the leading speculative stocks at prices 3 to 5 points above last week's figures. This occurred in the face of such interesting items in the news as the passing of its dividend by one of the largest steel-producing companies, the further fall in prices on the steel market, the announcement of the Roosevelt candidacy on a radical platform, a series of extremely bad January railway reports, the strike of a million English coal miners, the victory of New England's textile laborers over their employers, the hint at a possible coming coal strike here, the preparation for the Money Trust inquisition by the House of Representatives, and the publication of a very hostile report on the Steel Corporation by an expert appointed by the Congressional committee to investigate its books.

There are various explanations of so seemingly anomalous a response of the Stock Exchange to the news. The phenomenon is not altogether new; the 15-point advance in prices, immediately after the Steel prosecution was announced at the end of last October, is a leading precedent. It is not wholly clear, even now, whether that "November rise" reflected chiefly indifference to the suit, or "buying on bad news" in an oversold speculative market, or knowledge of the surprising volume of railway orders which were presently to be placed in the steel trade. Probably most people would say now that Wall Street had talked so long of the coming Steel suit that the thing had been "discounted" in prices weeks before, that the state of the money and credit market was too sound to admit of any further undermining, and that therefore stocks went up in anticipation of something really encouraging—which came, as such events usually come after a season of uninterrupted gloom. It is yet to be determined whether the past week's rise in prices is a mere flash in the pan, due to the restless activity of professional speculators, or is a sign that a turn for the better in the general situation is at hand.

Not the least singular aspect of the Stock Exchange's attitude is its indifference to the English coal strike, which began a week ago, and whose larger possibilities are admittedly of the most formidable sort. Preparations for a partial embargo on English manufacturing and transportation industries, for lack of fuel; rumors of possible similar demonstrations in the coal fields of Germany, France, and the United States, and indications that the British Government had lost control of the situation, were factors which might easily have shaken financial confidence on every side. On the London Stock Exchange, it is true, consols declined ¾ point, and shares of English railways fell off 1 to 5 points; yet even at London there was no sign of demoralization, prices recovered sharply this week, and the chief comment in financial quarters was that the Stock Exchange was unreasonably disregarding the panicky warnings and predictions which had been finding voice in the London press.

It may have done so; yet the stock market sometimes measures such a situation more wisely than the paragraphers. The possibilities involved in a general embargo on the British coal fields are undoubtedly large enough to excite the imagination. Almost anything in the way of industrial disaster may be reasoned out from the conceivable sequel to an indefinitely prolonged industrial deadlock of the sort. But when the London editorial writers tell us, as they did last Saturday, that no such catastrophe has threatened England since the Spanish Armada set sail in 1588 from Coruña for the Channel, and the Stock Exchange hears the verdict without emotion, one is tempted to suspect that Capel Court may have kept its head while Fleet Street and the Conservative Clubs have not. It might be superfluous to suggest that such a view of the case forgets the Dutch fleet in the Thames in 1667, the Mutiny of the Nore in 1797, Napoleon at Boulogne in 1804, and the Chartist meetings in Trafalgar Square in 1848, not to mention Great Britain's complete international isolation in the stormy days of 1779 and 1895. But the more obvious conclusion is, that the coal trade crisis itself is not looked upon with a very philosophic eye.

Threats of a general tie-up of all industry have not been uncommon in the recent history of nations. France was confronted with such a possibility through its railway employees in 1910; we ourselves had a taste of it in 1894; and on both occasions the problem which inspired such extreme dismay was quickly solved, with the help of Government, simply because its conceivable possibilities were so grave. It may, indeed, be said of the English strike that the prospect of a similar early settlement is very much better because of the formidable condition of things which would follow its indefinite prolongation. That, beyond doubt, is what the Stock Exchange has had in mind.

When the every-day comforts, necessities, and activities of society at large are menaced with interruption by an obstinate labor demonstration in a single industry, society as a whole ranges itself on the side of restoration of normal conditions. The laborer himself, and the quiet middle-class citizen whose action is frequently decisive in emergencies of the sort, took their stand with Cleveland in 1895 and with Briand in 1910. They knew very well that their own personal rights had been invaded, and their attitude rendered a settlement imperative. What remains to be determined is whether the English difficulty can be solved, under present circumstances, without undue political commotion and popular disorder.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1912.

The Week

Chairman McKinley's reply to Senator Dixon's "challenge" for a test of the Roosevelt and the Taft sentiment through preferential primaries is directly to the point. The question is not one of principle, since there is no difference between them here, but solely of practical arrangement. What the President's managers contend for is real primaries, "fairly conducted and surrounded by the restrictions of the law." Straw votes are well enough for advertising purposes, but they are hardly up to the requirements of a serious endeavor to ascertain the popular will. Where Mr. McKinley is particularly effective, however, is in reminding the preferential primary shouters that forty-one of the forty-eight States have already provided for choosing their delegates by primaries, in some form, and that not even the Big Stick can set aside these arrangements. "I do not favor changes in the rules of the game while the game is in progress," says the Taft manager, as if to show that others than self-denominated saviors of the people can be like Lincoln when they wish. In a word, the friends of Mr. Taft desire to see the campaign conducted decently and in order, without eleventh-hour alterations of procedure that would inevitably be difficult if not impossible to safeguard.

A bill was favorably reported to the House last week, authorizing the President to take steps to procure the appointment of an international commission to study the questions connected with the rise in prices—commonly referred to as the high cost of living. As our readers are aware, this is a project set on foot by Prof. Irving Fisher of Yale University, who obtained the hearty endorsement of many economists and public men in Europe as well as in this country. Mr. Taft was so impressed by the showing that he urged Congress to enact the necessary legislation. It is, indeed, a measure upon which there seems to be no serious difference of opinion among those competent to speak on it. In the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of February 25, Herr Bernhard Dernburg, formerly Colonial Secretary, and a man of high reputation in business and financial affairs, has a long article on the increased cost of living. In it he takes up the various causes which have been assigned—tariffs, heavy taxation, gold production, and so on—only to give his opinion that no one of them can be deemed adequate. But Herr Dernburg comes out strongly for an international inquiry, referring specifically to Professor Fisher's plan, which he says meets with universal acceptance among experts.

The most hardened must be stirred by the plight of the 120 first-term members of the House of Representatives. These "freshmen" have found themselves cruelly handicapped in the accomplishment of their great task of saving the country. The older members persist in saving the country in their own way, without either help or interference from upstarts. The latter have endured this enforced inactivity long enough, and a projected banquet for the airing of their grievances is the result. What the first-termers really want, if we read between the lines correctly, is not more consideration for pet legislative schemes, but opportunity to make speeches. It is the refusal of their requests for "time" that first grieves and then angers them. Surely the rules can be amended so as to provide for so simple a matter. "Calendar Wednesday" may not be the great success that its promoters hoped, but "Oratory Monday Morning" or "Declaiming Saturday Afternoon" ought to satisfy the aspiring first-termer without costing either the country or the House a moment of valuable time.

The fight in the Ohio Constitutional Convention over the question of licensing saloons has resulted in a compromise clause which will be submitted to the voters as a separate proposition. The State has not had a license system for sixty years, the present arrangement being one of local option. The new proposal maintains the possibility of prohibition in counties and smaller divisions, but provides for the granting of licenses on such terms as the Legislature may make, with the restriction that not more than one license shall be authorized for each township or municipality of less than five hundred population, or for each five hundred in larger places. There are other and minor regulations, including prohibition of ownership of saloons by breweries. The compromise is so extensive that one wonders why either side should have much interest in it.

By a narrow margin of perhaps only 500 votes, Seattle has defeated "Hi" Gill, the Mayor it recalled last year because he ran so "open" a town, or rather turned Seattle over not merely to its own underworld, but to gamblers and prostitutes from all over the country. What a blow his reëlection last week would have been to the advocates of the recall, it is easy to conjecture. As it is, the single-tax, Prohibition candidate has been elected, although the single-tax amendment for which he stood has been overwhelmingly defeated. Never, surely, were issues more confused in any municipal election in this country. In the primary on February 20, Gill had a plurality of more than 10,000 over Cotterill, who has now been elected. Indeed, it is beyond doubt that the latter would have been defeated but for the efforts of the women of the city, the Socialists abstaining from voting for either candidate. No less than forty-five propositions—referenda enough to suit the most enthusiastic advocate of government by the people—were submitted to Seattle's voters.

In 1905 the Philadelphia Director of Public Safety wiped nearly 60,000 names of "phantom" voters from the lists. Ghosts have a troublesome way of returning, however, and an investigation now under way indicates that about half of them have crept back to their old quarters. Indeed, there is a strong suspicion that certain wards are not making the showing in this respect that their reputation warrants, and they will probably be honored with a second investigation. In Philadelphia, owing to the obligation upon the voter to exhibit his tax receipt when registering, the foundation of the registration lists is the assessors' records. Ex-

amination of the assessors' records, accordingly, discloses any inflation of the voting lists. In the residential wards, where such crudeness as merely adding false names would be dangerous, because of the certainty of discovery, it has been the custom to keep on the lists the names of voters who have removed or died since the last preceding assessment, these names being voted by repeaters with comparative immunity. Both methods are threatened by the present investigation.

The action of the Mississippi Legislature in demanding the resignation of Senator Le Roy Percy is not to be taken as a reflection upon him, but as a fresh outcropping of Vardamanism. In a speech last December Senator Percy, in reply to some Hearst libels, laid before the Senate the whole story of the bitter contest in his State which finally resulted in his defeat and in the triumph of Vardamanism. One of Mr. Percy's bitterest enemies is the Lieutenant-Governor of the State, Thomas G. Bilbo, who was elected to that position although the previous Senate voted by 28 to 1 that he "was unfit to sit with honest, upright men in a respectable legislative body, and he is hereby asked to resign." It was Bilbo who made the false charge of bribery against one of Percy's partisans in the effort to void the Senator's election, and it is doubtless due to his or similar leadership that the Mississippi Legislature is now seeking another point of attack upon the Senator.

The opportunity arose from the fact that, after his defeat by Vardaman, in his natural disgust that the State should prefer that low buffoon to himself, Mr. Percy indicated his purpose of resigning at the January, 1912, session of the Legislature because of his belief that his "retiring from public life would tend to lessen factional strife." The appearance of the slanderous article in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* and Vardaman's endorsement thereof made Senator Percy decide not to resign. In his own words, in asking of the United States Senate a complete investigation of both Mississippi Senatorial elections, Mr. Percy said: "If I resigned in the face of an article which holds up to the scorn of good people not only myself but the Legislature which elected me and the State which honored me, I should be untrue to that Legislature, to the friends who supported me, and to myself. If I am as corrupt a thing as I am painted to be in this article, I should not be permitted to resign. I should be branded with infamy and driven in shame out of public life to a prison cell."

The speech of Senator Kenyon of Iowa on the Stephenson case was a pretty thorough sifting of both the law and the evidence. He uncovered a mass of crawling and creeping vermin such as one sees when overturning a rotten log in a forest in the summer time. The only redeeming feature of the whole showing on Stephenson's side was the simplicity of the aged Senator who did not see anything wrong in drawing checks and handing them over to his friends to carry the primaries, together with his touching confidence in their integrity and good judgment, leading him to forego any accounting. With like ingenuousness, they destroyed all their memoranda immediately after the election.

Among the important bills waiting to be considered by the House of Representatives is the Esch White Phosphorus bill. We know of no single instance in which failure to do an obvious legislative duty has been more disgraceful. This matter presents no complexities, apart from the Constitutional question which some people profess to regard as involved in it, but which, if they are sincere, they should bring out in the open instead of smothering the bill in committee. It is a matter upon which the simplest considerations of humanity urge immediate action, and upon which other civilized nations have long ago taken action. Finally, it is a matter in which the only real difficulty was promptly removed by the Diamond Match Company as soon as President Taft suggested to that corporation that relinquishment of its patent rights in the premises would make the needed legislation possible.

History may have her doubts about the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, but there can be no doubt at all as to the reality of its celebration by the descendants of the men who ought, at least, to have drawn up and signed it. The immortal twentieth of May is to be filled this year with a judicious mixture of what the fathers did and what the sons are doing. "There is to be," says the Charlotte *Observer*, "a great exposition of what we make and sell in Charlotte, things the Signers never dreamed of, things they had to do without but which the Descendants can have if they have the price, and things that are making our manufacturers and merchants and jobbers more comfortable every day." An outsider, it thus appears, might be somewhat confused as to whether the celebration was in honor of the Signers or the Descendants, more particularly the Descendants who have things to sell. But in this respect, it must be confessed, the Mecklenburg celebrators are not sinners above all who dwell in the land.

Chief of Police Kohler of Cleveland has sent to the Constitutional Convention an appeal for consideration of the plan which he began to urge a year or two ago for a radical change in the treatment of criminals. He proposes that, for the existing system of definite fines and terms of imprisonment, there be substituted the single sentence of "banishment," to last until a second judge and jury, after due consideration, decide that the penalty originally imposed may be safely terminated, and the man restored to association with the law-abiding. This second tribunal, constituting the Court of Rehabilitation, should be as strict in determining its verdict as the first was. The prisoner would thus be encouraged to a real reform of himself; and his release, instead of meaning merely that his time had expired, would be the best testimony to his trustworthiness. As a consequence, the stigma that now rests upon the ex-convict would be transformed into something like a certificate of character. Chief Kohler, with the enthusiasm of the discoverer, sees revolutionary results from this plan. Impartial observers, while doubting the efficacy of any one remedy for criminality, will be interested in seeing the experiment tried in Ohio or elsewhere.

It may very well be that the man who succeeds Dr. Harvey T. Wiley as Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry at Washington will bring to his work the same devotion to the public service which has

made Dr. Wiley one of the most prominent figures in the campaign against the excesses of commercial greed and in behalf of a higher national standard of health. It is not so sure that the new Chief Chemist, whoever he may be, will rival his predecessor's amazing gift for marshalling public opinion in his support. The friends of Dr. Wiley are the last to deny his exceptional talents for utilizing publicity. But, in the first place, it was publicity exercised in a good cause, and in the second place it was not the product of mechanical press-agent methods, but the emanation largely of a picturesque personality.

In appointing Dr. Talcott Williams of the Philadelphia *Press* as head of the Pulitzer School of Journalism, Columbia has selected a journalist of long years of experience, unusual gifts, and extraordinary range of knowledge. As a speaker and lecturer he is in constant demand, particularly because of his minute information in regard to conditions in the Far East. He is precisely the right man to emphasize the need of thoroughly trained newspaper writers in place of men who have the merest smattering of knowledge. Again, Mr. Williams has been a practical journalist from the beginning of his career. There is no position on a daily newspaper that he has not filled with complete competency; and he has been in close touch with the leaders of public opinion and of our political life. His associate, Prof. John W. Cunliffe, who comes from the University of Wisconsin, besides having experience as a journalist and having seen a good deal of the world, is an English scholar of wide learning and good taste. Two better men could not have been chosen for guiding an institution which offers many opportunities and presents not a few difficult problems.

The Christian Science Church has its progressive and its stand-pat movement. Mrs. Augusta Stetson of New York, who has before this come into conflict with the directors of the mother church in Boston, now announces herself as a teacher of "radical Christian Science," and charges the authorities of the Boston church with being faithless to the teachings of Mrs. Eddy. She accuses them flatly of attempting to compromise with the devil when they declare that Christian Science healers do not assume responsibility for the results of the treatment they administer. Mrs. Stetson asserts that the healer's responsibility is a fundamental part of the Eddy creed. Thus, oddly enough, Mrs. Stetson, who calls herself a radical, is in reality a standpatter, whereas the official successors of Mrs. Eddy seem to be ready to square their doctrine with the needs of the time. During Mrs. Eddy's lifetime Mrs. Stetson, though a rebel, professed submission to the founder of the Church.

Mr. John Barrett, director-general of the Pan-American Union, makes the positive charge that there is a well-organized movement under way "to bring about trouble" between Mexico and the United States. With intervention as its object, the propaganda gains strength. The problem is serious enough without this; it is doubtful whether any question before the President calls for such wisdom and statesmanship. The owners of the $800,000,000 of American money in Mexico and the other foreign capitalists are certain to bring enormous pressure to bear upon Washington to safeguard their investments. It is so easy to say that American troops should restore order, as in Cuba, that the unthinking will be repeating it day in and day out. Mr. Barrett states well what any such intervention would mean:

> The temporary protection it might give to Americans and American investments would sink into insignificance compared, first, to the possible loss of life and property and expenditure of money which might result from war; second, to the restrictions upon United States trade and capital which would undoubtedly result in all Latin-America, and, third, to the loss of confidence in the United States Government and people among the Governments and peoples of its sister republics.

Concerning wages and profits as a whole, in the British collieries, some remarkable figures are given in an article in the *Westminster Gazette*. The question asked at the opening of the article is whether the present profits of the coal-owners "can bear a substantial reduction in the payment of increased wages, and yet leave a margin sufficient to attract capital to coal-mining." The data which follow may to many persons seem to furnish almost a complete answer to the question. But this is not so, owing to the fact that the figures deal with averages, whereas, in case of increased cost of mining (without an increased price obtained for the coal) there would be no uniform discouragement of capital everywhere, but simply the stoppage of the worst-paying mines. Nevertheless, the figures of the average are extremely interesting. From them it appears that the average price obtained at the collieries of the United Kingdom in the year 1910 was $1.90 per ton in England, $2.72 in Wales, and $1.65 in Scotland. By comparison of these figures with the average output of each person (man, woman, or boy) employed in the mines, it appears that the total amount received by the mine-owners—without deduction for operating expenses of any kind other than wages, or for any return on capital or provision for its maintenance—averaged $1.71 per worker per day in England, $2.35 in Wales, $1.81 in Scotland. On examining the details of cost-sheets in certain mines, the writer comes to the conclusion that "an increase [in wages] of a shilling a day would absorb the whole of the profits and half as much again." This result cannot, of course, be accepted as conclusive; but the writer has evidently reached it in good faith, as may be inferred from his conclusion that there would be no difficulty in making the advance of wages by means of an advance in the price of coal, which, of course, would have to be borne by the consumers.

An uninterrupted flight from London to Paris at a speed of seventy-five miles an hour, is not really so simple a performance as the hero of the occasion would make it out. M. Salvey's statement is that, having a little affair of business to look after in the French capital, and finding the train schedules from Charing Cross unsatisfactory, he stepped into his monoplane and dropped over to Paris. The thing has been done before, and will be done again with increasing frequency. But for all that the man in the street hardly visualizes himself as making in person the trip from London to Paris through the air in the immediate future. The triumph of the aeroplane has been in very large part the triumph of its navigator. There has grown up a class of airmen who, in the popular mind, can do almost anything. If Vedrines or Beaumont should fly from Paris to London without any machine at all, it would not be such a dreadful shock.

THE DEFEAT OF THE TREATIES.

The general disappointment over the killing of the arbitration treaties in the Senate will be sharpened by the belief that the action was prompted by partisan motives. The trail of politics is over it all. On the main issues put to vote, the division in the Senate was along party lines. The Democrats were almost solidly for the emasculation and ruin of the treaties. Only three Democratic Senators—two of them, Messrs. Williams and Rayner, among the ablest and most independent members of the Senate—stood for the treaties in their integrity. Not all the insurgent Republicans went with the Democrats, but enough of them did so to make it possible, by a majority of two votes, to strike out vital clauses and to add amendments intended to do the treaties to death.

That the Democrats in the Senate made a sorry exhibition of themselves in this important matter will be generally agreed. It is not by such displays that they can regain confidence for their party. Without denying that certain Democratic Senators may have been actuated by firm convictions on the question of the Senate's powers under the Constitution, there is violent suspicion of other motives when substantially the whole of the party representation in the Senate arrays itself on one side. Can it be plausibly said that the rank and file of the Democratic Senators—many of whom did not debate the question at all, but simply voted in a mass—were more sensitive to their Constitutional obligations, more jealous of encroachment upon the prerogatives of the Senate, than men like Root and Burton, or Senators like Rayner and Williams? The supposition is absurd. Moreover, it must be remembered that the leading Democratic candidates for the Presidency have heartily approved the treaties. Gov. Wilson came out for them emphatically. They were warmly endorsed by Gov. Harmon. What sinister influences, what unexplained motives, led the Democrats in the Senate to repudiate such leadership and to set themselves athwart the enlightened sentiment of the country so emphatically expressed? We know what the Clanna-Gael will say. It will rejoice at the defeat of the treaties as due to threats of political vengeance by Irish-Americans. These may, indeed, have been of avail in some instances, but more powerful than any such attempted pressure must have been a partisan spirit, willing to impede a great and international movement for peace just to gain an apparent advantage over President Taft. For our part, we are strongly of the mind that this advantage is illusory, and that the Democratic Senators, by their attitude in this high business, will have given their party hopes a distinct check. What inducement will the people have to give full power to men who show themselves so selfish and so mulishly wrong?

It has been said that the Senate is "the graveyard of treaties." This is an exaggeration, though in the matter of arbitration treaties it might be held to be very near the truth. No one has forgotten the fate of the earlier arbitration treaty with England, which President Cleveland and President McKinley vainly urged upon the Senate. Not even President Roosevelt was able to induce the Senate to ratify the arbitration treaties of 1905, except in a form which caused the documents to be pigeon-holed in the State Department. Certainly, in all this class of treaties the Senate has shown itself either unyielding or evasive. When it dares not reject them outright, it tries the plan of evisceration. It is the latter method which has been successful in the present case.

The Senate knew, because everybody in Washington knew, that the ratification of the treaties with all kinds of exceptions stipulated in the act would not only frustrate their main intent, but would lead to their being laid on the shelf. Neither our Government nor that of Great Britain or France would care for them in their present mutilated shape. And Senators must have known also that, in blocking these particular measures, they were doing what they could to check a world movement for peace guaranteed by arbitration treaties. It is no secret that both England and France hoped to make these treaties a model for other agreements of the kind with other Powers. That is the reason why objection was made to the enumeration of subjects which could never be submitted to arbitration. Such a course would destroy the broad example which it was desired to set. And the Senate, furthermore, has at one stroke put an end to the negotiations which the President was planning at once to take up with Germany and Japan, and possibly other nations, in the hope of procuring similar arbitration agreements. Thus the net result is depressing and disastrous in far-reaching ways. It puts the United States in the attitude of refusing to accept the offered leadership in binding the world together in indissoluble peace.

That this disappointing course of the Senate is in absolute misrepresentation of the wishes of the great majority of the people of this country, we have no manner of doubt. If it was intended as a blow at the President, the reaction is, in our opinion, certain to be in his favor. Meanwhile, Mr. Taft himself takes the slaughter of his arbitration treaties in a fine spirit. He admits that he is grievously disappointed, but affirms that he is not cast down, and, with a firm courage like that of D'Azeglio after the disastrous battle of Novara, declares simply: "We must begin all over again."

TAFT ON THE JUDICIARY.

The President's speech at Toledo last Friday night was not a great speech. There are many men in the country who could have presented with more telling force the case against those "radical methods of changing the judiciary system," the proposal of which formed the occasion of his address. Mr. Taft himself has, on a number of occasions, made more striking utterances on the same general subject. But there are two objects that he evidently set before himself in making the speech, both of which he was entirely successful in achieving. One was to embody in a few brief passages of the speech the gist of the argument against the proposed innovations; the other was to avoid not merely outright personalities, but that kind of offensiveness of language which, though ostensibly addressed to the subject matter of discussion, is essentially of the nature of a personal attack. And we suspect that to the restraint he put upon himself in this regard must in large measure be ascribed a certain want of fire in the speech as a whole. His state of mind appears to be clearly indicated when he says, speaking of the proposed recall of constitutional decisions, "This is a remarkable suggestion, and one which is so contrary to anything in government hitherto proposed

that it is hard to give it the serious consideration which it deserves because of its advocates and of the conditions under which it is advanced."

We have said that the speech is not a great speech. But there are several things in it that could hardly be improved upon. In the first place, there is the opening paragraph, a backward glance at the story of the Union under the system established by the Constitution—a story upon which it has been the habit of Americans to dwell with patriotic pride. The attacks now made on the judicial system of the country are largely a matter of psychology, we feel tempted to say of morbid psychology. The state of mind underlying them is not by any means unlike that which prevailed before and during the campaign of 1896 among the hysterical silverites; they saw in everything the malign results of the gold standard, everywhere the blight of low prices, on all sides the devilish machinations of the "creditor class." It was the part then of sober men to try and counteract this pathological mental condition by calling attention to certain simple facts; and what was true in 1896 of the silver craze is true to-day of the anti-judiciary craze. As a matter of fact, there was no creditor class crucifying mankind on a cross of gold; as a matter of fact, there is no desperate condition of judicial oppression under which the people of these United States are laboring. To read the opening sentences of Mr. Taft's speech, quiet, dignified, patriotic, free from extravagance, after listening to the queer rantings of the "Progressives," is like turning from a confused and nebulous dream to a solid reality.

One more passage may be singled out for special notice. It is that in which the President, with the utmost simplicity and directness, disposes of the fantastic notion that when a disputed question of Constitutionality is placed before the people, as a final court of appeal, it will be decided as the result of prolonged deliberation on the true interpretation of the Constitution. He says:

> What the court decides is that the enacted law violates the fundamental law and is beyond the power of the Legislature to enact. But when this issue is presented to the electorate, what will be the question uppermost in the minds of most of them and forced upon them by the advocates of the law? Will it not necessarily be whether the law is on its merits a good law rather than whether it conflicts with the Constitution? . . . What this recall of decisions will amount to if applied to constitutional questions is that there will be a suspension of the Constitution to enable a temporary majority of the electorate to enforce a popular but invalid act.

Can any man in his sober senses doubt the correctness of this statement? Were it not that the name of Lincoln has been so cheapened by constant and indiscriminate use in the hands of a man typifying the diametrical opposite of Lincoln's temperament and methods, we should feel tempted to say that Mr. Taft has exposed the false pretence of this precious scheme of judicial interpretation by popular vote just as Lincoln would have done it—by applying to it the touchstone of simple truth, and common sense, and common honesty.

To the sanity and simplicity of Mr. Taft's speech, a greater contrast could hardly be imagined than that presented by Mr. Roosevelt's *Outlook* article. How he has lashed himself into a state of blind frenzy on this subject of the recall of judicial decisions is illustrated by the almost incredible blunder which he not only commits, but which forms the very backbone of the article. "I preach no new doctrine," he says; "the proposal that I make for the several States was in actual practice acted upon by the people of this whole nation but a very short time after the Constitution was adopted." And he proceeds to tell at length of the adoption of the Eleventh Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which had the effect of reversing the result of a previous Supreme Court decision. "All I ask," he then goes on to say, "is that what the people of the nation have actually done the people of each State shall actually be allowed to do." It is almost inconceivable that a man who has been President of the United States could be guilty of such ludicrous confusion. The Eleventh Amendment was adopted by the regular process laid down by the Constitution of the United States; and nothing is more familiar to everybody than that State Constitutions are infinitely easier to amend than is that of the United States. Thus the Colonel is clamoring for something that, according to his own statement, the people already have. How account for this queer state of mind? A remark he makes in this same article furnishes the key. "I am not," he says, "primarily concerned with methods." Evidently not; and he feels absolved from the ordinary responsibility of rational men in talking about methods. He tells us that his method is the same as one that is already in existence—regardless alike of the fact that the method is wholly different, and of the fact that if it were the same there would be no need of agitating for it. But to deal thus with great questions of government is to plunge into the confusion of Bedlam.

"*SOCIAL JUSTICE.*"

Phrases show which way the wind blows, and the growing frequency with which writers and speakers use the expression "social justice" puts us on the track of a good deal of current political thinking. It is a form of words into which it seems to be increasingly easy to drop. Mr. Roosevelt, for example, wrote to his Boston supporters the other day, that their movement was one in behalf of "the cause of social justice." Behind this phrase it is not necessary to deny that there exist fine sentiments. Many use it to whom it means earnest and worthy striving. But it cries aloud for definition. Undefined, it may mean anything you please. We can readily imagine what would be said of a political leader who announced that he stood for the confiscation of property and the exploitation and intensifying of class hatred, yet it might be found that he intended the precise thing which others describe as social justice. Vices of reasoning lurk in all such generalities.

It was a saying of Huxley's that we cannot think rightly in politics until we clear the mind of delusions, and no delusion is cruder or more harmful than the assumption that vast and intricate public questions, bulging with important details and big with weighty consequences, can be disposed of by a neat classification or a general profession of good intentions. In each case the real task of the statesman is to buckle down to the concrete realities. In the tremendous economic, social, and political problem just now forced upon the English Government, for example, of what avail is it to either side to the controversy to say that a solution must be found squaring with "social justice"? That does not get us forward an inch.

One hearing the words "social justice" come trippingly from the tongue of so many orators who use them as if

they were the solvent of all our ills, cannot help wishing that some of these glib gentlemen could be put through such a dialogue as Socrates applied to the confident Athenian in "The Republic." This reasoner, too, thought it sufficient to say that he stood for justice. It had never occurred to him to go behind that smooth-sounding word and ask what were its actual implications in definite instances. But Socrates continually pressed the question upon him, "What is justice?" and deftly led him from admission to admission until it appeared that the just man could not be told from the thief. Such an exercise of the wits would do a world of good to those in our own day who are so glibly assuring us that all we need is a generous application of social justice—twice a day, after meals, one is tempted to add, so much like a quack medicine is the remedy made to appear.

As prescribed, it is made to cover a wide range of questions now agitated. The shibboleth is a great favorite with the Western Progressives. You will hear them speak of one political novelty after another, announce one aim of theirs after another, and then sum the whole up as being merely social justice. It may be that or it may not be. What to one man appears just will in another rankle as the extreme of injustice. Each man must be heard, and every case debated on its merits. The obfuscation of question-begging phrases must be avoided as well as the unfairness of question-begging epithets. The whole matter of child labor, for instance, with the due safeguarding of the health and lives of women workers, has to be threshed out specifically, with facts and arguments clearly brought out and carefully sifted, with sound public policy determined in that way, and not by a magnificent gesture pointing to the words social justice as if that were the conclusion of the whole matter.

We are obviously in for a period of ardent discussion of many social and industrial questions of which we have thus far but touched the fringe. This debate cannot be avoided, but what we ought to insist upon endeavoring to avoid is the darkening of counsel by words without wisdom. People cannot be stopped from inquiring into old customs, challenging established institutions, proposing innovations; but they can be and should be met at the threshold with the demand that they make their grievances plain and their remedies specific. For it is not a mere matter of talk. The thing looks to action, first of all to legislation. But you cannot set up social justice by act of Congress. You can only make a definite law. And each statute has to be precise and detailed. In French parliamentary practice there is the first stage of accepting the "principle" of a measure, which is easy, and then tackling the work of the "drafting" (*rédaction*). It is on this last rock that most novel legislation is wrecked. It is found impossible to reduce the swelling words of a grandiloquent utterance to the limited language of a statute. And it should not be forgotten in this country that it can never become a question of voting a law to do social justice, but only of doing particular justice, or injustice, to Bill Jones and Sarah Ferguson.

CONQUEST OF THE SOUTH POLE.

To Capt. Amundsen at last belong the South Polar honors. In this case the misunderstanding which first attributed the discovery to Capt. Scott was plainly an accident. Amundsen is no tyro of doubtful reputation, financed by equally dubious backers, but a navigator and scientist of high standing, the discoverer of the Northern magnetic pole. His extraordinary Arctic drift through the long-sought Northwest Passage must always remain one of the most remarkable achievements of North Polar exploration. His is the race that has furnished not only some of the hardiest, but also the most modest, of explorers, of the type of Nansen. Hence, while the disappointment in England over the false hopes aroused by a premature announcement must be great, there will be most generous recognition of Amundsen as a true Viking, daring and successful in penetrating into the unknown. It is still not impossible that Capt. Scott, too, may have reached the goal of his ambition.

In the current *Scribner's Magazine*, Nansen points out that Capt. Amundsen had one great advantage over his English rival in that he established his winter quarters on the ice-barrier itself, which placed him sixty geographical miles nearer to the Pole—a saving of 120 miles going and coming. In addition, he took with him more than one hundred exceptionally trained Eskimo dogs, in charge of two men of rare experience in dog-driving. Capt. Scott, on the other hand, commanded probably the best equipped expedition of its kind that ever set sail for Arctic or Antarctic. Its roster of members is impressive indeed, and their numbers, together with their motor-sledges, ponies, and other unusual tools, and with the record of its captain, make it plain that if the Pole was not reached, scientific results of the greatest value will be achieved. And that, as Nansen points out, is far more important in the long run than merely being the first to the Pole. The real object has been to explore unknown regions; in that Capt. Amundsen has had a trifle the advantage over Capt. Scott, in that his route was through entirely unknown country, while the English expedition was to follow the trail of Sir Ernest Shackleton. This took the latter to within 111 miles of the goal, along a line of mountains, providing excellent landmarks. Apparently, those 120 miles and the use of the old-fashioned Arctic methods told tremendously in Amundsen's favor. As Lieut. Shackleton discovered, a motor-car is useful on the ice, but not on the soft snow of the mountains.

It is this aspect of South Polar exploration which so radically differentiates it from that of the Arctic. Peary's problem was to go straight out over the frozen sea; his chief danger was the opening up of the ice in great "leads" which would head off his advance, or his return after he reached his destination. Shackleton's chief difficulty was the combination of frightful severity of temperature with the necessity of climbing mountains and travelling over a broken mountain plateau more than 7,000 feet in height. This is clearly enough illustrated by a single day's entry in his journal:

> Altitude to-night is 7,400 feet above sea-level. This has been one of our hardest days, but worth it, for we are just on the plateau at last. Started at 7:30, relaying the sledges, and did 6 miles 600 yards, which means nearly 19 miles for the day of actual travelling. All the morning worked up loose, slippery ice, hauling the sledges up one at a time by means of the Alpine rope. Camped for lunch at 12:45 on the crest of a rise close to the fissure, and in the midst of crevasses, into one of which I managed to fall, also Adams. . . . All afternoon relayed up a long snow-slope, and were hungry and tired when we reached the camp.

When he turned back Lieut. Shackleton could see no signs of land. He could only "assume that the geographical South Pole was situated on this immense plateau, between 10,000 and 11,000 feet above sea-level, and certainly the coldest and one of the most stormy parts of the world."

If, with Amundsen's achievement, the search for the Pole now ends, there is no likelihood that this will cause any cessation of further study of the Antarctic. On the contrary, it should stimulate it. There is much practical knowledge to be obtained for the scientific world. Already the meteorologists see the profit that will come to them from a study of climatic conditions and the flow of ocean currents, and Shackleton's report of coal beds has merely whetted the appetite of the geologists for the further discoveries Capt. Scott's scientific staff is certain to report. The German, Japanese, and Australian expeditions now in the Antarctic should together add enormously to the world's knowledge of the zone they are subdividing among themselves.

While granting that the new methods of equipping polar expeditions account for much of their greater success of late years, Nansen points out that, after all, it largely comes back to the leader. Peary's iron will, his resolute refusal to be balked by any number of disappointments, his determined shoving aside of any obstacle in his path, his regarding the Eskimo as mere tools created for his own particular purposes, are now thoroughly understood. Amundsen has proved again a leader of men, wise and far-sighted, and as quietly determined as when he found the Northwest Passage. He himself, it is clear, does not think that the finding of the South Pole destroys all the mystery of the unknown. He is even now planning a five years' drift from northwest of Alaska across the North Polar Basin to a point between Greenland and Spitzbergen. But the fact is undeniable that his achievement will, in the popular mind, signify that the ends of the earth have been reached, thereby terminating a great epoch in man's knowledge of the globe he inhabits.

SWITZERLAND'S RAILWAY SUCCESS.

The *Quarterly Journal of Economics* contains an article on the "First Decade of the Swiss Federal Railways" which gives a highly favorable, and apparently careful and judicial, account of the workings of the Swiss railway system under Government ownership. The writer, Dr. A. N. Holcombe of Harvard University, sets out with the disputed question of the fiscal success of the Government administration. The writers of two recent books on European railway problems, of whom Dr. Holcombe says that "both are trained investigators, and both are conscious of their responsibility to the public for the reliability of their facts and the reasonableness of their conclusions," are quoted as having arrived at opposite conclusions on this question. The Harvard writer agrees with the favorable judgment on this financial question, his final statement being that the Swiss Federal Railways have "reduced rates, improved the service, raised wages, and made a profit." It is pretty safe, therefore, to conclude that, on any fair view of the matter, the Federal management will be pronounced either to have made a profit or at least to have come very near making the two ends meet; and even if, in point of fact, there is a deficit, its existence, if of very small magnitude, cannot be regarded as of serious significance.

It is not, therefore, to this aspect of the subject that the chief interest of a survey of the history of the Swiss Federal Railways attaches. As depicted in this article—and its author states that, except in regard to the financial question already mentioned, there has been no dispute about the facts—the story of the Swiss Government's administration of the railways presents a most pleasing picture. Such has been its ability and energy, and such have been the advantages of a unified management, that there has been a marked improvement in the condition of the employees, while at the same time there has been a material reduction of rates. Nor has there been a particle of friction between the wage-earners and the management. "The workers have never struck, nor even threatened to strike. The Government, on the other hand, has always maintained its authority, and, while treating its employees with liberality, has never given them more than could be publicly shown to be their due." And as to the question of rates, after describing the careful and elaborate official mechanism by which they are determined, the writer says: "Neither fiscal exploitation on the part of the Federal Government, nor personal or local discrimination in favor of privileged interests, can well occur under such a system of management." In short, so far as we can make out, the whole operation of the Swiss railway system appears to have been a close approach to the ideal.

And we believe that it actually has been so. We subscribe to no such dogma as the "impossibility" or "absurdity" of Government ownership or management of public utilities. It is all a question of expediency—a question, to be sure, turning often on extremely broad and deep considerations, and not merely on the immediate facts of a given case, but still a question of expediency. It is fair to acknowledge, and to take for what it is worth, such an experience as that of Switzerland, especially as Switzerland is a democratic republic. But before we jump to conclusions regarding our own country, we must look certain large and vital facts in the face. Of these, the most obvious relates to the mere geography and history of the country. The United States is a vast new country, whose area—we speak of the contiguous territory, not counting Alaska or the insular possessions—is 3,000,000 square miles; Switzerland is an ancient and fully settled country, with an area of 16,000 square miles. Texas alone could swallow up sixteen Switzerlands, and the population of Texas is but barely more than that of Switzerland. It would take nine Switzerlands to make a Montana, but the people of Montana are only one-tenth as many as those of Switzerland. Evidently, the problem of reconciling the demands of the present, and of weighing the needs of the future, for this vast Continental area, filled with a restless, energetic, and rapidly growing population, and big with mighty changes almost from year to year, is not to be compared with that presented by the transportation problems of the compact and ancient little mountain republic of Europe.

Hardly less important than this, if less important at all, is the consideration of the nature, the temper, and the

traditions of the people. Now anything more unlike the American temperament than that of the Swiss people it would be difficult to find. And it is hard to say whether this difference is more pronounced if we consider as American that which was the recognized American type of the earlier generations of our republic, or that wonderful cosmopolitan mixture which now plays so large a part in the development of our social and economic problems. Take it as you will, and you have here a tense, nervous, high-strung people, keenly ambitious and eager for quick "results," as against a nation which, whether in the country or the city, is essentially a nation of sturdy yeomen. It is needless to expatiate on this idea; anybody can supply a score of particulars to reinforce the contrast. Rather let us take, as a slight illustration, the plain tale told by the writer of the *Quarterly Journal* article, narrating the history of the addition made to the standard wage scale on account of the rise in the cost of living:

> The highest rates of wages in effect upon the private railways (which were the basis of the governmental rates) had been established in 1896 and the rise in the cost of living since then amounted to over 27 per cent. The men began to complain respectfully, but during 1906 with increasing vigor. The Government, when confronted by the men with family budgets and other pertinent evidence of the fall in real wages, recognized the justice of their claims, but wished to postpone the revision of their wages until a general act could be prepared that would apply to all Federal employees. . . . The Federal Council ultimately recommended that each married employee and each unmarried employee with persons dependent upon him for support, earning less than 4,000 francs a year, should receive a supplement to his annual earnings of 100 francs [$20]; and that all other employees earning less than 4,000 francs should receive 50 francs [$10]. The Federal Council took pains in its message to the Assembly to remark on the courteous tone of the employees' petitions and the reasonableness of their request.

Can any one imagine such a story told of a like situation in the United States? And is it not equally impossible—going back to the other phase of the matter—to imagine any mechanism of official management which would eliminate here, as seems to have been done in Switzerland, the pressure of personal and local interests, in the face of the overwhelming importance of transportation questions in this country?

GOOD TASTE.

A German specialist has written a book which may be made the basis of a very interesting parlor game. The book is called "Good Taste and Bad in the Applied Arts" (*Guter und Schlechter Geschmack im Kunstgewerbe*), and the author is Professor Pazaurek of Stuttgart, director of the Royal Industrial Museum in that town. The book has just come to us from Germany, and presumably there is no English translation as yet. But even if there were, such a translation would not be adapted for our purposes. The parlor game we have in mind would consist in going through the two hundred and eighty pictures imbedded in the alien German text and guessing whether they illustrate examples of good taste or of bad taste. Unlike American magazine editors who usually have a little introductory note at the head of every article, telling whether the article is a very good one or not, our author has maliciously refrained from labelling his pictures. Somewhere in the text of the volume, the writer's opinion will be found tucked away. That is why we recommend that the game be played with the original German, so that no Anglo-Saxon eye, however quick, may run down the answer. The fun to be got out of the game is of a rare kind. After one has puzzled over the picture of a sixteenth-century interior and decided that it is ugly, it is stimulating to hunt through the text and find that the room presents a ravishing example of the Renaissance decorative style in its best estate.

But the book can be put to serious uses as well. Only in that case the process must be reversed. The student should first devote himself to the text, which, we may remark in passing, he will find very agreeable reading. Having mastered the author's principles, he may begin to pass judgment on the pictures. These principles are simple, few, familiar, and easily assimilated. The reader will be surprised to find that in deciding between what is good taste and bad taste, he is not consciously applying a standard, but pronouncing judgment almost as intuitively as the child who says he likes this and doesn't like that. At the risk of spoiling the ingenious game, which we are proud of having devised, we will say at once that the great majority of illustrations in the book are specimens of bad taste. At regular intervals in the parade of ugliness, which is all the more ugly because it is so insinuating, the writer has cleverly inserted the picture of some beautiful object to serve as a guide-post in the wilds. And, once the student has read the text, he will realize with a thrill of pride and satisfaction how impossible it has become for him to meet with an ugly object in art and mistake it for anything else.

And yet those few, simple, familiar principles which our German writer expounds are so dreadfully familiar, in all theoretical discussion on the arts, that it seems almost an insult to the ordinary intelligence to enumerate them here. The Stuttgart professor deals with such elementary conditions of the beautiful as sincerity, simplicity, genuineness, appropriateness, utility, proportion, restraint; and the greatest of these is restraint. With characteristic German thoroughness, he has catalogued and subdivided. He speaks of good material put to bad uses, and bad material put to good uses. His illustrated chamber of horrors shows heraldic wall decorations made out of human bones, leather card-cases stitched with human hair, royal thrones made out of narwhal tusks, New Year's cards on egg-shells, silhouettes of Napoleon on oak-leaves, and portraits made out of cancelled postage-stamps. He takes account of tables on which it is difficult to dine, chairs on which it is impossible to sit down, and silver spoons so elaborately chased that it is impossible to keep them clean. He takes account of the exaggerations of the *art nouveau*, as of the rococo. In other words, he enunciates principles which are the commonplace of æsthetic chatter at every five-o'clock tea table in the land.

But it is open to doubt whether in practice we are as faithful to-day to the principles of good taste as we are conscious of them in theory. Our pride in having escaped from the Victorian ugliness in architecture, in furniture, and in decoration is undoubtedly justified. In search for the beautiful we have gone back to the antique, the Middle Ages, and the eighteenth century in England. The things with which our great middle classes surround themselves are in line, in proportion, in color, more beautiful than they were forty years ago. But when it comes to the

moro abstract elements of sincerity and appropriateness, we have less cause for self-congratulation. Victorian houses were gloomy and Victorian furniture was uncomfortable. But there is exaggeration in the intensity with which we have gone in for comfort. Contemners of the Victorian taste are in the habit of saying that the houses and the furniture of the period were as narrow and drab as the life of the time. But what a dangerous admission to make, that the surroundings and the thoughts of people of that time were harmonious!

Are our own lives in harmony with our surroundings? We have built houses in imitation of old English manor houses and furnished them in imitation of the eighteenth century. Or we have surrounded ourselves with the simple lines and cool colors that Munich has borrowed from the ancient world and from the Orient. But what business have our restless twentieth-century lives in this austere setting? Presumably, it is the æsthetic sense that draws the present generation to long, dim rooms, with low-beamed ceilings and large red fireplaces. But what of the higher æstheticism which arises when the soul is in agreement with its environment? As examples of formal beauty, these modernized Tudor houses that are filling up the suburbs will do very well. But to create the spiritual atmosphere that goes with such a house requires an effort.

THE WESTERN ECONOMIC SOCIETY.

CHICAGO, March 4.

The third conference of the Society, in Chicago, March 1 and 2, was devoted to a discussion of the regulation of industrial combinations. Speakers from various sections of the country, representing various professions, and with various points of view, gave their attention to this many-sided problem. The result was a series of addresses marked by unusual good-sense and revealing, despite all their diversity of detail, an interesting unanimity of judgment on several of the important issues involved.

The Sherman act occupied of necessity a central place in the discussion. Nearly every one who spoke, so far as appeared, agreed with Prof. Ernst Freund of the University of Chicago in his contention that as a criminal statute, creating the crime of monopoly which it yet left undefined, the law was defective, if not vicious. Such proceedings under the act as have been successful, Professor Freund pointed out, owe their success to the flexibility of equity procedure, which in the recent phases of the Standard Oil and American Tobacco cases has been stretched to give actually constructive results. For the sake of legislative stability and continuity several speakers preferred not to abandon the Sherman law. Thus Assistant Attorney-General W. T. Denison proposed to retain it, with the Interstate Commerce law, as the nucleus of future statutory regulations; and Robert L. Raymond of Boston, who submitted a thoughtful and systematic draft of proposed legislation, supplemented a series of interesting stipulations by an express declaration of their relation to the existing law. The sentiment of the conference, nevertheless, clearly favored regulation rather than abolition of the Trusts.

Of the specific measures of legislation advocated two were conspicuous for the number of their adherents: provision for the Federal incorporation of companies engaged in interstate business and the creation of a Federal interstate trade commission. The first of these proposals had a special spokesman in Edgar A. Bancroft, counsel for the International Harvester Company. The second was particularly urged by C. C. Batchelder of the Boston Lumber Company and by the Hon. William Dudley Foulke. Both were included in the programmes put forward by Mr. Denison and Mr. Raymond. The warmer supporters of the commission plan desired the granting of powers corresponding to those now exercised by the Interstate Commerce Commission; but others showed themselves more conservative, and notably evinced unwillingness to concede to any governmental board thus constituted the authority to fix prices of commodities.

Linked closely with the project of such a trade commission is the question of the judicial review of administrative decisions in Trust control. On this topic Prof. H. S. Smalley of the University of Michigan read one of the most spirited papers of the meeting. Judicial problems and administrative problems he held to be essentially distinct. To pass upon points of business administration the judiciary is unqualified by special training and disqualified by the mental attitude which strictly judicial cases require. Consequently, if only to preserve unendangered the popular respect for our courts, they should not be permitted to decide issues outside their proper field. Milo R. Maltbie of the New York Public Service Commission spoke less insistently, but out of experience of judicial review, on the same theme. George W. Simmons of the Simmons Hardware Company, St. Louis, protested in general against the domination of business by lawyers and the technicalities of law, and urged the appropriateness of giving executive offices in government to men concerned more with the business of administration than with legal forms.

The practicability of the legislation proposed was taken up from two sides. Prof. J. P. Hall, dean of the University of Chicago Law School, surveyed the constitutional aspects of the situation, and found a variety of grounds upon which Congress might proceed in enacting further regulatory laws. Political obstacles to reform were analyzed in a paper submitted by Prof. H. Parker Willis of George Washington University, who attributes the palpable lack of progress towards adequate dealing with the Trusts to three chief causes. In part it has been due to the inconsequent character of administrative policy at Washington in the period since the Sherman law was enacted. Partly it results from the pressure exerted by organized manufacturers outside the great Trusts, who desire no tinkering with a statute which gives more power of control over both the Trusts and the organizations of labor than they might hope again to procure. In this connection interest attached to the remarks made at the same session by James A. Emery, counsel for the American Manufacturing Association, who emphasized the importance of enforcing the present law when it is violated by combinations of workmen. The third cause assigned by Professor Willis is the inability of Congress to appreciate the multiplicity of separate factors which underlie the Trust peril. Could attacks be directed at tariff abuses, the abuses of our patent laws, and the illicit influence wielded by campaign contributions, the core of evil remaining in the Trusts would be found surprisingly reduced. Reform, therefore, is to be sought not in generalities—not even through a commission with general powers—but in detailed assaults upon Trust-fostering conditions in detail.

From the more strictly economic point of view, much the same diagnosis had been made in the first address of the conference by Prof. C. W. Wright of the University of Chicago. The benefit or harm of great industrial combinations is not, he maintains, to be estimated by undiscriminating attempts to appraise the total result. Of the motives to Trust formation some imply social advantage, some social detriment; and it is clumsy procedure to annihilate good and bad together, if instead the menacing elements might be traced to their roots and eradicated, leaving whatever makes for real efficiency. The question of the efficiency of Trusts was taken up by other speakers, of whom Prof. J. W. Jenks of Cornell University and G. H. Montague of New York inclined to emphasize the industrial advantages of large or monopolistic combinations. Prof. Edwin S. Meade of the University of Pennsylvania was more skeptical. In his estimation (which

provoked much debate) prices of Trust made articles have been steadied, and perhaps in some degree lowered, as compared with the prices of commodities in strictly competitive industries; but clear evidence of cheapened production is not forthcoming. Between competition in general and combination in general, the economists are thus not yet prepared to decide; indeed, a sweeping conclusion is hardly to be expected, and legislators may well follow Mr. Denison's advice and leave that question to the economic experience of the future. But on points of greater significance for practical purposes of remedial action the economists do seem to make gratifying progress towards a consensus of expert opinion. Almost any one who attended the sessions here under review must have carried away this impression.

JAMES A. FIELD.

NEW LIGHT ON THE EARLIEST CHRONOLOGY OF BABYLONIA.

PHILADELPHIA, March 9.

An important historical discovery has been made by Prof. Vincent Scheil of Paris, the eminent Assyriologist, who was the first to publish and interpret the famous Code of Hammurabi, or rather Hammurapi, as the name is now deciphered. A paper read by Professor Scheil before the French Academy has just been published, giving an account of a cuneiform tablet which appears at present to be in private possession.

Hitherto the first *definite* date for Babylonian history was marked by the rulers of the dynasty of Ur, beginning with Ur-Engur *c.* 2300 B. C. The history of the Euphrates Valley could, of course, be carried back for many centuries before that period, but considerable divergence of opinion existed among scholars as to the age to be assigned to some of these earlier rulers, while in many cases their very order was uncertain. This earliest history of the Euphrates Valley is marked by a struggle between the two classes of inhabitants, the non-Semitic population known as Sumerians, whose greatest strength was developed in the southern part of the valley, and the Semites, who were known as Akkadians and who appear to have been pushed to the north through the steady advance of the Sumerians at a very early period.

The new tablet found by Professor Scheil enables us to establish definitely the order and the names of the rulers of five dynasties, earlier than that of Ur. The cities that form the political centres are Opis, Kish, Uruk, Agade, then Uruk once more, after which a people from the extreme north known as the Guti conquer the Euphrates Valley. Of these cities, Opis, Kish, and Agade are in Akkad (*i. e.*, in the northern part of the Euphrates Valley); and Uruk in Sumer (*i. e.*, to the south), but since the rulers of Opis and Kish are Sumerians, it follows that the Sumerians had extended their sway into Akkad. The dynasty of Agade (which gave the name to Akkad for the northern portion of the Euphrates Valley) is, however, Semitic. The first member of this dynasty was well known to scholars before the discovery of the Scheil tablet. He became famous in Babylonian-Assyrian history as Sargon. A great conqueror, he not only ruled over Sumer and Akkad, but extended his conquests to the east, obtaining control of the land known as Elam, as well as to the north (afterwards known as Assyria), and to the west, which is embraced under the general designation of Amurru, the land of the Amorites.

The earliest dynasty of all, according to the newly discovered document, is that which had its centre at Opis—probably to be identified with Seleucia, not far from the modern Bagdad. The tablet furnishes the name of six kings, all of them representing entirely new names and reigning 30, 12, 6, 20 or 24, and 7 years, respectively. The summary reads:

> Six kings who reigned 99 years,
> when the dynasty of Opis was
> overthrown and the sovereignty passed over
> to Kish.

The dynasty of Kish, after furnishing eight rulers, was overthrown by Uruk, which, after twenty-five years of the reign of a single ruler Lugalzaggisi, was in turn replaced by Agade under the leadership of the famous Sargon. The number of years that Sargon ruled is unfortunately broken off, and of the twelve rulers of this Agade dynasty covering a period of 197 years, the names of only the last six have been preserved.

In confirmation of what through other sources we know of Sargon's humble origin, it is expressly stated in the new tablet that he rose from the rank of gardener to that of King of Agade. We know that Sargon was succeeded by his son Naram-Sin, who was quite as energetic and successful a conqueror as his father, and we also know of another ruler of Agade, Bingani-sharru, who was probably Naram-Sin's son, so that only three names of the entire twelve are missing. The Agade dynasty, we are told, was replaced by Uruk, which thus once more comes to the front, but again for a short time only. The times appear to have been troublous ones, for five rulers are entered with a total reign of only twenty-six years. Of these only the first Ur-Nigin is succeeded by his son. The remaining three are evidently usurpers who succeeded in turn in holding the reins for a while amid constant internal turmoils.

It is at this time that the northern invaders, the Guti, enter the valley, and as the scribe tells us,

> The dynasty of Uruk was overthrown by
> Guti which gained control.

Here the scribe ends his enumeration, merely adding the date "30th day of Siwan (*i. e.*, 3rd month), though he does not give us the further indication which would enable us to specify the year of the reigning king. The characters point to the Hammurapi period, *i. e.*, about 2000 B. C., though the tablet may itself be a copy of an earlier original.

Thanks to this remarkable tablet, we now have a successive enumeration of the following dynasties: Opis, 99 years; Kish, 126 (?) years; Uruk, 25 years; Agade, 197 years; Uruk, 26 years. This brings us to the invasion of the Guti. Counting an interruption of fifty years for this foreign invasion, we then reach the dynasty of Ur. After 117 years this dynasty is overthrown, but for about 100 years more the Sumerian control, now centring in a city named Isin, still continues. About 2100 B. C. the Semitic dynasty of Babylon comes to the front and the sixth member of this dynasty is the famous Hammurapi who marks the permanent supremacy of the Semite and with whom the Babylonian empire in the full sense may be said to begin.

The reigns of Sargon and Hammurapi represent turning points in Euphratean history, and it is a great gain to have determined, through the new tablet, that the interval between the two is not much more than 400 years, so that 2500 B. C. represents in all probability the oldest possible date at which Sargon can be placed.

Whether Opis was the first of all dynasties in Sumer and Akkad cannot, of course, be decided. Probably not, but it is quite within the range of probability that the dynasty of Opis is the first centre to claim sovereignty over *both* Sumer and Akkad and that for this reason the ancient scribe, whose record a fortunate chance has preserved for us, began with the rulers of this Opis dynasty. The first of these rulers, Unzi by name, who ruled thirty years, may therefore be registered as the first sovereign in control of the entire Euphrates Valley.

Lastly, a point of unusual interest that is brought out by Professor Scheil's tablet is the discovery of the oldest female ruler in the world. The name that heads the list of the Kish dynasty is that of a woman, Azag-Bau (or perhaps to be read Ku-Bau), whose hold on the throne was so strong that she was able to hand the succession to her son Basha-Enzu, who after twenty-five years, in turn was succeeded by his son Ur-Zamama. The short reign of the latter—only six years—followed by Zimudar, who is not a son, points to inter-

nal disturbances and to the rise of a usurper. MORRIS JASTROW, JR.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The library of William W. Allis of Milwaukee, which is to be sold by the Anderson Auction Company in four sessions, afternoons and evenings of March 25 and 26, is, with the exception of the Hoe library, the most important collection of rare books offered at auction this season. Among the older English books are Shakespeare's "Poems" (1640), with portrait by Marshall, the second folio (1632), the third folio (1664), and the fourth folio (1685); Spenser's "Faerie Queene," first edition (1590-1596), in two volumes old calf, the fifth edition of the "Shepheard's Calendar" (1597) being bound in; Milton's "Poems," first edition (1645), with portrait by Marshall; "Paradise Lost" (1667), the issue generally reckoned the second, with Milton's name in small letters, and "Paradise Regained," first edition (1671); a series of editions of Walton's "Compleat Angler," among them the first (1653), the fourth (1668), and the fifth (1676); the first edition of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" (1621); the first edition of "Don Quixote" in English, translated by Thomas Shelton (1612-1620); Montaigne's "Essaies" (1603), the first edition in English, translated by John Florio; Herrick's "Hesperides" (1648); Coryat's "Crudities" (1611); Ben Jonson's "Works" (1616-1640); and the first collected edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Pl ys" (1647).

Among books by English authors of the eighteenth century we may note the Kilmarnock Burns (1786), in contemporary half-binding, and an uncut copy of the first Edinburgh edition (1787), with interesting A.L.S. of Burns inserted; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" (1766), "The Traveller" (1765), "Memoirs of a Protestant" (1758), "Retaliation" (1774), with the half-title, and others; the first edition of "Gulliver's Travels" (1726); Pope's "Windsor Forest" (1713); Sheridan's "Love Epistles of Aristenætus" (1771), his first published work, and "The Rivals" (1775): and a set in binding of the Works of Smollet.

But the books of the great nineteenth century English authors will attract a larger number of collectors, especially as so many of them are presentation copies. The series of first editions of Dickens includes no less than eight volumes, with presentation inscriptions in Dickens's autograph, among them "American Notes," given by the author to Thomas Carlyle; "Nicholas Nickleby," given to Mrs. George Cattermole; "The Chimes," given to Charles Dickens, jr., and "Sketches by Boz," first series, "Barnaby Rudge," "A Christmas Carol," "The Haunted Man," and "Bleak House," given to others with names less well known.

The first editions of Thackeray include "The Paris Sketch Book" (1840), "The Book of Snobs" (1848), and the very rare "Second Funeral of Napoleon" (1841), in its original gray paper cover.

Charles Lamb's books are favorites with many collectors. The Allis library includes first editions of "Blank Verse" (1798), "John Woodvil" (1802), uncut, "Tales from Shakespeare (1807), "Adventures of Ulysses" (1808), uncut, and "Elia" (1823-1833), —the first series of the "Elia" being a presentation copy to Mrs. William Ayrton, with inscription by Lamb: "Mrs. Ayrton, with C. Lamb's kind regards. N. B. Don't show this to Mr. A. Men are so jealous. At all events, it is well to be prudent." There is also William Ayrton's copy of Lamb's "Works" (1818), accompanied by a manuscript poem (thirty-eight lines) in Lamb's autograph, and two A. L. S. of his; also, an impression of Brooke Pulham's full-length etching of Lamb, with autograph inscription.

Among notable items of Americana are: Linschoten's "Voyages," first edition in English (1598); Peter Martyr's "De Novo Orbe, or Historie of the West Indies" (1612), first complete edition in English; Champlain's "Voyages" (1619); Harcourt's "Voyage to Guiana" (1626), in the original vellum covers; Nathaniel Morton's "New Englands Memoriall" (Cambridge, Mass., 1669), the first historical work to issue from the Massachusetts press; Hennepin's "New Discovery of a Vast Country" (1699); Burk's "History of Virginia," with the continuation by Jones and Girardin (1804-1816), four volumes, the first three uncut, the Menzies copy; Sanders's "Indian Wars" (1812), and Hayward's "Tennessee," both volumes (1823).

A long series of the issues of the Kelmscott Press, and bindings by Roger Payne, Cobden Sanderson, and Miss Prideaux, are other features of the library.

Correspondence

INTERNATIONALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a splendid dream—or rather prophetic vision, for there is nothing in the least impracticable about it—that is held out to us by the proposed work of the Foundation for the Promotion of Internationalism. (See the account of it by Professor Winslow in *Science* for February 23, 1912.) This foundation has for its immediate purpose the furthering of those movements for intellectual and social progress which are international in their scope; incidentally, it will surely play a great rôle in promoting the growth of the spirit of world peace. The model upon which it may proceed has already been set for it by that epoch-making organization which has been in existence since 1901, the International Association of Academies. This association embraces the academies of the leading scientific nations of the world, and it occupies, naturally, an authoritative position in science and in letters. It has already undertaken a series of practical tasks of the first magnitude, tasks which only a world organization could successfully undertake. Among them may be mentioned the publication of a complete edition of the works of Leibnitz, an encyclopædia of Islam, a critical edition of the Mahābhārata, an annual publication of physical and chemical constants, the measurement of an arc of the thirtieth meridian, the organization of a central committee for the study of the brain, and the development of the work of the Institut Marey and the laboratories on Mont Rose.

The Foundation for the Promotion of Internationalism has already been an active agent in the establishment of three international bureaus for the interests of special subjects, the last being that of the Institut International de Statistique. Its headquarters are at the Hague, and its director, Dr. Eijkman, is now in this country for the purpose of arousing interest in three other such bureaus which the time seems to be ripe for forming. The bureaus so far created are financed by the Government of the Netherlands. Among the distinguished men who are already interested in this movement are Arrhenius, Bertillon, Ehrlich, Metchnikoff, Ostwald, Waldeyer, and, in this country, Cattell, Osborn, Pickering, Remsen, Welch, and others.

The most difficult question which will come before this body—and it is one which it announces the intention of taking up at once—is the question of language. The international congresses which are constantly being held lose half their value on account of the fact that the papers read before them cannot be fully understood by half their members. This is what happened lately at Brussels, at the meeting of the congress on radioactivity: papers which were read first in French were immediately given over again in German, those which were read first in German were immediately repeated in French, and those which were given in English were repeated in either French or German, but not in both. In spite of this actual doubling of the time necessary to be given to the congress, it will be seen that always one-third of the audience was still sitting in darkness, as far as comprehending is concerned—for those who really know a foreign language well enough to understand the very difficult subject matter which is presented, still more to take part in the discussion that follows, form a negligible number. (Americans who have got their learning at a German university are the only exception to this rule.) And we have not yet taken account of the Italians, who are extremely productive in science, and who deserve to hear and to be heard, nor of the Russians, whose deserts are less, perhaps, because they ought never to have had such a barbarous language. The situation is a plain *reductio ad absurdum*.

There is an "international auxiliary language" in existence which has made a good deal of headway—Esperanto. But it is defective in the extreme. It is an impertinence to ask the French, the English, and the Italians to put terminations upon adjectives to make them agree in number and case with nouns, when they know (whatever the Germans may think) that such terminations are a wholly unnecessary, and a most inartistic complication. Again, the large number of Slavic roots (in sch, sz, etc.) in Esperanto are unpleasant in the extreme. But to use the letter j as a mark of the plural is a still worse feature—a printed page sprinkled over with terminal j's looks most unattractive, and in speech this termination is not sufficiently distinctive.

But Esperanto has met with a transformation; the language which has been adopted by the international delegation appointed at the time of the scientific meetings of the Paris Exposition is a very different thing. This language is called, at present, Ido—and the only objectionable thing about it is its name. Its elements of superiority over Esperanto are (1) the dropping of case-endings for adjectives, (2) the substitution of Anglo-Saxon and La-

tin roots for uncouth Slavic ones in many words, and (3) the use of *s* (already indigenous in English and French) instead of *j* as sign of the plural. With these and many other minor improvements, the language has become ideal. Whatever any one may think of the wisdom of pushing the introduction of this auxiliary language, no one can study it, and note the skill with which all difficulties have been overcome, without a feeling of the keenest intellectual pleasure. The number of accuracies, refinements, distinctions of meaning that it has been able to introduce by giving thought to the matter, makes it superior, in fact, to any of the accidentally-grown-up languages upon which it is based. For proof of this statement, consult the new philosophical dictionary, which is being brought out in the *Bulletin de la Société française de Philosophie*. The best efforts of the philologists, logicians, and literary artists of the International Association of Academies ought to be devoted to making it more perfect still.

But whether Ido or some one of its possible betters yet to be invented is destined to become the medium of inter-communication, it is evident that, for the rapid and enthusiastic spread of internationalism, something in the way of a common language is immediately indispensable.

CHRISTINE LADD FRANKLIN.

New York, March 6.

TEACHERS OF ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The animadversions on the English of English teachers which have from time to time appeared in your correspondence columns have made me so very dreadfully nervous that I cannot with assurance address an envelope, and am staggered at the solecistic possibilities of a letter to the *Nation*. None the less, I am moved to say a word in behalf of my erring brethren.

Of the particular charges brought against them there is, I fear, no adequate rehuttal. The pilloried sentences, for the most part, deserve their fate. The "period" of two hundred and fifty-six words quoted by your correspondent of May 4, 1911, is unquestionably bad. The "open letter . . . by the executive committee of the New York Association of Teachers of English," to which President Warren takes exception in the *Nation* of January 4, gives little promise of becoming a classic. We have all read sorry stuff from English pens, and written things of which we were not proud.

We admit that the public has a right, within reasonable limits, to expect us to practice what we preach. The bacterlologist who draws his water from a riotous well need hardly look for a respectful hearing from his more careful neighhor. The writer of feehle and faulty sentences will not he expected to teach the young idea to express itself with accuracy and force. But we are willing, unlike the proud Moor, to plead extenuating circumstances. We desire not merely that our critics shall set down naught in mallce; we would have them view our shortcomings with understanding and sympathy.

Some of us, lt may he admltted, have no right to teach contemporary Englisb at all. We became interested in the scientific aspects of Germanic philology, drifted into the English branch of it, wroto our dissertation on Old Saxon syntax, and then proceeded to instruct college freshmen in the graces of modern English speech. We would gladly mend our ways, but the unwieldy German sentence of the *Forschungen* and *Beiträge* seems to have got into our blood and we cannot get it out. Others of us, who once boasted a genulne *Sprachgefühl*, discover to our chagrin that the cherished "style," insubstantial adumbration of Burke and Newman, has been almost wholly dissipated by the white glare of endless reams of awkward and flabby Americanese. We have heen beaten down by the hrute force of numhers; we have gone unwillingly to school to our pupils; and we have come to feel a sad uncertainty as to our fitness for the morrow. And others, not of us, alas, who might have made for righteousness, find other jobs more pleasing. They are editors of magazines and papers, authors of novels and plays, writers of books, professors of Greek and psychology, perhaps even presidents of colleges. We may not hope that they will hlear their eyes and cripple their style at our ungrateful task.

The teaching of English, even of English composition, is a worthy work and should be worthily done. The average English teacher is doubtless the equal, in training and ability, of other average teachers; the best need yield to none in fulness of knowledge and distinction of style. Yet the point at issue cannot be settled by averages. If the teaching of English is an unusually difficult art, it demands an unusually gifted teacher, one who brings to adequate scholarship a generous knowledge of life and human nature, a true literary sense, and an effective literary style. Such a teacher must he sought for in an exceptional man under exceptional conditions. He may, perhaps, he difficult to find, hut he is far more difficult to keep. And if he is to be found and kept, his position must be made many times more attractive than is that of the overworked and underpaid creature* at whom the random paragrapher delights to have his fling.

R. D. MILLER.

Columbia, Mo., March 5.

THE DEATH OF LYDGATE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The evidence furnished hy John Metham in regard to the date of Lydgate's death is less conclusive than would appear from Dr. MacCracken's letter of February 29. Metham's romance, at the conclusion of which he refers to Lydgate as dead, was written, as Dr. MacCracken states, in 27 Henry VI (1 Sept., 1448 - 31 Aug., 1449). But the last recorded payment of Lydgate's pension was made, not at Easter, 1449, hut at Michaelmas, 1449 (Steele, "Secrees of Old Philosoffres," E. E. T. S., p. xxx). It is obvious, therefore, that Lydgate's death did not occur between Easter, 1449, and September 1, 1449. It must have occurred after September 29, 1449, and Metham must have written the concluding stanzas of his romance at a somewhat later date than that at which he wrote the work to which they form an epilogue. Since we have no record of the payment of Lydgate's pension at Easter, 1450, it might seem fair to infer that Lydgate died hetween Michaelmas, 1449, and Easter, 1450. Even here, however, we must proceed with caution, for, as an examination of the documents printed by Mr. Steele will show, the Pipe Rolls do not contain records of all the payments that were made on Lydgate's pension. No payments are recorded in the Pipe Rolls between Easter, 1444, and Michaelmas, 1447, inclusive. Yet we have other documentary evidence, independent of the Pipe Rolls, that at least one payment was made on the pension within this period, namely, at Michaelmas, 1446. We cannot, therefore, infer with certainty that Lydgate was not still alive at Easter, 1450. But since Metham's statement is the only thing we have in the way of direct evidence, we ought certainly to abandon the old conjectural date (for which there is no evidence of any weight at all) in favor of a date nearer Michaelmas, 1449.

SAMUEL MOORE.

Bryn Mawr, Pa., March 8.

*See the "Preliminary Report on English Composition Teaching," by a Committee of the English Section of the Central Division of the Modern Language Association, E. M. Hopkins, University of Kansas, Chairman.

Also, "Composition Teaching under Present Conditions," by E. M. Hopkins, in the *English Journal*, January, 1912.—"The Life of the Teacher of Composition," by W. A. Neilson, Leaflet No. 95 of The New England Association of Teachers of English.

Literature

THE NEW EROTIC ETHICS.

Love and Marriage. By Ellen Key. Translated by Arthur G. Chater. With a critical and biographical Introduction by Havelock Ellis. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

Love and Ethics. By Ellen Key. New York: B. W. Huebsch. 50 cents net.

The Morality of Women and Other Essays. By Ellen Key. Translated by Namah Bouton Bothwick. Chicago: The Ralph Fletcher Seymour Co.

The translation within a year of three works of this Swedish disciple of Nietzsche (of which the two later and slighter volumes hardly more than repeat what was said in the first) is an indication of the interest aroused by "the new erotic ethics," as it is styled by the author, and of the confusion it is likely to work just as soon as the illumined, whose imagination has been stimulated by the stories of elective affinities in the yellow and the yellowish press, the sex novel, and the more insidious moralizing novel, have discovered in it a congenial philosophy of life. Yet only stupidity could deny that the personality of the author is impressive and that she is entitled to respect. Under slightly dubious titles, her treatment of the subject is as spotlessly clean as it is relentlessly frank; her theories of marriage are at least evidence of a fine feeling for the sacredness of the sex-relation; and her work abounds in passages of almost

Nietzschean incisiveness tempered by a more than Nietzschean humanity.

With all this, the total result is vagueness and confusion. Though her views are described as "startling" (by one of the translators), it is a little difficult to say just what they are. The main theses are clear enough. Love is a unity of the sensuous and the spiritual; love without marriage is moral; marriage without love is immoral. Hence, the marriage relation must be adjusted to conform absolutely to the possibly changing demands of love. In a word, divorce must be absolutely free. The problem of providing for the children is to be solved beforehand by an unconditional state-subsidy to mothers (evidently the Malthusian law is a dead letter); and as for the moral effect upon the children, the author holds that a merely formal family unity is worse than none. In fact, her programme is set forth as the coördinate outcome of two motives, love and eugenics; and these are united finally by the "intuition" (why not "superstition?") that only the children of love will be sound and wholesome.

The text, then, is startling enough, and so far clear; but the explanations render its import for conduct highly uncertain and at first glance almost innocuous. Standing for the rights of the sensuous, she is disgusted by the merely sensuous. Preaching the "freedom of love," she is bitterly opposed to "free love"; rather does she urge a high temperance and self-restraint, for the sake, as she says, of love itself. Again, claiming freedom to change, she none the less deprecates change as at least unfortunate, and dwells rather forcibly upon the evil of ill-considered unions. Moreover, the traditional conception of the ideals and the social functions appropriate to the two sexes is most emphatically affirmed; the place of the woman, she holds, is not in the office or factory, but in the home with her children (though not necessarily with their father). The legal inequality of the sexes, which forms much of the burden of her criticism, she admits to be largely neutralized by enlightened opinion, even in Sweden, and to be rapidly disappearing. As for the right of women to a frank enjoyment of the sensuous side of the sex-relation—really, she must know that no sensible person now disputes that right, but only, as in the case of men, the right to make it a subject of common conversation. And when it comes to freedom of divorce, we in America may boast that, with us at least, the ideal is virtually realized. What, then, does she demand which society now fails to offer? One point, it seems, remains. Legal freedom to mate and unmate at will is not quite enough; what she still asks is social approval of such freedom and institutions which shall embody such approval. In other words, it is not enough that divorce be made easy; it must also be made honorable. Her quarrel is less with the law than with Mrs. Grundy.

This brings us to the heart of the matter, and, strange to say, to the point which Ellen Key's philosophy of love seems least to have considered. The unpleasantness attached to a suit for divorce is not, as she vainly supposes, a matter of "convention." Let divorce be as free as you please, it would still not be free from reproach—just because, by the very logic of the situation, the dissolution of the marriage-bond implies a certain levity of judgment and character on the part of one or both of the parties concerned and a certain dishonor to the ideals which, on the author's own showing, are implied in the relation of sex. Her individualism of love demands that love shall be free. Hence, she conceives it necessary to show that fidelity is a virtue much overrated. Shall we say, however, that fidelity to a personal relation has no part in the conception of personality? Let us note her illustration—unfortunately, it is one of her weakest passages:

> A poet or an artist, for example [Why always the poet or artist?], has a wife, as to whose insufficiency for him all are agreed—so long as he still has her. Suddenly he finds the space, that was empty and waste, filled by a new creation; the air becomes alive with songs and visions. He not only feels his slumbering powers awake, he knows that great love has called up in him powers that he had never suspected; he sees that now he will be able to accomplish what he could never have done before. He follows the life-will of his love, and he does right.

Such is the delirious individualism of Nietzsche as applied to love. True to the type, it surrounds its subject with so dense a cloud of egoism (not "rational egoism"), that it could not be conceived to work in a world of more than one person. The first attempt to make it intelligent compels us to inquire about the individuality of the wife. She is "insufficient," indeed, but presumably loyal, and possibly for a score of years. Now, it is a fundamental principle of Ellen Key's individualism of love that the giving of the body where the soul refuses to follow is a prostitution and a crime; and she is never weary of telling us that marriage is legalized "violation." But what of her who for years has given both body and soul and is now discarded as "insufficient"? And what of the noble masculine soul whose participation in this most self-committing of personal relations has left him spiritually free? Or, once more, what of those who, in the new order of things, are to request the congratulations of their friends upon the polite announcement that by mutual consent the partnership is dissolved? Surely, if we are to acquiesce in this, it is sentimental rubbish to talk about "violation," or to pretend that the bodily relation has any personal significance whatever. Yet if the union itself is spiritually significant, its dissolution must be no less so. A given case of divorce may then be excusable, it can never be quite irreproachable.

That the author fails to perceive this aspect of the problem is due perhaps to the fact that in her philosophy, judgment and character, reason and intelligence, have nothing to do with love. She tells us, indeed, that love is the unity of the spiritual and the sensuous; but, then, having endowed her love with spiritual qualities, she proceeds to render the spiritual wholly inoperative by placing all the forces which determine one to love or not to love far below the daylight in the depths of the "sub-conscious ego." Like all those who would reverse the order of civilization under the illusion of introducing a more advanced type, her appeal for authority is from the modern institutions of marriage to the customs of primitive men and the instincts of the lower animals—in general, from cultivated intelligence to sub-conscious "nature"; which, being interpreted, means the unconscious depths of our animality. On this ground she can argue quite rightly for the absurdity of faithfulness; for if love "bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the voice thereof, but knowest not whence it cometh, and whither it goeth," then surely a man could no more promise to be faithful than he could promise a married life of fifty years. But, then, why talk about the spiritual? If the spiritual does nothing, it is nothing. On the other hand, if love is indeed spiritual, it is capable, so far, of self-direction. And this is the meaning of our worn-out "conventions." What these conventions stand for is the ethical superiority of human intelligence. Where the sexual relations of the lower animals are determined for the most part by transient passions, those of men and women ought, at least, to rest upon a perception of personal fitness and worth, and ought, therefore, to be stable; and where the stability of animal marriage is at the mercy of mysterious "compatibilities," intelligent men and women ought to be able to adjust their compatibilities in sympathy and in freedom. No doubt this is more easily said than done, but to leave it out of the problem is to turn one's back upon what is most distinctively human.

Of the practical consequences of this philosophy of love we have said nothing. But it should be obvious to the author that the "free love" of which she has so sincere an abhorrence, the practice of mating and unmating according to chance inclination, will be

its inevitable consequence. At the close of "Love and Ethics" she protests with some indignation against the false accusation that she wishes to deprive society of all forms; those who have read "Love and Marriage" through to the end will see that she wishes only new and better forms. But, having read it through to the end, we have been unable to find any new forms except those relating to the care of children. So far as the marriage-bond is concerned, she will not even insist upon its publication. In matters of love all rights are to lie with the lovers; to other persons is denied even the right of criticism. Under these conditions it is inevitable that over the majority of people passing inclination will hold full sway. Strangely enough, the author admits this without reserve. She is even candid enough to tell us that the programme as a whole will be impossible for an indefinite number of generations; in other words, that what sounds like a call for immediate and radical change is really only an academic essay. But the sex-interest is never academic. "The great unrest," of which we hear so much, means that large numbers of persons are craving new forms of excitement and would be only too ready to welcome a justification of amorous adventure. It is vain for Ellen Key to warn them that love is a serious matter. In the vagueness of "love's freedom" they may claim their justification.

CURRENT FICTION.

Tante. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. New York: The Century Co.

This is a study of the artistic temperament from the point of view of one who has neither worship nor contempt for it. "Tante" is Mercedes, Baroness von Marwitz, a world-famed pianist. We are introduced to her not in her stormy youth, but as one who has advanced well beyond the border of middle age. She is still beautiful in her full-blown way, and still has the world at the feet of her piano. For the rest, she is an almost totally selfish and irresponsible person, with a more than shady past. Her private path is strewn with the wrecks of happiness. She has driven one husband to desertion and another to suicide. With it all she preserves the air of a goddess, speaks with the tongue of a benevolent oracle, and idealizes herself with unfailing cheerfulness. But the fraud is patent: and this is the loose screw in the whole machine. For at the beginning of the story only one person in the world is supposed to see through her, and at the end only a few more. She is worshipped by her fellow-musicians, and greatly admired by many persons of high social rank. Her ward and adopted niece, Karen Woodruff, an intimate companion for years, takes her at her face value and more. It is in Karen's adoration of Tante that the mainspring of the story is found. She has grown up to be content with her post of satellite, or rather acolyte, and though by no means a feeble-spirited girl, lives only to the glory of her guardian and patron. Tante, for her part, is careful to keep Karen in her place, and when she is in the way dispatches her to a country house in far Cornwall, where her only companion is an old American woman, Mrs. Talcott.

Enter upon this group Gregory Jardine, London attorney, and gentleman-Briton of the conventional type—a man of university training, but of no wide cultivation; very well satisfied with his own little circle of dull and well-bred people. He knows nothing of art, and has a good-humored contempt for artists. Nevertheless he is destined, against all his prejudices, to marry Karen Woodruff, to whom art is a major fact of life, and to whom artists are the dominant race among men. Jardine and Tante fall out from the first, and after the marriage of her ward, which, for some not very clearly explained reason, she does not prevent, it is the sport of the great musician to do all she can to make the pair miserable—always under the guise of care for Karen. She succeeds in separating them, and things look in a bad way, when a new and unsuspected champion takes the field, and holds it thereafter to the end. "Mrs. Talcott" might well be the title of part ii of the narrative. Karen, brought to an abrupt choice between her husband and her guardian, leaves him and posts off to Tante (and Mrs. Talcott), in Cornwall. That divinity, it chances, is in retreat with a young literary man (married) for whom she has conceived an autumnal passion. He is already weary of her, and turns to Karen for amusement. A wild scene of jealousy ensues, during which Tante strips off every shred of the glamour with which Karen's fancy has invested her, and the girl finds herself flung into the world without either husband or guardian. Chance then throws her into a technically compromising situation, of which Tante makes the most; and if it were not for the grim and indomitable Mrs. Talcott, all hope of reconciliation between the Jardines would be at an end. But Mrs. Talcott is equal to the emergency, and everything comes out as pleasantly and plausibly as it can in the end. Mrs. Talcott is the remarkable figure of the group—a new and amazing and credible creation: without her the tale would not leave its impression. Tante represents, no doubt, a real type, but it is a type which has been made much of by recent novelists, and as a person this alleged great artist is a bit grotesque. We are given to understand that she is a remarkable talker, but the speech actually recorded in these pages never rises above bombastic twaddle. And was she really in the habit of expressing approbation of her niece with cries of "Bravo"?

The Wrong Woman. By Charles D. Stewart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith" offers here a story of the Texas sheep-country which has some touches of that ingenuous freshness which his first book seemed to give us the right to demand of him. They are incidental, however, mere touches: the freshest thing about the tale is the manner in which the central situation is treated. This would be, in the hands of an English or Continental novelist, a situation altogether harrowing, and probably fatal to the happiness of the chief actors. In brief, a young Ohio girl in pursuit of a teacher's desk sets out for a Texan county-seat, where her fate is to be determined by the gross method of examination. In the midst of a boundless prairie her horse throws her, and makes off. Tramping wearily, she comes upon the shack of a lonely shepherd—or, rather, upon the lonely shack of a shepherd. She is starving, and cannot resist the lure of his cook-stove and provender: and is presently surprised by the shepherd himself (who is, in fact, not a shepherd) in the act of preparing supper. She thereupon is induced, by a series of perfectly simple considerations, to occupy the shack for the night, while he, noble man, puts himself up in a buffalo wallow. A still simpler and equally blameless consideration leads her to repeat the experiment for a series of nights. A wanderer discovers that the quasi-shepherd is not alone in his solitude, and a little mild gossip passes about the nearest town. Chance, indeed, seems to identify the maiden with a certain lady of doubtful repute, well-known in those parts. But when the gentleman-shepherd presently announces her as his forthcoming bride, the gossip dies a sudden and painless death. Instead of working the "piquancy" of the situation well on towards the point of tragedy (which, from the popular point of view, is nothing more or less than piquancy on a large scale), Mr. Stewart actually treats it, and permits his minor characters to treat it, from a plain angle of common sense—surely a preposterous thing for an artist to do!

From the Car Behind. By Eleanor M. Ingram. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

There is nothing remarkable about this combination of young love with the hazards of the modern chariot race, as conducted on Long Island tracks, except the prevalence of pink in the early scenes. Pink was the ninety-five-room marble villa in which the Rose family

dwelt in a fragrant atmosphere of affectionate concord; pink were the racing togs, rose-colored the racing car in which eighteen-year-old Corwin B. dared derision as a rose-bud amateur among drivers, and attracted the friendly eye of the great Gerard, handsomest and most expert of professionals; and it was beside a pink marble fountain in a pink-columned arcade that the illustrious automobilist wooed the gentle Flavia, and would presumably have won her with all speed had it not been for the mischief-making propensities of Cousin Isabel, the flirtatious little tomboy beloved by Corwin B. But at this point a disastrous shadow falls on the roseate scene. Gerard, in a practice run, is wrecked and crippled. There is more than a suspicion of foul play, and Corwin B., who was driving close behind Gerard at the time of the accident, accepts the blame. Nobody but the author knows who really did kill Cock Robin, and she doesn't tell—not yet. The elder Rose turns his thorny side towards his son and heir, and withdraws oversea with the heart-torn Flavia. Not until the magnanimous Gerard has made a real professional cup-winner out of the supposedly erring stripling, and the little deeds of kindness performed by Flavia and her father during their sojourn in rural Spain get into the New York Sunday papers, is the cloud upon the quixotic Corrie's fair fame dispelled, and the sun permitted to shine again upon the pink villa, the reunited Roses, and the successfully resumed wooing of the triumphantly convalescent Gerard.

ESSAYS OF CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

Studies Military and Diplomatic, 1775-1865. By Charles Francis Adams. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

The appearance of a new volume of historical studies from the pen of Mr. Adams is an event of historical and literary importance. That Mr. Adams has not found time, in the midst of a busy life, to carry through some large piece of historical writing, is certainly matter of regret; but in his chosen field of brief or specific studies no American historian to-day, not even excepting Mr. Rhodes, unites so successfully the qualities of painstaking investigation, detached judgment, clear conviction, and attractive literary form as does the distinguished president of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Nothing, on a first reading, could be less suggestive of "scientific research" than these entertaining and stimulating pages; yet the most thoroughgoing of monograph makers cannot but praise the skill and completeness with which, for example, the late Abram S. Hewitt's interesting story of Queen Victoria's display of friendship for this country during the Civil War is dissected, and its credibility destroyed. On the other hand, the most pronounced advocate of the "large view," whatever that may mean, cannot fail to admire the breadth and penetration with which Mr. Rhodes's fifth volume is appraised, and, one must admit, proved somewhat wanting. And when to these qualities, painfully lacking in most historical writing of the day, there are added entire independence of judgment in the treatment of accepted opinions and verdicts, a critical attitude towards great names and traditional enthusiasms, and a downright frankness in saying precisely what the writer thinks, the conditions of interesting, suggestive, and convincing historical composition have been pretty well met. John Wesley is said to have told his young preachers that a sermon which neither converted anybody nor made anybody angry was a failure; and Mr. Adams, who almost always has an excellent text and a pointed moral, is pretty sure to comply every time with one or the other of Wesley's conditions.

Of the ten papers in the volume before us, eight are military studies. Since the lamented death of John C. Ropes, Mr. Adams has been almost the only historical writer among us who could evaluate military operations with adequate technical knowledge, and at the same time in a way to show their general historical significance and make them intelligible to the ordinary mind. Space forbids any extended discussion here of either methods or results, for the reason that military details, more than any other class of historical incident, cannot be summarized and remain significant; but the four papers on the battles of Bunker Hill and Long Island, Washington's use of cavalry, and the campaign of 1777, must be specially commended as contributions of first-rate importance to a neglected aspect of the Revolutionary War. The traditional praise of the patriot forces for their success in face of heavy odds, together with the wholesale and indiscriminate laudation of Washington as a military genius of the first rank, receive at Mr. Adams's hands a severe rebuff. The utter incompetency of the Americans at Bunker Hill, in choosing their location, was only exceeded by the incompetency of the British in attacking as they did; while the disposition of the American forces at Long Island not only reflected little credit upon Washington's military wisdom, but made his escape chiefly the result of the enemy's superior blundering. The much acclaimed admiration of Frederick the Great for Washington's performance in New Jersey is, as we now know, a myth; but the persistence with which historians, in an especially iconoclastic age, have represented the military work of Washington as almost unqualifiedly able and farsighted is not easy to understand. Mr. Adams is severe, but warrantably so, in his strictures on some of the "standard" historians for their uncritical upholding of this patriotic view of the Revolution, when they had not as yet possessed themselves of the real facts of the case; and the criticism might, with propriety, have been carried further.

In the two papers entitled "The Ethics of Secession" and "Lee's Centennial," originally addresses delivered at Charleston and at Washington and Lee University, respectively, Mr. Adams, among other things, examines afresh the vexed question of the nature of the Union, with particular reference, of course, to the theory of State rights and the constitutional or political justification of secession. Himself of the opinion that the compact theory, in any such extreme form as would justify disunion, was at no time generally or even widely regarded as the true theory of the Constitution, Mr. Adams shows how, under pressure of social, political, and economic conditions, the North and the South grew apart, until a constitutional theory, which was felt to be necessary to justify an existing status, was naturally made to explain the supposed circumstances of origin also. The point is not wholly novel, but it is obviously one which must be carefully kept in mind if the attitude of the South during the Civil War is to be understood. Mr. Adams, who always has the courage of his convictions in such matters, feels bound to say that, under similar circumstances, he would have done what Lee did; although not a few of his readers will incline to the belief that there are some weighty moral and political considerations to which, in this question, he does not particularly attend. The paper on "Queen Victoria and the Civil War" seems conclusively to disprove the claim of special interest in or friendship for the United States on the part of the Queen. That entitled "An Historical Residuum" is a revised form of a paper printed in the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society (Second Series, XIII, 177-197), under the title "The Laird Rams." It is interesting to note the publication of an important paper on the same subject by Brooks Adams, in the December Proceedings of the same society.

The Kashf Al-Mahjúb, the Oldest Persian Treatise on Súfiism. Translated by R. A. Nicholson. Gibb Memorial Series. London: Luzac & Co.

Les Cent et une Nuits. Traduites de l'Arabe par Gaudefroy-Demombynes. Paris: E. Guilmoto.

Contes Persans. Traduits par Aug. Bricteux. Paris: Honoré Champion.

The inter-penetration of East and West will be worked out most abiding-

ly by the patient labors of translators. On that path controversy is avoided, respect is secured, and knowledge is slowly but surely widened. It is hard, for example, to quarrel with a translation of a treatise on Yogiism when it is plainly an appeal to an Eastern audience only; whereas the rampant Yogi himself, hurling his ideas against Western thought, can not fail to excite suspicion and reaction. Likewise, renderings of our most representative books will be infinitely more useful to the East than any number of laboriously directed efforts at opening its benighted eyes.

Of course, too, there is much translation that, whether wittingly or not, is simply *pour rire*. But of the true translation Dr. Nicholson's book is an admirable example. No one could possibly read it—and all should who are interested in the development of theological thought—without having his knowledge of the universality of religious emotion and the fixity of its forms greatly extended. Even those who have already a good knowledge of Súfiism will have their advantage here, for the writer of this treatise stood at that most interesting point where the orthodox and monotheistic mysticism of Islam was beginning to pass, on the road of philosophic speculation, into the distinctively Persian theosophy and pantheism. It is, however, a great pity that Dr. Nicholson felt himself constrained to cut his introduction and notes virtually to the vanishing point. This book needs both very badly, and the more so because the subject is one haunted by amateurs and charlatans. It is to be hoped, then, that the "other occasion" to which the editor refers in his preface may speedily arise and bring with it his history of mysticism in Islam. To such a history this treatise must be one of the foundations.

Similar theological and philosophical importance cannot be claimed for the translations of M. Gaudefroy-Demombynes and M. Bricteux. They are, rather, contributions to folk-lore, and make a wide sweep from Morocco, the home, apparently, of "The Hundred and One Nights," to Persia. The first collection is far from having anything of the artistic value of "The Thousand and One Nights." Its tales are of simpler elements and nearer the lips of the people—an amateur compilation, it may be, as opposed to the magnificent débris of a great book which lies in our "Arabian Nights." Yet, being thus more primitive, it has its value, and its translator finds in it closer parallels than exist elsewhere to the "Libro de los Enganos" and to a hypothetical Indian original of the framework story of the Nights. Some of his notes and excursus in the history of fiction are exceedingly suggestive. To the Persian tales there is a folk-lorist introduction by Victor Chauvin, on that subject easily master of us all. They are from a Berlin MS, and among them is the story of Codadad—its only known Oriental form—which, with Zeyn-alasnam, was translated by Pétis de la Croix, and introduced into Galland's eighth volume without his knowledge. But there are here much more interesting tales than that of Codadad, notably some which rehabilitate the memory of the Count de Caylus as a faithful translator. There is a good version especially of the widespread tale of Saif al-Muluk, and of others the roots of which run back to Hatim Tai. The collection is altogether of more literary and artistic value than "The Hundred and One Nights."

Edinburgh Revisited. By James Bone. With 75 drawings by Hanslip Fletcher. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $5 net.

This is in every way a book of insight and originality. The remarks of a Glasgow man about Edinburgh are not always printable, but Mr. Bone has apparently passed years enough "outwith the kingdom" to be mostly depolarized. Yet even he cannot help bringing in Glasgow Cathedral and its crypt as the unique remnant in Scotland of great mediæval architecture, and there is throughout his book a suggestion that Edinburgh should be reserved for good Glasgow people to go to when they die. Of his enthusiasm, a cultured, discreet, thoroughly Edinburgh enthusiasm, there can be no question. The charm of the windy town, with its men of knit brows—knit with the effort of keeping on a tall hat in an easterly quarter-gale—caught him, and he, in his turn and in a way fitting the hard gray stone fronts with their rocky monotony, has caught it. Even his chapter headings are far more than the usual graspings at picturesqueness and have that touch of reticent romance which brought Stevenson predestined dreams at the Hawes Inn. His "face of Edinburgh" most truly envisages the confrontings of the old town and the new, the high-piled "lands" rising to the castle with their burrowing closes and the classical squares and façades of Adam's planning. And in it all is a puzzling combination of the trained architect and the cultured, fanciful amateur. Mr. Bone seems too free of the fetters of technique for the one and too well schooled for the other.

Beside this chapter of form, that on "Edinburgh windows" is sheer romance. The lights of the old town shine out in golden spots, and mystery hangs about its windows. The cliff front of old Edinburgh, and, on the other side, the lights of the Fife shore, answer each other, and the glimmering Canongate to the night-walker is full of ghostly memories. Still nearer to the heart of Edinburgh we move in the chapter on Interiors with Figures and Grace o' Life, both the old aristocratic, high-living Edinburgh that made and loved these beautiful things, and younger, humbler Edinburgh that has its being among them now, moving in a world of broken tarnished loveliness, an army of poverty, the last heirs of the old gentry. And here exactly lie Mr. Bone's best descriptions and most sympathetic interpretations. The coved ceilings, the wainscoted walls, the elaborate chimney-pieces, with here and there a picture on a panel, still do their work in that submerged world. The dwellers in the shadows behind the thick, rough stone walls can feel beauty and sometimes also can express it with almost lyric fervor.

More fanciful, perhaps, but still more intimate—and full of truth, too, for any one who knows the dark, supernatural imaginings which lie at the bottom of the Scottish mind—is the chapter on ghosts. Old Edinburgh was full of legends of unholy horror; the unclean tale of Major Weir is but one of many, as Sinclar's "Satan's Invisible World Discovered" can show. And modern Edinburgh, too, has its ghosts. If the "lands" and their present inhabitants are not so steeped in the Old Testament, the Solemn League and Covenant, and the secrets of great families, they have still the tragedy of human life, which expresses itself in tales of haunting apparitions. The dim recesses in corners of winding stairs and the dark atmosphere of lofty panelled rooms have not ceased to touch the automatic nerve of imagination. The mind of Edinburgh, both Teutonic and Celtic, is sensitized to the spirit world, and the very mist in its streets, the *haar* that drifts up from the North Sea, is shaped easily into phantoms.

In succeeding chapters we are taken down the steep of Leith Walk to that sea and are shown the Newhaven fishwives and, quite secondarily, fishermen. In these there is the same mingling of æsthetic apprehension and historical sense, but only here and there is all fused into the same unique interpretation. Leith Walk itself stands out in extraordinary vividness, and the fishwives, too, are very real. The chapter on A Saturday Afternoon, with its long description of coal miners and their whippets and of whippet racing, is a marked falling off, but in the last chapter, on The Modern Athenian, we have again delicious bits of portraiture, with Glasgow a little assertive. Its strongest part is the linking up of the Edinburgh type with the direct-eyed women of Raeburn's portraits—women with knowledge of life from intimacy with all classes, with humor and humanity. Here and throughout we have conspicuously the *mot juste*, not one too many and each where it will tell. But the

heart of the book lies in the chapters on the relics of old Edinburgh's grandeur and on the life, face to face therewith, of the poor.

The illustrations, the smaller ones especially, are in every way worthy and are a most refreshing change from the processed photographs and paintings which we now have so abundantly.

The Quakers in the American Colonies. By Rufus M. Jones, M.A., D.Litt., Professor of Philosophy in Haverford College, assisted by Isaac Sharpless and Amelia M. Gummere. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.

One important problem in Quaker history, says Professor Jones in the Introduction to this careful and sympathetic work, "is the strange fact that a movement so full of vitality and power at its origin ceased to expand with the expanding life of America. So long as the 'tragic collisions' lasted, the Quakers flourished and seemed sure of a significant future in the unfolding spiritual life of America; as soon as they were free and unopposed there occurred a slowing-down and a loss of dynamic impact on the world." The thing which above all else explains this "strange fact," Professor Jones takes to be "the early adoption of the ideal that Quakers were to form a 'peculiar people.'" In the beginning, "profoundly conscious that they had discovered a universal truth which was to permeate humanity," the pioneer missionaries went forth to convert the world. But gradually, in the face of an unexpected and stubborn opposition, the "aim slowly narrowed down to the formation of a 'spiritual remnant,' set apart to guard and preserve 'the truth' in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation that would not see and believe."

The problem is worth noting, but it will perhaps gain in interest by being stated more generally: why is it, one may ask, that the Roman Church is most important for the historian during the period when its principles were unquestioned, whereas Protestant churches cease to be historically important from the moment their right to exist unmolested is conceded? One method of reaching an answer to this question is by way of comparing the basic theories of the two types of religion with respect to merit or salvation. The theory that a man is justified by what he *does*, which was roughly the theory of the Catholic Church as formulated at the close of the Middle Ages, tends, in so far as it is realized in practice, to bring the individual into relation with the community, places the test or standard in the social will, and ends either by subordinating politics to ethics, as in the Middle Ages, or by subordinating ethics to politics, which seems to be the goal towards which we are now moving; religions based upon such a principle may readily play a part, more or less vital, in social history. The theory that a man is justified by what he *is*, has the effect, on the other hand, of isolating the individual; it tends, in its complete realization, to erect for each man a separate moral law, at the very least to create a "peculiar people," a people differentiated from the "world"; a people whose standards transcend those of the world, individuals whose path in life is illumined for them by some inner light rather than charted from the experience of society. Such a theory always demands an answer to the question, "Why should God go in search of Moses to speak to Jean-Jacques Rousseau?" In the end such a theory separates religion and politics; and religious speculation and practice founded upon such a theory, if left alone, are likely to flow apart from the main current of the world's work, to form the back-washes and stagnant pools of social and intellectual history.

In the main, such has been the fate of Protestant religions. Luther's exposition of the Liberty of the Christian man implied the separation of Church and State. It is true, the Protestants of the sixteenth century found it necessary to take refuge in the state church—after all, as Luther said, it was not for *Herr Omnes* to determine what changes should be made in belief and in form of worship. But this was to deny the principle upon which Luther justified his own revolt from the Roman Church. The state church was only a masked Catholicism, so far as the theory of salvation was concerned; and wherever state churches were set up there were not wanting men who refused to conform, justifying their non-conformity by defending Luther's own thesis that "the Christian man is the most free of all men, and subject to none." The necessary result of Protestant principles, as Bossuet so brilliantly demonstrated, was *variation;* and in the end the "dissidence of dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion" won for all Protestant sects, in England and America at least, the right to believe and to worship as they pleased. But the right to believe and to worship as they pleased was won only at a price: the price was that they should continue to believe what society had ceased to be interested in, and worship through forms that had lost their social significance. The separation of religion and politics in the history of Europe is something more than a definition, a legal precept; it is a fact of which the law is only the announcement; and the essential meaning of the fact is that religion has lost, as Professor Jones says, its "dynamic impact on the world."

The Quakers were one of the many sects—and in America the most interesting, and perhaps the most important one as well—which, in the name of the Protestant principle of liberty, protested against the intolerance of Protestant churches. The Quakers were to the Puritans of New England what the Münster Anabaptists were to the Lutheran states of Germany; and the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay regarded them indeed as an offshoot of the Münster community. For the Protestants of the sixteenth century, Anabaptism was synonymous with blasphemy, immorality, and anarchy, while for Catholics it represented only the inevitable outcome of the teachings of Luther. Anabaptism was, in fact, readily deducible from the premises of Luther; and Quakerism, if in many respects far removed from Anabaptism of the Münster type, was feared in Massachusetts Bay, not because it was so different from the dominant type of Protestantism there, but precisely because it was only a more courageous application of basic principles: a humane Puritan with a turn for logic might find himself a Quaker before he was aware. It is one of the contributions of the present volume to bring this out. "There existed in the colonies before the arrival of the Quaker missionaries," says Professor Jones, "a large number of persons, in some instances more or less defined groups of persons, who were seeking after a freer and more inward type of religion than that which prevailed in any of the established churches." These were ready for the Quaker "truth." Catholic or Mohammedan missionaries would not have been dangerous in a Puritan colony: it was the missionary that was more puritan than the Puritans, more protestant than the Protestants, that had to be suppressed.

It is thus true of Quakerism, as it is of Protestantism itself (and the work of Professor Jones bears this out), that its history is most worth telling in respect to those colonies where it was most dangerous, and, because most dangerous, most persecuted. Where the persecution was mild, as in Virginia, or where it ceased almost before it began, as in New Amsterdam, the story sinks to a chronicle of facts, of interest certainly to the student of religion, but needing another method than that of the historian to bring out their significance. There is, of course, one considerable exception to this rule, and that is the story of the Quakers in Pennsylvania. But here the story derives its interest not so much from Quakerism as from the Quakers: tho Quakers were a social force in Pennsylvania less because of their religion than in spite of it; less because they were a peculiar people, than because they were a majority: and it is indeed noticeable that the responsibility and social activity involved in political control steadily tended to soften down the sharp edges of their religious beliefs; occupation with

the world's affairs alienated at least the "Political Quakers" from the exaggerated anti-worldliness of Quaker doctrines.

One lesson of Quakerism, as of most Protestant sects, is that the latter end of toleration is indifference. Society is not likely to be indifferent to its essential interests, or wholly careless of the faith by which it lives. There is much to be said for the claim that men should be allowed to believe what they like; but, after all, the essential thing is not to believe in peace, but to believe something worth while; and if a belief encounters no resistance it is either because nearly every one accepts it or almost no one thinks it important. If Dr. Martin Luther were alive to-day, one would scarcely expect to find him preaching justification by faith, or any other doctrine to which the world has grown indifferent. He would be, most probably, a belligerent prophet of some dangerous new religion—perhaps a communistic anarchist, or leader of the assembling hosts of Socialism.

Notes

A cheap edition of Sir Walter Besant's four books, "London," "Westminster," "East London," and "South London," is announced by Chatto & Windus. It will contain all the original illustrations.

Within the next few weeks Putnams will issue: "Through the Postern Gate," by Florence L. Barclay; "Beyond the Law," by Miriam Alexander, and "Woodrow Wilson and New Jersey Made Over," By Hester E. Hosford.

As American representatives of the Cambridge University Press, Putnams have in hand "The Early English Dissenters in the Light of Recent Research (1550-1641)," by Champlin Burrage, and "An English-Greek Lexicon," by G. M. Edwards.

Percy Fitzgerald is issuing, through Gay & Hancock of London, a collection of the oversights, slips, and contradictions found in "Pickwick."

"The Historicity of Jesus," by Shirley Jackson Case, shortly to be published by the University of Chicago Press, attempts to answer fairly the question, Did Jesus ever live, or is he a mythical personage, like the deities of Greece and Rome?

Houghton Mifflin Company make announcement of the following books, which will be ready March 23: "Lost Farm Camp," by Harry Herbert Knibbs; "Lee, the American," by Gamaliel Bradford, jr.; "Miss John Bull," by Yoskio Markino; "Freight Classification," by J. F. Strombeck, and "Le Morte Arthur," in the Riverside Literature series.

The last of this month the same house will publish "A Child's Journey With Dickens," by Kate Douglas Wiggin.

The announcements of Longmans, Green & Co. include: "The Night of Fires and Other Breton Studies," by Anatole Le Braz, translated by Frances M. Gostling; "The Sacrament of Repentance," by James H. F. Peile; "Edward King, Sixtieth Bishop of Lincoln, a Memoir," by George W. E. Russell; "The Parting of the Roads, Studies in the Development of Judaism and Early Christianity," by members of Jesus College, Cambridge; "The Old Testament," by the Rev. H. C. O. Lanchester; "An Introduction to the Synoptic Problem," by the Rev. Eric Rede Buckley; "Saint Francis of Assisi, a Biography," by Johannes Jörgensen, authorized translation from the Danish by T. O'Conor Sloane; "The Friendship of Christ," by Monsignor R. H. Benson, and "Civilization at the Cross Roads," being the Noble lectures delivered at Harvard, 1911, by John Neville Figgis.

Prof. E. C. Wesselhoeft has in the press of D. C. Heath, for immediate publication, "An Elementary German Grammar."

The fourteenth volume of the Catholic Encyclopædia will be ready in June; the entire set of fifteen volumes will be finished before the end of the year.

Included in Moffat, Yard & Co.'s spring announcements are: "The School in the Home," by Dr. Adolf A. Berle; "Big Business and Government," by Charles Norman Fay; "Smuggling in the American Colonies," by William S. Anderson; "How to Get and Keep a Job," by Nathaniel C. Fowler, jr; "Flag Day" and "Independence Day," both edited by Robert Haven Schauffler; "American Mediterranean," an account of the Caribbean and the West Indies, by Stephen Bonsal; "The Candle and the Flame," verse by George Sylvester Viereck, and the following volumes of fiction: "The Sentence of Silence," by Reginald Wright Kauffman; "The Prineipal Girl," by J. C. Snaith; "The Blind Road," by Hugh Gordon; "My Lady Peggy Leaves Town," by Frances Aymar Mathews, and "On the Trail to Sunset," by T. W. and A. A. Wilby.

The spring publications of the Yale University Press include: "The Origin of the English Constitution," by Prof. George Burton Adams; "The President's Cabinet, Studies in the Origin, Formation, and Structure of an American Institution," by Henry Barrett Learned; "The Commercial Policy of Colbert Toward the French West Indies," by Stewart L. Mims; "Alexander Hamilton," by W. S. Culbertson; "The Doctrine of Irritability," by Prof. Max Verworn; "The Meaning of God in Human Experience," by Prof. W. E. Hocking; "The Christian View of the World," by Prof. George J. Blewett; "The Yale Collection of American Verse," by Prof. Thomas R. Lounsbury; "English Lyrical Poetry, from Its Origins to the Present Time," by Edward Bliss Reed, and "Studies in the Lyric Poems of Friedrich Hebbel," by Albert E. Gubelman.

C. R. L. Fletcher continues the popular vein which marked his "Introductory History of England" in "The Making of Western Europe." The first volume he calls "An Attempt to Trace the Fortunes of the Children of the Roman Empire." The book is announced by Dutton.

The same house will publish A. E. U. Valentine's new novel, "The Labyrinth of Life"; "Neighborhood," a picture of rural life in England, by Ticknor Edwards; "Two Visits to Denmark," by Edmund Gosse, and "The Creed of Half Japan," by Arthur Lloyd.

The following books are in preparation for early publication by B. W. Huebsch: "Woman in Modern Society," by Earl Barnes; "The Burden of Poverty," by Charles F. Dole; "The Vaunt of Men, and Other Poems," by William Ellery Leonard; "The Mission of Victoria Wilhelmina," the diary of a country girl who comes to New York, by Jeanne Bartholow Magoun; "The Super Race," by Scott Nearing; "Folk Festivals," by Mary Master Needham; "Replanning Small Cities," by John Nolen; "Our Judicial Oligarchy," by Gilbert E. Roe, with introduction by Robert M. La Follette.

A new and enlarged edition of "In the Guiana Forest," by James Rodway, is in the press of A. C. McClurg & Co.

Under the editorship of Guido Manacorda, Gius. Laterza & Figli of Bari, Italy, are putting forth in a handsome series translations into Italian of foreign works. The following are already in preparation: Cervantes, "Don Chisciotte," traduzione di Eugenio Mele; Thackeray, "The Book of Snobs e scritti minori," traduzione di Giovanni Rabizzani; "Novellieri Islandesi," traduzione di Paolo Vinassa de Regny; Paparrigopulos, "Opere," traduzione di Camillo Cessi; Cervantes, "Novelle," traduzione di Giovanni Gianini; Schlegel, Fed., "Lucinde e scritti minori," traduzione di Giuseppe Manacorda; Wackenroder, "Opere," traduzione di Gina Martegiani; Herder, "Scritti vari," traduzione di Vittorio Graziadei; "Cid," con appendice di romanze, traduzione di Giulio Bertoni; Poe, "Opere poetiche complete," traduzione di Federico Olivero; "Drammi elisabettiani," traduzione di Raffaello Piccoli; Hans Sachs, "Opere scelte," traduzione di Guido Manacorda; Goethe, "Meister, Lehr- und Wanderjahre," traduzione di Alberto Spaini; Eckermann, "Conversazioni con Goethe," traduzione di Eugenio Donadoni, and Vicente, "Opere," traduzione di Achille Pellizzari.

We have received from Houghton Mifflin Co. the fortieth annual edition of the "Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe," revised for 1912. The death of Dr. W. J. Rolfe places the editing of this little volume in new hands, but the publishers give assurance that it will be kept up to its former standard of accuracy.

In his *Bibelot* for March Mr. Mosher gives a reprint of Ernest Dowson's curious psychological tale, "The Dying of Francis Donne." We wish he would offer more of Dowson's fascinating prose. Dowson was, indeed, a decadent, but his decadence took the form of tremulous beauty rather than of uncleanness, and the volume of his verse, edited by Arthur Symons, is in its own small way one of the precious things of modern English literature. His prose is not so easy to come by.

Alfred H. Miles has compiled, and Thomas Whittaker of London has published, a "New Anecdote Book," which offers good reading and serves well for reference. The latter purpose would, however, have been much better carried out if the table of contents had been supplemented by a good index.

A nineteenth volume, containing an Index, brings the new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica to a worthy conclusion. There are considerably more than 500,000 headings in this Index referring to names and topics which are not treated separately. By skilful abbreviating and printing, these

are brought into suitable compass. The publishers (The Cambridge University Press) have wisely issued this Index volume only on thick paper; a thin-paper volume may be convenient by reason of the little space it occupies on a shelf, but the pages cannot be turned for quick reference.

It is always a pleasure to receive one of the Filson Club publications, with their fine paper and wide margins. Number XXVI, which has just appeared, is "The Kentucky Mountains, Transportation, and Commerce, 1750 to 1911," by Mary Verhoeff. This is a study of the economic history of a coal field. As is stated in the "Foreword" by the vice-president of the Filson Club, the subject has never been presented "in a manner so nearly commensurate with its merits." There is a complete and interesting description of the region, in regard to its topography, geology, and climate. This forms an introduction of about forty pages, and is followed by a discussion of about 160 pages on transportation, beginning with the earliest period and coming down to most modern times. Here are described the early trails, the first great turnpikes, and county and State roads. Although marks of the untrained historian are not lacking in the work, it must be regarded as one of the most scientific and satisfactory of the Filson Club publications.

Any one in need of Scotch stories, old and new, good and bad, will find them in W. Harvey's "Scottish Life and Character" (Lippincott Co.). The collector has taken up Dean Ramsay's mantle but hardly his style. The colored illustrations are negligible.

The opposite is the case with the illustrations in Stewart Dick's "Pageants of the Forth" (McClurg). It has twenty-four reproductions in color from pictures, several being very effective. The text is historical and local gossip all round the firth, from Dunbar to St. Andrew's, pleasantly and neatly done. It is full of suggestive memories and will appeal most to those who know as their own the lands of Lothians and Fife.

Josephine Helena Short's "Chosen Days in Scotland" (Crowell), on the other hand, appeals to the American, whether the stay-at-home reader about romantic things and places or the diligent tourist. Both will find abundance of quotations—Scott and Burns alone could claim many pages as their own—much small talk of history, and an easeful apparatus of appropriate reflections and emotions in which "quaint" is rather overworked. There are thirty-four illustrations from photographs, some quite suggestive, and the book, of its kind, is well written and useful.

More serious, but not so picturesque, and more exact but not so well written, is Robert S. Rait's "Scotland" in the new Making of the Nations series (Macmillan). The object of the series is to give only such facts and periods in the history of each people as are necessary to show its growth and development. In accordance with this, Mr. Rait has dealt in detail with the reigns of Malcolm Canmore and his successors, when Celtic Scotland was remade under Anglo-Norman influences, though it may be doubted if Mr. Rait would approve of the word "remade"; with the war of independence; with the dragging war of religions which began with the Reformation and ended with the Revolution Settlement and Scotland virtually modern. On two periods Mr. Rait declines the hopeless task of giving any detail; the Picts and their contemporaries he agnostically leaves where Jonathan Oldbuck found them, and he abandons the impossible and perilous attempt to put into anything but a few sentences the last century and a half. As to his fundamental positions, he holds that mediæval Scotland racially and consciously was a unity except as regards some English blood in the Lothians and Scandinavian on the north and west coasts. In this he departs from the "English" position of Freeman and Green, whose extreme Saxonism could see no possibilities in the Celts. On the over-lordship of England he is a sound Scot, as indeed an historian must be. On the long Covenanting conflict and the agony of the Killing Time he is sane and clear. For it he has relied much on the cautious Principal Baillie as an exponent of the drifting national feeling between 1638 and 1660. Significant, too, is the comparison of William of Orange in the strength and meanness of his character to the Regent Murray. And it is interesting and curious to observe how closely the judgments of this book, except as to the division of Lowlands and Highlands, coincide with those of Scott. Very little is left of the covenanting Protestant romance of the school-books of our childhood. There are many excellent illustrations—portraits, maps, and views—and a reproduction of the bird's-eye view of Edinburgh in 1647 by Gordon of Rothiemay.

Returning in "Nuts and Chestnuts" (Longmans, Green) to the manner of his "Old and Odd Memories," Lionel A. Tollemache brings together a considerable amount of engaging anecdote, gossip, and informal opinions with which a long acquaintance among commanding figures in English life has filled his mind. Most of it is presented as first-hand testimony, but one bit, less direct, is worthy of notice. An elderly acquaintance of his had known an aged lady who had met Dr. Johnson at dinner. She could recall no famous sayings, but remembered that he took up a sauce tureen of melted butter and poured its contents down his throat. Of Tennyson it is related that at a club dinner he insisted on putting his feet upon the table before the guests had risen. All efforts to make him "behave" failed until Brookfield ("Old Brook" of the sonnet) whispered: "Do take your legs down, Alfred. They're saying you're Longfellow!" Down went the legs. Cardinal Newman's respect for ecclesiastical rank, concerning which an anecdote is given, is contrasted with the American who was presented to Leo XIII: "Sir," he exclaimed, seizing the Pope's hand and shaking it heartily, "I am glad to meet you. I knew your father, the late Pope." Much that is both amusing and extremely illuminating is told of Goldwin Smith, who, as the writer puts it, was "too good a hater to be a really great historian." His hatreds, however, save for his deep-seated animosity towards Disraeli, generally worked themselves out in the sort of epigrammatic outbursts to which strong personalities are apt to yield. In the early nineties he told the writer that the "economy most acceptable to the average American was abstaining from the purchase of serious books." Other pictures of the professor show him at dinner with the Prince of Wales, the late King Edward, whose instructor he was, combating the Prince's preference for "Adam Bede" rather than for "The Mill on the Floss," the only two of George Eliot's novels which had then appeared; disposing, in a public lecture at Oxford, by pointed epigrams, of the scientific innovations with which philosophy was then so much confronted, while the wiseacres in the audience agreed that "the man is not a philosopher"; or at one of Gladstone's breakfasts expressing admiration for Bright's wide range of allusion in his speeches, but adding, with evident pique: "The odd thing is that one so seldom recognizes his quotations. I suppose them to be extracts from poetry peculiar to his sect." That it was he who is satirized as the Professor in one of Disraeli's novels, he gave good reason to believe by exclaiming, "Stingless insults of a coward."

Dr. Ellis P. Oberholtzer's well-known and authoritative book on "The Referendum in America" (Scribner), originally published in 1900, appears in a new and enlarged edition, with four supplementary chapters, bringing the record and discussion down to the present time. The additional chapters treat of the initiative and referendum in the States, the local referendum, home rule and commission government for cities, the recall, and the referendum *versus* the representative system. A decade of rapid and momentous change in all of these directions has failed to convince Dr. Oberholtzer of any high intrinsic value in the reforms whose spectacular course he carefully chronicles. In his opinion, no especially desirable gains for popular government or popular welfare can yet be pointed to as the fruit of the initiative or the referendum; nor can the frequent balloting, the multiplication of issues on which the voters must pass judgment, the interference with administration or established public service, or the growth of parties or organizations formed primarily for agitation, be regarded as other than grave menaces to social peace. The "home rule" municipal charter not only does not gain in favor, but seems actually to have lost esteem during the past ten years, partly, perhaps, because of its effect in bringing the public law of the States into confusion. The much-acclaimed commission form of municipal government—"another device for making men perfect in large cities"—has in most cases the fatal weakness of being linked with the popular veto, and, in Dr. Oberholtzer's opinion, is only another panacea from which "valuable results will be impossible." As for the recall, its application to executive officials subjects all administration, good as well as bad, to popular caprice, while its application to the courts jeopardizes the foundations of personal, as well as public, rights. The final chapter is a thoughtful and vigorous plea for the maintenance, on the basis of an educated and honest electorate, of true representative government, the battle on behalf of which has perhaps again to be fought in this country if the present levelling tendencies continue.

After an historical survey of the development of the proletariat class in Germany, Otto Rühle, the author of "Das proletarische Kind" (Munich: Albert Langen) takes up the life of the child, and we learn that it is born and bred under the same sordid

conditions as the children of the corresponding class in America. The book is a treasury of facts for the student of sociology. It contains reports of school committees, pastors, physicians, life insurance companies, pension funds, etc. It gives authoritative data about labor hours, wages, woman and child labor, sickness, accident pensions, and old-age pensions. It proves incontrovertibly that the labor laws in the German Empire are violated exactly as they are in the American republic. Rühle proves by official statistics that in 1900, of all Berlin homes 60 per cent. were overcrowded, 65 per cent. in Hanover, 70.9 per cent. in Breslau, 85 per cent. in Magdeburg. He quotes the findings of a "Krankenkasse" in Berlin, which establishes the fact that in 1909 an astonishingly large proportion of its middle-class members lived in closer quarters than was conducive to health. Infant mortality in Berlin in August, 1905, in parts of the city not inhabited by the proletariat, was 15 per cent., in the workingmen's quarters, 62.52 per cent. Bremen, Halle, and other cities showed corresponding figures. Since the investigations of Axel Key, the Swedish physiologist, stimulated inquiry into the physical endowment of workingmen's children in various countries of Europe, Berlin has become a sort of experimental station. The data collected by Dr. Rietz have disclosed the fact that workingmen's children in Berlin are under-developed to the extent of 6 centimeters in size and 5 kilograms in weight. Malnutrition has been found to be alarmingly frequent. In a certain district in Berlin the school physician found 57.3 per cent. of under-fed boys and 60.9 per cent. of under-fed girls. The reports of tuberculosis dwell upon the overcrowded sleeping accommodations as one of the main sources of the scourge in Berlin as in New York; those on mental deficiency show an alarming proportion of alcoholists among the fathers and sometimes among both parents. The moral effects of these conditions are treated very fully in the chapter which is headed Roads to Vice. A glimpse of the reformatories for youthful delinquents of both sexes reveals inhuman practices that equal anything recorded in the chronicles of the dark ages. In the final chapters on reformatories and child criminals Professor Mendel, Professor Liszt, and Dr. Erich Wulffen are quoted in support of the urgent demand for a thorough-going reform of the legal prosecution of minors. The book is a sad comment upon modern life in Germany, and, even if it were found to exaggerate, which is improbable, it tends to correct erroneous impressions.

The January number of the *American Journal of International Law*, just issued, opens with a learned and instructive paper on the Development and Formation of International Law, by Ernest Nys, with whose scholarly and thorough work readers of the *Journal* should now feel familiar. M. Nys is a professor in the University of Brussels, is a judge of the Belgian Court of Appeals, a member of the Permanent Court at The Hague, and now one of the five honorary members of the American Society of International Law; and the committee of this Society, in proposing him, expressed the opinion that he had made more distinct contributions to the history and science of that branch of the law than anyone else living. M. Nys expresses a high appreciation of man's effort after the attainment of justice and of the establishment so widely of courts. He declares that the judicial institutions of nations constitute, among all the attributes of civilization, the highest symbols of modern progress. The author places, by the side of an observation of the Marquis of Salisbury that to apply the term *law* to international rules was "misleading," the fact that twelve years after the words were spoken the first Hague Conference was held, which united the representatives of twenty-six nations, and announced, among other things, the wish of the Powers to organize a permanent court of arbitration, accessible at any time. Custom, M. Nys finds, was at the bottom of maritime institutions and rules, in connection with which international law had its first practical application. He cites, illustratively, many historic instances.

The next paper is related to this; its subject is, International Law Since the Peace of Westphalia, as the two treaties, that of Munster and that of Osnabruck, ratified the same day, are called. In this paper Prof. Amos S. Hershey of the University of Indiana discusses the growth of the science, and sets forth the main factors forcibly. It is replete with useful references, bibliographical data, and evidences of the civilizing and humanizing of international sentiment. Our own courts had early followed the English in recognizing the right to capture enemy goods in neutral vessels, but had always maintained that the goods of the neutral, found in the vessel of an enemy, should go free. The paper well characterizes the armed neutrality of 1780, the French Revolutionary period, the Napoleonic era, the Congress of Vienna (1814-5), the period of reaction under the influence of Metternich, the Holy Alliance, the Concert of Europe, the Monroe Doctrine, the 1856 declaration of Paris (in which the United States prominently figured), and the period since.

Programmes have now been issued for four international congresses, which, while covering a large range of subjects, are in a measure cognate one to another. The first of these is the Sixteenth International Congress of Orientalists, which begins its sessions on the 6th of April, and continues until the 14th. In connection with this Congress the University of Athens celebrates the seventy-fifth anniversary of its foundation, the ceremonies incident to which occupy the first two days. Eleven sections have been organized to cover the range of Oriental philology, literature, history, and archæology, and it is perhaps appropriate that the archæological section has this time been further subdivided into three groups, so as to embrace also the Byzantine and later Greek periods. Among the social features will be an excursion to Eleusis and Megara, the illumination of the Acropolis, the performance of "Œdipus Rex" in modern Greek, and the Pan-Hellenic games in the Stadium, besides a gala performance of a national character in the municipal theatre. At the close of the Congress there is to be an archæological excursion lasting two weeks, which will include visits to virtually all of the important archæological centres in Greece, and in the Grecian Islands, under the guidance of Professor Lambros, rector of the University, and Georges Karo, secretary of the German Archæological Institute in Athens.—From the 27th of May to the last of June, the eighteenth International Congress of Americanists will be held in London under the presidency of Sir Clements Markham, the eminent anthropologist. The subjects embraced by this Congress will be the aboriginal races of America, monuments and archæological study of America, and the history, discovery, and occupation of the New World.—In September the fourth International Congress for the History of Religions will convene in Leyden, under the honorary presidency of Prince Henry. This Congress, meeting from the 9th to the 13th, will embrace ten sections, beginning with the religions of primitive peoples and ending with Christianity. It is particularly appropriate that a congress of this nature should meet in Leyden, which was the home of the late Prof. C. P. Tiele, who was one of the pioneers in the historical study of religions.—From the 9th to the 16th of October the Third International Congress of Archæologists will meet in Rome. The Congress will be divided into twelve sections, covering prehistoric, Oriental, pre-Hellenic, Italian, Etruscan, Greek, Roman, and Christian archæology, with special sections for the art of the classical period, for numismatics, ancient topography, mythology, the history of religions, and lastly, a section to discuss methods of archæological work. The president of the Congress will be Count Ricci.—The secretaries of these Congresses to whom application for membership and other communications should be addressed are, respectively, as follows: Prof. S. P. Lambros, director of the University of Athens, for the Congress of Orientalists; T. C. A. Sarg of the Royal Anthropological Institute, No. 50 Great Russel St., London; Prof. Benno Eerdmanns, No. 71 Plantsoen, Leyden, and Prof. Lucio Mariani, the director-general of antiquities and fine arts, Piazza Venezia 11, Rome.

Science

Principles and Practice of Poultry Culture. By John H. Robinson. Boston: Ginn & Co. $2.50.

This is by far the most complete presentation of poultry husbandry which we have seen. While its primary purpose is to serve as a textbook for agricultural college students, it meets all the requirements of a general treatise. Mr. Robinson has for many years been the editor of a poultry journal, and his editorial instinct has stood him in good stead in the preparation of this volume, which is as worthy of commendation for the things excluded as for the facts included. The novice will find by experience that indiscriminate reading of poultry literature is a hindrance oftener than a help. For the fictions of poultry culture are mostly plausible, and generally more alluring than the facts, and the usual result of much reading in advance of a thorough grounding in principles is an accumulation of obsolete and impracticable ideas.

The Department of Agriculture estimates the total value of poultry products at $700,000,000 annually, and this is probably largely underestimated. Such figures are very comforting to the ambitious beginner in poultry culture, but his comfort will receive a shock when he reads Mr. Robinson's statements that "large undertakings with poultry rarely succeed," that "continuous poultry culture by intensive methods is practically impossible," and that "of all intensive plants started with large capital, not on has lasted so long [ten years]." Mr. Robinson, perhaps because of his New England environment, is an ardent advocate of the extensive system of poultry keeping, and in its support brings many weighty arguments to bear, but the reviewer is inclined to believe that the best results from an economic aspect can be obtained from a combination of the two systems, the intensive system for the egg and meat producers, the extensive system for the breeders and growing stock.

The author is emphatic in his insistence on the necessity of getting good foundation stock in the beginning, whether for purposes of exhibition or utility. Some day a writer on poultry topics will rightly define the word "utility," now used by unscrupulous breeders as a cloak to cover the most shameless impositions, and to enfold with charity the worst mongrels that wear feathers, fowls that are the very acme of inutility.

Mr. Robinson takes a broad-minded view of the problems of poultry-house construction, and his chapters on Nutrition, Foods, and his tables expressing nutritive values, though they may alarm the novice, will be of interest and value to professional poultrymen. The latter, however, will be far from unanimous in endorsing his strictures upon the use of dry mashes. His chapter on Prevention and Treatment of Disease is the shortest we remember ever to have seen in so comprehensive a treatise as this, and at the same time one of the best. In fact, although the book extends to 611 pages, there is scarcely an unnecessary paragraph. It contains no new theories, but by the painstaking and exhaustive process of comparing and sifting the diverse views of the theorist, the faddist, the farmer, and the professional poultryman, the author has placed the whole subject on a basis of simple common sense:

> Problems are simplified by keeping as close to natural conditions as is consistent with the object sought. This precept applies to stock—that is, to the type of bird; the "business type" of bird for any purpose is a plain type—the original type improved and modified with reference to use only. . . . It applies to breeding; in nature the fittest to live survive to reproduce their kind. . . . It applies to incubation and brooding; although artificial methods are necessary in some lines, as a rule it is very much easier to grow poultry by natural methods in the natural season. It applies to hygiene; under natural conditions little attention need be given to sanitary condition of houses or soil, while under intensive, unnatural conditions these things need constant attention. . . . In no way can the poultry keeper so effectively simplify his problems and make his work easier from the start as by keeping as close as practicable to natural conditions.

And, lastly, Mr. Robinson is to be thanked for withholding those counsels of perfection which are the despair of the novice. We have seen it stated in a recent work that no fowl should be compelled to drink water we wouldn't drink ourselves, or out of a vessel we wouldn't drink from ourselves—which would seem to ordain the necessity of individual drinking cups for the barnyard. Such advice as this is worse than the utter lack of system of the most indifferent farmer whose fowls spend their days on the dung-heap and their nights in the trees.

The book is well printed, and carries nearly 600 illustrations, some of which are very useful adjuncts to the text. An exhaustive bibliography and a carefully prepared index are features that add to the value of the work. In the former, the author has starred those titles which he regards as really worth while—about one in fifty, a proportion none too small.

Svante August Arrhenius, director of the Nobel Institute, Stockholm, will publish through the Yale University Press his book, "Theories of Solutions."

André Tridon has translated from the French "The Theories of Evolution," by Yves Delage and Marie Goldsmith; it is announced by Huebsch.

"Harper's Guide to Wild Flowers" is almost ready.

Longmans, Green, & Co. are bringing out "A Dictionary of Applied Chemistry," in five volumes. The work, which is by Sir Edward Thorpe and others, will be completed in two years. Vol. I has undergone revision, and Vol. II will be published early in the summer.

"The First Book of Photography," by C. H. Claudy, is promised for this month by McBride, Nash & Co.

In April Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, will bring out "A Yosemite Flora," by Harvey Monroe Hall and Carlotta Case Hall. The work gives a descriptive account of the ferns and flowering plants, including the trees, of the Yosemite National Park, with keys for their identification.

Among the books on the list of McBride, Nast & Co., New York, are: "Making a Lawn," "Making a Garden Bloom to This Year," "Making a Tennis Court," "Making the Grounds Attractive with Shrubbery," and "Making a Rock Garden"—in the House and Garden-Making series, and Hanna Rion's "Let's Make a Flower Garden."

In his sixty-sixth annual report, Prof. E. C. Pickering, director of Harvard College Observatory, notes the continued excess of expenses of the Institution over its income, leading among other retrenchments to reduction of photographic work at the Arequipa station in Peru. The Observatory's irreparable loss in the death of Mrs. Fleming will not be permitted to stay the progress of publication of its Annals, about seventy volumes of which are either completed or in press. Plans are making for revision of the Henry Draper Catalogue of stellar spectra, covering every part of the sky and including about fifty thousand stars of the eighth magnitude and brighter. Prof. Lawrence Rotch continues to direct and support the Blue Hill Meteorological Observatory. A large and important part of its work is exploration of the upper air by kites and balloons, 27,400 feet being the maximum altitude attained. Observations of variable stars continue to pour in, Professor Todd and Mr. Hudson of Amherst furnishing above a thousand, and Mr. Olcott of Norwich more than 500. The Rev. J. H. Metcalf's photographic telescopes, his individual handiwork, have been kept busy, one investigation of especial significance being the ascertainment of lunar positions among the stars photographically; and Professor Russell of Princeton shows by critical discussion of the plates that the accuracy of this new method somewhat surpasses that of the best meridian circles.

Drama

Charles Rann Kennedy's play, "The Terrible Meek," will be brought out shortly by Harpers.

A. W. Pollard has recently done much to rehabilitate the publishers of the Shakespeare Quartos and First Folio in respect to fair dealing and the choice of correct texts. In his "Shakespearian Punctuation" (Frowde) Percy Simpson extends the process to matters of punctuation, especially as regards the First Folio, but, as it seems to us, with only moderate success. It may be conceded that seventeenth-century punctuation was largely rhythmical instead of logical, but it was not systematically so, as is manifest even from Mr. Simpson's own collection of examples, and this is the main point. Nor does the assertion of such lapses from a definite system—or rather such confusion of two systems, the one logical (itself differing in many respects from modern conceptions), the other rhythmical—involve any reflection on the intelligence of the compositors, as Mr. Simpson's Introduction implies. The irregular punctuation of the time simply marks a stage in the development towards a more or less fixed system, such as we have at the present day. With Caxton, our first printer, an oblique stroke sufficed for every form of punctuation. Our author exaggerates the regularity of seventeenth-century punctuation, but his book is an instructive discussion of the subject and may be recommended to all who are interested in Shakespearean textual problems.

The Service des Antiquités de l'Egypte announces the publication (Le Caire: Imprimerie de l'Institut Français d'Archéologie Orientale; Leipzig: Hiersemann) of the long-awaited photographic facsimile

of the famous papyrus manuscript of Menander, which was discovered at Kôm Iskaou (Aphroditopolis), in 1905, and first edited by its discoverer, Gustave Lefebvre, in 1907. (See the *Nation* for March 19, 1908). Accompanying the plates M. Lefebvre gives a fresh transcript of the text, in the decipherment of which considerable progress has been made since the *editio princeps* through the labors of A. Körte, Jensen, and the editor himself. A few small fragments found since the first publication are added. Several of these belong to the fifth, still nameless, comedy. One is of interest through the fact that it contains a portion of a two-line fragment (No. 211 Kock) which Stobæus quotes as from the "Hero," thus confirming M. Lefebvre's original conjecture as to the title of the first play in his edition. The most notable outward indication of the progress made in the elucidation of the text since the first publication of this papyrus is the present arrangement of the fragments. Every piece of importance has now been assigned to its proper play and to its proper position in the play in relation to the other fragments. However, valuable as this publication is for the study of Menander, undoubtedly its most notable contribution to classical literature is three new fragments, aggregating about 120 lines, of a play of the Old Comedy. Lefebvre tentatively ascribes them to Aristophanes, but they have already been identified by Körte and van Leeuwen as from the famous "Demes" of Eupolis, for seventeen years the principal rival of Aristophanes. In this play, produced about 417 B. C., the poet summons from Hades four of the national heroes of Athens, Solon, Miltiades, Aristides, and Pericles, to give advice to the Athenians on the questions of the day. In one of the new fragments Pericles makes his appearance upon the scene and greets his native land in stately lines, while another speaker, apparently Solon, in the rôle of clown makes fun of him. With this publication, the announcement of the discovery, among the Oxyrhynchus papyri, of almost one-half of a new play of Sophocles—and that a satyr-drama, the "Ichneutæ"—and, in an Egyptian sarcophagus of fifty hitherto unknown verses of Sappho, the close of the year 1911 brought gifts of unusual richness to the classical scholar.

No prophecy is more hazardous than one relating to the future of any theatrical enterprise, but it may be declared confidently that the formal opening of Winthrop Ames's Little Theatre—which in a certain way may be regarded as the successor of the New Theatre of unlucky memory—has been effected amid most favorable conditions. The house, if small, is artistic and commodious, the stage is spacious enough for all the demands likely to be made upon it and is fitted with every modern improvement, and the performance of the opening play showed good stage management and a well selected company. The piece was "The Pigeon," the latest stage work of John Galsworthy, one of the most serious, capable, and interesting of modern dramatists. Though described as a fantastic comedy, and actually somewhat light in texture, it deals seriously, if also humorously, with a live social question, the treatment of hopeless, but not criminal, wastrels. Like every other work of Mr. Galsworthy, it exhibits a wide knowledge of life and human character, is realistic in its personages and incidents, pertinent in its comment, and effective in its humor, pathos, and satire, though somewhat fanciful in plot.

The chief weakness in Mr. Galsworthy's play is that it asserts and discusses a problem, without attempting to offer any hint of a solution. The author imagines an artist, of the most sympathetic nature, who impoverishes himself by his indiscriminate charities to vagrants of both sexes. His more prudent daughter, Ann, protests in vain, and finally calls in a canon, a magistrate, and a professor—the church, the law, and social science—to advise them how to deal with three wastrels, a street flower girl, a French refugee, and a drunken old cabman, who have domiciled themselves in the studio. The experts send the girl to service, the Frenchman to an institution, and the cabman to prison, with disastrous results. The girl goes from bad to worse and tries suicide; the cabman, after enforced sobriety, gets drunker than ever, and the Frenchman is more confirmed in his vagabondage. In a striking scene he tells the artist, Wellwyn, that it is only men like him, with compassionate hearts, who can understand and help wild creatures such as himself, who ought to be let alone, so long as they harm nobody, to live or die as they choose. And this seems to be the view of Mr. Galsworthy also. But Wellwyn replies that he can do nothing, as he also is the helpless slave of his natural impulses and therefore irresponsible. He is simply a wastrel with means. All the leading figures in the comedy are drawn with admirable humor and veracity and illustrate the subject of poor relief in all its phases, with many comic and some tragic touches, but without reaching climax or conclusion. The implied moral is that what can't be cured should be ignored, a pretty dangerous social policy. But the play does direct attention to a difficult subject and also furnishes opportunities for much admirable acting. Frank Reicher gives a remarkably vital study of the Frenchman; Sidney Valentine another equally good of the drunken cabman, and Russ Whytal a charmingly sympathetic sketch of the sentimental artist. The whole representation was of a high order of general artistic excellence, and reflected great credit upon the management. If the Little Theatre can maintain itself at this level it ought to prosper.

There is some uncommonly good and some very poor work in "The Rainbow," the latest comedy of A. E. Thomas just produced in the Liberty Theatre. The central theme of it is the influence of an innocent daughter upon her father, a millionaire pleasure seeker, whose finer impulses have been dulled by constant association with gamblers, racing men, and besmirched women. In the scenes between the father and the daughter Mr. Thomas reveals a marked capacity for natural comedy. Few of our younger playwrights have struck a more sincere, natural, and sympathetic note. The development of filial and paternal love is shown with a simplicity entirely free from affectation. The climax, in which the mother decides to take away the girl, lest she be contaminated by her father's disreputable acquaintances, is productive of some exceedingly touching incidents. Unfortunately the bulk of the play is not up to this level. The theatrical machinery often creaks with age, and the dialogue, padded with the cheapest kind of witticism, is quite unworthy of Mr. Thomas's better abilities. But the best work in it is very good. Henry Miller played the father effectively in the pathetic episodes, and Ruth Chatterton, who acted the daughter with unaffected girlishness, pleased her audience mightily.

The London *Times* speaks in terms of warm appreciation of "The New Sin," by Macdonald Hastings, a play given in a series of special morning performances at the London Royalty Theatre by Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie. The story—which may be strong and exciting, but does not sound reasonable—is of a gifted, industrious artist, disinherited by a millionaire father, who decreed in his will that until his (the hero's) death no penny of his wealth should be distributed. So the artist has to contribute continually to the needs of ten worthless and helpless brothers and sisters, and believes it to be his duty to die that his brethren may come to their own.

The rapid encroachment of the London music halls upon what has heretofore been regarded as the special province of the theatre, is emphasized by the announcement of a regular four-act drama at one of them. This is "The Life Guardsmen," a piece which has been immensely successful in the English provinces. In order to comply with the Lord Chamberlain's rules, it will be played in "one continuous turn," which means that the curtain will not be dropped between the acts. There will also be three or four short vaudeville acts on the programme. The result of this experiment will be watched with liveliest interest by West End managers, some of whom are beginning already to groan over the prospect of an inevitable drop in theatre prices. The public need not waste any sympathy upon them. If they wish to maintain the old breadth of distinction between the theatre and the hall, they will have to provide a superior kind of entertainment, with which the cheaper houses cannot hope to compete. The rivalry will benefit both drama and playgoers in the long run.

Music

"THE JEWELS OF THE MADONNA."

Not the least of the factors which contributed to the sensational success of Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" was the intermezzo. As a rule, the ordinary opera-goer is not supposed to care much for the orchestra, his attention being fixed mostly on the singers. In this instance, however, the orchestral interlude pleased even more than the singers, being redemanded at nearly every performance abroad as well as in this country. A dozen imitators have since followed Mascagni's example, some of them with success. The latest to do so is Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari. His opera, "The Jewels of the Madonna," has two intermezzi, and at its New York première, given at the Metropolitan last week by Mr. Dippel's Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company, insistent applause

compelled the repetition of both of them. They did not deserve such a reception, except as a tribute to Cleofonte Campanini's remarkable skill as a conductor. Intrinsically they are among the poorest pages in the score, and both of them were obviously prepared after the recipe which Mascagni had found so useful in starting applause.

It is not only in his intermezzi, however, that Wolf-Ferrari has joined the "Young Italian" faction. His whole opera belongs to the "Veristic" school, both in its story and its music. Nor is it difficult to understand how he came to throw such a somersault—for a somersault it is. He had written two comic operas, "Suzanna's Secret" and "The Inquisitive Women," in which he did his best to revive the semi-colloquial style of the old Italian opera buffa and of some of Mozart's pages; but neither the countrymen of his German father nor those of his Italian mother took any interest in his production. Apparently, he thought the matter over, and concluded to attract attention to himself at all cost by setting a yellow story to garish music. The result was "The Jewels of the Madonna."

From the purely operatic point of view it must be conceded that his libretto is excellent; it is effective, it calls for musical treatment, and it has literary merit. The composer himself constructed the plot, entrusting the versification to two collaborators. Naples is the background, and the principal personages are Rafaele, the chief of the Camorrists; Carmela, a widow; her son, Gennaro, an ironworker; and Maliella, a beautiful and wilful foundling. She and Gennaro have been brought up thinking themselves sister and brother. When he discovers the truth, he promptly falls in love with her. She, however, has just become madly infatuated with Rafaele, whom she coquettishly teases until, in a moment of bravado, he offers to steal for her the jewels of the Madonna—the dazzling image which is just being carried along the street in a religious procession. He has no idea of carrying out this promise, but Gennaro, who has heard his words, in despair does commit the theft. He brings the jewels, lays them at her feet, and she, dazed in spite of her terror, puts them on. The excitement is too much for her senses; she falls into a mystical trance, and, thinking she is with Rafaele, loses consciousness in Gennaro's arms. Retribution comes in the last act. She flees to the haunts of the Camorrists. Rafaele, guessing from her actions and words what has happened, spurns her, whereupon she throws herself into the sea, while Gennaro, left alone by the Camorrists, stabs himself before a shrine of the Virgin.

Obviously, this story is quite in the latest Italian fashion. So is the music. There are echoes in it of various composers, from Mozart to Bizet and Richard Strauss. The Madonna's image made the composer remember one of the themes in Massenet's musical miracle play, "The Juggler of Notre Dame." But it is chiefly in the footsteps of Mascagni and Puccini that Wolf-Ferrari treads, piling effect on effect, as called for by the ghastly, sanguinary story. Unfortunately, he has not the melodic gift of Puccini, or even of Mascagni. The melody of Mascagni may be vulgar, but it is at any rate his own, and Puccini's also has a strong individual style. In "The Jewels of the Madonna" melody flows freely—much more freely than in Wolf-Ferrari's earlier operas—but it is for the most part commonplace. As exceptions may be mentioned a religious chant sung by the kneeling populace at the opening of the opera; Gennaro's duet with his mother, and his serenade in the second act; perhaps, also, his appeal to the image of the Virgin for forgiveness, before he commits suicide.

Technical skill is displayed in the festival turmoil, where several musical streams mingle with street cries. There are effective dances, and the Neapolitan local color is perhaps reflected as truly in the music as in the libretto—which, by the way, the composer has supplied with an abundance of detail, leaving little to the imagination of the scene painter and stage carpenter. The most disappointing pages of the music are the love scenes. The composer seems to lack the faculty (which constitutes the strength of Puccini) of making an ordinary melody emotional and stirring by the use of chromatic or ultra-modern harmonies and modulations. In a word, while superficially effective and likely to evoke loud applause for a time, "The Jewels of the Madonna" is far from being a masterwork. Its lack of originality dashes the hope that Wolf-Ferrari might prove the coming man in the operatic world. It is possible, but not probable, that a second hearing of the work, which is to be repeated at the Metropolitan next Tuesday, may mollify this verdict.

Massenet has been engaged for some years in writing his memoirs. They will be printed in *L'Echo de Paris* before appearing in book form.

In "The Irish Harpers," announced by Dutton, Mrs. Charlotte Fox seeks to revive an interest in what was once a national instrument in Ireland.

J. S. Bach's Passion Music According to St. John, with full orchestral accompaniment, will be sung by the Bach Choir in Westminster Abbey on March 29. The conductor will be Dr. Hugh P. Allen.

A German periodical, *Die Woche*, offered $3,000 in prizes for new military marches. The number of manuscripts received was 3,791. The first prize, $750, went to Hans Ailbout of Berlin.

The Brahms Festival concerts, which will be at Carnegie Hall, are set for Monday evening, March 25; Wednesday and Friday afternoons, March 27 and 29, and Saturday evening, March 30. The Oratorio Society will sing the "Song of Triumph," "Nänie," and "A German Requiem"; the Symphony Society will play the four symphonies and other works, and the soloists will include Mme. Matzenauer, the German contralto, of the Metropolitan Opera Company; Efrem Zimbalist, the Russian violinist; Wilhelm Bachaus, the German pianist, and others. The orchestral works will be conducted by Walter Damrosch, and the choral compositions by Frank Damrosch.

It is announced that the newest work of Richard Strauss will be produced at the end of October at Stuttgart in the smaller of the two new Court Theatres, which are being built on the plans of Professor Lipmann of Munich. The one-act opera with a text written by Herr Hugo von Hoffmannsthal is entitled "Ariadne auf Naxos," and is described as a "Divertissement als Nachspiel" to Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." There will be a Strauss Festival at Stuttgart with three performances of the new opera, two of which will be conducted by Herr Strauss himself. The principal parts for women will be taken by Mme. Destinn and Fraulein Frida Hempel, and the arrangements will be in the hands of Prof. Max Reinhardt.

The performances of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," in Boston, according to the *Transcript*, "interested the town more generally than any production the company has made." Reading this sign of the times, Mr. Russell has announced that he will add to his list, next season, Wagner's "Meistersinger." Mozart's "Don Giovanni" and Charpentier's "Louise" will also be staged. Mr. Parker recalls the great New York cast of Mozart's sublime masterwork, when Mahler was the conductor, and the singers were Eames, Gadski, Farrar, Scotti, Bonci, Chaliapine. As a matter of fact, "Don Giovanni" might have been given this season with an even greater cast than that. The public would have been overwhelmed with delight—but the public is not managing the Metropolitan.

The Covent Garden opera season in London will last fourteen weeks (from April 20 to July 29), as against New York's twenty-two weeks. Among the sopranos who will appear during the season are Mme. Melba, Mme. Tetrazzini, Mme. Emmy Destinn, Mme. Edvina, Mme. Salzmann-Stevens, and Mme. Tarquinia Tarquini, an Italian newcomer to Covent Garden, who will create the leading part in "Conchita," and who will also appear as Carmen. The contraltos include Mme. Edith Clegg, Mme. Dilys-Joncs, and Mme. Kirkby Lunn. Many new names figure in the list of tenors, including Giuseppe Cellini, A. Gaudenzi, André Gilly, Ippolito Lazaro, and Giovanni Martinelli, who will create the tenor rôle in "Giojelli della Madonna." Among the tenors who have been heard at Covent Garden before will be Bertram Binyon and John McCormack. The baritones and basses include M. Marcoux, M. Sammarco, and M. Van Rooy, as well as two newcomers, Franz Kronen and Virgilio Romano. The conductors will be M. Campanini, Paul Drach (Stuttgart), M. Panizza, Percy Pitt (the

musical director of Covent Garden), and Dr. Rottenberg (Frankfort).

Art

English Ironwork of the XVIIth and XVIIIth Centuries: An Historical and Analytical Account of the Development of Exterior Smithcraft. By J. Starkie Gardner. With 88 collotype plates from photographs chiefly by Horace Dan, Architect, and upwards of 150 other illustrations. New York: William Helburn. $16.80 net.

A small but increasing number of Americans who believe that architects and builders should spend more money on decorative ironwork will welcome this authoritative work by the author of the smaller handbooks on ironwork at the Victoria and Albert Museum. It is a book that dignifies the smith, without sentimentalizing him. It adds point to the argument of those who find encouragement in the considerable beauty of the wrought-iron gates, grilles, screens, and reinforced woodwork of the remodelled United States Military Academy, of Princeton University, and many recent American churches. For the lesson of the splendid outburst of smithcraft which Mr. Gardner describes is that, among a people whose ironwork for centuries has been contemptible, only an enlightened leadership and fashionable favor may be required to create almost instantaneously a school of superbly capable artist-artisans:

> The arrival from over sea of an exalted patron (William III) and a talented French Protestant refugee sufficed to wake the dormant or liberate the pent-up talent of the English smith. Without previous opportunities or education the skilled labor the Frenchman Tijou required seems to have been at once at hand, enabling him to accomplish work that in every detail has never been surpassed.

Ornamental ironwork, which was produced extensively in England in the Middle Ages, became a decadent art under the Tudors. Its revival began in 1689 when there came "Monsieur Jean Tijou," a Huguenot designer and protégé of the new King and Queen. Wren seems to have resented his presence, but elsewhere the newcomer found abundant favor. Curiously enough, though his is the greatest name in British ironwork, this artist refugee was but an indifferent blacksmith. He had not learned the trade. His own art was embossing. Comparison of his published designs for iron gates with the gates themselves shows that often important features proved impossible to execute and were modified by smiths who knew better than the master just what could be done with wrought iron. Tijou had, nevertheless, great constructive and executive genius. He was a born "works manager." In addition to ironwork placed in St. Paul's Cathedral during seventeen years' continuous employment, Tijou took commissions from many wealthy patrons, and, incidentally, trained several able craftsmen. These followers—Bakewell, Roberts, Edney, Buncker, and others—made the most of a fashion which for a time resembled a craze. Enough of their work is shown in illustration to prove that Mr. Gardner does not overstate its excellence.

The period of sumptuous projects in iron was short, nevertheless. So far as the nobility was concerned, the iron gate lost caste about 1730. The park without a fence suddenly became the sign of a great man's simple trust in his neighbors. The influence was felt of the architect Kent, who abjured the straight line and the formal garden and who would "scarce have left an acre of shade or trees three in a line from Land's End to Tweed." The middle class, however, did not drop the blacksmith so abruptly. Throughout the eighteenth century much good ironwork was executed to close the entrances of London and provincial residences. This craftsmanship was usually plain and severe, in contrast to Tijou's ornate efforts. As cast iron came in, the art deteriorated. Its debasement, Mr. Gardner asserts, was helped on by the increasing influence of professional architects. "By them the 'maître ornamentiste,' or professional craftsman and designer, the very originators of all applied design, were finally suppressed and squeezed out of existence, the result being, within a few decades, the utter collapse of all art in the country in the early Victorian days."

In describing the remains of the efflorescence of decorative iron Mr. Gardner deals chiefly with outdoor examples, which are more accessible and more liable to disintegration. His chapters, always vigorously and interestingly written, cover not only gates and fences, but also balustrades, balconies, stair ramps, grilles, lamp-holders, iron signs, weathercocks, and vanes. This volume, it is intimated, may lead to one on interior ironwork.

"American Church Silver of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, with a few pieces of Domestic Plate, Exhibited at the Museum of Fine Arts, July to December, 1911" (Boston: The Museum), makes a notable volume in the history of American silversmithing, although the title does not show its restriction to the New England States. It contains thirty-eight pages of reproductions of silver, with a few copies of bills and coats-of-arms. The introduction on the early silversmiths of Connecticut is by George Munson Curtis of Meriden, himself a member of a firm of silversmiths. Mr. Curtis recognizes the fact that silversmiths could not have depended on their craft in those days, and as a result "these silversmiths, in order to eke out a living in communities that were not lavish in accumulating their work, were obliged to turn their attention to various other trades. Some were clock and cabinet makers, others were blacksmiths and innkeepers, and some were undoubtedly, to use a homely phrase, jacks of all trades. Many of them advertised extensively in the weekly press, and these appeals for custom vividly illuminate the social and domestic demands and requirements of their patrons, and present striking pictures of the times." Among the prominent apprentices were William Cleveland, 1770-1837, grandfather of the late President Grover Cleveland. Then follows a List of Plates and Explanation of Terms, by Miss F. V. Paull. This classifies the spoons from the first quarter of the eighteenth century to the first quarter of the nineteenth century. The catalogue of New England silversmiths contains, among others, the names of Daniel Boyer, Zachariah Brigden, Benjamin and Samuel Burt, John Cony, who made the only decorative piece of silver, a coffer copied from an English example, William Cowell, John Dixwell, son of the regicide, Jeremiah Dummer, John Edwards, Stephen Emery, George Hanner, Daniel Henchman, William Homes, John Hull, the first silversmith and coiner in Boston; Robert Sanderson, his partner; Jacob and Nathaniel Hurd, Cornelius Kierstead, who was Freeman of the city of New York in 1702; Knight Leverett, nephew of the president of Harvard College; Samuel Minott, William Moulton, John Potwine, the Reveres, William Simpkins, William Swan, Andrew Tyler, Samuel Vernon, and Edward Winslow.

The book concludes with a list of American silversmiths, but most of these were simply spoon-makers; those who made all kinds of silverware usually dwelt in the large cities. The one feeling created by this collection is the sameness of the vessels, the beakers being the ordinary vessel in use for the cup, which, with the tankards and other household utensils, filled the wants of the people.

Wilton Lockwood's recent exhibition in Boston displays a visible difference in quality between his present and his earlier portraits. This difference is not so much in change of style as in increase of skill, shown in the modelling of faces, the close perspective of figures and backgrounds, the steady improvement in warmth of coloring. Although Mr. Lockwood exhibits a few studio pieces, they serve on the whole to show him chiefly a portraitist. The best of them is a study of an old man, whose hair and beard and heavy eyebrows, whose wrinkled and yet still ruddy skin, whose weary and patient eye, could scarcely be better given. The portraits show a variety of types, closely studied and well rendered. Mr. Lockwood's gamut is wide, and if his art is without striking excellencies, it has sense, sureness, and clear perception of both outward and inner characteristics.

Prof. Kuno Francke, as curator of the Germanic Museum at Harvard, reports that for architect of the new building, which will be erected on the corner of Kirkland Street and Divinity Avenue, Prof. German Bestelmeyer of Dresden has been chosen. The exact date when ground will be broken for the building has not yet been settled. The gifts which have recently been made or

promised to the Museum include: From Johann Albrecht, Duke of Mecklenburg, a bronze copy of the Brunswick Lion, the bronze monument erected in 1166 by Duke Henry the Lion of Saxony in front of Brunswick Castle as a symbol of his territorial sovereignty; from Prof. Hugo Lederer of Berlin a cast of his colossal statue of The Fighter, recently exhibited at the Paris Salon; from the Provincial Government of Rhenish Prussia a collection of casts of monumental and architectural sculpture of the Rhineland from the Romanesque period to the Renaissance; from the Society of Arts and Crafts of the Rhineland and Westphalia a similar gift representing the development of the industrial arts in western Germany in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance—the two collections together will contain about twenty large and forty small objects.

W. Harcourt Hooper, who died recently in his seventy-eighth year, was in his day a wood engraver of distinction. From 1891 to 1896 he was engaged at the Kelmscott Press, and previously had done excellent work for noted artists.

Frederick Keppel, importer of pictures and writer and lecturer on art, especially on etchings and engravings, died suddenly at his home in New York on Thursday of last week. He was born sixty-seven years ago at Tullow, Ireland, and was educated at Wesley College, Dublin, and in England. Recently he wrote a book in which he described his friendship with Whistler. He was the father of Frederick P. Keppel, dean of Columbia College.

Bruce Home, one of the authorities on the history of the city of Edinburgh, died about a fortnight ago, in his eighty-second year. He is remembered chiefly for a series of drawings of "Old Houses in Edinburgh."

Finance

STOCK MARKET PROPHECY.

That prices on the financial markets, here and abroad, should not have declined decidedly on the depressing news of the past two weeks, might readily enough have been accounted for on the ground that the stock exchanges had already "discounted" the news. But it is usually a reasonable inference that if prices actually advance under such circumstances, it is a sign that the stronger part of the financial community is anticipating better things. To ascribe a movement of the sort wholly to professional speculators—people who had "gone short" of stocks on belief that the real investing public would take fright and sell, and who had been forced to buy back the stocks when the public refused to perform its allotted task—provides no conclusive explanation. It merely shifts the argument to the question, why the heavy liquidation of real stock, which the speculators had predicted as a result of the month's bad news, did not put in its appearance.

That phenomenon can hardly be explained except on the ground that the financial public thought prices low enough, even in the face of the unpleasant news, and was not disposed to part with its holdings, even at a somewhat higher range of prices. Such an attitude might have had its basis in the feeling that stocks had gone to the recent low values because exactly such news had been expected. Or it might have been grounded on the logic that, with money commanding only 3 per cent. in the open market, it was not advisable to turn dividend-paying shares into ready cash. Or it might have been induced by an underlying idea that affairs in finance and trade had already reached their own low point of reaction for the present, and were likely to show betterment in the not very distant future.

It is one or the other of such considerations as these, but more usually all of them combined, which give such value as they ever possess to the prognostications of the Stock Exchange. For if the great body of investors (which comprises the mass of experienced business men and corporation managers) believe that all of the bad news has been "discounted" in prices, then they can hardly believe that much worse news is just ahead. If they find that money is so easy as to encourage purchases of stocks of business corporations, they should logically be encouraged also to put money into their private business. And if they really are convinced that a turn for the better is at hand in general industry, there is certainly nobody who has better means of forming such opinion.

This is why practical business men who never speculate, and who may not be large investors in securities, look constantly to the stock market's fluctuations for light on the outlook in their own affairs. The main reservation which experienced people make in drawing conclusions from the market's action, arises from the question whether the turn for the better is to be only momentary, or is to mark a decided change in the general situation. That will in most cases be determined by the action rather than the inaction of the outside investing public, when the speculators have halted in their tentative manœuvres.

The advance in prices after the Steel Trust suit was announced last autumn, which was based on just such expectation of better business, continued precisely two weeks, then ceased as suddenly as it had begun. In 1904, it continued from the middle of July up to the last weeks of December. But the trade revival which followed the stock market's advance in last November was similarly brief, whereas the Wall Street rise during 1904 preceded the continuous industrial expansion of the next two years.

If, then, one is to ask what tangible signs of business improvement are in sight, there may be pointed out two different sorts of indications, which may be classed as positive and negative. There is, for instance, last week's 10 per cent. estimated increase over 1911 in the checks drawn on all the country's banking institutions. In last week's cotton trade compilations, there was abundant evidence that the Northern spinners were making up for the small volume of their purchases earlier in the season. Their takings of cotton the past week are more than three times as great as in the same week last year; in the three past weeks they have taken 293,000 bales, as against the same period's 68,500 bales purchased in 1911. Even in the active trade of this season in 1907, the Northern mill takings of the same three weeks were only 214,000. This must have meant expectation of improving trade.

These comparisons plainly show the trend of things in one trade; whether the fortnightly railway car returns were equally significant, might be a question. On their face, the figures are very striking. They not only showed the number of idle cars to have been nearly cut in half since the preceding statement, but the total of side-tracked equipment was, with the exception of a single week, the smallest since November, 1909. Since the present year began, the idle cars have been reduced from 135,900 to 7,800, whereas in the same period a year ago, they rose from 106,900 to 189,800. But the present showing is probably complicated by the abnormal Western weather and the slowness of transportation. On the other hand, the Steel Corporation's monthly report of unfilled orders on its books, given out last week, showed increase of 74,479 tons during February. This is less brilliant than the 294,000-ton gain of January, but it leaves the largest total since 1909.

The rise or fall of the country's monthly iron output is ordinarily a sign of underlying tendencies in trade, and the fact that February's average daily production was the largest since June of 1910 is at least suggestive. A full year's output at the February rate would be 27,000,000 tons, whereas the largest actual yearly product of the past was 27,303,000. Along with this it must be considered that the Western farm communities have sold at highly remunerative prices the bulk of their grain crops of 1911, and that the Government last week figured out the smallest unsold reserve of wheat since 1905 and the smallest reserve of corn since 1904. Experienced Western observers are inferring good results from this, even in politics; for contentment or discontentment in the agricultural States has often been a decisive factor in a campaign of political agitation.

All these factors are no doubt embodied in the less tangible expression of

belief that what we call "business sentiment" is changing for the better. The following extract from a private letter to its clients, by one of the largest mercantile houses in the interior trade, whose army of salesmen regularly report to it on such matters, is one illustration:

General business seems still to be very quiet all over the country. Sentiment, however, does not seem to be pessimistic in the least. On the contrary, business men appear to be only waiting for further developments.

I do not believe that the fact that this is a Presidential year has had much if any effect upon general business as yet. In fact, I believe that the possible disturbance of such a contest has already been discounted. In the same way, also, I believe that the pending plans to revise the tariff have played little part in holding back general business. There are always people who look for the worst to happen from such a readjustment, but my investigation leads me to believe that the great mass of people are not paying the slightest attention to the stories respecting the direful things which may happen if the tariff is reduced.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Belloc, Hilaire. First and Last. Dutton. $1.25 net.

Bennett, Arnold. The Matador of the Five Towns, and Other Stories; Polite Farces for the Drawing Room. Doran. $1.20; $1 net.

Bjerknes V, and others. Dynamic Meteorology and Hydrography. Part II; and Atlas. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Bradford, T. L. Autobiography of a Baby. Revised edition. Philadelphia: David McKay. 50 cents.

Butler, E. B. Saleswomen in Mercantile Stores. Baltimore, 1909. Charities Pub. Committee. $1.08.

Butler, N. M. Why Should We Change Our Form of Government? Scribner. 75 cents net.

Canadian Men and Women of the Time. Edited by H. J. Morgan. Second edition. Toronto: William Briggs.

Carnegie Institution Anniversary Pamphlet. Washington.

Case, E. C., and others. Revision of the Amphibia and Pisces of the Permian of North America. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Danby, Frank. Joseph In Jeopardy. Macmillan. $1.35 net.

Dukes, Ashley. Modern Dramatists. Chicago: Sergel & Co. $1.50.

Dunlap, Knight. A System of Psychology. Scribner.

Earle, M. L. Classical Papers, with a Memoir. Columbia University Press, Lemcke & Buechner. $3 net.

Fowlkes, Hyde. Poems. Cosmopolitan Press.

Freytag's Das Nest der Zaunkönige Abridged and edited by E. C. Roedder and C. H. Handschin. Heath. 65 cents.

Furneaux, W. M. The Acts of the Apostles. Frowde. $2.90 net.

Galsworthy, John. The Pigeon: A Fantasy in Three Acts. Scribner. 60 cents net.

Holberg, Ludvig. Three Comedies. Translated from the Danish by H. W. L. Hime. Longmans. $1.25 net.

Ibsen. Viking edition. Vols. XI, XII, XIII. Scribner. $2 each.

Inexpensive Homes of Individuality. Edited by H. H. Saylor. New edition, enlarged. McBride, Nast & Co. 75 cents net.

Innes, A. D. England's Industrial Development. London: Rivingtons.

Isaacs, A. S. What is Judaism? Putnam.

Jaekel, Blair. Windmills and Wooden Shoes. McBride, Nast & Co. $1.10 net.

Jenkins, Herbert. Life of George Borrow. Putnam.

Jerrold, Clare. The Early Court of Queen Victoria. Putnam.

Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, 1712-1726. Richmond: Virginia State Library.

Judson, F. N. The Law of Interstate Commerce and Its Federal Regulation. Second edition. Chicago. T. H. Flood & Co.

Kennard, N. H. Lafcadio Hearn. Appleton. $2.50 net.

Kimball, Edward. The Dominant Chord. Boston: Page & Co. $1.25 net.

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Lee, Charles. Dorinda's Birthday. Dutton. 1.25 net.

McLaren, Amy. The Yoke of Silence. Putnam.

Mann, F. O. The Works of Thomas Deloney. Frowde. $5.75 net.

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May, T. E. The Constitutional History of England. Edited and continued to 1911 by Francis Holland. 3 vols. Longmans.

Mineral Resources of the United States. Part I, Metals; Part II, Nonmetals. 1910. Washington: U. S. Geological Survey.

Molière's Les Précieuses Ridicules, Le Médecin Malgré Lui; Tartuffe; Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme. Translated by C. H. Page. Putnam.

Moore, J. B. Four Phases of American Development. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. $1.50.

Nicholson, Meredith. A Hoosier Chronicle. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.40 net.

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Oppenheim, L. International Law: A Treatise. Vol I, Peace. Second edition. Longmans.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1912.

The Week

President Taft is a most vexing man to attack. He does not explode, nor go off half-cocked, and has a very exasperating way of keeping quiet under repeated challenges and demands and taunts. But just as his enemies are joyfully proclaiming that they have got him cornered and defeated, and are filled with glee at the great "issue" they have made against him, he comes out with a calm statement which sets the whole matter at rest. This is what Mr. Taft did on Monday in his address to the Massachusetts Legislature on the subject of Presidential primaries. His personal attitude was that of welcoming them wherever, as by the new Massachusetts statute, they can be properly safeguarded and made actually to express the will of the rank and file of the party. But he pointed out, what everybody knows to be the fact, that in the majority of the States it is impossible to procure such legislation in time for use this year. There are, however, existing primary systems in nearly all of the States for the election of delegates to the National Convention, and with those we must for the present get along as best we can. For thus frankly stating his position, the President was enthusiastically applauded by the Legislature, as he was, indeed, at all his appearances in Boston. It will be noted, also, that he received words of the warmest approval from Cardinal O'Connell, in flat disregard of Oyster Bay's proprietary rights in all Cardinals.

It would be premature to say that the Roosevelt movement is failing, but the fact is plain to all that it is not going ahead with the rush and roar predicted. And in the Colonel's case, the psychology of the crowd is a vital element. If he does not appear to be winning, there is imminent danger of his losing. When it cannot be said that his boom is going strong, then it must be admitted that it is going feebly. For the whole campaign for him was based on the theory of prairie-fires and earthquakes. The country was instantly to blaze and quiver when he announced his candidacy. But it did not, and it does not. Even the early blare is dying away, and the delegates continue to be instructed for Taft with monotonous regularity. His score now is about 130 to Roosevelt's 12 or 14. And in the States of large population and many delegates—New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Indiana—there is no sign of anything more than scattering and ineffective support for the Colonel. Even in far Western States, which were expected to give one shout for him and then all would be over, strong opposition to him is being manifested. In Indiana, the *Star* chain of newspapers has dropped the Colonel. If this sort of news keeps on coming day after day, his boom will begin to look sickly.

The La Follette factor in the Republican nomination quarrel came into distinct prominence with the publication of the Wisconsin man's open letter to the Republican Progressives of North Dakota, followed by his victory in the primaries. When Roosevelt became President, he says, the capitalization of the Trusts and great railway combinations was $3,874,000,000; "when he turned the country over to Taft, whom he had selected as his successor, the total capitalization of the Trusts and combinations amounted to the enormous sum of $31,672,000,000, more than 70 per cent. of which was water." And he declares the oppression of the people by the special interests that have been thus swelling visibly under the eyes of the Colonel and his "selected successor" to be the "one great issue overshadowing and including all others." For cold-blooded promptness in abandoning a man you have been professing to support, the instant he got into trouble, the shuffling-off of La Follette by the Rooseveltian Progressives would be hard to match. "Here's your hat—what's your hurry?" is not regarded as the most civil of all ways to get rid of a man of whom you have had enough; but it is the pink of politeness in comparison with what was done to the Wisconsin Senator by men who, only a day or two before, had professed to be his enthusiastic followers. Now comes the revenge.

It is stated on behalf of Mr. Woodrow Wilson's managers that they regard the result in Kansas as a good deal of a victory, because, although the delegation stands committed to Champ Clark for first choice, it is pledged to Woodrow Wilson for second choice. To our mind, there is even more reason than this for satisfaction in the case. To be the first choice of the profound statesmen who concocted the platform adopted by the Kansans would be a weight heavier than Mr. Wilson, or any other respectable candidate, ought to find it agreeable to be called upon to carry. Their programme includes, among other things, the Sherwood pension bill, which, of course, suits Champ Clark down to the ground, since he ostentatiously stepped down from the Speaker's chair for the purpose of having his vote recorded in favor of it. It calls for the election of Federal judges by direct vote of the people, and of Interstate Commerce Commissioners by the same method; and, since it also demands "the recall of public officials when they have become derelict in duty," it seems a safe inference—putting this and that together—that these true friends of the people don't propose to stand any foolishness on the part of the men whom the people have drest in a little brief authority to look into railway rates for them. The "initiative and referendum in all lawmaking" is their modest demand in that direction.

The proposal to provide by act of Congress for an extension to coal-mining of the arrangements for averting strikes which are furnished by the Erdman act in the case of interstate railways is worthy of the most serious consideration. The question of industrial peace or industrial war in a labor dispute often turns on the possibility of getting upon the dispute the light of a disinterested inquiry and the judgment of a set of men in whom both sides have a reasonable degree of confidence. In the present disagreement between the anthracite mine owners and the mine workers, while both sides have thus far seemed determined to stick to their positions, there has been apparently more readiness to make plain statements of the reasons for their attitude than used

to be exhibited in former times, and this is the next thing to a willingness to have the quarrel looked into by some impartial body. So far as the province of the Federal Government is concerned, the supply of coal may be ranked with the railways themselves as an indispensable part of the machinery of interstate commerce, and the providing of an apparatus of mediation and voluntary arbitration to keep that machinery from being unnecessarily blocked would not seem to be an unwarrantable extension of Federal functions.

For the first time for some years, the Supreme Court has presented the spectacle of a decision of intense public interest made by a close division of its membership. By a vote of four to three, it sustained the claim of the holder of a patent to such powers of control as, in the judgment of the dissenting judges, constitute an unreasonable extension of monopolistic privilege. The point at issue was the right of the seller of a patent mimeograph machine to compel purchasers to use in connection with it only materials supplied by himself. Apparently, the central point in Justice Lurton's argument sustaining this claim turns on the fact that the patentee could, if he chose, under our law, suppress his patent altogether, neither selling nor permitting any one to use the patented things. Having adverted to this, he goes on to say:

> The market for the sale of such articles to the users of his machines, which by such a condition he takes to himself, was a market which he alone created by the making and the selling of the new invention. Had he kept his invention to himself no ink could have been sold by others for use upon machines embodying that invention. By selling it subject to the restriction he took nothing from others, and in no wise restricted their legitimate market.

That this view is not without color of reason may be admitted; but it is a case of stretching the evil side of a law beyond its necessary consequences, a defect often to be found in judicial decisions.

Remedial legislation following up the decision of the Supreme Court in the patent cases ought not to be allowed to slumber. What the judges so plainly indicated as desirable, Congress should not neglect. Long before the decision of the Court was announced, the possibility of harmful and oppressive monopolies in connection with the sale and use of patents had been foreseen, and bills had been introduced to prevent the evil. Last June, for example, two bills were offered by Representative Thayer of Massachusetts against "restrictions or discriminations in the sale, lease, or license of tools, implements, appliances, or machinery covered by the United States patent laws." By the same Congressman a bill was introduced on January 15, providing for the annulment of patents not made use of within three years from their date. Hearings have been held by the Judiciary Committee on these and similar measures, and a report and recommendations ought soon to be forthcoming. The matter is of the greatest practical importance. Thousands of manufacturers and business men are impatiently waiting for Congress to act, and if nothing is done there will be not only widespread disappointment but suspicion of corruption.

The Congregational minister who is president of the Ohio Constitutional Convention is a new type in our political life. The clergyman in politics has hitherto appeared in a non-official rôle, and almost invariably in connection with what are usually described as "moral" issues—the liquor problem, public gambling, the protection of women and children, and tenement-house reform. From their pulpits the clergy have begun to speak out on public matters that are not so distinctly "moral." The Rev. Henry A. Buchtel was Governor of Colorado from 1907 to 1909, but even Dr. Buchtel attained public office by way of the chancellorship of the University of Denver. Of the able way in which the Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow presides over the deliberations of the Constitutional Convention at Columbus, there are no two opinions. His opponents content themselves with asserting that his methods are as "practical" as those of any professional politician, and that he has at his finger ends the science of manipulating caucuses and packing committees. But it is also on record that Dr. Bigelow has repeatedly left the president's chair and by sheer eloquence from the floor has overcome hostile majorities.

Immediate results of the Chicago Civil Service Commission's investigation of the Police Department, now ended, are the dismissal or resignation of twenty-eight policemen, including nineteen inspectors, captains, lieutenants, and sergeants; the closing of numbers of dives and saloons; the abolition of the position of inspector; and clear proof of politics in the Department. The full report of the Commission will come later, but already the sincerity of Mayor Harrison in ordering the investigation has been shown. The work has been accomplished in six months at a cost of $50,000. The wealth of material unearthed by the Commission is illustrated by the fact that only a small part of the evidence regarding police laxity was used in the various trials of accused men. A more attractive picture is the exoneration of four sergeants and twenty-nine patrolmen against whom charges were filed. The Mayor gave no sign of yielding to the political pressure that was put upon him to stop the investigation, and promise of a far-reaching reform is the result.

The Seattle election took place two weeks ago; nevertheless, the actual figures relating to the single-tax vote—which were only very vaguely referred to in the press dispatches—seem to us interesting enough to mention. There were two single-tax propositions submitted, and they were numbers 1 and 2 in the list of 27 propositions to be voted on by the people, so that they had the most favorable possible place for attracting attention. Proposition No. 1, described as a "graduated single-tax plan," was beaten four to one, the vote against it being 31,450 and the vote in its favor 8,032; proposition No. 2, designated as an "immediate single-tax plan," fared better, but yet was beaten more than two to one, the vote being 27,820 to 12,191. As will be seen, the total vote on either proposition scarcely passed 40,000, though the total vote for Mayor was 62,808. In view of the tremendous effort that had been made by the propagandists of the single tax, and the wonderful stories of magical prosperity produced by the move in that direction across the Canadian border at Vancouver, the fact that only 12,000 voters out of the 62,000 that went to the polls yielded to its seductions is highly interesting.

It is easy to believe that Senator Smoot is well within the truth in his

statements regarding possible savings in the Government Printing Office. Ten million virtually worthless documents in Washington, the accumulation of seventeen years, must be typical of smaller but equally useless collections of the same kind all over the country. Every college library that has been made a depository of Government publications not only discards many of them as soon as they are received, in many cases without going through the formality of opening them, but has whole shelves filled with reports of one sort and another that nobody ever looks into. Even when reverence for the printed page amounts to an obsession, it ought to be possible to draw the line at some of the Government presses. The actual loss due to defective methods of distributing public documents is put at not less than $25,000,000 in the last seventeen years; the loss due to printing matter that should either never have been put in type or issued in small quantities is beyond accurate estimate, but must be immense. One weakness in the existing system is the discretionary power of the Public Printer in the expenditure of a million dollars a year for machinery and material, but the cardinal defect is the publishing and mailing of tons of useless matter. In its seven years' work the Printing Investigating Commission has effected a saving of several million dollars at trifling cost. By means of Senator Smoot's bill, providing for a permanent organization for the Government Printing Office, or otherwise, even greater economies should be assured.

Professions of abhorrence for lynchings and lynchers have been frequently made by individuals and associations. Unfortunately, such declarations have not always been lived up to when mob passion has been aroused. Yet we note with pleasure a plank in the platform which the Republican Convention of Tennessee adopted on Tuesday. It reads:

> We condemn and deplore the anarchy of lynching. No more terrible crime can be conceived and committed than that of the mob which interferes with the orderly processes of justice, takes prisoners from the custody of officers of the law, and visits red-handed and barbaric vengeance upon the heads of untried and unconvicted men. This is not a crime merely against the helpless and miserable victim, but it is an awful outrage upon organized society.

By the death of Rear-Admiral Melville the navy loses one of its ablest and most virile officers. Endowed with an active and original mind, he was for years a bureaucrat who refused to become a mere routine desk-officer or one subservient to the controlling naval influence of the day. Nobody could make him change an opinion once conscientiously held, or silence him by throwing out any suggestions that it would be to his advantage to keep quiet. Thus he stuck to his triple-screw-ship idea when everybody else opposed it. He never conceded that the Maine was blown up from the outside, not even when to think otherwise was almost equivalent to treason. His annual reports as Chief Engineer were models of frank discussion of the questions at issue. He never gave in to the big-navy mania, and only recently he stated again his opinion that the taking of the Philippines was a horrible blunder. Not being a self-advertiser, he was comparatively unknown to the general public. Yet his services as Chief Engineer entitled him to the highest recognition. As for his Arctic services, the history of Polar exploration contains no more moving story than Rear-Admiral Melville's part in the ill-fated De Long expedition, where he acted with clear judgment, dauntless bravery, and determination. It is a fine type of public servant who has thus passed from the scene.

It seems that there are distinctions in the delicate art of city "boosting." For several months we have found many columns in the journals of "greater" cities from Bear Trap, Me., to Orange Pit, Cal., filled with accounts of the prosperity, probity, and push of their citizens, with other alliterative qualities, making them famous above all other towns. Indeed, special "boosters'" editions have been a thriving crop in the South and West. But only recently have we learned that boosting is more than mere noise or display; even more than art. It is an exact science. Dr. George Vincent defined it in Chicago the other day:

> There are three kinds of city boosting, he said, the self-hypnotic, the deprecatory, and the constructive. The hypnotic booster feeds on imagination. He says the city is beautiful, and by dint of constant repetition becomes convinced that it is beautiful. Boosting is the apotheosis of mendacity. The deprecatory booster raises himself by pushing another city down. This is the manifestation of the old gang spirit—the conviction that "my gang is better than yours." The constructive booster elevates real and not imaginary things.

The Germans may be robust in mind and equipped with masculine good sense, but they also have temper, and that temper is apt to be sadly rasped by Mr. Churchill's plain, blunt statement that Great Britain must keep her navy 60 per cent. above Germany's. Let it be admitted that Mr. Churchill spoke good sense. Germany's programme of building ships against England is a hopeless one under any eventualities that can be considered within the range of probability; and undoubtedly it would redound to the benefit of the taxpayers in both countries if the mad competition should slacken or cease. But Mr. Churchill virtually asked the German Government openly to declare itself beaten and drop out of the race; and that is a suggestion which the German temper is hardly capable of receiving with good grace. The British First Lord of the Admiralty is no such novice in politics as to underestimate the necessity of conciliating national susceptibilities. Contrary to what he said, it does require careful negotiation to dispose of so delicate a problem.

No broad significance attaches to last Thursday's attempt upon the life of the Italian King. The popularity of Victor Emmanuel III, always considerable, has grown of late as a result of the revival of national feeling occasioned by the celebration of the semi-centennial of Italian union and by the war with Turkey. There have recently been fervent demonstrations of loyalty in Rome, and such exhibitions of popular feeling tend to encourage counter-demonstrations among the small class of half-demented and physically degenerate fanatics who voice their protests "against the present organization of society" with revolver or dynamite. In general, it may be observed that the anarchism of to-day is drifting away from the crude method of protest by individual assassination. The foe of organized society, anarchism is itself tending towards organization. The anarchistic virus has to a certain extent penetrated into the socialist and labor movements. The euphemistic phrase, "direct action," has grown familiar. But if direct action does employ dynamite and sabotage, it uses them as part of a campaign, not as an instrument for sporadic individual killing.

A QUESTION OF FUNDAMENTALS.

The resolutions adopted by the Union League Club in New York the other night, condemning the recall of judges and Mr. Roosevelt's plan of "reviewing at the polls the decisions of our highest courts upon Constitutional questions," are couched in strong language. They denounce these projects as "dangerous and revolutionary proposals which threaten to overthrow in a common ruin both justice and freedom." Yet these resolutions were offered as the result of careful deliberation by the club's committee on political reform, were accompanied by an elaborate report, and were adopted without a dissenting voice at the meeting of the club, at which the attendance was of unusual magnitude.

A favorite method of belittling the opposition to a radical proposal like that launched by Mr. Roosevelt is to charge the objectors with extravagance of language. They, it is said, talk of chaos, and anarchy, and the mob, whereas it is quite plain that no such convulsion would be precipitated by the adoption of the proposal. But in a case which involves the fundamentals of government, it matters little whether the language employed by the opponents of an innovation is overstrained or not. The real question is whether they are right or wrong in their conviction that the proposal does actually strike at a vital part of the organization of our government. If they are wrong in this belief, there is nothing more to say; but if they are right, then it is of little pertinence to point out that they might have put their condemnation in more carefully guarded language. When the members of the Union League Club speak of "proposals which threaten to overthrow in a common ruin both justice and freedom," they are not talking about things likely to happen in the next six months, or the next four years; they are expressing, with the energy and emphasis which are natural in such a case, the conviction that to preserve "justice and freedom" permanently, we must have a judiciary independent of popular clamor, and judicial decisions unreversible by popular vote. Not those are shallow and superficial who point to the danger that these changes threaten in the future, but those who, grasping at the first convenient instrument for hastening their immediate ends, ignore the larger elements on which depend the permanent safety and welfare of the country. The sentiment expressed by the Union League Club resolution and by Mr. Taft in his various speeches is, we are convinced, the sentiment of sober Americans generally.

There is in Mr. Roosevelt's proposal a certain wrongheadedness which would make its adoption peculiarly dangerous. In actual operation, it could hardly fail to be far more destructive of the idea of Constitutional restraint than would a proposal to take away altogether from the courts the power of passing on the Constitutionality of legislative acts. If the Legislature were expressly made the final judge in the matter, it would be a solemn matter of conscience, with such of the members as had a full sense of their responsibility, to let no bill pass which, in their judgment, was not in keeping with the Constitution; and indeed it has often been objected to the present system that this sense of responsibility is weakened by the knowledge that the final word is not with the Legislature, but with the courts. But under Mr. Roosevelt's plan there would be an express acknowledgment that the real criterion of Constitutionality was not that furnished by a judicial study of the statute and a comparison of it with the fundamental law, but by the will of the people as it is to be declared in a popular election. A legislator might think in his own heart that a bill was unconstitutional; he might be confident that the courts would so declare; but he might well say to himself that, after all, it is for the people to say whether that was *their* view of the Constitution or not, and it was not for him to interfere. Can it be doubted that this would soon become the normal attitude of Legislatures, when a majority vote of the people had become established as the final arbiter of Constitutional issues?

Now, the wrongheadedness to which we have referred consists in nothing less than forgetting what Constitutions are for. Their paramount object is to prevent the powers that be at a given time from doing what they are inclined to do at that time, if the deliberate judgment recorded in the fundamental law forbids it. The very time that this restraint becomes of importance is the time when the people are strongly bent upon doing the forbidden or questionable thing. Mr. Roosevelt's proposed plébiscite could do nothing more than record this desire once again, as it had already been recorded by the Legislature. Congress, by an overwhelming vote, passed the Civil Rights bill in Andrew Johnson's time; it was passed over the President's veto by a two-thirds vote of both houses. The Supreme Court pronounced it void; but there cannot be a moment's doubt that a popular vote would have triumphantly endorsed the action of Congress. The nation bowed to the Court's decision; and if the question were to come up to-day, after a lapse of more than four decades, the popular vote would be ten to one in favor of the Court and against Congress. But, whether right or wrong, the Court, by its construction of the Constitution, on a matter of immeasurable public importance, squarely blocked a policy which an overwhelming majority of the people were bent upon pursuing. There is no telling when a situation equally grave, and fraught with equally lasting consequences, may arise in the Union at large, or in any State; and, under the principle embodied in Mr. Roosevelt's scheme, the Constitutional barrier would be as though it were not. Under the principle of it, we say; since it is not only the mechanism of the particular scheme, but still more the principle manifestly underlying it, that would work the mischief. For, however much it may be disavowed, that principle is in fact nothing less than the principle that a Constitutional restraint shall operate only with the consent of the majority for the time being; in other words, that the restraint shall be removed at the very time when it is most sorely needed.

STRENGTHENING THE NEUTRALITY LAWS.

Nothing more gratifying has happened in Washington for many a day than the prompt response of Congress to the President's request for more power in dealing with the vexed situation on the Mexican border. What he asked for was virtually an amendment of the neutrality laws, enabling him to prevent the shipment of arms and ammunition into Mexico. This is no war measure. It is distinctly a means of preserving peace. Yet Congress showed itself both swift and hearty in acting upon this suggestion by the President. This gives the lie to two contentions which have been

commonly made: one being that Congress, and especially the Senate, cannot be got to act rapidly; and the other that the only occasion on which House and Senate will unitedly "stand behind" the President is when he asks for fifty or a hundred millions to make ready to go to war.

The case for such action as the President has appealed for and Congress is willing to take is wholy clear. Our existing neutrality laws are inadequate to meet the conditions on the Mexican frontier. The sections of the Revised Statutes of the United States covering the obligations of neutrality have been left behind by modern developments. It is made by law a "high misdemeanor" to fit out or arm vessels for service under a foreign Government or against it, as it is also to set on foot or equip a "military expedition or enterprise" against the rulers or the people of another country; and to the President power is given to use our land or naval forces to prevent these violations of neutrality. The statutes, however, do not cover the sale and shipping of weapons and ammunition to foreign belligerents. In case of actual war, they would, of course, be sold and forwarded subject to seizure as contraband of war. Even as the matter stands in Mexico to-day, such arms are sold and sent on at the owner's or purchaser's risk, since the agents of the Mexican Government would undoubtedly seize them if they could lay hands on them. But the border is long and cannot be thoroughly guarded. The facility with which guns and cartridges can be shipped across is notorious. In effect, this often amounts to much the same thing as equipping a military expedition. The rifles are got over the river at one point, the men at another; on the other side the men get the guns, and the mischief is done.

What President Taft now asks and what Congress has granted is power to prohibit the export of arms and munitions of war, whenever he shall find that "conditions of domestic violence exist in any American country," and also is convinced that such disorder is inflamed and prolonged by ability to obtain military supplies in the United States. There can be no question that such authority would be used discreetly by the President. Nor can there be any question that warrant in law to prevent "gun-running" over the border is what our Government needs in order to cope with the state of affairs along the Mexican line. The duty of the President in the premises is twofold. He should seek to restrain American citizens from meddling in Mexico, and he should strive to render every friendly service possible to a neighboring republic threatened with causeless revolution and something like anarchy. There is, unfortunately, evidence that some Americans are selfishly interested in stirring up trouble in Mexico. The clamor and pressure for intervention by this country have been highly suspicious. If the reports are only half true which say that a fund of $4,000,000 is lying in El Paso banks for the purpose of financing a Mexican insurrection, inquiry ought to be made what Americans have given any part of the money and for what purpose.

On the other side, the general interest of this country surely is that the Madero Government should be able to sustain itself and give to Mexico the assurance of stability. There is much loose talk about the peril of American citizens and investments in Mexico. As to the former, nobody but marauders or crafty revolutionists would harm them, since intelligent Mexicans understand perfectly that the surest way to provoke intervention would be to commit outrages upon Americans. It is this fact which leads observers who have just returned from Mexico to affirm that Americans are safer in that country than any other persons. And as for American capital in Mexico, there is no evidence that it is in danger, while there is, if not evidence, at least a strong suspicion that some American capitalists are scheming to increase the value of their Mexican holdings by forcing an American occupation or annexation. Against their subterranean plans, too, the power which the President has sought from Congress could be effectively used.

ACCIDENTS AND BROKEN RAILS.

The wreck of the New York Central's Twentieth Century Limited near Poughkeepsie, last week, as a result of a broken rail, was the fourth railway accident of the present year due to that cause, and a fifth was reported immediately after it from Iowa. That lives were lost in only two of these successive derailings on the Rutland, New Haven, Wabash, New York Central, and Chicago Great Western Railways, is no doubt reassuring. Such immunity is reasonably ascribed to the increasing use of steel passenger cars in place of the old-time wooden cars, where the danger in case of accident came mainly from fire, "telescoping," or flying splinters.

But it will hardly do to trust in such immunity. The Interstate Commerce Commission, in its annual report of last December, called attention to the "numerous and startling" increase in accidents due to broken rails. In the year ending with June, 1902, the Commission pointed out, only 78 derailments were thus caused, whereas in 1911 the total was 249. In the past decade, 2,059 accidents were thus accounted for by the Commission, and they resulted in 106 deaths and 4,112 cases of personal injury. In concluding that part of its report, the Commission strongly urged a Governmental investigation of the matter "on purely scientific lines" and not necessarily by the Interstate Commission itself.

The Commission's own experts have already taken up the matter of the Twentieth Century wreck; but we strongly agree with their recommendation of last December that the investigation should be conducted on a larger scale. It is time, in our opinion, that the public at large should know from a thoroughly competent and impartial board of inquiry exactly what is the matter. This is, indeed, all the more necessary, since the discussion is already complicated and obscured by controversy between the rail manufacturers and the railways.

The rail-makers contend, in general, that present-day traffic is too heavy for a rail which used to serve all necessary purposes, and the Interstate Commission itself, in reporting on one accident of last year, suggested that "possibly the maximum weight of power and rolling stock that can safely be used on rails of present-day manufacture has been reached, if indeed it has not been passed." But against this explanation, some railway men allege that the quality of rails turned out to-day is deteriorating, and the statement that last week's broken rail on the New York Central was not of the smaller weight, but was a 112-pound rail, the heaviest nowadays laid down, is of great significance.

The vice-president of the Great Northern Railway, replying to the argument of the steel manufacturers, lately made this public statement:

> We have found this year that 68-pound rails laid down twelve or thirteen years ago are giving better service than 90-pound rails laid down two or three years ago, and this under exactly the same conditions of traffic.

Mr James J. Hill supplemented this by the statement that "most mills turn out too large a number of rails in a given time. We are still using some Krupp rails made in Germany twenty-two years ago, and they are in better condition than most American rails bought in recent years."

Still more explicitly, in commenting on last month's conference on this very question between steel manufacturers and railway officers, the *Railway Age-Gazette*, a high authority, had this to say:

> One road which recently made a careful analysis of over 500 rail failures found that 95 per cent. of them would have been prevented by good practice in manufacturing. If the trouble is with the specifications it is inexplicable that under the same specifications, one of the Steel Corporation's own largest mills makes rails which break twice as often in proportion as do those made by another of its largest mills. If, on the contrary, rail failures are chiefly due to excessive fast rolling or other defects of mill practice, the fact that the record made by the rails from one of these mills is very much better than that made by those from the other is easily understood.
>
> The Steel Corporation, by the admission of its president, has not been and is not now performing its public duty of making safe rails. His attempt to put the blame on the railways fails, for it was because the steel companies were making poor rails that the railways began insisting on improvements in specifications and mill practice—improvements they have as yet been unable, chiefly because of the monopoly conditions in the steel trade, to obtain.

It will be seen that a further question of very large scope is involved in this last citation—whether quality of output does not suffer as a result of restriction or suppression of free competition in manufacture. Into this question, which concerns many other industries than rail manufactures, and which has highly important bearing on the familiar assertion that the "era of competition is dead" and fortunately so, we do not propose at this time to enter. There will be opportunity enough for that when the question is settled whether or not the pressure on powerful manufacturing combinations to turn out their product hastily, so as to swell volume of output and maintain dividends on an enormous capitalization, was an incidental cause of these recent railway disasters. In any case, a matter in which the safety and life of the travelling public, in every section of the country, are so seriously involved, must be taken up at once by the Government authorities.

SERVING THE PEOPLE FOR PAY.

Dr. Wiley's retirement from the Government service takes place under circumstances which make it impossible to judge to what extent official difficulties and to what extent pecuniary considerations may have influenced his decision. No one will question his motives. After thirty years' faithful labor at Washington he is entitled to consider himself at liberty to serve his private interests as best he can. The Chief Chemist is a man of sixty-eight, though few people would suspect this from the vigor with which he has fought in a good cause. Advancing old age has its claims, and, unfortunately, the United States Government has not yet seen fit to pension the men who have grown gray in its service, as do the English and other European Governments. Thus Dr. Wiley takes his place with the long list of judges who have descended from the bench to resume the practice of law, of Governors who have declined a re-election because their duty to their family—so the common phrase runs—makes it incumbent upon them to find employers who pay better than the State.

But it would be unjust to say that in this matter all the responsibility lies with the State or the nation. When judges and Governors are paid something more than what is just enough to attract mediocre talent, when a system of civil pensions offers public servants a guarantee against old age, it will still remain true that on a mere money basis the Government cannot compete with the private employer in commanding the services of the highest talent in the community. A man of first-rate ability in the Governor's office may be easily worth a million dollars a year to the State, but no Governor will ever receive a salary of one-twentieth that amount; whereas there are corporation lawyers who do approach within comfortable distance of that respectable sum. Evidently, then, other considerations must come into play. And as a matter of fact, they do come into play all the time. Zeal in serving the interests of the people, and the laudable desire for distinction and high office, are constantly bringing into the public employ men who perform their public duties at what we usually describe as a personal sacrifice. The question is whether the force of such motives among us is not growing weaker with time—whether the rise in the standard of living, or the growth of extravagance, as one may prefer to call it, is not exercising a steadily increasing pressure on public officials. The demands of a man's duty to his family are growing more severe until in some instances it should almost seem as though the family were one of the enemies of the State we have to reckon with to-day.

To speak of a good name as being better than riches sounds like copy-book sentiment in this practical age. But one wonders whether the truths that underlie the sentiment have entirely disappeared. When Justice Harlan died last summer leaving behind him an estate of less than ten thousand dollars, there was an outburst of admiration all over the country for this example of republican simplicity and public devotion. It called up Rome "in the brave days of old." The tributes to Judge Harlan's memory were the acknowledgment of a virtue which only a few of us are strong enough to emulate. But we prefer to think that there must still be many boyish souls upon whom the example of Justice Harlan fell with a fine moral glow. We believe that the spectacle of a Governor of New York struggling along bravely on a meagre salary exercises a tonic effect upon the entire body of our citizenship. We are convinced that the old, austere virtues hold an immense appeal for the masses. We find this exemplified to a considerable degree in the person of Mayor Gaynor. In spite of conspicuous defects of temper and judgment, in spite of a formidable talent for making himself ridiculous, it is not to be denied that the Mayor has impressed himself on people of this city by revealing some of those blunt and robust qualities which we also think of as honest qualities—that rasping, Catonian courage we associate with the good old times.

Now, it is true that a man will frequently take risks himself that he refuses to impose upon those who are dear

to him. Duty to the state will yield before duty to one's family. A loyal public servant may find the memory of his services and his loyalty enough to sustain him in contentment during a meagrely-financed old age; but what of his children? This is a practical question which can be met in a practical way. Putting it very bluntly, a good name can be capitalized. Given the initial advantage of education, is there no value to any young man starting out in life in his father's good reputation? It is not a question of a man finding his problem solved just because he is his father's son, but of more easily obtaining a hearing because he is his father's son. The history of American politics contains many instances of the practical value of a well-known and honored name. Thus in more than one sense the man who gives his best to the country does not leave his children destitute.

The problem is complex with so many factors, personal and public, ethical and prudential, that no man can be criticised for acting up to his own knowledge and his own conscience. One can only regret that bread-and-butter considerations should contribute in any degree towards depriving the country's service of the talents of a man like Speaker Reed, or Dr. Wiley, or—as seemed probable for a time—of Charles E. Hughes. But one would think that there were duties and opportunities from which no material consideration ought to separate a man. Who, at first blush, would not be proud to enjoy the opportunities for magnificent effort and a magnificent reputation that the building of the Panama Canal offered? Here was a task upon which the eye of the world has been fixed from the beginning; even the pay is not bad. Yet the first three men to whom this splendid opportunity was given, one after the other, retired to go into private employ at higher pay.

ANOMALIES IN PICTURE-PRICES.

That veteran critic and collector, Henri Rochefort, lately remarked of the price of pictures that it all *depends* upon the nail on which they hang. To apply the dictum to local conditions, if the nail is driven through the plush of a Fifth Avenue dealer, the dependent picture is appraised in five figures or in six; if the nail is driven through the plaster of some humbler establishment in a side street, the same picture is dear at three or four figures; if the nail belongs to a little dealer or an obscure auctioneer, the picture is worth whatever you will offer for it. In short, almost nobody buys pictures, and the startling prices that are daily recorded in the press are not paid for pictures at all, but for the glamour of accredited salesrooms, the suavity of great dealers, or the notoriety of the former owners.

Some recent events seem to bear out this rather cynical theory that the high prices are a result of pure snobbery. William M. Chase has just sold at auction a lot of canvases collected with the taste of one who is at once a great painter and an accomplished connoisseur. Well, this elect lot of pictures, representing many of the most prized deceased artists, average to bring about three hundred dollars apiece. And here immediately arises a paradox. For three hundred dollars you might perhaps buy some slighter work of a young American exhibitor in the Academy, but it would require several times that sum to buy a work of any American artist of established reputation. That is, at this sale one could have bought good paintings by painters whose fame is already historic for a fraction of the price of current work by actively productive men whose enduring quality is not merely problematical, but obviously doubtful. The conclusion seems clear that most buying of modern painting must rest rather upon friendship or caprice than upon taste, or that there must have been some especial reason why Mr. Chase's treasures brought only a fraction of their value. The inference seems inevitable that in the studio of a mere painter and man of taste they had been hanging upon the wrong sort of nails.

Other recent facts support this interpretation. To name certain sales of the artistic remains of multi-millionaires might be invidious. Suffice it to note that these sales contained many painters, the examples no better, represented in Mr. Chase's collection, and the prices were from five to ten times higher. What made the difference? Why, the knowledge that these multi-millionaire pictures had hung on very expensive nails, the comforting assurance that lots of money had been spent for the pictures themselves, and perhaps a corresponding misgiving that Mr. Chase had bought his fine pictures cheap. The Italians have a proverb about the sweetness of lips that have already been kissed, and clearly the American amateur has somewhat the same predilection for pictures already consecrated by the golden shower.

On the purely economic side the case is worthy of investigation. The enormous prices paid for pictures that happen to be hung on the right nail has actually depreciated the general art market. The great run of fine pictures not technically of the highest rarity bring less to-day than they did twenty years ago. The large dealers flourish while the multitude of little antiquaries who minister to collectors of taste and moderate means find it hard to make a living. For the astute amateur this spells opportunity, for art museums with limited funds it means impotence, for the general art market a degree of demoralization. In twenty years all art objects conventionally "of highest rarity" have appreciated about twenty-fold in price, while, as we have said, the general scale of value for merely fine works of art has probably been considerably lowered. The art market has abolished the comparative degree, and works only in the positive and superlative. The cause of this somewhat grotesque phenomenon is the presence of half-a-dozen collectors, mostly Americans and none of the finest taste. They pay without question any price that is asked for what seems to them a masterpiece, and their competition has sent a narrow line of art values soaring with a speed for which the Stock Exchange itself affords inadequate parallels.

The question is, How long will it last? Even æsthetically active multi-millionaires are mortal, and three or four deaths might knock the bottom out of the present inflated market. Not necessarily, however. There might be sons of like mind, or there might conceivably be new recruits of equally enthusiastic disposition towards the pictures that have hung on the right nail. Yet when it gets about that masterpieces of the most indisputable artistic value have all along been bought off the wrong nails for very moderate prices, the zeal for costly extraneities may wane. If this were to come about, there would certainly be temporary consternation where the right nails are at present driven, but it is hard to see that the

republic would thereby take either æsthetic or financial harm.

THROUGH THE OUTLOOKING GLASS

Soon they came to the top of the hill and Alice saw a large, heavy man with a genial smile standing on the lawn of the White House.

"That," said the Red Knight with a frown, "is a deceptive candidate for the Presidency."

"Why do you call him deceptive?" said Alice.

"Because he always says what he means," replied the Red Knight.

"But that isn't deceiving at all," said Alice.

"Yes, it is," said the Red Knight angrily. "A man like that deceives people's hopes for novelty and excitement. Now *I* am a receptive candidate."

"I don't know what that means, either," said Alice.

"It means," said the Red Knight, "a candidate who receives his views and his principles as he moves along. I am also a perceptive candidate because I am as quick as lightning at perceiving which way the wind blows. Furthermore, I am an inceptive candidate, and a susceptive candidate, and an acceptive candidate. That big man you see over there is my friend. But he has queer notions about some things. For instance, he says he'd rather be a White Knight than be President."

"Aren't you going to say 'Good morning' to him, if he is your friend?" said Alice.

"Oh, no," said the Red Knight. "I never do things like other people. I treat my friends and my enemies alike. I give them all a square deal."

"It seems to me, then," said Alice, "that what you want to do is to walk over and shake hands and say 'I hope you are feeling quite well, and here is a square deal for you.' "

"That would never do," said the Red Knight. "When I give a friend a square deal, I give it to him between his shoulder-blades, especially if he has broad shoulders like this man in front of us."

"I don't see that the size of the man's shoulders has anything to do with it," said Alice.

"That is because you have forgotten your geometry," said the Red Knight. "If you hadn't, you'd know that a square deal on the hypothenuse is equal to the sum of the square deals on the other two sides."

"Sometimes," said the Red Knight, "a situation arises where mere words will not do at all. Look at this paper, for instance."

"It's a telegram, isn't it?" said Alice.

"A special night-letter," said the Red Knight. "It's from the Prime Minister of Kansas. It says: 'When you take a third cup at breakfast, do you drink coffee like the plain people, or cocoa like the enemies of progress?' Now, words alone could not express my views on the subject. The only way I can answer this highly important question is like this."

And then, to Alice's astonishment, the Red Knight descended from his horse and stood up straight in the air on his hands, as Alice had frequently seen her little brother do in the back-yard at home.

"On the one hand," said the Red Knight lifting his right arm from the ground and tipping dangerously to the left, "I believe that the right of the common people to drink coffee in the morning is inalienable, and if the Constitution is in the way, it should be recalled. On the other hand," suiting his action to the word and tipping dangerously to the right, "if some people are put upon a cocoa diet by doctor's orders, they should be at liberty to drink cocoa even if they are rich. I think," concluded the Red Knight as he got to his feet quite breathless and very red in the face, "that the Prime Minister of Kansas will henceforth know how I stand upon the subject."

"I didn't know you were so clever at gymnastics," said Alice with sincere admiration.

"Oh, I am," said the Red Knight with an air of justified pride. "I am the only man in the country who can sit between two stools without touching either or falling to the ground."

"I don't see how anybody can do that," said Alice.

"I do it by sitting on my record," said the Red Knight.

ARE THE ENGLISH CRITICAL?—I.

Some rather large claims have been made of late for English literary criticism. A main purpose of Professor Saintsbury, for example, in writing his general "History of Criticism" was plainly to depreciate French criticism and critics, notably Boileau, and to exalt English criticism and critics, notably Dryden, Johnson, and Coleridge. "One of my subordinate (and not so very subordinate) objects in writing the larger book," he avows in his "History of English Criticism,"* "was to vindicate our literature from the charge of being second-hand and second-rate in this matter." Both the general History as well as this new volume, which is mainly extracted from it, strike one as examples of conscious, and even more perhaps of unconscious, chauvinism.

It would perhaps be possible to make allowance for Professor Saintsbury's personal and racial sympathies and antipathies, and so get the benefit of that "vastly extensive learning" for which Lord Morley rightly praises him, were it not that the sympathies and antipathies often color not merely his interpretation of the facts, but his statement of them. Thus he says that "Dryden declined to bow the knee to William of Orange, while Boileau persistently grovelled at the feet of William's enemy." A reader dependent on Professor Saintsbury would infer that Boileau was a greater flatterer than Dryden. If Boileau praises Louis XIV, he is, of course, merely doing what virtually all the writers of his time did, and did sincerely, just as Spenser and the other men of his age were still more extravagant in their praise of Elizabeth. It is typical of Professor Saintsbury's method that without vouchsafing any explanation, he should arrive at an estimate of Boileau almost diametrically opposed to that of Sainte-Beuve, who, on his own showing, is the great authority here, the man who knew the seventeenth century as no one else has known it; and that with an equal absence of explanation Professor Saintsbury should depart in important respects from Johnson's estimate of Dryden, though Johnson, again, on his own showing, is not only a great critic, but at his very best in his "Life of Dryden." Boileau's stern integrity in general, even in his dealings with Louis XIV, is beyond question, whereas of Dryden's relation, not merely to one, but to many patrons, Johnson remarks that "in the meanness and servility of hyperbolical adulation, I know not whether, since the days in which the Roman emperors were deified, he has been ever equalled." One would be ashamed to mention facts so familiar were it not that Professor Saintsbury, who ranks to-day almost as the official critic of England, has seen fit to obscure them.

I.

I believe that a truly judicial comparison of the English achievement in the critical field with the achievement of other countries, especially France, would lead to conclusions curiously different from those of Professor Saintsbury. Pope said that "critic learning flourished most in France." This saying would seem about as true for the period that has followed Pope as for the period that preceded him. England has had, of course, a number of great critics, but the *genre* itself has occupied a somewhat secondary place in English literature. In criticism the English have always been more or less derivative and parasitic. For the best part of a century they took their theories of art ready made from the Continent; and then with the Restoration the French influence, or rather another form of the French influence, supervenes. According to Addison, "a few general rules extracted out of the French authors, with a certain cant of words, has sometimes set up an illiterate, heavy writer for a most judicious and formidable critic." Later the Germans displace the French. Hazlitt complains of "those among us who import heavy German criticism into this country in shallow, flat-bottomed unwieldy intellects." Still later, Matthew Arnold makes clear, at least, his own affiliations when he says that Sainte-Beuve has a position of supremacy in literary criticism of the same order as that of Homer in poetry. In short, English criticism is largely a history of foreign

*A *History of English Criticism.* By George Saintsbury. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.75 net.

influences. In this field the English have been constant borrowers, and only occasional lenders. Certain English critical works, notably Addison's papers on Milton and Burke's "Inquiry into the Sublime and Beautiful," acted on Germany in the eighteenth century—works that, though marking the maximum of English critical influence abroad, are in themselves somewhat second-rate performances, even judged by the standard of the best English criticism.

Not only has English literary criticism been comparatively uninfluential on other countries, it has been comparatively uninfluential on English literature itself. Nothing is more striking in French literature, on the other hand, than the intimate relation that has always existed between criticism and creation. The first important piece of modern French criticism, Du Bellay's "Defence and Ennoblement of the French Language," sets forth the conception of literature and poetry that Ronsard and the other members of the Pléiade actually tried to practice. Later on, the more narrowly classical school of French poetry takes its rise, or, as Sainte-Beuve puts it, struggles painfully forth from a man who was a critic rather than a true poet, Malherbe; and this, of course, indicates a weakness as well as a strength. Examples might be multiplied of the way in which an important creative movement in France has been preceded or attended by an important movement in criticism. In England, criticism and creation have too often worked at cross-purposes, or the same man has worked at cross-purposes with himself, according as he has been criticising or creating. For example, the requirements that Sir Philip Sidney lays down for the drama in his "Defence of Poesy" are very nearly the opposite of what one finds in the actual drama of the time. The Elizabethan critics are always harping on the need of observing decency, *i. e.*, decorum, in plays, whereas the Elizabethan dramatists no less constantly violate decency both in their sense of the word and ours. At bottom, there is an unreconciled gap between the critical theories of the Renaissance, based on the dogma of classical imitation, and the romantic spontaneity of the English imagination.

The opposition between English genius and foreign rules is also felt during the later period of French influence. We may note that with the advent of this influence at the Restoration we have about the first serious attempts to criticise contemporary writers, and very nearly at the same time the rise of a class of professional critics. "Till of late years," says Rymer, "England was as free from critics as it is from wolves, that a harmless, well-meaning book might pass without any danger." An Elizabethan playwright did not have to reckon, as did the playwright of the Restoration, with professional critics in this sense.

To poison plays, I see some where they sit,
Scattered, like ratsbane, up and down the pit,

says the author of the Epilogue to Congreve's "Mourning Bride."

Now, the critics who had thus come into existence were as a class formalists; their influence made for a tradition of sound prose, but the critical creed they had adopted allowed very insufficiently for the free play, and even for the very existence, of the creative imagination; and that is why we find in Dryden, the representative critic of this age, a constant struggle between his pursuit of the new formal correctness and his admiration for the achievements of the great Elizabethans, the "giant race before the flood." The opposition is very well brought out in his saying that all Spenser needed to be a true epic poet was "to have read the rules of Bossu." In the eighteenth century Johnson did succeed in formulating the neo-classical point of view with a certain consistency in that masterpiece of English prose, the "Lives of the Poets." But he thereby put himself out of touch with the creative forces of his own age which were once more beginning to run towards romanticism, and at the same time he missed much of what was most poetical in the English literature of the past. Of the fifty-two poets whose lives he has written we should recognize only about half-a-dozen as having been poets in our modern sense at all; and in several of these Johnson depreciates precisely what we should regard as most poetical. In short, England has never had a great critic like Boileau, whose work is in intimate sympathy and accord with a great creative literature, itself responsive to the main currents of national life.

II.

"The edicts of an English Academy," says Dr. Johnson, "would probably be read by many, only that they might be sure to disobey them." This aversion of the English for an institution like the French Academy is due, according to Matthew Arnold, to the fact that they are on the side of the man of genius as against everything that would seem to curtail his imaginative freedom in the name of a central standard. I believe this aversion of the English is due to another cause besides their more imaginative temper, which we may define as their love of humor and humors. We sometimes hear in this country the charge that the English are lacking in a sense of humor. If we are to judge from their literature, we should have to conclude, on the contrary, that they are the greatest race of humorists the world has ever seen. The Englishman likes everybody to abound in his humor, and is always partial to a genial idiosyncrasy. He feels affection for a man who is an "original," as people used to say, or as we should say nowadays, a "character." Virtue itself, as Addison tells us, is endeared to the Englishman by being combined with a certain flavor of oddity. Dryden is one of the first to note this predilection of the English for humor; but perhaps Sir William Temple brings out the point still more clearly in his "Essay on Poetry." "We have more originals" (than other countries), says Temple, "and more that appear what they are; we have more Humour, because every man follows his own, and takes a pleasure, perhaps a pride, to show it." The fact is possibly significant of deep differences of national temper that the word humor (*humeur*) when taken by itself has come in French to mean ill humor, and in English good humor. The Frenchman sees things intellectually from the point of view of the central standard, or if he departs from the standard it is in the name of some logical standard of his own. In either case he lashes with ridicule those who deviate from the norm; in other words, he is naturally a wit. The Englishman is no less naturally a humorist both in the older and the more recent sense of the word —that is, both in the sense of the man who abounds freely in his own humors, and in that of the man who renders with genial sympathy the humors of others. From the Prologue of the "Canterbury Tales" to a novel of Dickens, illustrated by Cruikshank, England has had a series of humorous masterpieces the like of which is not to be found in any other literature.

Even the English eighteenth century, which might seem at first glance an age of smug conformity and correctness, is extraordinarily rich in originals. One of the characters in Smollett's "Humphrey Clinker" announces with delight that he has discovered a family made up entirely of originals. The rich humorousness of the time also appears in the drawings of Hogarth and the Letters of Horace Walpole. A great humorous creation like Squire Western is taken from the very heart of English life. In the contempt Western expresses for lords and the court set in general, "Hanoverian rats," as he calls them, he is to be contrasted with the French *hobereau*, or country squire of the period, who felt himself ridiculous if he were not aping Versailles. Arnold rightly comments on the inferiority of Addison as a literary critic to La Bruyère, on Addison's intellectual lukewarmness, and lack of centrality. But La Bruyère has created no character comparable to Sir Roger de Coverley. In short, La Bruyère is vastly superior to Addison as a critic, but very inferior to the Englishman in geniality and humor.

III.

English literature, then, has possessed in a preëminent degree imaginative fervor, geniality, and humor. It has also possessed preëminently moral earnestness. Now, it is desirable that the critic should on occasion show geniality and humor, and it is still more important that he should be imaginative and morally in earnest. But all of these virtues are not primarily critical, and so it comes about that much that is most admirable in English literary criticism is admirable for virtues that are only secondarily critical. For example, Sir Philip Sidney succeeds in throwing the golden glow of his imagination over the stalest commonplaces of Renaissance criticism, and in his "Timber or Discoveries," Ben Jonson succeeds in bestowing upon these same commonplaces moral weightiness. Both Sidney and Jonson are almost entirely lacking in critical originality. Take again Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets." In this work Dr. Johnson shows himself a great and genuine critic, but he shows even more greatness as a moralist. What most interests us in the "Lives of the Poets" is not the literary judgments—they are often flagrantly inadequate—but the profound and somewhat melancholy wisdom of life. We may go further and say that Johnson the moralist often prevails too completely over Johnson the critic. "The poems of Dr. Watts," says Johnson, "were by my recommendation inserted in the late collection, the readers of which are to attribute to me whatever pleasure or weariness they may find in the perusal of Blackmore, Watts, Pomfret, and Yalden." We cannot conceive of Boileau allowing his love of edification to triumph so completely over his literary sense. If the critical thus yields to the moralizing vein, even in so genuine a critic as Dr. Johnson, what are we to expect in lesser Englishmen? I am enough of an Aristotelian to believe that the excess of any virtue becomes a vice. Moral earnestness, acting in a mechanical and one-sided way, has often been fatal among men of our race, not merely to literary criticism, but to art and literature themselves, and in general to that whole side of life that is associated with the sense for beauty. The Middle Ages were artistic, even if they were not critical; but in the atmosphere of Puritanism, both art and literatue, as well as the criticism of art and literature, were well-nigh impossible. Carlyle was only faithful to the spirit of his Calvinistic forbears when he expressed his wish that the devil might fly away with the fine arts.

There are also examples in English of the way in which a certain imaginative and emotional excess has been fatal to critical judgment. Perhaps it would not be possible to find in any other literature a man so gifted as Ruskin and at the same time so whimsical and intellectually irresponsible. Few things again, are so contrary to the true critical temper as the extraordinarily narrow emotional vehemence of Carlyle.

We should also note that various periods of English criticism, especially ono of the most brilliant of all, the period of Coleridge and De Quincey and Hazlitt, have been poisoned by the intrusion of an element that may in its proper place and measure be a virtue, namely, the passion of party and politics. "This political criticism," says Hazlitt, thinking especially of Gifford and the *Quarterly Review*, "is a *caput mortuum* of impotent spite and dulness till it is varnished over with the slime of servility and thrown into a state of unnatural activity by the venom of the most rancorous bigotry." Yet Hazlitt has shown in his own "Letter to William Gifford" that the rancor of the Jacobin may be at least equal to the rancor of the Tory.

IV.

It has been assumed in all that has been said hitherto that the chief virtue of the critic is a certain poise or balance. If, as Tennyson was fond of asserting, a true critic is an even rarer apparition than a true poet, the reason doubtless is that it is harder to find a man who is balanced than one who is inspired. The writer or artist who is creative in the narrower sense of the word is usually too much imprisoned in his own gift to have this critical poise. When Poe, for example, says that the perfect poem must have not much more and not much less than a hundred lines, and that the most poetical subject in the world is the death of a beautiful woman, we simply smile and think of "The Raven." The true critic, on the other hand, has to have a knowledge and sympathy broad enough to compass all the modes of literary expression, and then—an even more difficult task—he must bring this knowledge and sympathy under the control of the strictest judgment. Only in this way can he hope to render a verdict that will finally be ratified by the good sense of the world. For if the French neo-classical definition of genius, as only sublimated good sense, is too narrow for genius in general, it is admirably adequate for the genius of the critic.

To say of a critic that he has poise and good sense is merely a way of saying that his point of view is not peripheral, but central. The romantic critic would expand in knowledge and sympathy, and this is well; but he would do nothing but expand, and so comes, like Professor Saintsbury, to identify judgment with appreciation and enjoyment (p. 415). Judgment and appreciation, however, do not move in the same, but in opposite directions; they belong respectively to the centripetal and the centrifugal powers of personality. The real test of the critic is his ability to mediate between these extremes; to have the appreciation and at the same time the back pull towards the centre. Without this mediation he will attain, not judgment and taste, but merely romantic gusto, joined, it may be, as in the case of Professor Saintsbury, to "vastly extensive" though not always accurate learning.

Professor Saintsbury would have us believe that we cannot react from the purely expansive virtues without becoming dogmatists; that concentration is not possible without contraction; that our only choice is between formalism and unrestraint, between the neo-classic narrowness and "falling," as he has so happily phrased it, "for ever and for ever through the romantic void." But the time may come when people will refuse to accept this vicious dilemma. If it should appear that the process of moving towards the centre may be as intuitive, as free from mere formalism, as the opposite process, the romantic flank will be turned and the way opened for an entirely different order of criticism. In the meanwhile, Professor Saintsbury is going on repeating eagerly half-truths that might have been a useful counter-irritant a century or so ago to the current conventionality and lack of perceptiveness, but which are an encouragement to the men of today to fall in the direction in which they already lean, that is, to plunge still more deeply into anarchy and impressionism.

IRVING BABBITT.

Correspondence

ROOSEVELT'S PLEDGES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial of February 29, on "The Heavy Responsibility," you appear unwilling to credit Mr. Roosevelt with anything like sincerity of purpose in the course which he has pursued. You refer to him as "intriguer" and "secret plotter." That he has for months been conducting "a long and despicable intrigue," you regard as now proven beyond doubt. Permit me to remind you at once that in making such allegations concerning a gentleman of Mr. Roosevelt's character and standing, you assume, indeed, quite a "heavy responsibility." Is not Mr. Roosevelt's life-long record of truth and candor such as to make the truth of your aspersions seem entirely improbable?

Your indictment of Mr. Roosevelt is, in brief, that he has broken solemn pledges, made to the American people, that he would, under no circumstances, again become a candidate for the Presidency. Now, as a matter of fact, can the several declarations made by Mr. Roosevelt regarding the Presidency be interpreted as pledges to the

American people, or, for that matter, to any one? Why should he, on retiring from an office in which he had made his name famous the world around, make solemn pledges that he would never again seek that office! Was he such a scourge to the country, was he so feared and so hated that pledges must needs be exacted from him to the effect that he would not again accept a Presidential nomination? He was under no such compulsion. His declarations can be construed in no other sense than as expressing his own personal desire not to undertake the burdens of this high office again. But even assuming for the moment that Mr. Roosevelt had pledged his word not again to become a candidate for the Presidency, altered circumstances and conditions in the country might make it perfectly proper for him to disregard such pledge. He is now the only logical leader of the progressive forces of his party, and in assuming that leadership and standing for the Presidential nomination, he ought, in all fairness, to receive credit for acting upon the strength of his conviction that in yielding to the persuasions of the Progressives he was obeying a call to duty.

A goodly portion of the Republican party, if not of the people regardless of party, are welcoming Mr. Roosevelt's advent into the field with enthusiasm, and to these persons your animadversions on the score of breach of faith, etc., mean absolutely nothing. The real question is the merit of the Progressive movement, and of Theodore Roosevelt as its leader.

F. W. Dickey.

Cleveland, O., March 6.

RURAL AND URBAN NEW ENGLAND IN THE CENSUS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The population bulletins of the thirteenth census for the several States have been awaited with much interest, for many reasons. Among others, it was believed that from them bearings might be taken from which to determine the rate and direction of the current of our population, whether from the country cityward, or from city to country. Nowhere have the effects of the trend cityward been more striking than in New England, and nowhere is the counter-movement said to be running more strongly. An examination of the bulletins for the New England States, however, fails to add much to our knowledge in this particular. Indeed, their contents are quite misleading, not to say positively incorrect.

In addition to the usual tables of population by counties and minor civil divisions, there are maps showing by counties the increase or decrease and the density of population. In one respect, these maps are a source of regret. In New England less uniformity exists both in the increase or decrease, and in the density of population within the same county, than in other parts of the country. This happens because prosperous manufacturing districts have sprung up in the same county with decadent agricultural neighborhoods, sparsely inhabited and decreasing in density. Hence, the true conditions would have been made more evident by taking towns for units rather than counties. It must be remembered that in the bulletins, as well as in these observations, the word "town" is used in its special sense as virtually synonymous with "township."

For census purposes, urban population is defined by the bureau as "that residing in cities and other incorporated places of 2,500 inhabitants or more." This definition serves in other parts of the country with sufficient exactness, but not in New England. In the three States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island village incorporation is virtually non-existent; in Maine and Connecticut it is found to a limited extent, while in Vermont it may be said to be in general use.

Appreciating the difficulty, the census authorities state that "in the New England States, in addition to cities having this population, all towns having a population of 2,500 or more have also been classed as urban, without regard to the population of the villages (whether incorporated as such or not), which they may contain," and also that, on account of the few instances of incorporation, "it is not practicable in the New England States to make a statistical separation of the actual villages from the towns in which they are located." The result is that the "urban areas" in New England include some population which in other sections of the United States would be segregated as "rural."

A few examples will reveal the extent of the error involved. Among the towns in Rhode Island classed in the census as "urban" is Scituate, which has an area of fifty-three square miles, and a population density of sixty-six to the square mile. Its 3,493 inhabitants are scattered in seven small villages, and over a rough and decadent farming country, but nowhere approaching urban conditions. In some Massachusetts towns there is one central group of people living under conditions somewhat urban in character; but there are in every town many, and in some of them hundreds, if not thousands, living in rural surroundings. Typical of such conditions are Middleborough, Bridgewater, Amherst, Barnstable, Plymouth, and Winchendon. There are still other towns in which there is no compact group whatever; for example, Dartmouth and Westport, each with an average population density of less than sixty. New Hampshire, with a much lower population density, has fewer towns of 2,500 inhabitants than the States above mentioned, but here the classification is not less misleading. In fact, it may safely be said that in the fifteen towns in the "urban" class a somewhat greater proportion of the population is really rural than in Massachusetts towns of similar size.

Of the twenty-one organized villages in the State of Maine, only four are of the "urban" class. The "urban" towns, exclusive of the four "urban" villages, contain a population of 119,195. It is conservative to say that not more than one-third of these people really live under urban conditions, and that more than 75,000 persons, or nearly 10 per cent. of the State's population, have been classified as urban when they are really rural. In Vermont, where the custom of incorporation is more general, the total error is greater than in Maine though more easily detected. The population of "urban" towns is 109,958, while that of the nine "urban" corporate villages is 39,932. This leaves 70,026, or above 16 per cent. of the population of the State, falsely termed urban.

In Connecticut neither the city nor the borough is a primary civil division, but lies within and forms a part of some town. In such cases the whole town and not merely the city or borough part is rated as "urban." Killingly, containing the Borough of Danielson, with a population of 2,934, has its remaining 3,630 inhabitants distributed over about fifty square miles, with an average density of seventy-two. Salisbury, without an organized borough, and with but two or three small villages, has its 3,522 "urban" inhabitants spread over sixty square miles of territory. After deducting the number of persons in cities and boroughs of above 2,500 population, in Connecticut, there remain 269,042 persons living outside the cities and boroughs, but classed as "urban." It cannot be said, in the absence of exact statistics, how many compact groups of 2,500 people there are among these, but from evidence available it seems certain that the aggregate population of all such groups would not exceed 25,000 persons. This leaves more than 240,000, or more than 21 per cent. of the State's population, who have no claim to be counted as urban though they have been so enumerated in the census.

Frank G. Bates.

Providence, R. I., March 14.

THE SPELLING-BOOK IN COLLEGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The plaint of Mr. Bellows (*Nation*, February 29) will find echoes in the hearts of many college teachers of English composition. I dare say he knows that the spelling-book, if not the spelling-bee, has been introduced into at least one of our great universities. In time, no doubt, the grammar and the first reader will follow, to the end that the secondary schools may be left comparatively free to conduct their multiple pedagogical experiments. The situation, of course, would be simplified if these schools, completely taking over the twofold office of pleasing children and preparing them for life, were to leave the universities in undisturbed possession of the three R's and other educational austerities. For the present, secondary and, we may add, primary education stand condemned in college rhetoric courses on more counts than one. It appears there that mental visions which have been trained on the main chance from the first peep of the intellectual day, can only with the greatest difficulty be focussed on objects of non-vocational value. If the capital ends of education are mental training and a disinterested concern for things of the mind, then the central reason for complaint would seem to be that much of our preparatory education does not educate.

H. S. V. J.

Urbana, Ill., March 13.

WASHINGTON'S CHERRY TREE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It was a surprise to me to see Mr. Norris, in your columns (February 29), trace back the story of George Washington and the cherry tree to a real event. It goes back indirectly to the Seven Wise Masters. As I have not the English transla-

tion at hand, I give a short résumé of the Italian version ("Il Libro dei Sette Savj di Roma," 1864, p. 43):

The mother of a young wife wishes her to try the patience of her husband. She advises her inexperienced daughter to cut down her husband's favorite tree, just to see what he will do about it. One day when the husband is absent, the young woman, as the servants refuse, takes the hatchet, cuts the tree herself, and carries the firewood thus obtained into the house. On being surprised by her husband, she explains the matter by saying that, expecting him to return home all chilled, and knowing that there was no firewood in the house, she had cut down the tree for the purpose. The husband recognizes his favorite tree, but forgives his wife because she has acted for his sake. JOSEPH DE PEROTT.

Worcester, Mass., March 15.

ST. BERNARD AND NATURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter published in the *Nation* of March 7, Prof. Albert S. Cook seems to me to have fallen into deeper error than when he criticised Mr. Taylor for suggesting in "The Mediæval Mind" that St. Bernard had no eye for nature. "Among the works printed by Dr. Eales in his translation as St. Bernard's," says Mr. Cook, "is one concerning the site of the abbey of Clairvaux ('Life and Works of St. Bernard,' II, 460-467)." And Mr. Cook proceeds to give certain florid extracts from this writing as evidence of St. Bernard's delight in nature.

St. Bernard was not the author of the writing from which these extracts were taken, neither does Dr. Eales intimate that he was. Dr. Eales must have known that the writing was not St. Bernard's, for he was translating from Mabillon's edition (followed by Migne) of St. Bernard's works and the contemporary or somewhat later Latin literature relating to him. The original of Dr. Eales's translation is entitled "Descriptio positionis seu situationis monasterii elaræ-vallensis," and is printed in Migne's Patrologia Latina, Tome 185, Col. 569-574, where it is not placed among even the doubtful writings of the Saint, but with the works of other men who wrote about him or his monastery. It is the work of some pious cicerone, who (at least, as I should surmise) belonged to a later generation. J. H.

New York, March 14.

THE RECALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You commend the "sober words" of Gov. Harmon before the Kentucky Legislature, "when he said that the ultimate force behind the movement for the initiative, referendum, and recall was supplied by the shortcomings of the man in public office."

Having studied at close range the movement referred to, and the trend of laws passed in response to the demand for a direct appeal to the people, I am convinced that Gov. Harmon has confused cause and consequent. The movement for the initiative, referendum, and recall, as I view it, is rather a protest against the frequent betrayal of public trust by shrewd manipulators of nominating conventions, in the interests of candidates whose after "shortcomings" are measured only by their opportunities for betrayal.

While the inauguration of these reforms will not result in the total elimination of betrayals of public trust, it will surely minimize the evil, by imposing upon individual voters an individual responsibility well-nigh lost in the delegate convention, and by placing in their hands an adequate weapon of protest and defence, as a working substitute for the manipulated party convention. JOHNSON BRIGHAM.

State Library, Des Moines, Ia., March 12.

Literature

SOUTH AMERICA.

The Incas of Peru. By Sir Clements R. Markham. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

South America of To-day. By Georges Clemenceau. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2 net.

Brazil. By Pierre Denis. Translated with an historical chapter by Bernard Miall and a supplementary chapter by Dawson A. Vindin. New York: Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

Argentina. By W. A. Hirst. Introduction by Martin Hume. Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

Argentina, Past and Present. By W. H. Koebel. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $4 net.

Argentina and Her People of To-day. By Nevin O. Winter. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $3 net.

The Wilds of Patagonia. By Carl Skottsberg. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.

Peru of the Twentieth Century. By Percy F. Martin. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.40 net.

Sir Clements Markham's somewhat disappointing book is the result of a long lifetime of careful, painstaking research and some personal acquaintance with Peru. Sir Clements had the good fortune to make a journey from Lima to Cuzco when he was a young officer in the British navy. Later, he journeyed into the interior of Peru to gather chinchona plants for transplanting to India. Since then, as it is hardly necessary to say, he has become master of all the available original authorities on Inca civilization, has edited a dozen of the Hakluyt Society's volumes dealing with the earliest Spanish expeditions and chronicles, and has written several books on Peru. For more than sixty years he has been a student of Inca history. Accordingly, we have the right to expect great things of this, his valedictory.

In the first place, Sir Clements has given us a remarkable exposition of the empire of the Incas and its growth. There is nothing so good elsewhere, although he has placed too much reliance on purely documentary evidence. It is unfortunate that since his return from Peru, nearly fifty years ago, Sir Clements has not had the opportunity to revisit that country and combine his extensive literary researches in early Peruvian history with archæological field work. There is too little appreciation of actual conditions. In this he falls behind Mr. Bandelier's work on the islands of Titicaca and Koati, although naturally he is more trustworthy than Prescott.

Readers who are looking for an account of the conquest of Peru will be disappointed, as well as those who would like to pursue the subject in detail through direct references to chapter and page in the original authorities. The book is intended for popular reading. There are few footnotes and a good many *obiter dicta.* Peculiar and unusual spelling of common Peruvian place-names make it difficult to follow the text, even on the very excellent map which accompanies the volume. The full and satisfactory index is nevertheless an illuminating commentary to use in connection with a study of the Quichua tongue. Sir Clements's unrivalled knowledge of the language of the Incas has led him into a somewhat too frequent use of Quichua words. To be sure, he usually translates them, but it mars the style.

The main interest in the book lies in the author's attitude towards that ancient civilization which has for years charmed readers of Prescott. Sir Clements's bias towards the subject is well shown by the following quotation:

> The Incarial system of government bears some general resemblance to a very beneficent form of Eastern despotism such as may have prevailed when Jamshid ruled over Iran. There was the same scheme of dividing the crops between the cultivator and the state, the same patriarchal care for the general welfare; but, while the rule of Jamshid was a legend, that of the Incas was an historical fact. The Incarial government finds a closer affinity in the theories of modern socialists; and it seems certain that, under the very peculiar condition of Peru when the Incas ruled, the dreams of Utopians and socialists became realities for a time, being the single instance of such realization in the world's history (p. 166).

Although it is true that some of the Spanish chroniclers give a basis for such opinions, many conservative students of American ethnology will not be willing to agree with these conclusions. Sir Clements is a bit too ready to look at his heroes through very rosy glasses. He naturally believes that the condition of the people under the Incas procured for them a large amount of material comfort and happiness. Had he been more recently in

Peru, and made a careful study of geographic influence on environment, he might have abated some of his enthusiasm. As it is, he feels that the world will never see again the delightful form of state socialism which he believes existed in Peru.

Sir Clements continues to hold his firm belief in the genuineness of the original Inca drama. The play of Ollantay is again reprinted as an appendix. To a student of comparative literature, its plot and *dramatis personæ* smack rather too strongly of sixteenth or seventeenth-century Spain.

Notwithstanding all its drawbacks, "The Incas of Peru" deserves to find a place in every library, alongside of Squier's "Peru" and Prescott's "Conquest." No book can compare with it for a comprehensive summary of Inca geography, history, polity, religions, and customs.

Of the other books on our list we must speak more briefly. Ten years ago any one who should have ventured to predict the extraordinary interest in modern South America evident in the United States to-day would have been called either an enthusiast or a fool. For years it was difficult to refer an inquirer to a satisfactory book in English on any particular South American republic. There were, to be sure, books like Frank Carpenter's "South America," telling of that country's commercial development. There were Akers's "History of South America from 1854 to 1904," much too full of names and dates for the beginner, and Dawson's "South American Republics," equally unsatisfactory for those who had already acquired what the larger encyclopædias had to tell them. But for the past two years we have been fairly deluged, not only with official propaganda from the Pan-American Bureau and the various publicity stations maintained by the more advanced republics, but also with the output of publishers. The series brought out by Fisher Unwin and imported by Scribners includes volumes on "Peru," "Chile," and "Uruguay," besides the two on "Brazil" and "Argentina" here reviewed. It is not to be wondered at that there are more books dealing with Argentina than with any other republic. Her economic superiority is so apparent, and her capital city so marvellous that even those who care little about the other countries are demanding specific information regarding this wealthy young giant of the South. The one thing that is borne home to the American reader is the folly of our Monroe Doctrine as applied to such countries as Argentina and Brazil. It does them no good; and it actually hurts us.

The book which by reason of its distinguished author will command the widest attention is not so broad as its title indicates. M. Clemenceau only visited the east coast, and his study of the "South America of To-day" is limited to a somewhat cursory view of Argentina, with impressions of Uruguay and Brazil. He kept no notes of his journey and finds it annoying to record his impressions at the precise moment when one feels them most vividly and when they are of most value to a possible future audience. His remarks frequently give the impression that this distinguished statesman who was so enthusiastically received in Latin-America enjoyed laughing in his sleeve; at other times much of the possible irony seems to be more probably an attempt to make adequate return for hospitality. It should also not be forgotten by readers of this volume that there is a strong effort now making in France to capture that extremely desirable market on the east coast, where Brazil and Argentina have a trade balance in their favor of hundreds of millions of francs. Nevertheless, every one interested in the present condition of Argentina will wish to read this book.

Brazil has had to wait for many years to get recognition in English literature of travel. The delay has not, however, been in vain. It is not too much to say that Prof. Pierre Denis's work is the most remarkable member of Scribner's series. It differs from the other volumes in having less history and more description, but both history and philosophy are interwoven in this penetrating study. M. Denis is an unusual traveller. Not only can he discuss such relatively dry topics as "money and exchange" with vividness, he is equally capable of handling the geographical aspects of the colonization of the Paraná valley. He appreciates the extraordinary power of expansion of the "colonial" population of Brazil. German, Polish, and Italian colonists are accomplishing astonishing and repeated conquests. The fertility of their families is amazing. The author's insight into race movements is noteworthy, as is also his handling of recent Brazilian history. The weak point in the book is the evidence that M. Denis did not visit the Amazon Valley. Nevertheless, his study of the little-known state of Ceará is a unique contribution. It is impossible within the limits of this review to call attention to the many excellent features of his really remarkable book. It will appeal not only to historians and geographers, but to every one interested in the present and future of Brazil. The maps are unusually good.

The best book on Argentina is Mr. Hirst's. It is a pleasure to find a writer on Spanish America who realizes that the conquering and colonizing Spaniards were not bloodthirsty fiends. It is still more noteworthy when one is found willing to remark that Spanish colonial policy was in some respects "statesmanlike and even humane according to the standards of the time." Mr. Hirst makes no pretence at erudition, and does not even include all the best-known sources of information, yet his compilation is very useful. The historical chapters are done in an appreciative rather than a destructive spirit. There is a bibliography which, as might be expected from a stanch Britisher, overlooks most recent American contributions to Argentine history, such as Professor Moses's excellent "South America on the Eve of Emancipation" and Professor Paxson's "Independence of the South American Republics." As a result, Mr. Hirst's chapter on the war of emancipation is not nearly so good as it might have been. He fails to appreciate the part played by the Argentine patriots in spreading revolutionary doctrines. Their repeated efforts to free upper Peru receives scarcely the slightest mention, and he disposes of San Martin, the greatest hero that South America has ever seen, in a dozen lines; whereas he gives an entire chapter to the episode of the British occupation of Buenos Ayres. From a descriptive point of view, the picture of Buenos Ayres is unsatisfactory and has often been better done. Similarly, the chapter on Town and Country shows little originality or power of observation. That on Education and Literature is unusually good.

A few years ago Mr. Koebel wrote "Modern Argentina." More recently he has published a capital book on Uruguay, already reviewed in these columns. His new "Argentina, Past and Present" is a really sumptuous performance. It is too clumsy to be a useful handbook, yet it deserves to be favorably known. The artistic side is faithfully presented, and there is more of the element of travel and observation in it than in the ordinary book on the country. Although he makes no pretence to writing a guide-book, it is just the kind of book which a traveller would like to take with him if it were not quite so large and awkward to handle. The history of the country receives scant attention, but Mr. Koebel has a facile pen and a good eye for the picturesque.

The same thing cannot be said of Mr. Winter's volume. To those who have read his "Mexico" and his "Guatemala" little need be said, except that it is the same sort of book. Like his "Brazil," it is a careful compilation made by a conscientious traveller who has seen something of the country in a somewhat superficial manner. The sub-title states that the book is "An account of the customs, characteristics, amusements, history, and advancement of the Argentineans and the development and resources of their country." Rather a large order! However, it is difficult to collect the kind of information that has gone into this book, which undoubtedly meets

a certain demand for popular information about "foreigners."

"The Wilds of Patagonia" sounds like a book of adventure, but its sub-title, "A narrative of the Swedish Expedition to Patagonia, Tierra Del Fuego, and the Falkland Islands in 1907-1909," comes nearer to enabling one to get a just estimate of the value of this noteworthy contribution to the geography of the southern part of Chile and Argentina. The pictures are unusually interesting and the text is even more so. Dr. Skottsberg was also in the Swedish Antarctic Expedition of 1903 and engaged in this second expedition in order to solve unanswered problems which presented themselves while working on the results of his former tour. As a specialist he devoted himself chiefly to botanical work, while his companions were more interested in geology. The good-natured freshness and modesty which pervade the book are engaging. It is a pleasure to extend a hearty welcome to this delightful work, and to thank its distinguished author for not confining the story of his interesting expedition to the Swedish edition.

The contrast between this capital story, written by a charming, modest, scientific observer, and such a book as "Peru of the Twentieth Century" is very striking. Percy F. Martin has been for many years a travelling correspondent for various journals. His frequent letters to English journals are marked by bitter prejudice against the United States and that careless handling of ordinary facts which is too often characteristic of the highly productive correspondent. He has published books on Mexico and on the East Coast republics, but evidently has not learned accuracy, modesty, or honesty in his travels His latest volume is attractive in appearance and well illustrated, and contains a great many statistics of more or less value. As the sources of his facts are not indicated, the value of such a compilation is seriously impaired. The book has many evidences of hasty preparation, and there are numerous mistakes of the kind that are sometimes called "errors in proof-reading." Bolivar is spoken of as the "brave Argentine"; Atahualpa's ransom is paid in "gold coin"! The patronizing reference to Sir Clements Markham shows both stupidity and conceit. While there is evidence of a desire to please the authorities and advertise Peru's resources, there is no evidence of that balanced attitude towards the fabulous natural resources of a tropical country which Frederick Palmer showed in his illuminating "Central America and Her Problems," where he paid equal attention to the "human handicaps" that prevent development. Enoch's "Peru," notwithstanding its weak points, will not be replaced on the shelves by Mr. Martin's volume, even though the latter does give the birth months of the foreign ministers and consuls in Lima and Callao!

CURRENT FICTION.

A Hoosier Chronicle. By Meredith Nicholson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Mr. Nicholson has shown a good deal of versatility heretofore, dealing variously in romance and satire and pictures of "real life" in our own time. Here he has attempted a serious and careful study of Indiana life, political and social, in the present generation. There are three fairly distinct elements in the story: the purely local or Hoosier element, the romantic element, and the political element which belongs to America rather than to Indiana. Mr. Nicholson was born and bred in Indiana, and the charm of the book is the result of his acquaintance with the Hoosier State and his affection for it. We are still too ready to take for granted an inferiority of atmosphere, a relative meagreness of setting, in our provincial America, in comparison with those which the English novelist and playwright have at their service. So when a Phillpotts shows his deep and affectionate intimacy with the moor-country, or a Bennett limns with tireless zeal even the smallest graces of his Five Towns, we lay the success of the performance largely to the accident of material. Mr. Nicholson is as familiar with his province, and as fond of it, as any Briton of them all. Her traditions do not seem to him trifling, or her atmosphere lacking in charm, because they are not the direct growth of centuries. His pride in such literary figures as Maurice Thompson and James Whitcomb Riley is none the less pride because they are not among the major luminaries. He dwells affectionately upon the lineage of Indiana's best families, and upon the memory of her statesmen. The best of his characters, he confesses, lives in his own street and has offered him (vainly, it appears) sundry bribes not to "put her into a book."

Like other current novelists of a realistic bent, he does not allow that bent to handicap him in his choice of plot. Beautiful and brilliant and well-bred young girls who are uncertain of their paternity undoubtedly exist in considerable numbers upon this globe. But we do not take it that they are particularly common in Indiana; or that they are as easily to be found anywhere as fiction and melodrama would lead us to suppose. Certainly it is a pity that Mr. Nicholson should have felt moved to make use of a situation so hackneyed as the pivot of his Hoosier tale. The reader knows almost from the outset who Sylvia's father is, and it is a bit tedious waiting about for the other persons in the story to run him down. Morton Bassett, the father, is a political boss who, himself content with a chair in the State Senate, has for years held the Democratic party in the hollow of his hand. Though there is a young and not inconsiderable hero to pair off with Sylvia, Bassett is really the central figure in the scene. We are made to understand—we are assured again and again—that there is something mysterious and potent in his character. If that be true, the mystery is not solved in the course of the narrative. He appears to be merely that transparently simple person, the American boss—the man who by systematically applying the rule of thumb to the manipulation of his fellow-man, and ignoring all other rules, becomes a physical power in the land—for a season. Bassett is a mean man on a big scale; and his violent conversion to the rôle of reformer at the end of the story—though the scene in which Sylvia converts him is managed with a good deal of skill—is simply a stage conversion. As for Sylvia herself, that extremely self-possessed young person also comports herself in accordance with conventional rules by refusing to marry her young man because of her parentage. Of course, she gives in at the end; but what American girl, to be accredited with such phenomenal commonsense in all other directions, would remember her duty as a heroine in this regard?

In reviewing Miss Sedgwick's "Tante" the other day, we noted that the book owes its distinction to a minor and homely character, rather than to the advertised stars. The same thing is true of "A Hoosier Chronicle." The hero, Dan Harwood, is recognizably human. But the life of the book is to be felt in such persons as the typewriter girl, Rose Farrell, with her irresistible lingo, and her loyal heart; Ike Pettit, the country editor, that authority on American humor, and, above all, Mrs. Sally Owen, the old lady of his neighborhood whom Mr. Nicholson had not been able to resist putting into a book. As for the political part of the story, its picture of the general conditions under which democracy labors, boss-ridden and blundering and half-hearted, and yet somehow surviving, is vividly and simply set forth. Mr. Nicholson is an optimist, like his sharp-eyed, soft-hearted Sally Owen, and the remark with which she closes the book may be taken as his motto: "It's all pretty comfortable and cheerful and busy in Indiana, with lots of old-fashioned human kindness flowing around; and it's getting better all the time. And I guess it's always got to be that way, out here in God's country."

The High Adventure. By John Oxenham. New York: Duffield & Co.

Lovely young Russian princesses named Sonia have become a recognized property of current romance. It is their business to get themselves into situa-

tions of distress, so that stalwart young Englishmen may have the opportunity to rescue them. The writer of the present story has the courage of his convictions. He does not allow any considerations of probability to fetter his imagination—such as it is. To read his first page is to leap into the midst of a plot involving Russian tyranny, Siberia, murder, the rescue of the murderess from prison, a long flight afoot through Switzerland, the death of the murderess (who is Sonia's sister) by avalanche, and so on. The hero is attaché of the English embassy at Paris, and the author repeatedly informs us that he is a perfect gentleman. We see no cause to doubt the statement. Witness the fact that when the death of the murderess leaves Sonia in the sole company of the attaché, he does not take advantage of the situation to make violent love to her. When he discovers that she is married, his chivalry, if possible, redoubles. By dint of saving each other's lives half-a-dozen times, they achieve a bond which, we feel confident, fate will ratify; and our trust is not misplaced. Their parting, when inevitable rescue restores them to the realm of Mrs. Grundy, is gratifyingly brief. The villain who has married Sonia is summarily executed by his author, and all is as it should be according to the conventions of vulgar romance. The only touch of novelty in the yarn is the development of the avalanche motive: that obliging instrument of fate not only carries off the inconvenient sister, but buries the hero and heroine in an Alpine hut—which serves as an excellent substitute for the desert island of literary commerce.

Rayton: A Backwoods Mystery. By Theodore Goodridge Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Our scene is the backwoods, and not the bush, but our hero, Mr. Reginald Baynes Rayton, is a figure with the conventional riding-breeches, moustaches, and haw-haw of the stage Britisher. The unconventional thing about him is his boundless good-humor, and his tolerance of the foibles of the rough American community in which he has chosen to make a place for himself. The whereabouts of Samson's Mill Settlement is not clearly indicated, but it is somewhere on the edge of the real woods, and with farming in summer and lumbering in winter, it offers a living to any man with energy to take it. Rayton is such a man, but has also the social and sporting instincts of his race, and it is he who introduces poker into Samson's Mill Settlement. As a matter of fact, he has to do it in order to give Mr. Roberts a handle for a story. For the appearance of two red crosses on a playing-card affords the basis for our mystery, such as it is. Just that symbol happens to have been more than once a forerunner of death in the family of one of the players present. The marked card is not dealt to him in this instance, but it is he who raises an outcry and breaks up the game. Sure enough, the youth who has received it is quickly in trouble, and very nearly loses his life. The natural thing is for the same group to play another game of poker presently, and this time it is Rayton who receives not one but three cards marked with the fatal symbol. Death does not visit Reginald, let us hasten to explain, but he has a close rub of it. The question then is, Who marked these cards, and why did he do it? The answer is delightfully simple—if one glances at the last few pages of this mildly amusing story.

CASANOVA.

Casanova et son temps. By Edouard Maynial. Paris: Mercure de France.

Lettere di donne a Giacomo Casanova. By Aldo Ravà. With ten portraits and one facsimile. Milan: Treves.

The contention of the Bibliophile Jacob that the "Memoirs of Casanova" were entirely a production of erudite fancy, and that specifically they were the work of Stendhal, is only an exaggerated example of an attitude forced upon readers by the wonderful concatenation of events in Casanova's life; it is a life which at first glance seems too remarkable to be true and yet too realistic to be fabricated. But at last the Casanova problem, as a problem, no longer exists. His Memoirs represent the actual record of an actual life, and form one of the most authentic and thoroughgoing documents for the history of eighteenth century manners.

The delightful volume of M. Maynial is really a study of charlatanry and superstition in the times of Louis XV. Following out his plan of demonstrating the reliability of the Memoirs from this point of view, he reconstructs the biography of the Count of St. Germain, who like Casanova subsisted entirely by imposing upon the credulity of the ladies of Paris, and even of the King. He examines minutely the diplomatic activities of St. Germain at The Hague, where, from personal motives, Casanova matched him in magic and finally accomplished his ruin.

Those familiar with the Memoirs will see that M. Maynial's book follows in large part material already well known. It is nevertheless replete with keen judgments and it is executed with Maynial's usual brilliancy. We may point out that Casanova's initiation to magic and alchemy must have been as early as his residence in Podova; for on his first trip to Naples, he gulled a Neapolitan merchant by selling him a secret for increasing the bulk of mercury. M. Maynial fails to point out also, in the interesting chapter on Casanova's visit to Voltaire, the strange misunderstanding at the bottom of the argument on the subject of Venetian liberty. Voltaire interprets Venetian liberty—a stock phrase of the days of the Republic—as meaning personal freedom of speech and movement. Of course, the only meaning the phrase ever had was that of Venetian independence.

The most startling confirmation of the veracity of the Memoirs has been offered by the researches of Aldo Ravà, a prolific and brilliant compatriot of Casanova, who has written some twenty-five articles on this subject in the last three years. The richest sources of Mr. Ravà have been the original autograph papers of Casanova in the Waldstein library at Dux in Bohemia. These papers had been catalogued by Mahler, and incompletely examined by Arthur Symons and D'Ancona. Mr. Ravà was the first to have unlimited access to them, and full rights to copy; so that his discoveries are quite exact and thoroughgoing. The present publication, the most bulky of his series, outlines with sober criticism and wonderful richness of detail the figures of many of Casanova's warmest relationships. Delicious the naïve femininity of Manon Baletti, her doubts, her yearnings, her frank and childlike expressions of a love tender and disinterested, constantly fanned into nervous heat by the alternating coldness, condescending charm, impetuous passion of Casanova, who felt for her perhaps of all his women the most domestic sentiments. The mysterious Henriette, who abandoned Casanova in such stress of emotion in Geneva, and who found him later an old man unrecognized at Dux, has left us, under her full name of Henriette de Schuckman, five letters as a testimony to their renewed and respectful friendship. The letter of Maria Zorzi throws interesting light on Casanova's allegation that his imprisonment in the Piombi, from which he made his world-famous escape, was due to the jealousy of the husband of that lady. Among the papers appears in its gray bluntness a letter from the keeper of the "harem of Little Poland," which is described in the Memoirs. The enigmatic Spanish Countess A. B., who figured as protagonist in the ridiculous comedy of Casanova's intrigues in the Carnival of 1763 at Milan, and who had recourse to sorcery to be revenged upon Casanova, is here revealed as Teresa Bolognina. So these collections run along as it were in commentary on the Memoirs. But we should note likewise their relation to the last years of Casanova's life, not described in the Memoirs as we possess them. In this respect the letters are only an example of what Ravà will give us later in the critical edition of the autograph manuscript of the Memoirs, shortly to be published by Brockhaus.

The patient researches of Casanovians in the last quarter century, the use of the original papers of Dux, and the co-operation of contemporary scholars with Mr. Ravà, will soon have completed the transformation of the Memoirs from the unsavory masterpiece of the past into a precious historical document.

The Religion Worth Having. By Thomas Nixon Carver. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1 net.

In a volume of one hundred and forty pages Professor Carver of the Department of Economics of Harvard University has settled questions which have tried the souls of many thousands of the noblest minds. In one form or another the quest for a worthy and tenable faith has occupied the strength of the world's choicest spirits and has led them into deep questionings as to the constitution of the universe and the meaning of life. The basal conviction of these theophiles of all ages has been that the religion worth having is the religion that is true. Their standard of value has been correspondence to reality, not effect and consequence in temporal affairs. The search for reality has been a painful one, and trying differences of judgment have continued to the present time. Notwithstanding the difficulty of the inquiry and the uncertainty of the result, the quest has been deemed necessary and many are still engaged in it.

It appears from Professor Carver's essay that all this anxiety of spirit might easily have been spared. The religion worth having is simply the religion which makes men good economic producers. "That is the best religion which acts most powerfully as a spur to energy, and directs that energy most productively." It is the kind of religion which "would build up a prosperous and powerful community, which would support more life and support it more comfortably than any other." It is not necessary, therefore, to inquire deeply concerning the nature of God; one has only to note the creed which prevails with the most successful merchants. The question of the immortality of the soul need occasion no wakeful nights: investigation of the creed of the most thrifty will settle the matter. The dollar is the measure of all things, only Professor Carver would have us regard the dollar not as a means to provide enjoyment, not even the higher pleasures of art and culture, but as an instrument to beget other dollars. The present problem of the Protestant Church, having brought its adherents to prosperity, is to "hold them true to the productive life." An Indiana farmer, having raised a large crop of corn, increased his drove of hogs, bought more land, raised more corn, fattened more hogs, and continued in the circle. According to the present essay, this hog-raiser not only fulfilled the ideal of an economist, but also attained the religion worth having.

It may appear to some that such a view does scant justice to religion, even as it is preached and exemplified in these days of little faith; but they must argue the matter out with Professor Carver. To him the suggestion of Mark Twain, that an anchorite, whom he found swaying back and forth continuously, should be hitched to a sewing machine, seems quite inspired, and he would attach all pious exercises to productive machinery of one sort or another, and test the piety as one would measure horsepower. It is declared that this is the view which is to dominate the consideration of religion in the practical days to come. Doubtless, however, there will be those who will call to mind certain prophets who were stoned and sawn asunder, who wandered in caves and holes of the earth, who appeared to have found a religion worth having, even though they made no acres more fertile and added nothing to the world's trade. The holy man of Assisi may not altogether have been forgotten, who as poor served the poor, and there may be those who will recall that a religion which has approved itself to many as quite worth having has had for its symbol, not a full dinner pail, nor a work bench—to use Professor Carver's sign for his philosophy of life—but a cross. An evangel of thrift may be needed in our time, but it is not religion.

Lafcadio Hearn. By Nina H. Kennard. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50 net.

As a whole, this new life of Lafcadio Hearn may be classed with the flood of amateurish biography that is coming from Great Britain. But Mrs. Kennard, through friendship or relationship, we do not know which, with living members of the Hearn family, has had at her disposal a number of documents and some traditional information which have enabled her to add a good deal to our knowledge of Lafcadio's early years. In particular she has drawn from a series of letters written by Hearn from Japan to his half-sister, Mrs. Atkinson, which show that through all his wanderings the feeling of family and home was not entirely broken, and which help to reconstruct his childhood. We see how little care the boy got from his ignorant, languid mother and his volatile father. We learn a little more about Mrs. Brenane, his great-aunt, who took charge of him when, in 1857, his father married a second wife and proceeded with his regiment to India. A weak-minded woman she must have been. Falling under the influence of a certain Henry Molyneux and his wife, she settled her property on them and went to live in their house at Tramore. The consequences may be read in one of the letters to Mrs. Atkinson:

> Henry had been brought up by the Jesuits. He had been educated for commerce, spoke four or five languages fluently. He soon became omnipotent in the house. Aunt told me she was going to help him for her husband's sake. The help was soon given in a very substantial way, by settling five hundred a year on the young lady he was engaged to marry. . . . Mr. Henry next succeeded in having himself declared heir in Aunty's will; I to be provided for by an annuity of (I think, but am not sure) £500. "Henry," who had "made himself the darling," was not satisfied. He desired to get the property into his hands during Aunty's life. This he was able to do, to his own, as well as Aunty's, ruin. He failed in London. The estate was put into the hands of receivers. I was withdrawn from college, and afterwards sent to America, to some of Henry's friends. I had some help from them in the shape of five dollars per week for a few months. Then I was told to go to the devil and take care of myself. I did both.

For the detailed information of this sort to be got from Mrs. Kennard's volume, any one interested in Hearn's life will be grateful. But the book by no means supplants, even for the early years, the biography by Mrs. Wetmore. The deeper influences that shaped the boy's imagination are related far more satisfactorily by the American friend, and there is, of course, nothing in the present volume to take the place of the correspondence published by Mrs. Wetmore, the new letters to Mrs. Atkinson being incomplete and for the most part trivial. For the rest, Mrs. Kennard relates the events of Hearn's life in confused manner and with little literary skill. At the end she adds a fairly entertaining account of a visit to Hearn's Japanese home after his death. The work as a whole is simply a mistake. Mrs. Kennard should have presented her new material in a separate small volume. As such it would have been highly valuable.

Manili Astronomicon Liber II. Edidit H. W. Garrod. New York: Henry Frowde. $3.40 net.

Mr. Garrod's book appears at an especially favorable time, when M. Cumont's recent lectures on Eastern astrology, delivered at various seats of learning in this country, have given Manilius a striking advertisement. Manilius has been very little known in recent times outside the circle of the especial initiates who are supposed to devote their days, and more particularly their nights, to whatever is most removed in the classical field from general interest. He has been ranked, perhaps properly enough, among the "hard" authors, and if the reader who is making his first essay in a new field of literature should

by ill luck blunder upon the "dodecatemories of dodecatemories," only a previous intense zeal for astrological science could save him from consternation. It would indeed be idle to assert that Manilius should be ranked in a gentleman's reading alongside of Virgil and Horace, of Catullus and Lucretius, and yet Manilius abounds in passages of high grandeur and brilliantly lucid expression. He can combine at times the exaltation of Lucretius with the limpidity of Ovid. The great Richard Bentley is said to have asserted that Manilius and Ovid alone of the Latins had "wit." Bentley was, to be sure, somewhat given to perversities, but this is not such a cryptic paradox as it might appear.

Mr. Garrod's text is acompanied by an adequate and readable prose translation, and though the second book of Manilius is not the one (if one only it must be) that we would select for an introduction to the author, we may yet hope that text and translation together on opposite pages will decoy some otherwise hesitant reader into an untried field of wide outlook. That is the main reason for mentioning here such a work of abstruse scholarship. There are some faint lights on the distant horizon that seem to give hope of a new dawn of the ideal of culture. We welcome every effort that may hasten it. The projected Loeb series of translations is of this sort. Only it must be remembered that the divine gift of poetry resides in the original verse, and but rarely can be sufficiently felt in a translation, which must be treated only as an auxiliary.

The Book of Khalid. By Ameen Rihani. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.30 net.

If Ameen Efendi Rihani could get over being what Mr. Kipling, or rather Wali Dad, called a "product," he might easily come to have the position in English which he holds already in Arabic. He has a very pretty gift of language, and he has discovered a literary *genre* where the East and the West, Arabic and English, can almost touch. But they do not quite touch, and that is the pity. "Sartor" and the humorous Maqáma, blackguard Arabic songs and the grinning satyr of Sterne, the essay that plays at autobiography and heart-sick Arabic poems that can tell anything so long as it will distil into the teller's emotion—all are within a hand's reach of one another. There is much kinship, too, between the Carlylean thunder and crack of words—the smack and roll of them on the tongue—and the Oriental loftiness of style gained by hunting in the dictionary. Only the words in English must be, in some measure, intelligible; it is only an Arabic reader who likes to be put to his lexicon. And the play on words which Arabic literature permits in all its range has its footing in English also; though a slippery one. Many have fallen there. So Ameen Rihani just misses it. His *genre* will not do in English, unless he can learn to handle it differently; but it is a most entertaining *genre*, all the same, and has possibilities. Especially he must understand that things may be said in French which are not possible in English, except, of course, if one happens to be Sterne. In these matters English is silent or downright—even as Arabic; the allusive snigger of a certain French school is alien and repellent.

But to his matter. This is the book of confessions of a Syrian Teufelsdröckh crossed with Gil Blas and Walt Whitman and Rousseau and what not—all having suffered an Oriental change. He wanders from Baalbek to New York and has various experiences there as shopkeeper and peddler and Tammany henchman. Beyond Tammany he penetrates to the demi-monde and to the world of Bohemian eccentricity, but not further, at least as Khalid. What Ameen Rihani himself may know or think about American life we do not learn. Autobiography is certainly here, but it is more apparent in the earlier and later pictures of peasant life in the Lebanon. To the Lebanon, then, he returns, and among laborious monks and money-making hermits, Bahais with their satellite American women, Jesuits in their intrigues, Turks of the Committee, and Arabs dreaming of a new empire of the desert, he finds texts enough for Carlylean meditations, sulphurous and kindly, biting and tender. And therein is largely the value of the book. With all the posturing and word-hunting and imitation, the discerning will find here the revelation and the problem of the keen-brained Syrian, sprung of a stock calling itself Arab and Phœnician, but mixed with blood from Scandinavia, central Asia, and northern Africa, skeptical, philosophical, businesslike, cynical, and yet a dreamer.

Notes

Among the books which the University of Chicago Press have in hand are: "The Sociological Study of the Bible," by Louis Wallis, and "Railway Economics," being a collectors' catalogue of books in fourteen American libraries prepared by the Bureau of Railway Economics, Washington, D. C.

Algot Lange's "In the Amazon Jungle" is in the press of G. P. Putnam.

The Century Company announces a series of six books under the general title of "Century Readings in United States History." The volumes are entitled: "Explorers and Settlers," "The Colonists and the Revolution," "A New Nation," "The Westward Movement," "The Civil War," and "The Progress of a United People."

"The History of an Amateur Gentleman" is the title chosen by Jeffery Farnol for his latest novel.

The spring list of L. C. Page & Co. includes in travel: "The Spell of France," by Caroline Atwater Mason; "Three Wonderlands of the American West," by Thomas D. Murphy, and "Chile and Her People of To-day," by Nevin O. Winter.—Fiction: "Chronicles of Avonlea," by L. M. Montgomery; "The Forbidden Trail," by Edgar M. Dilley; "Rayton: a Backwoods Mystery," by Theodore Goodridge Roberts; "The Dominant Chord," by Edward Kimball; "The Sword of Bussy: a Romance of the Time of Henri III," by Robert Neilson Stephens, and "Naomi of the Island," by Lucy Thurston Abbott.—Juveniles: "Ralph Somerby at Panama," by Forbes Lindsay; "The Pioneer Boys on the Ohio," by Harrison Adams; "Our Little Polish Cousin," by Florence E. Mendel.—Revised editions: "Mexico and Her People of To-day," by Nevin O. Winter, and "Panama and the Canal To-day," by Forbes Lindsay.

The Society for the Promotion of Researches into Zoroastrian Religion will publish the complete text of the Pahlavi Dinkard, Book III-IX, from the oldest extant manuscript, now in the Mulla Feroz Library, Bombay. The work is under the supervision of Dhanjishah Meherjibhai Madan.

The Manchester University Press is getting out a series of lectures on "Germany in the Nineteenth Century." Among the topics discussed are "The Political History," by Dr. J. Holland Rose; "The Intellectual History," by Professor Herford; "The Economic History," by Professor Conner, and "The History of Education," by Dr. Sadler. Lord Haldane contributes an introductory note.

Dodd, Mead & Co. are bringing out this week: "The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet," a detective story by Burton E. Stevenson; "The Green Vase," a novel by William R. Castle, jr.; "Peter and Jane," a story of English country life by S. Macnaughtan; "A Book of Prayers," by Samuel McComb; "The House of Dornell," a volume of essays by Fergus Graham, and "Children of the Resurrection," a devotional book by the late Ian Maclaren.

For its centennial, which the Princeton Theological Seminary will celebrate in May, Scribners are planning to publish "Biblical and Theological Studies and Discussions," being essays by the Seminary professors. The titles are: "Theological Encyclopædia," by Francis Landey Patton; "On the Emotional Life of Our Lord," by Benjamin Breckinridge Warfield; "The Child Whose Name is Wonderful," by John D. Davis; "Jonathan Edwards: A Study," by John DeWitt; "The Supernatural," by William Brenton Greene, jr.; "The Eschatological Aspect of the Pauline Conception of the Spirit," by Geerhardus Vos; "The Aramaic of Daniel," by Robert Dick Wilson; "The Place of the Resurrection Appearances of Jesus," by William Park Armstrong; "Modern Spiritual Movements," by Charles Rosenbury Erdman; "Homiletics as a Theological Discipline," by Frederick William Loetscher; "Sin and Grace on the Biblical Narrations Rehearsed in the Koran," by James Oscar Boyd; "The Finality of the Christian Religion," by Caspar Wistar Hodge, jr.; "The Interpretation of the

Shepherd of Hermas," by Kerr Duncan Macmillan; "Jesus and Paul," by John Gresham Machen, and "The Transcendence of Jehovah, God of Israel," by Oswald Thompson Allis.

The following books are promised by Sturgis & Walton Co. this month: "Jaconetta Stories," by Fannie Heaslip Lea; "Making Home Profitable," by Kate V. Saint-Maur, and "Memoirs of the Duc de Lauzun.

The Selden Society, which publishes the sources of English law, hopes to issue two publications for the year 1912. One of these will be the second volume of the "Year Books of the Eyre of Kent," edited by William C. Bolland; this is nearly ready and should be in the hands of members early in the year. The other is a volume on "Select Charters of Trading Companies," edited by Cecil T. Carr. The Society regrets that there has been delay in the appearance of Volume XXVI for 1911, but hopes that it may shortly be in the hands of members. It is the sixth volume of the Year Book Series containing reports of 4 Edward II, and is edited by G. J. Turner. The manuscript materials collected by the late Prof. Charles Gross, for the second volume of "Select Cases in the Law Merchant," have at last been found, and Professor Morgan has undertaken to complete this work for the Society. Provisional arrangements (subject to contingencies) have been made for the following further publications: another volume of the "Year Books of the Eyre of Kent," by Mr. Bolland; other volumes of the "Year Books of Edward II"; a volume of "Select Cases before the King's Council," by I. S. Leadam; a volume of "Select Ecclesiastical Pleas," by Mr. Harold D. Hazeltine; and an edition of the "Liber Pauperum" of Vacarius, by F. de Zulueta.

By an inadvertence, we noticed last week the Index of the Encyclopædia Britannica as the nineteenth volume. It is the twenty-ninth.

The Macmillan Co. has reprinted in a uniform edition three volumes of essays, by Prof. George Edward Woodberry—"The Torch," being eight lectures on the race power in literature, delivered before the Lowell Institute; "Great Writers," including Cervantes, Scott, Milton, Virgil, Montaigne, and Shakespeare, and a monograph on "Swinburne."

In "Our Magic" (Dutton) Nevil Maskelyne and David Devant explain, indeed, the performance of many kinds of legerdemain, but their real interest is in setting before the reader what may be called the philosophy of holding and deceiving an audience. The book is good reading, even for those who go to it for no practical instruction.

Maeterlinck's little treatise on "Death" (Dodd, Mead) is well translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Maeterlinck has many nice things to say on the subject of immortality, as on other subjects. "The soul is insensible to all that is not happiness"; "it will have no other career than infinity, and infinity is nothing if it be not felicity," etc., etc. Those may take comfort in this kind of thing who do not stop to ask where M. Maeterlinck obtained his lofty information.

"A Little Pilgrimage in Italy," by Olave M. Potter (Houghton Mifflin Co.), contains agreeable discursive chapters on Southern Tuscany and Umbria, with a digression to Ravenna and Loreto. It gives neither a traveller's systematic record nor an impressionist's word-pictures and emotions, but something between the two. The author has evidently been much influenced by Henry James, although she is never so cryptic as her original. At her best, she is good, and occasionally even striking, but the perpetual hunt for adjective and adverb we find cloying. Even the household fly ought to be allowed to come and go sometimes without an unusual epithet. The illustrations, by the Japanese, Yoshio Markino, are numerous and interesting, although most of them are out of drawing, according to an Occidental standard. The make-up of the book is attractive.

St. George's Church, on Stuyvesant Square, New York, which is well known throughout the country for its splendid religious work, celebrated last year the centenary of its foundation as a church, and for that occasion caused its history to be prepared in book form ("History of St. George's Church in the City of New York. 1752-1811-1911": Harper). The work, a fine volume of above 500 pages, was compiled by the Rev. Henry Anstice, D.D., son of a former vestryman of the parish, and one who, from his infancy, has been familiar with its history and traditions. It will be remembered that St. George's existed as a chapel of Trinity for almost sixty years before it became an independent parish. It was the earliest chapel of that corporation, founded in 1752. The first two chapters constitute a religious history of the city of New York from the first settlement in 1623 to the incorporation of St. George's Church in 1811, at which time it still occupied the original site on Beeckman Street. St. George's has been, on the whole, extremely fortunate in its rectors. Three of these, Drs. Milner, Tyng, and Rainsford, were great religious leaders, albeit differing much in character and methods of work, and it is owing to their leadership that St. George's has taken the position which it now holds in the religious life of the city. Each of these men may be said to have formed and fashioned the church after his own mind, and to have gathered about him for that purpose a band of lay supporters whose readiness to work and to contribute under such leadership was phenomenal.

Probably the most remarkable achievement in this direction was that of Dr. Rainsford, who took charge in 1883), when the church population had moved away, and St. George's had virtually no congregation and no workers outside of the vestry. These latter were willing, however, to give him free hand to do what he would, to guarantee sufficient means for him to set the work in operation, and to agree to render personal assistance. That done, Dr. Rainsford soon gathered about himself a most remarkable body of supporters, men and women, who made St. George's, during the period of his rectorship, and up to the present time, probably the model institutional church of the country, and a force for righteousness in civic life. The book contains brief histories, generally accompanied by portraits, of all the wardens and vestrymen who have been connected with the church, as well as of the clergy who have ministered there. In a short notice of the Trinity Chapel controversy, in which the rector of St. George's, Dr. Tyng, and the Hon. William Jay were anti-Trinity leaders, Dr. Anstice points out how much more effective the old endowment of the church in New York has been when divided among the churches, as was the rightful method, legally provided for by act of Legislature in 1814, than when multiplied in the hands of one corporation. We especially commend the history of St. George's to the consideration of Trinity Corporation.

In his "Motor Routes of England, Western Section" (Macmillan), Gordon Home presents in the most acceptable form two sorts of information—that which the driver needs to know, and that which will be of interest to the sightseer. This very inclusive tour—from London to farthest Wales and back again—is divided into eleven sections and eight loops, a chapter being devoted to each; and each of these chapters has its detailed map, its tables of distances, grades, and places of interest along the way. All information regarding hours of admission, entrance fees, etc., is printed in italics. The descriptive text itself is far from being the mere parrot prattle of the professional guide; Mr. Home is an ardent ecclesiologist and antiquarian, and thoroughly intelligent in architecture. Indeed, certain American motorists will feel the need of a glossary when they come to such terms as *rerdos, merlon, triforium.* In other respects the book is as clear as sunlight: he who rides may read. Above all, Mr. Home is a delightful travelling companion; he never bores you, and he can enjoy the sight of a glorious mountain without feeling obliged to pile up a mountain of adjectives to vie with it.

"Some Old Egyptian Librarians" (Scribner) is the title of a paper read by Dr. Ernest C. Richardson, librarian of Princeton University, before a convention of fellow-workers. It is not intended as a joke, but is a serious attempt, historical and archæological. On the basis of trustworthy translations and by the aid of adaptation of phrases and the exercise of imagination, he has carried the history two millenniums earlier than Asurbanipal and nearly three earlier than Alexandria. He finds twenty-one librarians in Egyptian history known by name, besides mention of a number of others unnamed. Such minute details constitute one of the marvels of Egyptian archæology. If Dr. Richardson had consulted Weigall's "Guide to the Antiquities of Upper Egypt" (p. 338), he might have included also a description of a temple "library" as well.

"New Poems by James I of England, from a hitherto unpublished manuscript (Add. 24195) in the British Museum" (Columbia University Press; Lemcke & Buechner), edited, with introduction and notes, by Allan F. Westcott, is a work of historical rather than literary interest. *Mediocres poetas nemo novit, bonos pauci.* The first clause of this dictum of the Roman historian is hardly open to dispute, whatever one may think of the second, and there is nothing in the present volume to change the opinion of the world as to which of the two classes of poets includes the royal author.

Nevertheless, owing to the circumstances of his birth, James played an important part on the stage of European life in his day, and nothing that serves to illustrate his character is wholly destitute of value. Of the fifty-seven poems printed in the volume, twenty-six appear now for the first time, and of those which have already been published, nine are here first identified as coming from James's pen. MS. Add. 24195 was written, for the most part, apparently by one of the King's Scotch secretaries, but some of the sonnets are in the hand of his son, Prince Charles, and the King himself made changes in the volume. It contains, besides the poems, specimens of the author's correspondence with foreign scholars and other short prose pieces, some of which Mr. Westcott has printed in an appendix. The editor has done his work with the most exemplary thoroughness. His notes embrace some contributions worthy of attention to the now burning question of French influence on British poetry during the period of the Renaissance. In his Introduction he observes justly that in forming a judgment of James's poetical abilities, we should remember that his work in this line belongs almost wholly to his early life, and should, accordingly, be measured by the standards of that time, the early Elizabethan period. This is true, but, of course, the mediocre quality of the poetry remains—for James had culture, but not a spark of inspiration. It does not strike us that the editor is particularly happy in his indication of what are the best pieces in the volume. We should for our own part, select "Constant Love in All Conditions" (p. 7) as the most favorable specimen of James's verse. This reads smoothly, and is altogether not unlike the average work of the better-known Scotch poets early in the same century.

Mr. Westcott's Introduction, which makes very agreeable reading, is a detailed discussion of James as a writer and a patron of literature. He reviews his education under the great humanist, George Buchanan, his poetical apprenticeship under Alexander Montgomerie, and his subsequent relations with literature and authors. Under this head he might have mentioned the incident in George Herbert's life, before his disappointments as a courtier drove him into saintship, when the poet, lecturing on oratory one term at Cambridge, based his discourses on a Latin oration of James's, instead of the usual oration of Cicero or Demosthenes, as offering a more perfect specimen of the art than anything that antiquity had produced. Mr. Westcott tries to prove that the influence of James was in some degree responsible for the growing classicism of English poetry in the later years of his reign. The considerations which he advances in regard to the matter do not seem to us to amount to much. Nevertheless, the whole of the Introduction is instructive, and no historian of James I can afford to neglect the study of his intellectual interests which is embodied in these pages.

An interesting review of the "Attitude of American Courts in Labor Cases" has been added to the series of Columbia University Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law, by Prof. G. G. Groat of Ohio Wesleyan University. Mr. Groat does not concern himself with points of law which may be regarded as established, but endeavors by the assembling of extracts from authoritative decisions to show the drift of judicial opinion on problems still unsettled. He has carefully selected his material from the reports of leading cases in the United States Supreme Court, the Federal Circuit Courts, and the courts of last resort in the separate States. Throughout most of the book his work has been largely confined to the task of compilation, and to the linking together of excerpts into a fairly consecutive exposition of guiding principles. But in the chapters which conclude the two main divisions of his study, dealing respectively with the legality of the acts of organized workers and with the validity of progressive labor legislation, he summarizes sanely, and on the whole interestingly, the considerations which seem to dominate our judiciary at the present time. His point of view is not that of the jurist; it is that of the student of economic conditions who is convinced that many venerable conceptions of liberty and justice and personal rights in general have now become obsolete and inapplicable. The emphasis of the book is consequently on one side; but it is on the side where an increasing number of legal thinkers believe that hope for the future lies.

Those who have faith in the economic interpretation of history will be interested in A. M. Simons's "Social Forces in American History" (Macmillan). The author, who is evidently a thorough going Marxian, offers here explanations on economic grounds of the chief events in American history from the discovery of America to the rise of the Knights of Labor. These explanations he has assembled from a wide range of miscellaneous reading. Virtually all of them can be found in suggestion at least in works by serious students, but in very few cases did their originators offer them as the whole explanation of the particular events under consideration.

Edward A. Foord's "Byzantine Empire" (Macmillan) may do much harm if it prevents some competent person from writing a "short popular history of the Later Roman Empire." For there is need of a book which shall hit a mark somewhere "between Professor Oman's sketch in the 'Story of the Nations Series' and monumental works like those of Gibbon, Finlay, Bury," Rambaud, Schlumberger, Diehl, Krumbacher, Gelzer, Strzygowski, Lampros—if we may add a few foreign names to Mr. Foord's poverty-stricken British list. It is true that experts like Professor Diehl believe the time not yet ripe for a sound synthesis of Byzantine history; but even the layman knows that Professor Diehl himself has breathed life upon the dry bones of many Byzantine kings and queens, and that the investigations of French, German, Russian, English, and Greek scholars have cast light upon many dark places in Byzantine art, politics, and institutions since Oman wrote his hasty, but serviceable, compendium. We have our quarrel not with Mr. Foord's task, but with its execution. After reading through to the end a volume remarkable on the positive side for the triviality of its materials, criticism, and style, on the negative side for its ignorance of the modern literature and of all the great problems of Byzantine history, we are shocked to re-read in the preface that the work is only the introduction to a larger one, "embodying the results" of the author's "own original research." Would that the author had been less niggardly with originality in his prolegomena! Gordon Home was, it seems, the wicked counsellor who persuaded Mr. Foord that a "knowledge of what was required, combined with a real enthusiasm" for the subject, would compensate for his hopeless amateurishness. Was there no one to tell him to do his research first and to refrain from a comprehensive work until he had come into intimate relations with his theme? Has he never been advised that to give "little space" to "ecclesiastical controversies" is to crush from his history the very breath of Byzantine national life? The true historian is not at liberty to neglect what he dislikes or what is unfamiliar to him. In short, Mr. Foord's book shows all the vices which we have come to expect in English "pot-boilers"—captiousness of judgment, defective training, and ignorance of all but standard native works. It is not redeemed by the common English virtues—political sense and dignity of style. It reminds us in many ways of Diodorus the Sicilian.

Science

The World's Minerals. By Leonard J. Spencer. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $2 net.

The author of this volume is connected with the British Museum, where one of the three great mineral collections of the world is exhibited. With obviously thorough command of his subject, he has prepared a work upon one hundred and sixteen of the commoner species, out of the eight or nine hundred that are known. The book is intended to be interesting and intelligible to the general reader and to convey to him the main facts of composition, crystal form, occurrence, and uses. Special emphasis is therefore laid upon the more popular points. Gems are always uppermost in the minds of those who have not given special attention to the scientific side of mineralogy. The book therefore begins with the diamond, to which more space, twice over, is devoted than to any other mineral except the ubiquitous and protean quartz.

Certain usages in England different from those current in America will be at once observed by a discriminating reader. The carbonate of iron is called chalybite across the ocean, but siderite on this side. In the book, it is described as chalybite in the text and figures as siderite on the plates. The blue carbonate of copper universally passes as azurite in America, but is known as chessylite in England. Again, the text favors England, the plates America. The carbonate of zinc is named calamine by Mr. Spencer, and the carbonate is the only zinc ore mentioned except zincblende. In this country calamine is applied only to the hydrated silicate of zinc,

which is many times more abundant than is the carbonate smithsonite. Mr. Spencer makes no mention of the silicate. Cerusite, on page 150, should be cerussite.

The writers of books upon mineralogy have manifested in later years a growing desire to illustrate their subject, not only by the conventional line drawings of crystals, but by half-tone photographs, or, as in the present instance, by colored plates. Crystallized minerals are singularly attractive objects. They make their appeal both by regularity and symmetry of form, and by beautiful coloring and brilliant lustre. Colored plates of minerals are not easy to prepare. The fire and lustre, the transparence and play of colors, can only be brought out with the exercise of great skill and care. The plates in Mr. Spencer's book are not always satisfactory. Criticism, however, should be tempered with an appreciation of the difficulties involved. Nevertheless, for the general reader they are more significant than geometrical drawings, and they will add to the interest of a work which is intended to be, and succeeds in being, popular and elementary in treatment.

On March 23 Scribners will issue "Criminal Responsibility and Social Constraint," by the late Dr. Ray Madding McConnell, and "Suggestion and Psychotherapy," by Dr. George W. Jacoby.

L. W. Page's "Roads, Paths, and Bridges" will soon be added to Sturgis & Walton's Young Farmer's Practical Library.

McBride, Nast & Co. have in preparation "My Three Great Flights," by André Beaumont, who won the Paris-Rome, the Circuit of Europe, and Circuit of Britain aerial races.

Benjamin M. Davis is bringing out, through the University of Chicago Press, "Agricultural Education in the Public Schools."

"The Great Plateau of Northern Rhodesia" (Longmans) is a work of unique value, being the only book on a fascinating region in tropical Africa. Isolation from the outside world has enabled the virile natives to preserve their primitive customs more perfectly than has any other great negro race. The main object of the authors, Cullen Gouldsbury and Hubert Sheane, was to describe this native life minutely, carefully, and reliably. The facts they give were not gathered by ordinary travellers, but are the results of careful research by men who have spent many years in close touch with the natives in their own surroundings. A brief sketch of the history of the country, so far as it is known, is followed by a detailed account of the natives' religious beliefs and rites, their social life, arts, industries, and amusements, with much information on the land and its fauna and flora. "Every Central African," says Mr. Sheane, "is a born lawyer":

> From childhood upward he has been familiarized with the procedure in innumerable cases heard in the open village courtyard, or has listened to the accounts of old-time decisions, rounded off by some neat proverb or epigram, and, accordingly, when he has attained to man's estate, the mind of the average native is a veritable storehouse of past precedents. Should the need arise, he can act as his own pleader, and set forth his case with fluency and lawyer-like adroitness. It is doubtless from this early-acquired knowledge and legal bias that the natives derive the great respect for constituted authority shown in their singularly law-abiding nature.

Many will be interested in the light which these two officials shed on the methods of British colonial government. The fundamental principle is to govern the natives through their chiefs, in accordance with their own laws and customs and their own councils and courts, except in the case of customs entirely at variance with the laws of humanity and civilization. The success of such methods is shown by the fact that a region as large as England, which twenty years ago was the abode of turbulent savages, is now one of the most peaceful lands in the world. "Since the occupation of the country, more than a decade and a half ago, with the exception of one or two trivial affairs, not a shot has been fired in enmity." The foreign governing body consists of twenty officials without a single white soldier and only 100 native police. A large part of this success, it should be said, is due to the educative work of the missionaries. In one division, with a population of above 20,000, about 7,000 can read and write a little. "Boys reading by the campfire and the moonlight are a common sight." White officials come into close touch with the natives by annual visits to each village. It is a land rich in possibilities from its adaptiveness to the cultivation of rubber, cotton, and valuable timber. The elevation of the plateau, from four to six thousand feet above sea-level, gives it a delightful and fairly healthful climate. When the railways now in progress of construction from the north, the south, and the east reach it, Northern Rhodesia may become a much-valued corner of the Empire. There are eighty-one illustrations, some of beautiful scenery, and an excellent map.

Rear-Admiral George Wallace Melville, U. S. N., retired, who died in Philadelphia on Sunday, was born in New York in 1841. After serving throughout the Civil War he was chief engineer on three expeditions to the Far North, on the Tigress, in search of the ill-fated Polaris, on the Jeannette, and on the Thetis in search of Greely. For his bravery he was honored by Congress and by scientific and geographical societies; he received honorary degrees from many universities, as well as decorations from foreign monarchs. In 1896 he was appointed engineer-in-chief of the navy, and in 1900 became rear-admiral. He was the inventor of several mechanical appliances.

John Bernhardt Smith, who died last week at his home in New Brunswick, N. J., aged fifty-three, had been for several years State entomologist, and had done notable service in attacking the mosquito pest. He was also professor of entomology in Rutgers College and was the author of two books on his special subject.

Dr. Henry Wilson Spangler, who died on Monday at the age of fifty-four, was professor of mechanical engineering in the University of Pennsylvania, where he had served for more than twenty years. Before that he had been in the employ of the United States Navy. He was the author of "Vaive Gears," "Notes on Thermodynamics," and "Graphics," and wrote in collaboration "Elements of Steam Engineering."

Drama

It is a strange conjunction with which the reader is confronted in a new Oxford book just issued by Henry Frowde—"Shakespeare's Hamlet, Coriolanus, and Twelfth Night," edited with introductions and notes, by G. S. Gordon. Why these three plays should have been selected to march through the land together is not clear, nor why they should be cursed by an ugly, faded-green binding. Each is introduced by a longish essay, well written but contributing nothing new to the literature of the subject.

"The Terrible Meek," by Charles Rann Kennedy, the nature of which had been carefully kept secret—an old managerial device—was presented in the Little Theatre on Tuesday afternoon, and demonstrated the elasticity of Winthrop Ames's policy as director. He would scarcely have produced it without the conviction that the stage still retains some traces of its religious origin and that its mission is still didactic, as well as artistic, satirical, and humorous. Doubtless he reasoned also that a piece uncompromising in its socialistic radicalism would gain sympathy by its sentimental and religious appeal even should it fail to vanquish by its logic. Evidently he is not altogether in bondage to the narrow creed of the modern realists. "The Terrible Meek" is notable if only for the boldness of its challenge, the fervor of its purpose, and the vigor of its utterance. It is strong in sentimental and spiritual appeal, and closes upon an inspiring note proclaiming the coming triumph of brotherly love—the fulfilment of an ideal, divine altruism—but it is often reckless in its generalizations and anarchical and dangerous in its implications, savoring more of the zealot than the philosopher. Moreover it is not wholly free from the taint of theatrical artifice. The scene is at the foot of Calvary, in the darkness following the Crucifixion. This darkness is used—not very successfully—to mystify the audience concerning the time, the place, and the particular incident, and to give these a contemporaneous application. The Centurion of the Gospels and a private soldier—talking like a British officer and a "Tommy"—discuss the deed of the day. Neither knows just why the dead man has suffered. The private had known him, had been inclined to like him, and had seen no harm in his words or his actions. He helped to kill him, as a matter of duty, when the Captain gave his orders, and would do so again under similar circumstances. The Captain, troubled in conscience, moralizes on the meaning of duty, amazes his companion by mutinous utterances, and finally in despair proclaims himself a murderer. Then the peasant mother of the victim—the Virgin Mary—in a long, pathetic soliloquy, summarizes the career of her murdered son and vows to spread the tale of his lovely life and cruel death throughout the world. The Captain, confessing his part in the transaction, implores her pardon, fiercely denounces the crimes done through the ages—

up to the present moment—in the name of patriotism, religion, and civilization, and ecstatically prophesies the impending annihilation of the Kingdoms of the world and the entrance of her son's disciples—the terrible meek—into their inheritance. In a word the millennium. Presently he refuses to obey a new order from his general, preferring death to wrongful obedience. This, he says, is the easy solution of the world's troubles. Then the stage is illuminated, and Calvary is disclosed, with the crosses and their occupants, the speakers in their appropriate costumes, and the foreground filled with peaceful sheep.

Doubtless the piece will provoke controversy, and, probably, some derision. Skeptics will laugh at it as the dream of a rhapsodical sentimentalist. Not all the church-folk will approve it, while sociologists will shudder at its pernicious fallacies. But there is a great basic truth at the root of it, that the hope of the world lies in the perfection of that human fellowship which is the essence of the Christian creeds. It is to this end, of course, that most enlightened social reformers are working. But the idea of the Centurion that the law of the individual conscience will suffice to solve the problems and dissipate the evils of our complex society is too fantastic for debate. A certain looseness of thought is discernible even in the title of the sketch, the qualifying epithet being strangely out of harmony with the general tenor of the text. Are the meek to win by violence, the sheep to rend the wolves? This is not the Christian legend. But it would not be fair to subject so sympathetic and emotional a work to searching critical analysis. Even should the production fail, the Little Theatre will lose nothing in prestige.

Madame Simone has appeared in the Hudson Theatre as Gilberte in Meilhac and Halévy's "Frou-Frou," thus completing her promised list of plays in English. Her impersonation is the best seen since the early days of Bernhardt. The gay frivolity of the opening scenes was wonderfully airy and spontaneous. The gradual development of jealousy in the young wife was marked with her wonted subtlety, and her outbreak of insane fury against her sister Louise was delivered with utter abandonment. Her appeal to her avenging husband in the fourth act had in it a note of true despair and suffering. But in nothing that she has done here has Madame Simone suggested her possession of the highest tragic powers. Her domain, apparently, lies within the limits of comedy, romance, and melodrama, but clearly is of very wide extent. She has won her triumphs here by her unaided ability, for her support, as a rule, has been abominable.

It is announced that Israel Zangwill's new play, "The Next Religion," which fell under the English censor's ban, will be given at the London Pavilion, by the New Players, on the afternoons of Thursday and Friday, April 18 and 19. The performances will be private.

"Plain Brown," a new comedy by Cosmo Hamilton, has been obtained by Charles Frohman. It will have its first New York performance at the Garrick Theatre in September.

Charles Frohman announces that Maude Adams will be seen in a number of new plays in the Empire Theatre next season. This implies a modification of the original "Chanteeler" arrangement, and all the best friends of the actress will be glad to hear of her release from the conditions of whimsical ineptitude to which she has been so long in cruel subjection.

Ian Maclaren, now acting in support of George Arliss in "Disraeli," is planning for a special production of "Hamlet" in Wallack's Theatre on April 23, in commemoration of the birthday of the poet. He hopes that this performance may be the first of regular annual celebrations of the day in imitation of the example set at London and Stratford on Avon. There is nothing to be said against such an enterprise, if it be undertaken in the right spirit. Few lovers of the poet will agree that an inferior Shakespearean performance is better than no performance at all. Public maltreatment of his text—equally suggestive of indifference and incompetence on the part of the performers—is a queer way of showing reverence. A conscientious endeavor on the part of ordinary players, in the regular way of business, may be tolerated, or even encouraged, but a special performance—an artistic sacrifice upon the altar of the author's genius—is another affair altogether. Who is to play the Prince? So far as general knowledge goes, there is no one in the country—unless Forbes Robertson, by any lucky chance, should happen to be available—who is capable of interpreting the part with any eloquence, refinement, imagination, distinction, or glimmer of special insight. Some shift might be made, possibly, to present one of the less exacting plays, either comedy or tragedy, with comparative decency; but "Hamlet," at this juncture, seems pretty hopeless.

Music

PROFESSOR PARKER'S PRIZE OPERA.

On December 15, 1908, the manager of the Metropolitan Opera House announced that the directors had decided to give a prize of $10,000 for the best opera composed by an American. When the contest closed, on September 15, 1910, it was found that twenty-four manuscripts had been submitted. These were placed in the hands of the appointed judges, Alfred Hertz, Walter Damrosch, Martin Loeffler, and George W. Chadwick, and on May 1, 1911, it was announced that they had agreed on bestowing the award on "Mona," an opera in three acts, music by Prof. Horatio Parker of Yale University, "book" by Brian Hooker, who was also at one time a member of the Yale faculty. Preparations were begun at once to procure a sumptuous scenic setting, as well as a good cast of singers. The singers, with Mr. Hertz as conductor, entered on their task with great energy, and after many weeks of rehearsing, "Mona" had its first hearing on Thursday, March 14, by an audience of great size, which recalled the composer, the librettist, and the singers many times.

The announcement that the prize had been bestowed on Horatio Parker had been received with some surprise, for notwithstanding his high rank among American composers, it was known that among his works, comprising above sixty opus numbers, there was not one which was concerned with the theatre. Successful opera composers are born, not made. Mozart grew up in a stage atmosphere; when he was twelve years old he was already concert-master, and he was only eleven when he wrote his first opera. Weber had a chance to learn "how the wheels go round" from his boyhood, as his father was manager of a travelling company of players and singers; and Wagner had the same advantages through his stepfather's connection with the Dresden Opera. When Weber wrote his first opera he was thirteen years old; Wagner composed his first work for the stage at twenty; Verdi, at twenty-three. Schumann's and Beethoven's operas, on the other hand, were afterthoughts. "Genoveva" and "Fidelio" do not reach the level of their best works, except in places.

The same must be said of Parker's "Mona," which will never enjoy the vogue of some of his choral works, notably his "Hora Novissima." The opera is too obviously the work of a newcomer on the stage; and the fault is aggravated by the fact that Mr. Hooker's libretto, though exceptionally good as literature, is also the product of one not used to stage ways. Some of the scenes are dramatic and thrilling, but on the whole there is too much dialogue, and the action does not always make clear to the spectator what the reader of the book finds elucidated in copious notes and directions. The disadvantages of too much dialogue can, it is true, be overcome by a Richard Wagner, but Wagners are not common.

Like Bellini's once popular "Norma," Parker's opera is based on a story of the old Druids during the time of the Roman domination in Britain. The heroine, Mona, is a sort of Jeanne D'Arc. She has on her breast a mysterious birthmark, and she proves to be, not, as everybody was led to suppose, the daughter of Arth and Enya, but a lineal descendant of Boadicea. Some fanatics among the Druids urge her to head an uprising against the Romans. She has been haunted by dreams and visions of the future, and decides to accept the leadership, despite the warnings and entreaties of her lover. This lover, who is known as Gwynn, is the son of a captive British woman by the Roman Governor. Neither Mona nor the other Britons know of his part-Roman parentage. His object is, by his union with Mona, to establish permanent peace. For a time her heart yields to womanly

promptings and she accepts his caresses, but the wave of Druidic fanaticism overpowers her when he confides to her the secret of his birth. Like a tigress she turns on him, summons the Britons, and all march off to assail the Romans. The battle goes against them. In the last act, wounded Britons run across the stage, followed presently by Mona. Gwynn appears, but she, refusing to believe that he is the Governor's son, takes him to be a traitor and stabs him with his Roman sword. Too late she understands the error, the crime, of her fanaticism—understands that, had she listened to the womanly promptings of her heart, she could have achieved infinitely more than by leading men to battle.

There is nothing American in the story of the prize opera, unless it be that Mona's conversion, with which Mr. Hooker adorns the tale, may be supposed to point a moral which our suffragettes should heed. His going back two thousand years and placing the scene among the Druids of Britain need not have prevented the composer from writing a genuine American opera, any more than the fact that the heroine of "Norma" was a high priestess of the Druids prevented Bellini from making it a typically Italian opera. An interesting comparison might be made between "Mona" and Victor Herbert's "Natoma," which was produced here last year by the Chicago-Philadelphia Company. That opera also suffered from the fact that its libretto, though interesting in substance, was the work of an amateur. The music, however, betrays the hand of one thoroughly versed in stagecraft. "Natoma" is a genuine opera, the first real American opera; American, because of its story, but still more so because of its music. Though born in Ireland (which prevented his competing for the $10,000 prize), Mr. Herbert has spent the greater part of his life in this country, and he has done more to create a real American atmosphere in music than any one excepting Stephen Foster and Edward MacDowell.

In Parker's opera one listens in vain for a note distinctively American. His score consists of substantial, serious, scholarly music, such as any one of a hundred German, English, or other composers might have written. While there is a veiled allusion here and there to familiar phrases, the opera as a whole is surprisingly free from reminiscences, except in a general way—in its use of phrases that have long been the common property of all composers. Of such phrases, indeed, "Mona" is compact. There is little individuality of style or thought. The leading motives associated with the characters are not sufficiently incisive to make a mark on the memory, and therefore they miss their effect. The constant use of declamation in place of ingratiating vocal melody (which, to be sure, does not come at one's bidding) is wearisome. The orchestration is the work of an expert, usually appropriate, sometimes impassioned, as in the love duo, at other times (especially in the march of the Roman soldiers at the close) imposing, after the manner of a Spontini. The most interesting parts of the opera are the choruses, which are admirably conceived and carried out; and this brings us back to our starting point. In writing choral music, Professor Parker is in his own sphere; in writing operatic music, he is not—at least, not yet.

After the usual series of performances in Chicago, Philadelphia, and New York, Andreas Dippel will take his company next season to San Francisco, visiting, also, Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle, and Denver. This will keep him, his singers, players, and stage hands busy at least twenty-six weeks. Since the Metropolitan company no longer goes on tour, he will have no rival in the field.

The principal works to be performed at the Cincinnati Festival, May 7 to 11, are: Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony; Benoit's "Into the World"; Berlioz's "Requiem"; Franck's "The Beatitudes," Liszt's "Dante Symphony," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Strauss's "Heldenleben," Van der Stucken's "Pax Triumphans," scenes from Wagner's "Götterdämmerung" and "Meistersinger," and Wolf-Ferrari's "The New Life."

When Handel began to write oratorios, he intended to have them performed like operas, with scenery, costume, and action. The Bishop of London, however, forbade the performance on the dramatic stage of Biblical stories. The Rev. H. R. Haweis, whose "Music and Morals" has just been issued in a new edition by the Harpers, pleaded eloquently for the carrying out of Handel's original intentions, on the ground that dramatic presentation might restore to popularity some masterworks that are now neglected. But it was not until a few weeks ago that an attempt was made to test this claim. Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was performed in a dramatic version at Liverpool by the Moody Manners Opera Company. The production was received with great enthusiasm by an audience that crowded every part of the theatre. In a few places where the oratorio did not yield a continuous plot, extra pages were added, with music taken from other works by Mendelssohn. According to the London *Times*, the oratorio stood the test remarkably well. "Of course, there were things in it which sounded rather foolish under these conditions, but the really strong portions proved their dramatic quality by being made positively more vivid by the action of the stage."

Oscar Hammerstein's London Opera House threw open its doors on November 13, and the winter season closed on March 2. During this period the enterprising manager produced "Quo Vadis?" "William Tell," "Norma," "Rigoletto," "Traviata," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Faust," "Hérodiade," "Le Jongleur De Notre Dame," "Tales of Hoffmann," "Louise," and Rossini's "Barber." Hammerstein's summer season is to begin on April 22 and last till July 13.

For a new translation of the "Don Giovanni" Italian text into German the Deutsche Bühnenverein has offered a prize of no less than $2,400, which shows in what esteem Mozart's opera is held in Germany. The prize libretto must be satisfactory, not only as literature, but must be accurately dovetailed with the music.

Wassili Safonoff is one of the busiest conductors in Europe. He does not forget his American experiences. At Rome, where he conducted two concerts not long ago, chiefly of Russian music, he also presented an American composition, Henry Hadley's symphonic poem, "Salome." It was not, however, very favorably received.

Massenet's latest opera, "Roma," has won a decided success at Monte Carlo. It is based on a story the scene of which is laid in Rome during the Punic wars, 246 B. C. The heroine is a Vestal virgin who, being detected in a love affair, is condemned to be buried alive. The love music is said to show the composer at his best in his familiar style; the critics, however, were also impressed favorably with the military music, which abounds in the score and recalls his turbulent "La Navarraise."

Art

THE SPRING ACADEMY.

The present exhibition of the National Academy in the Fifty-seventh Street Galleries sets in view 296 paintings and 26 pieces of sculpture, the work of 261 artists, as compared with 345 paintings and 67 sculptures, the work of 322 artists, shown at the winter Academy in December and January. Among the sixty exhibitors in December not represented in this exhibition will be found John D. Alexander, Cecilia Beaux, E. H. Blashfield, William M. Chase, Cyrus E. Dallin, Paul Dougherty, Daniel C. French, William Glackens, Jerome Myers, John S. Sargent, J. Alden Weir, Irving Wiles; nor has this spring show brought out the earlier absentees—Benson, Burroughs, Dearth, Dewey, Henri, Marsh, Melchers, Pratt, Ranger, Sterner, Tarbell, Thayer, Tryon, and others. In short, the exhibition is small enough to gain in an effect of selective arrangement, but not representative of the full available strength. Piece by piece, there are many interesting things here.

Everett L. Warner, whose March Day at the entrance sets a pair of pines against a far screen of deciduous trees in a reddish haze, has also a capital picture of the river-front, with open spaces, old sloping roofs, and spanning bridges. Francis C. Jones's wooded hillside is a high slope rising against the sky into the corner of the canvas. Elsewhere, he shows a pair of children taking a sewing lesson from an attentive young woman, an affair of gold and baby blue and rose pink. Robert Vonnoh does the reflections of trees in a pond and a stretch of afternoon landscape broadly and in simple color in a high key. His

Octogenarian is a character study, showing a withered head in black hood, the seated figure wrapped in its cape, the eyes sunk, the skin taut and tinged with orange.

Frank A. Bicknell keeps his last glow of an October day warm in color, with the light focussed on the middle distance. Gifford Beal paints the snow-covered banks of a frozen stream lined with snow-laden spruce, with broad not to say coarse touch. His old homestead presents a sward that is soaked with green, high lights, and shadows, a rich expanse of tree-shaded lawn before a columned portico. It is the allurement of colors which leads Karl Anderson into his garden splendor, where the woman is effulgent in azures and purples, with a background in which the gamboge lilies heighten the richness of the air. This allurement of color has many illustrations here. Cullen Yates, in landscape again, finds it in the tobacco browns of Indian summer or the mustard yellows of a high-mounding hillock swelling up into a blue sky.

Norwood Macgilvary uses his nude figure attitudinizing before a crouched leopard and holding at arm's length a glass of magic wine as an opportunity for luscious vermillions and purples in the silks and for a glimpse of the gem-like Mediterranean sea. There are several nudes here, as it happens. Sergeant Kendall's Cicada, owned by Adolph Bernheimer and seen at the Pennsylvania Academy a year ago, is a successful if not altogether satisfying painting. There is a high measure of craftsmanship about it, without much charm. F. Luis Mora's Embroidered Patterns is a group of two nude figures, very much posed, the scene most deliberately set, and yet the whole so simple that it escapes affectation and has a kind of ingratiating delicacy. The kneeling figure is perhaps the more fortunately posed. Lilian Genth's sea nymph on the beach is much the usual figure that this painter has delighted in for several years, rather better in color and freer in management.

Bruce Crane's partly cleared hill, with the road leading into the thick second growth in the hollow, is a soft, veracious bit of barren countryside. Carlton T. Chapman's sea fights are alone in their sort. Here he has the fight off Cape Vincent, the ships coming on under crowded heads of sail in long lanes, engaged two-by-two as they course along, their sides lifting with fire and trailing smoke and torn rigging. J. Carroll Beckwith does a portrait of his wife, full of deft detail, but rather fussy in consequence. Charles Bittinger's crinoline dames, grouped in a Colonial room making ready for the dance, are studies in cross-light. F. C. Frieseke gives us a string of waterside willows, and a nude standing under the trees in the dappling sunlight.

W. R. Leigh, who has exhibited some interesting studies made among the Mexican Indians, has entered the field of *genre* in the manner of Remington with his Poison Pool. Kenyon Cox's August contains a figure clasping her draped knees and holding a sickle negligently, which carries the mind to much panelling of public walls. John F. Weir's portrait of James W. Pinchot, one of the founders of the Yale Forest School, among the few full-length portraits here, is drily painted, definitely limited within its boundaries, the whole rather graphic and flat. Mary Fairchild Low has a portrait of Mrs. R. L. Stevenson, and one of Ben Ali Haggin's full-length young women in black gown stands with some air of challenge in her pose.

Jonas Lie uses a dramatic and tumbled sky for the morning scene on the river, with the bridge in perspective framing in the left, one of the crop of New York Bridge pictures which is touched with imagination and guided by a pictorial purpose. George Bellows's scene on the Jersey City docks in winter is framed in by the slab side of a large ocean liner in berth. The men, all turned at some word or act at the left, are of the dynamic caricature that Mr. Bellows finds adapted to the vigorous manner of his painting. By Joseph Pennell there is a small gray canvas called London Roofs.

The sculpture, of course, includes a tortoise fountain by Miss Janet Scudder. No exhibition would be ready to open without one. But there is in fact little sculpture here. We noted a head of the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, by Henry H. Kitson; the standing figure of Caruso, by Paul Troubetzkoy; a little figure of a child playing, by Lindsey Morris Sterling.

The prizes awarded were the following: Thomas B. Clarke prize to Charles Bittinger for his painting, Preparing for the Dance; the first, second, and third Hallgarten prizes to Charles Rosen, Everett L. Warner, and Eliot Clark for their paintings, entitled Rocky Ledges, Along the Riverfront, and Under the Trees; the Inness gold medal to Albert L. Groll for his painting, entitled Lake Louise, British Columbia; the Saltus medal to Bruce Crane for his painting, entitled The Hills; the Julia A. Shaw memorial prize to M. Jean McLane (Mrs. Johansen) for her Portrait of Mrs. John Henry Hammond and Daughter.

The exhibition continues to April 14.

Ernest A. Batchelder's "Design in Theory and Practice" (Macmillan), illustrated, is one of the best elementary manuals that has come to our notice. It provides practical exercises, but is perhaps most valuable in its steady and pungent insistence upon fundamental principles. The author approaches nature through design. What counts for him is not casual divination, but close and logical working out of pattern with regard to all material conditions. The point of view is suggested in the following: "We aim to produce studio-trained craftsmen. What we need most are shop-trained artists." It would be hard to put in fewer words what ails modern art of every degree.

"The Painters of the School of Seville" (Duckworth-Scribner), illustrated, by N. Sentenach, is a scholarly book covering unfamiliar ground. It has the defect, rather common in works of this class, of being somewhat too elaborate for the layman, while incomplete from the point of view of the special student. We miss especially any well-defined critical attitude towards the subject.

Walter Lofthouse Dean, a marine artist, died last week at his house in East Gloucester, Mass. He was born in 1854, and after a course in the State Normal Art School in Boston under Achille Oudinot, he studied under Boulanger and Jules Lefebvre in Paris. One of his pictures represents the Vigilant skimming past the Valkyrie in the race of October 13, 1893. The Halibut Catchers is another.

The death is reported from Cairo, Egypt, of the American artist, Henry Bacon. He was born seventy-three years ago at Haverhill, Mass. In the Civil War he was field artist for *Leslie's Weekly*, and afterwards went to Paris. He remained there twenty years, studying under Frère and Cabanel, and several of his pictures were hung in the Salon. Latterly he had spent his winters in Egypt and painted pictures of caravan life and desert scenes. Although he was successful in oil, his water-color pictures were the best. One of his best-known paintings is Gen. Gates and the Boys of Boston Common, which hangs in the old Adams House in Boston.

George Dunn, whose death is reported from Maidenhead, England, was at the time of his death the leading English authority on early printed books; he was also well known as a collector of old silver, besides being a distinguished photographer of stars.

Finance

A COAL STRIKE AND "PROSPERITY."

At the close of last week, after a surprising advance in the face of unfavorable home and foreign news—including the continuance of the English coal strike—the stock market halted, wavered, and declined. This change in direction might have been assigned to what Wall Street calls the "technical situation"—the fact that, after a ten-point rise in prices, there are always less people willing to buy than there were before, and more willing to sell. But the fact that the reaction in stocks followed immediately on the news that our own anthracite coal-mine owners and the representatives of their employees had failed, after repeated conferences, to come to terms, and that the outlook was

for the calling of a strike when the present three-year wage agreement expires on April 1, led to a rather general inference that the market was now, for the first time, beginning to reflect our own industrial dispute.

The first question asked in the financial markets was, How would such a strike, especially if long continued, affect the general trend of business, the national prosperity, and, incidentally, the financial markets? There is some material from which to give the answer; for the anthracite coal strike of 1902 was quite as extensive and prolonged as it could very well be this year.

It began on the 12th of May. It was at first called "temporary"; then, on the 15th, the convention of miners' delegates at Hazleton, by a vote of 461¼ to 349¾ (the fraction denoting a divided constituency) called on the 145,000 miners to quit work until their demands were granted. With June, the engineers began to desert the pumping machinery; in July, riots occurred and an effort was made to induce the soft-coal miners also to quit work. Only a part of them did so; but the whole Pennsylvania militia had to be called out in October, and an effort by President Roosevelt to bring about compromise came to nothing. Only when employers and employees agreed, on October 22, to submit their dispute to an impartial committee of five, named by the President, did the strike come to an end.

What happened, during this time, in finance and industry? Anthracite coal production for the whole of 1902 was 31,200,000 tons, the smallest since 1884, as against 53,568,000 in 1901, and wholesale prices rose from $4.50 per ton in April to $12 at the close of the year, and as high as $25 just before the strike ended. All this bore heavily on the individual householder, especially after cold weather began. But anthracite is not the common fuel of American manufacture and transportation; therefore there was no paralysis of industry at large such as Great Britain is now experiencing. In fact, the country's output of pig iron during the last half of 1902 was greater than in the first half, and exceeded by 10 per cent. any previous half-year in our history.

As for financial markets, stocks broke somewhat sharply in May, became quiet in June, advanced with great activity in July and August, and were checked in September only by a sudden tightening of the money market. This generally sanguine attitude was maintained, despite the facts that, even in April, the New York bank surplus was down to $2,600,000 and call money up to 7 per cent., and that, instead of following a year of liquidation, as in the case of 1912, the stock markets of 1902 came on the heels of a wildly extravagant financial boom, based on enormous borrowings from Europe.

This chapter in past history goes some distance towards explaining the generally hopeful attitude—the strange indifference, some people have called it—which our markets displayed on the eve of the breakdown which had been generally expected from the negotiations. Even the railways which mined and transported anthracite coal came out surprisingly well from the five-months' stoppage of mining during 1902. Coal earnings of the Lackawanna, for example, had in 1901 contributed 45 per cent. to the company's gross earnings, and they amounted to $10,749,344. Yet instead of declining the four or five millions which might have been predicted, the Lackawanna's coal earnings for 1902 amounted to $8,145,000—a decrease of only $2,604,000, and the decrease in total gross earnings for the year amounted to only $2,109,000. What happened to the other anthracite roads in 1902 is shown in the following table, giving coal earnings for three years, 1901, 1902, and 1903:

	1903.	1902.	1901.
Laekawanna	$13,826,844	$8,145,920	$10,749,341
Del. & H. ..	11,528,821	5,809,649	7,723,306
Reading	13,134,624	12,436,159	12,391,307
Lehigh	10,104,764	9,328,959	9,636,802
Jer. Cent. ..	6,054,769	5,717,062	7,230,817
Erie	11,384,421	9,066,059	9,037,086

Three explanations may be found for the unexpectedly favorable returns of the anthracite roads for 1902. In the first place, large shipments of coal were made up to May 12, in anticipation of the strike, and then from October 23 until the end of the year the mines were worked night and day to supply the demand. That was one reason why the decrease in earnings was not larger. The next was that the loss in anthracite tonnage was made up largely by an increase in bituminous shipments; in 1902, for example, Reading's anthracite tonnage decreased 1,057,000 tons, or 10 per cent., but the bituminous shipments increased 1,068,000 tons, or 21 per cent. The third reason why the anthracite roads did not drop very far behind in 1902 was set forth by President Truesdale of the Lackawana, in his annual report for that year, as follows:

> The year 1902 was a prosperous one for the territory through which the lines of this company run, as is apparent from the increase in earnings from all sources excepting from the transportation of coal.

If we are to have another anthracite strike this year, the chief questions at issue, from the standpoint of the industrial situation, will be, first, whether the dispute can in the end be settled with as much mutual satisfaction as that of 1902, and next, whether a simultaneous strike of miners in the bituminous coal fields can be averted. The soft coal is the fuel of industry, in this country as in England; that is why our own anthracite coal strike of 1902 embarrassed so little the railways and the manufacturing plants, whereas the strike of this month in England, which affected the coal which the mills and railways and steamships use, had within two weeks tied up a great part of England's industry and thrown out of work perhaps two million employees in other trades than mining.

The question is highly interesting for this country—especially when it comes on top of the extraordinary industrial contest in Great Britain—which has seemed at times to be assuming the shape of that so-called "syndicalism," whereby the new school of industrial agitators on the Continent have entered deliberately on the programme of paralyzing all productive industry at once, in order to force the hand of the Government in their favor and deprive capital of the right to manage productive industry. Doubtless, a simultaneous shutdown in the coal production of England, Germany, France, and the United States would go far towards creating the condition which the syndicalist desires. It is worth asking, however, just what class of the community would inevitably suffer most from it. England has already given the answer, in the enforced idleness of its working classes, in the face of a similarly enforced advance in price of fuel and provisions. Perhaps it is the confidence of experienced observers, in the check which such results of the experiment are plainly indicating, that has inspired the stock market's obstinate disbelief in the predicted industrial and social catastrophe.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

American Bar Association. Report of the annual meeting held August, 1911. Baltimore: Lord Baltimore Press.

Andrews, M. R. S. The Counsel Assigned. Scribner. 50 cents net.

Belloc-Lowndes, Mrs. The Chink in the Armour. Scribner. $1.30 net.

Benson, Ramsey. A Knight in Denim. Scribner. $1.25 net.

Berle, A. A. The School in the Home. Moffat, Yard. $1 net.

Böhme, Margarete. The Department Store: A Novel. Trans. by E. C. Mayne. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.

Bourgin, G. and H. Le Socialisme Français de 1789-1848. Paris: Hachette.

Bradford, Gamaliel, jr. Lee, the American. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2.50 net.

Brentwood, Evelyn. Hector Graeme. Lane. $1.25 net.

Bryant, Marguerite. The Adjustment. Duffield. $1.35 net.

Case, S. J. The Historicity of Jesus. University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.

Chester, G. R. Five Thousand an Hour. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.

Crane, Frank God and Democracy. Chicago. Forbes & Co. 50 cents.

Creevey, Mrs. C. A. Harper's Guide to Wild Flowers. Harper. $1.60 net.

Curwood, J. O. Flower of the North. Harper. $1.30 net.

Dubois, Paul. The Education of Self. Trans. by E. G. Richards. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.50 net.

English Lyrics from Dryden to Burns. Edited by M. W. Croll. Holt.

Eulalie, Infanta of Spain. The Thread of Life. Duffield. $1.25 net.

Goring-Thomas, A. R. Wayward Feet. Lane. $1.25 net.

Gou'd. E. L. Grandma. Phila.: Penn. Pub. Co.

Griffith, H. S. Rosemary for Remembrance. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co. $1.20 net.

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The Week

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"It is an advantage to a public man to have a grievance." This was said to Martin Van Buren by an English statesman, at the time when the news came that Van Buren, though appointed and actually serving as American Minister in London, had been rejected by the Senate. The saying certainly proved true in Van Buren's case. He fulfilled the prediction which Benton at the moment made to the Whig Senators: "You have broken a Minister only to make a Vice-President." The public man to-day who has a grievance is President Taft. He is not airing it, but everybody feels it, and it is working mightily in his favor. The outrageous nature of his treatment by Mr. Roosevelt is turning thousands of voters to the support of the President. The American people do like fair play, and they know that Mr. Taft is not getting it from the greatest shouter for fair play. Proof of this is seen in the caption which the Topeka *Plaindealer* spread across the first page of its issue of January 26: "Why don't some People Learn Sense? Roosevelt won't run against Taft. He's not that kind of Man." But when Roosevelt showed, by his letter of February 24, that he was exactly that kind of man, there was nothing left for the *Plaindealer* but to come out for Taft.

There can be no mistaking the significance of the vote by which the income tax bill—nominally an excise tax measure, to be sure—was passed in the House of Representatives. When a proposal conspicuously put forward as part of the Democratic programme, on the eve of a Presidential campaign, is passed in the House not merely by a majority of six to one, but by a two-to-one vote of the Republican members voting, there is no room to doubt the strength of the popular feeling in favor of the policy it embodies. Eighty Republicans voted for the income tax, while only forty stood out against it; and when it is added that the avowed ground of opposition on the part of these was in considerable measure the doubtful constitutionality of the bill, even that small protest loses much of its force. It can hardly be doubted, therefore, that the income-tax amendment to the United States Constitution will before long be approved by the small number of States still needed to procure its ratification.

Chairman Underwood asserts that an examination of the Tariff Board's report has furnished no grounds for changing the wool bill presented by his committee at the last session of Congress. The assertion seems to us entirely justified by the facts. The Tariff Board's report gave the results of a long and painstaking inquiry, but it left the question just about as unsettled as it had been before. It still remains a matter of individual judgment where the line should be drawn, even if the principle of difference of cost of production is accepted as binding, since that difference, in the case of wool at least, is too vague and too varied to serve as a definite guide. If the bill should now be passed by House and Senate, as it was last year, it will become the President's duty to consider it on its merits, and in the light of the Tariff Board's report. The more boldly and explicitly he refuses to take into account any question of political tactics, any fear of seeming to have done a foolish thing when he vetoed the bill last year if he signs it this year, the better, we are sure, he will stand in the forum of public opinion. The Board has at least shown that a great deal of the present wool schedule goes far beyond any reasonable measure of what the protection should be. What the President refused to do when this information was not before him he may with perfectly good grace do now.

"We cannot emphasize too strongly," says the minority report on the Panama toll question, "the elementary proposition that tolls levied upon vessels engaged in commerce between our Eastern and Western seaboards increase the amount the transcontinental railroads may charge for the same service." No, and we cannot emphasize too strongly the equally elementary proposition that the expenses of these vessels for coal, for seamen, or for repairs "increase the amount the transcontinental railroads may charge for the same service." The trouble about the "proposition" is that it is altogether too elementary. Nobody denies that any tolls that may be charged will form an addition to the transportation expenses; but unfortunately that seems to go a very small way towards freeing us from our solemn obligation to treat foreign and American vessels alike in the matter of tolls.

It happens that the Democrats are preparing to live up to their platform pledges in the matter of Philippine independence. The proposed bill drawn

by the House Insular Affairs Committee provides for a period of probationary independence of eight years from July 4, 1913, to July 4, 1921, and after that full independence. Until the bill itself actually appears it is, of course, hardly worth while to discuss its particular merits. But it is of enormous importance that this question of the independence of the islands should be kept before the public and constantly discussed. Throughout the country at large no enthusiasm for retaining the archipelago can be found. Professional jingoes, big-navy advocates, and those who desire to see the islands exploited by "big business" will oppose. But the plain people know by this time that we have nothing to gain in a trade way by administering the islands which we cannot obtain if the country governs itself; that the islands are a source of expense, and that Americans and Filipinos have little or nothing in common.

The bill now under consideration by the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House to improve the organization of our consular and diplomatic service ought to be passed during the present session of Congress. Towards the state of things which the bill proposes to establish in a systematic way, there has now been for a series of years a steady approach in the actual practice of the State Department. The essential feature of the bill is seen in its first section:

> That the President may make all appointments of secretaries in the diplomatic service and of consuls-general and consuls to grades instead of places, subject to the advice and consent of the Senate in each case.

Then follow sections prescribing the system of reports on efficient service, and of examinations as to qualifications, which are to form the basis of the organization of this graded service, as well as a definition of the grades themselves and the accompanying salaries. To make an appointment in the consular or diplomatic service the stepping stone to a career, as well as to procure fairly qualified appointees in the first place, and to eliminate the spoils factor, is the object of the scheme; and so far have we got ahead that probably not a man will be found in Congress to attack the carefully considered method of examination.

Representative Lindbergh's proposal to abolish the Senate and the Vice-President, and to cut the membership of the House to 315 has at least the merit of thoroughness. Nor is it altogether certain that the country would miss the presiding officer of the Senate or the seventy-odd Representatives thus shorn of their powers. But that the rest of the House and all the orators of both parties, to say nothing of the newspapers and magazines, would consent to being deprived of their one perennial object of attack by the disappearance of the Senate is so inconceivable that even this bold innovator dares not suggest it without a plausible substitute. He would have fifteen Representatives elected from the country at large as a "Committee-at-Large," to be entrusted with control and veto power over the legislation of their three hundred humbler colleagues. The mighty fifteen would exercise their functions under the constant peril of the recall. The President, we presume, would do his best to keep up appearances by sending messages to the fifteen, and signing or vetoing whatever bills they were so gracious as to transmit to him, with as great a flourish as he could command. In this way, the great ideal of a really business administration of national affairs would be realized. The people, acting as a board of directors, would select and recall members of the Committee-at-Large as often as they could find time to attend to them, and life would be one long election day.

Indiana Democrats threw Gov. Marshall's hat into the ring last week by instructing the thirty delegates to the Baltimore Convention to present his name as that of their first and only choice for the Presidential nomination. There are cynical spirits who profess to see a string tied to this resolution, with one end in the hand of National Committeeman and Delegate-at-Large Thomas Taggart. The speech of the Governor as temporary chairman of the Convention was strangely calm for these parlous times in which the very right of the people to rule is at stake. Until graver evils come than have thus far arisen, Gov. Marshall sees no reason for the initiative, referendum, and recall. In a mollycoddle spirit, he confesses that, although he often chafes under what he conceives to be the unwarranted interference of the courts with his prerogatives, he refrains from denouncing them as instruments of oppression, and looks for relief to the remedies we already have.

There was more than a mere formality in the adjournment of the House on account of the death of Representative Foster of Vermont. A member of Congress for five terms, David J. Foster had particularly impressed all his colleagues by the weight of his character, as by his industry and the clear sanity of his judgment. Serving on the Foreign Affairs Committee, he made himself known, especially in the last Congress, as a firm champion of equity and moderation in international relations. The arbitration treaties had no firmer friend or more constant advocate. Of the best American stock and with a long record of varied public service, he was a Representative whom Vermont did well to honor and whose loss she and the country have reason to deplore.

Nemesis has at last overtaken the muck-raking magazine. Its own shames are now to be held up to public scorn. From "Masters of Wall Street" we are to proceed to "Masters of the Magazines," the way, we take it, being a short one. The mere announcement of the series whets one's appetite. "There is nearly as much fiction about magazines as there is in them," we read, and then the eye is greeted with such phrases as "recent changes in magazine ownership," "centralized control of the magazines," "the advertiser holds the power of life or death—the final word." We are assured in the customary manner of the writer's intellectual and moral fitness for his delicate task. Not only is he a veteran in the magazine and advertising field, a practical publisher, and "a fair and open-minded student of the life that goes on about him," but he has "the punch"; that is, he speaks "with all the sympathetic understanding of an insider, yet he speaks boldly and forcefully—and fearlessly."

Straw votes in the colleges uniformly show that the sympathies of the American undergraduato are emphatically with the Republican party. Wesleyan University's underclassmen are three Republicans to one Democrat. A recent poll at New York University, in the very citadel of Democracy, showed an even stronger drift towards the Republican party. One explanation is to

be found in the fact that the American undergraduate, unlike every other college student on earth except the Oxford man, is conservative. This does not necessarily mean that the undergraduate mind regards the Republican and Democratic parties as the embodiment, respectively, of conservatism and radicalism. The undergraduate is conservative in the sense that he believes in the *status quo*. Hence his inclination towards the Republican party which for sixteen years has been in control of the Government. There may be freshmen now in college who were born after Bryan's first defeat. And to the entire present college generation a Democratic President is hardly even a memory.

We should not forget the great services to the cause of conservation rendered by the late Gen. John W. Noble, whose death occurred on Friday. It was during his incumbency of the office of Secretary of the Interior that the forest reservation policy was originated under the act of March 3, 1891. The great Sierra Reserve was one of the first proclaimed, thanks to General Noble's initiative. So vast was this reservation that many timid persons criticised the Secretary of the Interior for going too far. Fortunately, this did not deter him from stretching his authority a trifle in order to preserve the banks of that greatest of our scenic wonders, the Arizona Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Thanks to the Sierra Reserve, California has had the use of the water resources needed for the irrigation of the San Joaquin Valley. For this alone that State owes to General Noble a lasting debt of gratitude.

Monsignor Brann's advice to his hearers in New York to pray for the newspapers, arrests attention. What is worth praying for cannot be beyond hope. As a practical suggestion, however, there is greater force in Monsignor Brann's accompanying words: "And as for the bad ones—don't buy them; don't read them." It might be whispered that, as between praying for the editor and refusing to buy his paper, an ounce of the latter is worth a ton of the other, but there is no reason why the clergyman's parishioners should not do both. If they prefer sensation to certainty, they will go where sensation is to be found. Such readers, however, are estopped from complaining of the existence of the thing which they are keeping alive. The remedy for it lies in their own hands. The way to Trust regulation may not be clear; even the means of escape from political bosses may require consideration; but to dispose promptly and absolutely of gutter journalism is ridiculously simple—that is, if people really want to dispose of it.

If the Department of English of the University of Kansas has really begun a campaign against slang, it deserves the thanks of everybody who has ears to hear. That there is something to be said for slang cannot be denied. Those who devise it and those who use it are not always actuated by a desire to degrade speech. At bottom there is the search for newly-minted coins which in a Shakespeare the world applauds. Some of the methods employed are common to slang-writer and literary artist, as the seizing upon metaphorical expressions and the drafting of a noun to do service as a verb. But the practice is so overdone in quantity and so underdone in quality that the principle has been buried under a mass of nondescript verbal concoctions. Such a fevered movement must die a natural death in the end, but meantime the not over-sensitive twentieth-century ear is being so violently abused as to make it questionable whether it will long have any power of discrimination left. The virtue of the campaign said to have been undertaken by the University of Kansas lies in its endeavor to strengthen the sense of word values in persons who are not too old for reform.

While British labor leaders are being sent to prison for inciting troops to mutiny, the anti-militarist movement in France, the place of its origin, seems to be distinctly on the wane. Thus is once more exemplified the rôle of France, the pioneer of ideas, discarding the ideas about the time the rest of the world is beginning to put them into application. The present popularity of the army in France may be taken as part of the general awakening of the national spirit consequent upon the late crisis in Franco-German relations over Morocco. It is attested by the recent revival of the custom of parading the troops of the garrison of Paris through the streets of the city, whereas only a year or two ago, as one writer says, it was the custom to have the soldiers slink through the back streets of Paris for fear of arousing the ire of the anti-militarists. Military ceremonies, for some time fallen into disuse, have also been revived. Military reviews have become more frequent. Characteristically enough, the militarist spirit is being fostered by a Minister of War who not so long ago was a Socialist, namely, M. Millerand.

Violence by English suffragists continues to elicit strong expressions for and against, but perhaps the most significant action taken is that by the Women's Liberal Federation. At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee a resolution was carried, which was moved by Lady Carlisle, and which utterly repudiated and condemned "the disastrous acts of violence," and held that such "organized outrages endanger the cause of women's suffrage." This women's organization represents 860 Women's Liberal Associations. It concluded its resolution by appealing to members of Parliament not to "swerve from their championship of a great cause" merely because of "the wrongdoing of a small section of the army of women who demand the Parliamentary vote." On the other hand, Annie Besant has published a letter defending the militant and law-breaking tactics.

Equal suffrage for women in China! It is limited, as yet, but evidently the people are going to rule, and not merely the male half about which our ex-President is suddenly so deeply concerned in this country. What an argument our own suffragists will have hereafter, everybody must see. What can a poor, badgered legislator say when, surrounded by a bevy of eager pleaders, he is met by the question: "Do you want your State to be behind *China!*" Plainly, the Chinese Parliament, which is reported to have granted the suffrage to women simultaneously with the election to it of the Chinese Mrs. Pankhurst—who rejoices in the euphonious name of Yik Yug-Ying—intends to cure all the evils of democracy in advance by having the completest possible equality. When in history was there a revolution such as has come over the Celestial Empire, at least in so short a time and with such complete overturning of old forms of government?

THE ENGLISH CRISIS.

Mr. Balfour's reappearance in the House of Commons as the spokesman for his party was more dramatic than fruitful. He put the temporary Conservative leader, Mr. Bonar Law, aside but he could not overcome Mr. Asquith. On the second reading of the bill to settle the coal strike the Ministry had more than their normal majority. This did not mean that the Liberal party, or, indeed, the sober opinion of England, was satisfied with the Government measure. Brought forward only as a last resort and with many misgivings, supported in the House merely as an emergency bill of limited life, it is looked upon by all thoughtful men as a step which may have the gravest consequences. These were forcibly depicted by Mr. Balfour, but the sense of overpowering necessity was too strong for him, while his statement that, even if the Government were defeated, the Opposition would not seek to force a dissolution, took the fight out of his followers. Party advantage cannot well be got out of a crisis in which the Conservatives have no alternative plan to offer.

Politically, Mr. Balfour's return will be accepted as marking the failure of Mr. Bonar Law's leadership. With it there have been increasing signs of dissatisfaction. Mr. Law has abundant energy, but not too much discretion. He has made several glaring blunders. The Liberal press has been able to bring him into ridicule. And it was observable some weeks ago that a movement was quietly on foot to bring Mr. Balfour back. In place of the old initials, B. M. G., there was getting to be substituted these other, B. M. R.—that is, instead of the foolish cry by disgruntled Conservatives, "Balfour Must Go," there came to be the refrain, "Balfour Must Return." It is, of course, not certain that he will at once resume the leadership, but the yielding of Bonar Law to him in the present crisis bears out the prediction made at the moment of Balfour's resignation: "In six months' time he will have them all at his feet again."

Mr. Balfour well expressed the sentiments of those who feel that the proposed action of Parliament, in dealing with the coal strike, is something so new in English law-making as to be almost revolutionary. Yet it will not do to exaggerate the lengths to which the proposed bill would go. It may be said to be, in effect, an extension of the functions of Government conciliation in labor troubles, as already possessed and discharged by the officials of the Board of Trade. The coal-strike bill proceeds on the assumption that the mining industry is so much a thing by itself, and that conditions in certain districts are so exceptional, that special legislation is proper and necessary. What is planned is to set up boards for the several coal-mining regions, of which the duty shall be to attend to the grievances of the miners and, roughly, to fix their wages. In each instance the whole question of peculiar circumstances and competition and profits will be gone into thoroughly, and the results determined in the cautious English way of applying reason and justice to the facts.

Up to this point, the bill could hardly be called startling, though it is clear that the Government would never have thought of going even as far as this had it not been for the strike. But the novel thing, the thing that may fairly be called revolutionary in English legislation, is the legal recognition by the bill of the principle of the minimum wage. This, to be sure, is in general terms. The miners have been pressing Mr. Asquith to do two things; first, to embody in the bill the entire scale of wages, up and down, which they have demanded of the owners; secondly, at least to state in the law the exact minimum wage to be insisted upon, namely, $1.25 a day for men, and 50 cents for boys. The former the Prime Minister flatly refused to do, at the time of his conference with the miners. But he left the door open in the matter of specifying the minimum wage, and it was thought that he might yield on that point. But he has not done so. His position is, apparently, that the acceptance of the principle of the minimum wage—that is, that the worker must get enough to keep soul and body together—does not require that the Government shall say what such a minimum wage is, but that this question shall be left in every given instance to be determined by the local boards that are also to pass upon the other matters in dispute.

While waiting for the ultimate economic and social effects of the bill to show themselves, public attention and speculation in England will most eagerly fasten upon the politics of it all. There has been a feeling, for which some justification exists, that the Asquith Ministry is losing its hold on the country. Some have even declared that the Government is tottering to a fall, and have predicted that the Conservatives will be in power before the year is out. The bye-elections have been going ominously against the Liberals. But apart from the ups and downs of incidental pollings, stands the large fact of the actual Liberal strength in Parliament, together with the announced policy and purposes of the coalition Ministry. It still has behind it in the House a majority of more than 100. This Parliament has been in existence only about a year and a quarter. It has a normal prospect of life of over three years more. And the cohesion and tenacity of the Government must be greatly strengthened by the situation in which it finds itself. After great exertion and successive general elections, it was able to pass the Parliamentary Act, removing after a two years' interval the veto power of the House of Lords. But that measure was not an end in itself. It was only a means. The thing all the while aimed at was the enactment of legislation which the Liberal party had at heart, and to which it is pledged; and the Parliament Act was merely a preliminary to that, simply a tool to remove obstructions from the path. The whole logic of the position, then, is that the Liberals should stand by their guns, and press on the bills for Home Rule, for Welsh Disestablishment, for the abolition of plural voting, and for the reform of public education, which they have promised the country, and to prepare the way for which all the long and bitter struggles of the past three years were primarily undertaken.

"SYNDICALISM."

The Lawrence strike has brought into public notice in this country a new type of labor union and a new philosophy of the labor movement. The strike at Lawrence was conducted by the Industrial Workers of the World, familiarly known as the I. W. W., whose principles go by the name of Syndicalism. The term has been popularized recently by events in England, where Mr. Tom Mann, a veteran labor leader and the exponent of the new movement in the

British trade unions, has been put in prison for preaching sedition to the army in connection with the coal strike. Isolated theories and practices of Syndicalism have already become fairly familiar to the general reader. Such are the "general strike" which constitutes the basic principle of Syndicalism, and "direct action" which has achieved notoriety through the acts of the McNamara brothers. Even the French word *sabotage* has become acclimated in the newspapers. But a general account of the Syndicalist movement has been wanting till recently. The deficiency is now supplied by an admirable monograph, entitled "The Labor Movement in France," from the hand of Mr. Louis Levine and published under the auspices of the Columbia University Department of Political Science.

Syndicalism in its latest phase has arisen out of peculiar conditions in the French labor movement. But the truth of Mr. Levine's contention is quite apparent: Syndicalism is essentially a revival of conditions that prevailed at the beginning of the international labor movement fifty years ago. When the "Internationale" was founded in 1864, it was almost from the beginning torn between two conflicting tendencies, which in broad terms we may characterize as the revolutionary spirit and the evolutionary, the anarchistic and the Socialistic, the gospel of violence as preached by Michael Bakunin, and the gospel of gradual transformation under the laws of industrial development as set forth by Karl Marx. In other words, the labor movement is only human. Like all great social and political movements, it has had its moderates and extremists, its legalists and its revolutionaries. Labor and Socialism have witnessed the alternate ascendency of one faction or the other. In France, characteristically, this shifting of bases has always found its most vigorous expression. There, on the one hand, Socialists have consented to enter a bourgeois Cabinet and cooperate with the "exploiters" of the working classes. And there, on the other hand, the syndicalist theory has been most completely worked out.

Syndicalism or revolutionary trade-unionism is, in the first place, a sharp reaction against political or parliamentary Socialism. In theory it holds that the presence of Socialist or trade-union representatives in Parliament is useless or worse than useless. It not only repudiates individual representatives of the working class, such as Millerand, Briand, and Viviani, as traitors to their class; but it regards the parliamentary system in itself as conducive to the sacrifice of principles, the encouragement of petty intrigue, the fostering of cowardly conciliation, and thus to the weakening of the revolutionary spirit among the workingmen. Moreover, parliamentarianism leads to the domination of the working-classes by non-workingmen. It is the "intellectuals" who get themselves elected to Parliament; and such men, with all the good will in the world, cannot really enter into the feelings and the aspirations of the working-class. The "intellectuals" are necessarily inclined to take a philosophic view of the "war between the classes." They are content to make gradual progress. They accept reforms. They cannot understand the real workingman's passionate yearning for liberation, to be obtained in his own day and by any means.

Syndicalism, therefore, rejects the idea of capturing the bourgeois state by legislative methods. It rejects palliatives and reforms because they do not go to the heart of the trouble, which is simply irreconcilable class warfare. Because the state is always bound to be under the control of the propertied classes and the "intellectuals," Syndicalism declares war against the state. It finds in the workingmen's organizations the only efficient agent for overturning society. It regards the general strike as the lever that will accomplish the overthrow. The general strike may come to-day or at any time. Meanwhile it is necessary to maintain the class spirit unimpaired, to nourish it on partial strikes, on constant agitation. Every victory over the employer is to be made the base for further conquests. The irrepressible conflict is to be hastened by a policy of constant irritation. Better than having Socialist Deputies in Parliament, is to force a bourgeois Parliament into concessions by force—by strikes, *sabotage*, protest meetings, and every other form of mass action. The labor unions are the "standing army" of the revolution. They may not represent a majority of the workingmen. Even within the unions the majority may not be in favor of direct action. But that does not matter. In every historic movement, the conscious, resolute minority has carried the indifferent majority with it.

Syndicalism has also its constructive philosophy. When the looked-for "general strike" has come and succeeded, when the present system of capitalist protection is overthrown, then the labor unions are to step in and assume control of the business of production. The future state, as pictured by Syndicalism, will be a loose, federative structure of producers' unions in which the workmen will also be the owners, directors, and distributors. But, as a matter of fact, Syndicalism does not concern itself greatly with the nature of the future state. It has taken the old cry that the laboring-class has everything to gain and nothing but its chains to lose, and has given to this watchword a philosophical cast. The most eminent theoretician of the Syndicalist movement, M. Georges Sorel, is a confessed Bergsonian. We must trust ourselves to the stream of life. Creative evolution, working in the domain of industry, will work out the salvation of society.

Just now the most significant thing in Syndicalism is that it constitutes a menace, not to society, but to the Socialist party. It brushes away disdainfully the results of decades of Socialist effort and says virtually that the 110 Socialist members of the Reichstag, the seventy-odd Socialist members in the French Chamber, the forty labor members in the House of Commons, the large Socialist party in the Austrian and Italian Parliaments, amount to nothing. All this is interesting to us of America, where political Socialism is learning its first steps. Socialists have hardly done rejoicing over Milwaukee, Schenectady, and Mr. Berger, when up rises this spectre of "direct action" in their path. They are willing to accept the established doctrine that the Socialist party and the unions represent the two arms of the militant working class. But the Syndicalists arise and proclaim themselves alone as the people. Salvation will not come through a Socialist majority of "intellectuals" in the House of Representatives and the Senate, but through a minority of determined workingmen leading the masses into battle on the economic field. No wonder the Socialist *Call* loses its temper and declares that "worse than the 'aristocracy of intellect' is the 'aristocracy of revolution.' . . . It becomes 'an aristocracy of

revolutionary intellect' without a glimmering of intelligence and none of the revolutionary impulse. It becomes merely a personal concern, with no shado of democracy in it, with subservient followers and with unquestioned leaders." This exposition of Syndicalism, we leave to speak for itself.

PROTECTING THE IMMIGRANTS.

In the closing days of the session of 1910, the New York State Legislature passed four bills which marked a new era in the humanitarian and industrial legislation of the State. It established a policy and created a new kind of administrative machinery which now seem destined to lead both the Federal and State Governments in the development of a domestic policy in dealing with admitted aliens. These were the four immigration bills which created the Bureau of Industries and Immigration, and regulated private bankers, steamship ticket agents, and notaries public.

These words are the introduction to the first annual report of the Bureau of Industries and Immigration. It was fortunate at its inception in obtaining at its head Miss Frances A. Kellor, whose work in connection with the supervision of employment agencies and in other fields of social endeavor had won her a deserved reputation. The report before us is from her pen.

In brief, by passing this legislation the State of New York decided to assume a new attitude towards the immigrant. He was no longer to be left to the tender mercies of transportation companies and to those of the sharks who lie in wait for him at every corner. The State decided to see to it that he should be protected both on and after his arrival. It created a bureau to look out for him wherever aliens are found in congested quarters, camps, or colonies. The process of Americanization was to be furthered and supervised. But, above all, the immigrant was to be protected from exploitation because of his ignorance of the country and of its language. Obviously, this opened up a field in which sentiment might easily get the better of judgment. Miss Kellor has endeavored to carry out the new policy in four ways: first, by assuring to every admitted alien in the State who has a grievance a hearing in his own language and an impartial inquiry into his alleged wrongs, with the State acting as mediator for him where the wrong is established, or as his attorney if arbitration is impossible. The second object is to enforce existing legislation and procure whatever new laws are needed; the third is to investigate and study existing conditions of life and labor; and the fourth is to publish the results of these studies.

The Bureau has made only a beginning of its work. Yet no less than 2,956 investigations of subjects, and 749 direct investigations of complaints, have been made. Throughout the State were found colonies of aliens needing attention; some grouped around industrial centres such as Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, etc.; others in remote mining or railway camps and along the great new aqueduct. In some of these colonies the conditions were found to be shocking in the extreme. To help immigrants who have been victims of this kind of ill-treatment or have been defrauded or maltreated by employment agents, contractors, private bankers, padrones, ticket agents, land and transportation companies, etc., has been the ceaseless aim of the Bureau. Where relief or financial aid was needed, the Bureau directed the applicants to existing charitable agencies. Through a group of fifty newspapers representing all nationalities and languages, it has reached thousands of immigrants and laid before them news of frauds detected and proved, exploiters apprehended, besides setting forth the dangers that threaten, and the labors of the Government and of individual societies in their behalf.

Already the Bureau is in a position to make important recommendations. It would have the State establish free employment bureaus for the distribution of unskilled workers now at congested centres. It urges a "camp-school bureau or commission" to deal with the educational needs in immigrant colonies and camps; and desires that the immigrant lodging-place law shall be extended to temporary labor camps. For the Federal Government there are eight recommendations, two of the most important of which are that the Government shall license and regulate labor bureaus which now supply labor to those engaged in interstate business, and that naturalization shall be restricted to Federal courts. The need of extending welfare and educational work to small communities, camps, and colonies throughout the State, and of establishing an experimental school of citizenship, is also considered. Curiously enough, under this new law immigrants are protected where natives of the country working alongside of them are beyond the scope of tho Bureau; on the other hand, the foreigners in such outlying camps and communities are usually overlooked in the matter of schools, recreation, libraries, and so on.

The most striking thing about the Bureau is its personnel and its spirit. Twenty-five years ago it would have seemed a matter of course to put at its head some cheap politician wholly without experience or fitness for the work. It would have been deemed preposterous to choose a social worker, and a woman at that. The ordinary political bureaucrat will rub his eyes with amazement when he learns that not only did Miss Kellor bring a fine personal enthusiasm to her work, but that when it was found that there was not money enough appropriated properly to organize the office, the head of the Bureau and her chief special investigator, Miss Carola Woerishoffer, contributed the funds necessary. A work which is carried on by such officials is bound to prosper. Unfortunately for the State, death robbed it of Miss Woerishoffer's service last summer with cruel untimeliness. Rightly, the first page of the report before us is given to a tribute to her from which we extract the following: "The State has had no enrolled soldier who has responded to every call more promptly, who has performed the duties set him more unflinchingly, or who has given his life more utterly on the field of battle than she in the cause in which she believed."

THE EXTINCT ANGEL CHILD.

Justice requires that a good word be said for the saintly infant of two generations ago whom devoted parents brought up on pap and treacle to be a missionary among the cannibals. It has become too much the fashion to call him a prig and a snivelling humbug. To this sweeping charge at least a twofold objection can be taken. In the first place, if the mid-Victorian child was a prig, it was because his parents were prigs; which is always a reasonable defence. In the second place, the mid-Victorian angel child never existed outside of the books written for him by his elders. About 1830 Dr. Kendall produced, among other books for children,

"The Prize for Youthful Obedience," of which the story moves in this vein:

A kind and good father had a little lively son, named Francis; but, although that child was six years old, he had not yet learned to read.

His mamma said to him one day: "If Francis will learn to read well, he shall have a pretty little chaise."

The little boy was vastly pleased with this. He presently spelled five or six words, and then kissed his mamma.

"Mamma," said Francis, "I am delighted with the thoughts of this chaise, but I should like to have a horse to draw it."

"Francis shall have a little dog, which will do instead of a horse," replied his mamma; "but he must take care to give him some victuals, and not do him any harm."

The natural desire that arises in the modern soul to assassinate little Francis and his mamma is only stayed by the reflection that among little Francis's contemporaries were Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn. Obviously the fault lies not with little Francis but with his creator.

The child has always been the victim of standards imposed upon him by his elders, in literature as in every other phase of life. And always, we imagine, the child soul has been very much what it is to-day. It was so in seventeenth-century Massachusetts when the Rev. Michael Wigglesworth wrote his charming little lyrics about infants in hell fire, and when two-year-old babes lisped:

> I, in the Burying Place, may see
> Graves Shorter than I;
> From Death's Arrest no age is free,
> Young children too may die.

It is so to-day when little Socialist children in Socialist Sunday-schools construe in their Socialist primers exercises of the following general tenor:

> See the Capitalist.
> Is he a fat Capitalist?
> Yes, he is a fat Capitalist.
> See the Workingman.
> Is he a thin Workingman?
> Yes, he is a thin Workingman.
> Why is the Capitalist so fat?
> Because the Workingman is so thin.

But even in Massachusetts of the seventeenth century it is on record that the histories of Tom Thumb and Jack the Giant Killer were circulated in printed form. Whatever the Puritan father may have thought about it, the conjecture is a safe one that the Puritan mother put her children to bed not with extracts from the Rev. Michael Wigglesworth, but from the vast body of Mother Goose literature which no age and no country has ever been without. It is undoubtedly true that the Socialist child of to-day does not pursue his inner spiritual life under the shadow of the Materialistic Interpretation of History and of the Class Struggle. They have games and folk dances and flag drills with the red flag, of which the symbolic meaning may not always be present to their young minds.

To-day it is true in one sense that the gap between child nature and the nature of child literature is narrower than it was with the Puritans and the Victorians, and than it threatens to be under the Socialist régime. We take pride in recognizing the existence of the "real" boy and the "real" girl. Animal spirits, far from being banned, are explicitly encouraged; not only on the theory that boys will be boys, but on the impressive philosophical assumption that the individual life mirrors the history of the race and that the boy has a scientific excuse for being something of a savage. Hence the present-day literature deals with boy scouts and boy hunters, with pirates and treasure trove, with football and college fraternities.

And then all at once you observe a peculiar lapse into didacticism; for the modern boy has his educational books about wireless and aeroplanes, about Dreadnoughts and submarines. Wherein, now, are we better than the Victorians who wrote about pony chaises in connection with obeying mamma and being kind to the dog? The Victorians encouraged moral prigs. We are turning our children into scientific and technical prigs. Recall how pedagogists insist on reminding us of the joy the child takes in making believe that a dog is a prancing charger, or in raising large families of calico-dressed clothespins taken from the wash-line. In themselves the wireless and the Dreadnought have no greater appeal for the child than good dog Ponto harnessed to a wagon. Only we choose one way of preparing the child for citizenship and the Victorians had another. We are interested in the evolutionary effects of play, and the Victorians were interested in moral effects. It is to be doubted, however, whether the Victorian mind was capable of conceiving a monstrosity like "directed child play," which, we understand, is one of the rising new sociological sciences.

Other times, other—no, not other customs—but other ways of formulating the same old habits of mind. Whether the object of education is to make a good man as the Victorians called it, or a socially efficient citizen as one supposedly ought to call it to-day, it is really the same object. Only once upon a time people went directly at their goal. Little Francis's education was in closer touch with actuality than many of our own methods. There did exist cannibals whom a little boy might reform, convert by kindness. But an education in pirate-treasure and wood-lore is no preparation for a clerkship in a shoe-shop or a bank. For all that he was a prig and a nuisance, little Francis was in touch with those great principles of morality and conduct which underlie every condition of life and every state of society. The modern librarian ejects the Horatio Alger books from his shelves, presumably on the theory that stories for boys, no matter how interesting they are, must necessarily be smug and priggish if they speak of bootblacks who became wealthy merchants through industry, honesty, and fidelity. That librarian's shelves are crowded with best-sellers, for adults, which are nothing but the Alger gospel warmed up and served with modern trimmings.

TEACHING THE FARMERS TO PLAY.

The common conception of country life as all work and no play is one of those generalities that are established rather than weakened by investigation. The life of the average farmer, says Prof. John M. Gillette of the University of North Dakota, in the "Country Life" number of the *Annals* of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, "is a round of eating, working, sleeping, saving, economizing, living meagrely, recognizing only the bare necessaries, skimping along with inconveniences." Let such a man accumulate wealth, and move into the city to enjoy it, and he becomes one of the most helpless of men. "He still practices the stern economies, lives in houses without modern conveniences, keeps the old rag carpets, attends no theatres, goes to no lectures unless they are free, and acts as a man in a strange world or as one with a starved soul." The rural telephone, rural mail delivery, and increased use of machinery have greatly altered conditions for the better, but the farmer who runs down to the station in his automobile to meet his dinner guests from the near-

est city is as yet much oftener seen in cartoons than in life.

The result is that much of the relaxation which he manages to get is artificial; it is apt to be either solitary or amid surroundings that are not of his making. In either case, it is not what it should be, and is quite different from that enjoyed by the urban laborer. The solitary forms of his play, such as hunting and fishing, tend to diminish; while the other sort, for which he resorts to the village or town within easiest reach, is made up of moving-picture shows, saloons, billiard halls, and lodge-rooms. The mere geographical fact that these attractions are on alien ground exerts a subtle psychological influence upon him. He feels himself, if not in a new heaven, at least on a new earth, and he has a consequent sense of release from the checks and balances of his native heath. This disparity in location between his labor and his play has another unfortunate effect in making him dissatisfied with the place of his work, and drawing him towards the spot which he associates with his brighter hours. This circumstance alone is sufficient demonstration of the vital connection between work and play, and of the need for the development of the latter in the rural communities themselves. Their dearth of social intercourse in all but the most rudimentary ways is doubtless connected with their lack of intellectual stimulus.

It may seem that this view gives scant credit to the cultural value of the informal gatherings in the store, the post office, the railway station, or the one building that houses all three. One of our traditions has been the hard-headed tiller of the soil, listening at the Saturday evening assembly to the reading of a newspaper, and then engaging in homely but pithy discussion of the questions that are puzzling the wise men at Washington. The facts seem to be quite different. The social mind of our rural communities, according to Dr. Warren H. Wilson, Presbyterian Superintendent of Church and Country Life, is saturated at such times, not with political wisdom, but with economic commonplaces. The church does little more for the social instinct. Being far too numerous for the population they serve, the churches "become the vehicle of expressing grudges, resentments, narrow and mean social feelings." The old-fashioned rural home has disappeared, and consolidation and centralization of country schools has only begun.

The way to better things is a double one. In the first place, conscious effort is now made to supply the wanting social activity. With what might seem to a stranger a merry jest, the metropolitan centre of the hemisphere is the headquarters of an organization that proposes to train our rural inhabitants in the art of recreation and amusement. Parents shall be instructed in telling stories, clubs shall be organized for the boys and girls, there shall be lecture and entertainment courses, reading circles, public libraries, choral unions, more intelligent church and school socials, itinerant social and literary meetings, systematic teaching of plays and games, modern forms of camping, encouragement of tramping and houseboat parties, and a great many more delightful doings. One's head reels at the elaborateness of the programme. Carried out in its entirety, it would inevitably defeat its purpose by driving the exhausted merry-makers from the country to the cities, for the sake of rest and quiet. But probably it will not be carried so far. Programmes seldom are. The inertia of the rural subjects of the experiment will furnish a sufficient counterpoise to the enthusiasm of the experimenters. Tried tactfully, as no doubt it will be tried, it must awaken many a community to the realization that there is a better means of escape from the grind of toil than "recreations" which leave the body little better off, and the mind decidedly worse off.

The larger hope, however, would appear to lie in less self-conscious, less external, less specific methods. Typical and perhaps most important of these at the moment is the Chautauqua. Here people sit together without petty distinction of creed or party, listening to vigorous utterance and challenge of opinion, and finding their way into new intellectual realms. The extent of the movement in rural regions may be known from the statement that in Nebraska, with its sixty towns of a population of more than a thousand each, there are fifty-five Chautauquas; in Iowa, there are nearly two hundred; and in Kansas and Missouri, fifty each. The brevity of the time during which the sessions are held, the average being only ten days, renders them a means of suggestion and inspiration rather than a social institution. But in this circumstance is their value. Instead of supplying the farmer and his household with ready-made schemes of recreation, they quicken his mind, open for him horizons beyond his farm, and, best of all, make it harder for him to enjoy the thin and vapid amusements of the neighboring village. With such a hint, he can be trusted to develop a social life of his own, without peril to the natural character which no one wishes him to lose.

THROUGH THE OUTLOOKING GLASS

The Red Knight had been rowing for a long time and Alice noticed that they were still in the same place. That was on account of the peculiar way in which the Red Knight handled the oars. He pulled at the right oar as hard as he could and he pushed with the left oar as hard as he could, and the boat went round and round in a circle.

"We aren't getting any nearer the shore, are we?" he asked anxiously.

"Not a bit," said Alice.

"That's fine," said the Red Knight. "Now you can see that I am neither a wild-eyed radical nor a moss-grown reactionary."

But Alice's conscience began to trouble her.

"You know," she said, "I promised Mamma that I would go out in a boat under no circumstances."

"That's all right, then," said the Red Knight. "It's just what you are doing."

"But I am *not*," said Alice.

"You are very stupid," said the Red Knight. "Suppose you said, 'I will go out in the rain under no umbrella.' Wouldn't that mean that you intended to go out without an umbrella?"

"It *might* mean that," said Alice.

"And suppose you said, 'I will go to bed under no blanket,' it would mean that you preferred to sleep without a blanket, wouldn't it?"

"I suppose so," said Alice.

"Now, were there any circumstances why you should have gone out with me in this boat?" asked the Red Knight.

"No," said Alice.

"Well, then, isn't it as plain as anything that you are going out in this boat under no circumstances?"

But Alice only began to whimper.

"I promised Mamma," she said, "that I should be home at five o'clock."

"Selfish!" said the Red Knight.

"I am not selfish," cried Alice. "I promised Mamma I'd come and I want to keep my promise."

"That's what I call selfish," said the Red Knight; "giving somebody your promise and wanting to keep it, too. I'd never be guilty of such conduct. It's like giving somebody your piece of plum pudding and wanting to keep it at the same time."

"But a promise isn't plum pudding," said Alice.

"Of course it isn't," said the Red Knight. "Plum pudding is much harder to swallow."

"Oh, you know well enough what I mean," said Alice, quite out of patience. "It isn't the *promise* I want to keep; it's *what* I promised about."

"Oh, in that case, we quite agree," said the Red Knight. "If you give people a promise and keep something else, it's all right." And he began to row harder than ever.

"When I went to school," said the Red Knight, "I was particularly good at Riddles, Revcrence, and Rithmetic."

"I've studied arithmetic in school and played riddles *after* school," said Alice, "but I don't know what you mean by Reverence."

"I'm surprised," said the Red Knight. "Reverence means doing honor to great men. For instance, when I look at myself and am reminded of Abraham Lincoln, George Washington, Napoleon, Mark Twain, Admiral Peary, and Joan of Arc, that means reverence. But perhaps you'd rather have me ask you riddles?"

"I think I should," said Alice.

"Very well. What's the difference between a Southern postmaster in 1908 and a Southern postmaster in 1912?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Alice. "What is it?"

"I give it up," said the Red Knight.

"What a queer way of asking riddles!" said Alice.

"Not at all," said the Red Knight. "What's the difference between taking a canal from Colombia and taking candy from a child?"

"I never did understand politics," said Alice. "What is it?"

"I give it up," said the Red Knight.

"Oh, pshaw," said Alice. "Please, do be sensible."

"I am sensible," said the Red Knight. "Why is George W. Perkins like the voice of the people?"

"Well, why?"

"I give it up," said the Red Knight.

"Oh, that's too absurd for anything," said Alice. "If you like to tease people, please find some one else to tease."

She walked away to one side, quite angry, and began to play with the daisies in her new spring hat. The Red Knight sat down on the river's edge and broke out crying. He wept so bitterly that Alice felt sorry for him. She came back to where he sat and said, "I'm awfully sorry. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings." But the Red Knight only went on weeping.

"Please, do stop crying," said Alice. "Take out your handkerchief and wipe your eyes; come now."

"I can't," said the Red Knight. "I had my handkerchief in my hat, and my hat is in the ring," and he sobbed as if his heart would break.

So Alice took out her own handkerchief and wiped his streaming eyes, but still he would not stop. So, to quiet him, she said, "But you said you were good at arithmetic."

"Oh, I am," said the Red Knight, and his face grew quite radiant. "Have you ever figured out how many Governors have come out for me?"

"No," said Alice.

"Well," said the Red Knight, "there's the Governor of New Hampshire, and the Governor of West Virginia, that makes two; and the Governor of New Hampshire, that makes——"

"But you counted the Governor of New Hampshire," said Alice.

"Only once," said the Red Knight. "People say that the Governor of New Hampshire is of two minds about me—that means twice, doesn't it?"

"Does it?" said Alice.

"Of course, it does," said the Red Knight. "Then there is Kansas, which makes five, and Nebraska, which makes eleven, and California, which makes twenty-four, and New Mexico, which makes thirty-seven out of a total of forty-eight Governors."

"I don't see how you figure that out at all," said Alice.

"I do it by long addition," said the Red Knight.

ARE THE ENGLISH CRITICAL?—II.

V.

Thus far in my comparison of English criticism with that of other countries, especially France, I have been trying to show that it has suffered from the superabundance of certain virtues—imaginative fervor, moral earnestness, geniality, and humor. We still have to consider how far it has been affected by certain positive deficiencies in the English.

In the first place, they would seem, as compared with the French, to lack taste (using the word in a somewhat literal sense). In this sense, taste, as Voltaire says, is a "prompt discernment like that of the tongue or palate, and which like it anticipates reflection." The taste of the critic should be the literary equivalent of that of the connoisseurs in Sancho's story who were able to detect the flavor of iron and leather in the wine; their verdict being afterwards confirmed by the discovery of an old key with a leathern thong at the bottom of the hogshead. Sainte-Beuve, like Voltaire, was fond of insisting on this analogy between taste in the literary and taste in the physical sense, and he adds that he had noted that doctrinaires were nearly always indiscriminate eaters. M. Guizot, for example, would have eaten cardboard and never known the difference. Now, I believe that we may detect a certain coarseness in both the physical and the literary tastes of some of the great English critics. Dryden confesses that he prefers Juvenal to Horace, and there is something about this preference that coincides with what we know about Dryden's taste in food—a taste that was hearty rather than delicate. Dr. Johnson piqued himself on culinary refinement and boasted that he could write a better cook-book than had ever been seen in England, but from what Boswell and others tell us we should infer rather that he was a huge and indifferent feeder.

After all, the critic is simply a man who knows a good book when he sees it, whether the book was written yesterday or a thousand years ago, and who, if the book is good, can also tell what is its class and degree of goodness. Now, a gift of this kind must always in some measure be intuitive. According to Professor Saintsbury, it is "beyond controversy" that "Boileau has left us not a single impartial and appreciative criticism of a single author, ancient or modern." If this means that Boileau did not warm up to real excellence, it is palpably false, as the "Second Satire" to Molière and the "Seventh Epistle" to Racine would suffice to prove. Boileau was not only capable of the "enthusiastic appreciation" which, according to Professor Saintsbury, is the "highest function of criticism"; he was also capable of that judgment which is in reality its highest function. He probably made fewer mistakes in his actual verdicts than did any other critic of whom we have record; and this not because he had a code of rules, but because he backed up the rules with an almost infallible literary intuition. Johnson had the same rules, but comparatively little of the intuition; and so he praises Blackmore's "Creation," and calls "Lycidas" disgusting, and declares Fielding a barren rascal and disparages Gray. We can at least understand Cowper's point of view when he writes to Unwin: "I am convinced, by the way, that he [Johnson] has no ear for poetical numbers. Oh! I could thresh his old jacket till I made his pension jingle in his pocket!"

The love of fine and artistic speech would almost seem with the French an inborn aptitude. I am not, to be sure, setting up any theory of racial fatality. The French may lose their taste; indeed, there are signs of late that they are losing it; it is likewise possible that certain critical virtues that have in the past been somewhat rare among Englishmen may in the future become common. Still, the members of the French Academy, who, as we are told, spent three months examining critically one of Malherbe's poems without getting beyond the first stanzas, seem to be the legitimate descendants of the ancient Gauls, one of whose chief ambitions was, according to Cæsar, to express themselves discriminatingly (*argute loqui*).

Possibly it is the keen and intuitive response of the Frenchman to the concrete work of art that has kept him in spite of his logic and love of abstract reasoning from flying off like the German into the intense inane of æsthetic theory. We are told that during his last illness Boileau set out to read one of Crébillon's plays, but finally threw the book across the room exclaiming that the play was so bad that it was shortening his life. It is also related of Sainte-Beuve that during his last illness he got so excited in the course of an argument with Gaston Boissier as to the merits of Ovid that his physician had to warn him to desist. Now we may

be sure that neither Boileau nor Sainte-Beuve would have been greatly stirred by learning that some German professor had just written a series of volumes to prove, let us say, that beauty is a process of "infeeling."

VI.

Mention has just been made of the French love of logic. Though this has not led them into an excess of æsthetic theorizing, it has given to their criticism method and coherency. In England we find distinguished individual critics, in France an almost symmetrical succession of critical schools. There is a sort of logical rhythm that runs through French criticism, just as there is a logical rhythm that runs through the architecture and streets of Paris compared with the architecture and streets of London. The French of course have often suffered from the excess of this their prime virtue of logical thoroughness. John Adams's saying that man is a reasoning but not a reasonable animal, would seem to apply with special force to Frenchmen. The English are fond of comparing with this logicality of the French the superior merit of their own habit of muddling along. But the superiority of the English to the French is a moral one. The English lack of clear and logical thinking is a grave defect even from the purely practical point of view. However that may be, ideas, especially since about the middle of the eighteenth century, have been uncommonly scarce in English as compared with French literature. In their stanchness and mental inflexibility the English have something that recalls the ancient Romans, whereas the intellectually versatile French have more in common with the Greeks, even though we should have to add with one of their own moralists that they are only Greeks in profile.

Critics have at times been so numerous in France that they have had to fall to criticising one another like the sword of Hudibras which

> ate into itself, for lack
> Of somebody to hew and hack.

Taking the word in a broad sense and allowing for many individual exceptions, we may affirm, indeed, that the French have often suffered from an excess, the English from a deficiency of criticism. For criticism with its tendency to dissolve everything and to call all things into question has very grave dangers, dangers of which the Athenian jury had a dumb inkling when it condemned one of the greatest representatives of the critical spirit, Socrates. The intellect is fatal to earnestness, says Emerson; Goethe has said still more wisely that everything that emancipates the intellect without giving us a corresponding self-mastery is pernicious. Many Frenchmen seem to have more intellect than their character entitles them to. As M. Faguet puts it, the French character does not measure up to the French mind. On the other hand, one not infrequently encounters in England men who are giants of character, but who remain intellectually infantile. Goethe was not really inconsistent when he expressed great admiration for the Englishman and then said almost in the same breath that the "Englishman is properly speaking without intelligence" (a saying by the way that merely repeats the substance of Dryden's line: "Like true-born Britons who ne'er think at all").

The natural opposition between character and intellect is pleasantly expressed by Bagehot's boast that in "real, sound stupidity the English are unrivalled." This saving stupidity, according to Emerson, masks and protects their perception as the curtain of the eagle's eye. Burke, who could be on occasion one of the keenest of critics in his own field of political thought, shows a similar satisfaction in the intellectual imperviousness of the Englishman when he compares the radicals of his day to a few grasshoppers—"the little, shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome, insects of the hour, who make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle repose beneath the shadow of the English oak, chew the cud, and are silent." This is to renew the error of Aristophanes, who refused to distinguish between Socrates and the sophists and thought it possible to check the inevitable advance of intellectual self-consciousness by falling back on a stolid Toryism. The natural working out of such a point of view is seen in the recent pathetic exhibition of Lord Hugh Cecil and his aristocratic friends with their resort to lung power, when it is so perfectly plain that only brain power will serve. Things have already reached a pass where the only hope for the conservative is to oppose a first-rate criticism of society to the second and third-rate criticisms we are now getting from the Socialists and other radicals. Unfortunately, the present crisis is finding the Englishman intellectually unprepared. His mental constitution has not been gradually hardened and inured to our modern contagions. The danger is that when he does catch ideas they may prove, like measles for the South Sea Islander, a fatal disease. It is not unusual for an Oxford student, on breaking away from traditionalism, to become an anarchist.

VII.

Another positive limitation of the English that appears in their criticism and is almost too familiar to insist upon, is their insularity. "For anything I see," said Dr. Johnson, "foreigners are fools." Something of this faith still survives in the average Englishman. In the seventeenth century Saint-Evremond complained that Frenchmen were incapable of getting outside themselves, and even went to the point of calling a man a foreigner in his own country. Nowadays this is a trait that we should associate rather with the English. I remember, indeed, once asking an English acquaintance at Paris whether he did not feel very foreign among so many people whose language he could neither speak nor understand. "No," he replied, "but these people seem very foreign to me."

Both the insularity and intellectual imperviousness of the English are more or less bound up with the splendid convention of the English gentleman. The English gentleman is distrustful of thought, but prides himself, and rightly, on being great as a man of action. Scott, the best example of the gentleman in English literature, happens to be also one of the greatest of English humorists. He can scarcely be said to display any interest in ideas except as they may be used to illustrate either individual or national humors, as we see, for example, in his treatment of the Covenanters. In striking contrast to the richness and variety of his Scottish and other humors is the monotony and colorlessness of his ladies and gentlemen, and that, as I conceive, is because his ladies and gentlemen are all governed by the same convention. Scott shows too much Tory complacency; he is too unconscious of the undermining by the French Revolution of the whole social order upon which the convention rests. In his preface to the "Human Comedy" Balzac records his indebtedness to Scott; but Balzac differs from Scott in no respect more than that his whole work is dominated by a logical idea—the attempt, namely, to show the moral disintegration that has resulted in French society from the Revolution. His novels are really a caricature of the modern French, a sinister and lurid picture of the fatal triumph of egoism in a society that has broken away from traditional religious restraint. Balzac's conception is, if not fundamentally false, at least very one-sided, though I note that M. Paul Bourget, himself a reactionary, to be sure, declares in a recent essay that Balzac has shown himself a wonderful diagnostician of the ills that have actually fallen upon modern France. The point I wish to make, however, is very similar to my previous point in comparing Addison and La Bruyère. Balzac is more intellectual and critical, Scott more genial and humorous.

VIII.

In my enumeration of the virtues and defects of the Englishman and their relation to literary criticism, I have failed as yet to speak of what is perhaps the master-instinct of the whole English-speaking race—the instinct for practi-

cality. What logic and ideas the English have had, they have put mainly in the service of utilitarianism and scientific positivism. One is sometimes inclined to think that Bacon catching his last illness while stuffing a chicken with snow in an attempt to discover the principle of cold-storage is more typical of the English race than Shakespeare in the act of composing Hamlet. Students of comparative literature know that the foreign influence of Shakespeare, even his influence in Germany, is easily exaggerated. But wherever in the world we see smoking factory chimneys looming on the horizon we have a tribute to the potency of the Baconian influence. The gap between this utilitarian side of the English-speaking race and its imaginative side is too wide, just as the gap is too wide between Oxford and an English manufacturing town. The great representatives of the utilitarian and positivistic tradition—Bacon himself, Newton, Hobbes, Locke, Hume, Adam Smith, Bentham, Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, Darwin—have had ideas a-plenty and at times plenty of logic, but in matters artistic and literary have been little better than Philistines. It would be easy to run down the list from Newton, who could see in the finest statues only stone dolls, to Herbert Spencer, who went to Homer "to study superstitions," but was so bored that he could not get beyond the sixth book; and finally to Darwin, who confessed at the end of his life he could see nothing in Shakespeare.

The ultra-utilitarians are not only as completely lost for art and literature as the Puritans, but their point of view is far more catching. We see the waves of utilitarianism rising higher and higher every year in France and Germany, and even threatening to engulf the Gothic turrets of Oxford. It is doubtful whether in a world so completely devoted to utility there will be any room for art and literature as these terms have been understood traditionally. Here again the right attitude is that of the Aristotelian. Practicality, the Aristotelian would admit, is one of the main virtues of the peoples of English descent, along with imaginative fervor, moral earnestness, geniality, and humor; but practicality pursued mechanically and one-sidedly may become a vice. And this utilitarian excess would seem to have been reached not only in England and America, but more or less in the whole Occidental world.

IX.

It would carry me quite beyond the limits of the present subject to discuss the means by which we may hope to recover sound literary standards and guard against the present drift towards a scientific and industrial materialism. One of the most obvious needs is that we should revive in ourselves the sense of literary tradition. To this end it is urgent, if I may venture to repeat what I have said elsewhere, that students and teachers of English and other modern literatures should coöperate cordially with the representatives of the ancient humanities instead of tending to ally themselves as now with the utilitarians.

But though we need to revive our sense of tradition we cannot afford to be mere traditionalists, lest we suffer from that lack of ideas which is the chief lack I have noted in English, and I may add in American, criticism. Our holding of tradition must be in the highest degree critical; that is, it must involve a constant process of hard and clear thinking, a constant adjustment, in other words, of the experience of the past to the changing needs of the present.

Who are to be our models for this right critical interpretation of the past? They are curiously hard to find in the nineteenth century, in spite of the fact that it is commonly supposed to be the most historical of centuries. There prevailed during this period two main attitudes towards the past which may be defined, respectively, as the scientific and the romantic. The man with the scientific attitude is chiefly concerned with investigating and establishing the facts of the past. The romanticist, for his part, revels in the mere picturesqueness of the facts or else takes refuge in the past from the present, uses it, as Taine would say, to create for himself an alibi. But the past should be regarded primarily neither as a laboratory for research nor as a bower of dreams, but as a school of experience. Where, then, is the man who has been fully initiated into tradition, and at the same time knows how to bring it to bear upon the present? Even Sainte-Beuve does not fully satisfy us here. He was one of the victims of that naturalistic fatalism that has lain like a blight upon the human spirit for the past fifty years or more. "Man," he says, "has the *illusion* of liberty." What is the use of knowing the past if one is not free to profit by the knowledge? We think by contrast of Goethe (whom Sainte-Beuve himself calls the king of critics), and of Goethe's saying that the chief benefit one may derive from a total study of his work is a certain sentiment of inner freedom.

Goethe, indeed, comes nearer than any other modern to what we are seeking; not the romantic or scientific Goethe, it should be added, but the humanistic Goethe, who is revealed in the conversations with Eckermann and others, and in the critical utterances of his later years. For Goethe, after having found in "Faust" the happiest formulæ for the two main forces that were to dominate the nineteenth century—scientific positivism (*Im Anfang war die Tat*) and Rousseauistic romanticism (*Gefühl ist alles*)—lived long enough to repudiate the romanticism, and, while holding fast to the science, to insist that it should keep in its proper place. As an actual practitioner of the art of criticism, he seems to me inferior to the best of the Frenchmen; but as an initiator into the critical habit of mind he is incomparable. He has assimilated not merely tradition, but all traditions, and that without ceasing to be a modern of moderns. As Sainte-Beuve puts it, he keeps watch for every new sail on the horizon, but from the height of a Sunium. He would use the larger background and perspective to round out and support his individual insight and so make of the present what it should be—not the servile imitation, nor again the blank denial of the past, but its creative continuation. "To the errors and aberrations of the hour," he says, "we must oppose the masses of universal history." He would have us cease theorizing about the absolute and learn to recognize it in its actual manifestations. This particular form of the humanistic art of seeing the One in the Many would seem especially appropriate to an age like ours that differs above all from other ages, Greek and Roman antiquity, for example, in having at its command a vaster body of verified human experience. Goethe can, therefore, be of more help than any English or French critic in solving one of our most pressing problems: that of finding standards to oppose to the scientific and utilitarian excess, on the one hand, and, on the other, to the excess of romantic impressionism. In his general History Professor Saintsbury says that Goethe's high standing as a critic is a "superstition, now somewhat stale"; which suggests that we might begin our reaction against romantic impressionism by reacting against Professor Saintsbury. His own reputation as a critic may turn out to be the real superstition. That this reputation should be as great as it is, is perhaps in itself a proof that the English are not critical.

Irving Babbitt.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

A new edition, condensed and somewhat revised, of Arundell Esdaile's "Bibliography of George Meredith" is printed at the end of Vol. XXVII of the Memorial Edition of his works, recently published. Though called a "bibliography" on the title-page, it is more correctly described as a "chronological list" in the head lines. Only much abbreviated titles are given, and no collations whatever. A good bibliography of Meredith is a desideratum. As there is a strong interest at present in the first editions of Meredith among collectors, the following bibliographical notes may be of interest.

In the "Poems" (London, 1851), Meredith's first published volume, there should be found a slip of errata, showing four errors. Below the heading "Errata" is a

short rule with a diamond-shaped expansion in the centre. At some time this slip was reprinted, the later form having a straight rule, a trifle shorter than the original. The space between the rule and the first line of text is somewhat less in the reprint than in the genuine slip. Harry E. Widener owns an important copy of the book, the errata slip of which contains an additional correction in Meredith's autograph. This seems to fix the priority of the variety with the diamond-shaped expansion in the rule.

There are two distinct editions of Meredith's third volume of verse, "Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth," printed in 1883, which have, heretofore, been bought and sold indiscriminately as first edition. The actual first edition was printed by R. Clay, Sons & Taylor, and has their imprint on p. vi. The second edition, page for page, has the imprint of R. & R. Clark, Edinburgh. Some copies of this volume contain an errata slip, but, in most copies, apparently, the first of the errors noted, "Revotl" for "Revolt," in the last line of p. ix, has been corrected. The presence of this error seems to indicate the earlier issue. Some copies contain a cancelled leaf for pp. 63, 64, pasted on the stub of the original leaf, which has been removed. Some copies, also, contain at the end a Catalogue of Macmillan's publications, dated "April, 1883." There are also slight variations in the binding.

The second edition, printed by R. & R. Clark, though an entire resetting, contains most of the errors indicated in the errata slip of the first edition. The most important textual difference between the two are the improved titles of three of the sonnets. These are corrected to read as follows: P. 162, "The Spirit of Shakespeare: Continued"; p. 176, "Camelus Saltat: Continued"; p. 150, "My Theme: Continued." In the first edition printed by Clay, the title of each of these three sonnets is merely "Continued."

Almost all copies of "A Reading of Life" (1901) contain two cancelled leaves, pp. 65-68, printed as a separate sheet and pasted on the stub of one of the original leaves which have been removed. We have never seen a copy containing the originals.

At least three "separates," or early pulls, from the types of poems contributed by Meredith to magazines have been preserved. These are:

(1.) "Mother to Babe." A leaflet, one page, verso blank. Apparently printed from the types of the *English Illustrated Magazine* for October, 1886. It is without the illustration by William Meredith, which was printed on the same page when the poem appeared in the magazine. In the magazine, also, there was a page-number "25" besides printing on the reverse of the leaf.

(2.) "The Appeasement of Demeter." Four pages, numbered [1], 2, 3, and 4, the page numbers in the centre, and without headlines. Apparently printed from the types as set for *Macmillan's Magazine* for September, 1887. In the magazine it is paged 374 to 377, and occupies three leaves, there being other printing on pages 373 and 378. There are also head-lines.

(3.) "Outside the Crowd." A leaflet, one page, verso blank. Printed, apparently, from the types of the *National Review* for September, 1896, where the poem was first published. In the magazine there was printing on the reverse, also the page-numbers "25" and "26."

These cannot, strictly speaking, be called proof-sheets, but are pulls from the types after corrections had been made.

The private, unauthorized, first edition of "Jump to Glory Jane," of which fifty copies were printed in 1889 as a little pamphlet of sixteen pages, the last blank, was not mentioned in the first edition of Esdaile's "Bibliography," but is included in the "Chronological List."

Another private reprint, "Twenty Poems by George Meredith," being a collection of pieces contributed by him to *Household Words* between 1850 and 1856, issued in an edition of twenty-five copies only, in 1909, is not noted by Esdaile. These poems, when they appeared in *Household Words*, were unsigned, but their authenticity is proved by the office record of the magazine. Two other poems published in the same magazine in 1850 were, with some alterations, reprinted by Meredith himself in his first volume, published the next year, 1851.

"George Meredith and the Monthly Observer" is the title of an essay by Maurice Buxton Forman, of which twenty-one copies were printed privately in London last year, and which will interest Meredith collectors. The *Monthly Observer* was a manuscript magazine, of which Meredith was one of the editors and contributors, and which contains his earliest literary works known to be extant. Only five numbers are known, Nos. 11, 13, 14, 15, and 16, for January, March, April, May, and June, 1849. These were sold at Sotheby's about a year ago.

L. S. Livingston.

Correspondence

MR. ROOSEVELT AND THE RECALL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The comments on Mr. Roosevelt's address before the Ohio Constitutional Convention have varied as much perhaps as the popular idea of how Constitutions should be construed will vary. While there is much that is fundamentally moral and well said in the address, there are parts which I think, and even more strongly feel, are unsound. We should scrutinize rigidly those doctrines which appear to touch the welfare of the masses when they come from one who depends preëminently on the masses for his following.

Mr. Roosevelt's position, as I understand it, is essentially this: that the people have, by their Constitution, expressed, or attempted to express, their will as to the fundamental law which they desire to govern them; that their servants, the judges, are selected to interpret the fundamental law so that it will be in accord with the will of the people. As conditions change the will of the people may change, and the interpreters who are to apply the Constitution as the touchstone are to do so in a manner to fit actual conditions of life at the time the construction is called for. There should be, in the main, no quarrel with this view, provided it were admitted that conditions might so change as to make it impossible to interpret even the most pliable Constitution to fit them. In other words, certain parts of a Constitution might become antiquated. Mr. Roosevelt would not advocate a construction directly opposed to every conceivable meaning of the words of the Constitution or a resort to fiction simply to make a highly favored law constitutional. In such cases there would be reason for amendment.

But Mr. Roosevelt takes the further position that the final decision as to the construction of the Constitution should rest with the people. This view presupposes a higher order of intelligence and greater popular grasp of fundamentals than even the people of Edward Bellamy's Utopia possessed. It is a flattering homage to the masses by a man who depends on those masses for the support of his ideas. To hold that their judgment could be other than sound would be self-condemnatory on his part.

This plan, if adopted, would nullify one of the primary purposes of Constitutions. State Constitutions are meant to provide a sufficient bulwark against the momentary impulses of the people, and to postpone action, by making it difficult, in order to ascertain whether the ills suffered are really permanent and due to the supposed causes. Carried to its logical conclusion, it might be argued that where the people, through their agents, the legislators, pass a favored law, they at once express their decision as to the meaning they want attached to their Constitution, and that it would be the duty of the judge to construe the Constitution so as to conform to that law. This assumes that the construing judge knows the prevailing opinion in regard to that law. And is the converse true? If a judge is of the opinion that the law will not promote the ends of justice, or, rather, if he is of the opinion that the people think it would not promote justice, would it be correct for him to interpret the Constitution in all cases so as to invalidate the law?

Mr. Roosevelt quotes Lincoln: "With Lincoln, I hold that this country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right to amend." How different is this statement of Lincoln's from advocating that the final tribunal for the construction of the Constitution should be the people themselves. Lincoln was too sound a thinker and endowed with too high an order of practical judgment to advocate such a doctrine. He believed that the power of government resided in the people. He also knew that the people, by their own free will, and by means of this very power, placed limitations on the ease with which they could use their power and thus prescribed a constitutional method of amending.

There is merit in the statement that a judge who has outgrown his usefulness should no longer remain in office. There is merit in the statement that there should be some method of retiring judges who have become so steeped in the technical dead letter of the law that by their decisions they thwart all reasonable reform. But in such a matter the method is everything. The plan of recall as applied to the judiciary presents grave doubts. It is not so much the effect which the actual recall of a judge or which the power of recall will have on remaining judges, but the power

of threat which such an institution furnishes. Unscrupulous attorneys with a political backing may make use of it covertly and indirectly to influence decisions, especially when the question before the court has a political or quasi-political tinge.

And it must be remembered that the recall is a measure which is likely to be abused more and more as its ease of usefulness is better understood. More than most measures, its good effects will teach the way to misuse. JAMES H. WOLFE.

Salt Lake City, Utah, March 15.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND THE RECALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The public elementary schools of this country are often blamed for the faults and ignorance of the ordinary citizen, and it is comforting, therefore, to come across a good piece of work that may fairly be credited to the American schoolmaster. It is an easy thing to teach and not difficult for the pupil to understand that in theory, at least, the laws in the United States are made by the Legislature, but are interpreted and applied by the judiciary.

Given this simple elementary fact, well hammered into the youngster's head, together with the subsidiary fact that a judge who respects his oath of office must decide strictly according to laws laid down for him by another branch of the Government over which he has no control, the conclusion is inevitable that the remedy for miscarriage of justice, in the absence of moral obliquity of the court, is to be sought in reforming the law, and not in assailing the judge. Indeed, it should seem as if the American people were beginning to see that a judge who should distort and nullify a law that seemed to him unjust, would usurp functions foreign to his office, and, worse than that, set a precedent that would upset all established commercial, moral, and industrial relations of society.

There are, of course, many other aspects of the case against the recall of judges, but they all depend on the fundamental fact that, with us, the laws are not made by the courts that interpret and apply them.

That this simple and single fact has been well drilled into the heads of the present generation is to the credit of the American schoolmaster. E. L. C. MORSE.

Chicago, March 20.

THE NERVOUS DEBILITY OF JAPANESE ART.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When I say that I received almost no impression from the annual Government Exhibition of Japanese Art, opened last November in Uyeno Park, nor, let me add, from any other exhibition I have seen in the last five or six years, I have a sort of same feeling with the tired month of May when the season, in fact, having no strength left from the last glory of bloom (what a glorious old Japanese art!), still vainly attempts to look ambitious. Although it may sound unsympathetic, I must declare that the present Japanese art, speaking of it as a whole, with no reference to separate works or individual artists, suffers from nervous debility. Now, is it not the exact condition of the Japanese life at present? So it is. My mind recalls this moment a certain clever English critic, who said it was life that imitated art; but here it is the art following after the life of modern Japan, vain, shallow, imitative, and thoughtless, which makes us pessimistic. The best possible course art can follow in the time of its nervous debility might be that of imitation; I know, of course, there is a moment even for imitation, when it almost becomes creation. The question is how you imitate. And what does the Japanese art imitate? What it imitates is the Western art as the life here copies the civilization beyond the seas. When it tells something, I thank God, it is from its sad failure; indeed, the present Japanese art is a lost art, since it explains nothing, alas, unlike the old art of idealistic exaltation, but the general condition of life. It is cast down from its high pedestal.

I do not know exactly what simplicity means, when the word is used in connection with our old art; however, it is true we see a peculiar unity in it, which was cherished under the influence of India and China, and always helped to a classification and analysis of the means through which the artists worked. And the poverty of subjects was a strength for them; they valued workmanship, or the right use of material, rather than the material itself; instead of style and design, the intellect and atmosphere. They thought the means to be the only path to Heaven. But it was before the Western art had invaded Japan; that art told them of the end of art, and laughed at the indecision of æsthetic judgment and uncertainty of realism of Japanese art. It said: "It is true that you have some scent, but it is already faded; you have refinement, but it is not quite true to nature and too far away." Indeed, it is almost sad to see the artists troubled by the Western influence which they accepted, in spite of themselves; I can see in the present exhibition or any other exhibition that many of them have long ago lost their faith by spiritual calamity, and it is seldom to see them able to readjust their own minds under such a mingled tempest of Oriental and Occidental. Is it not, after all, merely a waste of energy? And how true it is with all the other phenomena of the present life, their Oriental retreat and Occidental rush.

Again here are so many pictures which are the works of workmen bored, after the Western fashion, sometimes offensive, often overstrenuous, their personal vanity being too clear, as well as the loss of the humanity and love that always went with the better old art. You do not know what bad effect Millet, Corot, and others had upon the artists who thought their *genre* pictures quite adoptable; but they did not know, as it seems to me, that the real realism was not a matter of mere external aspect. It was the literature, I mean the novels, first, that cast away offhand the old ideals earned through sacrifice and pain, and even laughed wildly with De Maupassant and other "Madmen" as if they thought nakedness was the happiest thing they had found out; well, that is not entirely bad as a protest or temporary change. When I say that the present Japanese art, too, is moved by such a tendency, I do not mean that it makes a kotow before the shrine of realism, but that it has sadly strayed from subjectivity, the only one citadel where the old Japanese art rose and fell; I wonder if it is not paying a too tremendous price only to gain a little objectivity of the West.

This morning I was informed by the press that the four Government Exhibition jurors of the old Japanese school had suddenly resigned, saying that their opinions and desire to preserve the time-honored art intact had been always insulted, jeered, and laughed at by the other jurors of the Western imitation, who always outnumbered them. The resigning jurors published their proclamation to the effect that the real Japanese art was dying. I murmured to myself: "This is the autumn of life and the country when the leaves and art are falling."

Our Japanese life, indeed, suffers from nervous debility as a result of the wholesale Western invasion, under which we have become spiritual gypsies, losing our own homes. YONE NOGUCHI.

Kamakura, Japan, February 9.

SASHOK AND SASHKA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have supposed these many years that in Russian the name Sashok was a pet abbreviation for Alexander, and that Sashka was the corresponding girl's name. Certainly the little Russian boy who lived in the house with me, in Geneva, was invariably called Sashok by his elder brother and by his tutor. And Rembrandt's famous painting, in the Dresden gallery, of himself, and his wife sitting on his knee and drinking a glass of champagne, is commonly known among Germans as Die Sashka. But now it seems that in Andreiev's new novel, soon to appear under the title "Sashka Ziguiev," the titular hero is the son of an old general. Will not some one of your Slavic scholars enlighten me? M.

New York, March 21.

THE HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER OF ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of February 29th, Professor Bellows cleverly explains that "Hamlet" and Dr. Johnson will not suffer if high school students cease to write about them. This is only too true, but it is just as true that the student, as well as the high school he represents, will suffer when he takes his college entrance examination if he cannot write "a perfectly meaningless little essay on 'Dr. Johnson and his Club' or 'Was Hamlet Mad?'" The high school teacher, however, has at least one legitimate motive for assigning theme topics which colleges force upon us and then ridicule. In sheer self-defence, the teacher of English, haunted by visions of ungraded themes and test papers, must combine the study of the classics and the writing of themes in a vain attempt to kill two sparrows with one wax bullet.

We devote the first two years to a mastery of the principles of rhetoric with a slight mixture of philology; in the third and fourth years, we survey the history of American and English literature. In addition each year we study *intensively* in class six classics and read four others at

home. We also require at least one theme a week, generally based upon the classics read. You can readily see that the student is meeting the college entrance requirements with a vengeance.

The teacher of English is apparently the general factotum of the school. Literary societies, school publications, and the coaching of debating teams come as dessert after the *pièce de résistance* in the form of five classes each day. Classes in English are never small and never select. Students are required to take it, and the teacher is required to get them through it. The high school teacher may not be so independent as the college professor, and of necessity considerations other than the student's ability enter into his being "passed." We polish the pebble with the same tools, if not with the same fervor, we polish the diamond, and after four years we send him to the college—a finished pebble.

The college trains the teacher of English, prescribes what he is to teach, and is horrified at the result. A similar attitude is maintained by the high school towards the grade teacher, who defiantly places the blame upon heredity. This would be amusing were it not so tragic. The student blames everything or nothing; the student likewise pays the fiddler. The high school teacher as well as the college professor sees the farcical side of the teaching of English, and just as earnestly seeks relief.

J. W. Irwin.

Central High School, Muskogee, Okla., March 18.

Literature

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

The Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman: Based on His Private Journals and Correspondence. By Wilfrid Ward. 2 vols. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $9 net.

A biography of the great convert which gives only a single chapter to the events of his life down to and including his conversion, and devotes the remainder of two bulky volumes to his experiences in the Roman Church, might seem to resemble "Hamlet" with the prince left out. For this outrageous disproportion Mr. Ward is not altogether responsible. The story of the early years and conversion has already been related by Newman himself in the "Apologia," and this has been supplemented by the two volumes of his letters edited by his sister-in-law, Miss Mozley. It was Newman's own desire that nothing should be added to those records by his present official biographer. Mr. Ward's work, therefore, should properly be read, not as a complete and independent memoir, but as a continuation of Miss Mozley's record. We are bound to say, however, that even with this reservation, the present volumes err somewhat in proportion. Newman was seldom at his best as a letter-writer, and a good deal of the correspondence now printed is, in our judgment, neither necessary to an understanding of Newman's character nor entertaining in itself. Much also of his life after 1845 was passed amid petty, thwarting circumstances; and the tale of these ecclesiastical intrigues will seem to the taste of most readers somewhat too finely-spun. For the rest, Mr. Ward's difficult task has been admirably and courageously carried through. When he himself takes the pen in hand his narrative and characterization are clear, succinct, and interesting. His balance of judgment, however it may appear to those more concerned in the questions at issue, seems to the present reviewer a notable achievement. His tact is particularly in evidence when he deals with such delicate matters as the negotiations at Rome over the Cardinalate; evidently he feels something slippery and unfair in the acts of Manning and Talbot, but at the critical point he merely quotes documents without committing himself on the question of veracity. On the other hand, though his work as a whole is distinctly a vindication of Newman, he by no means attempts to dissimulate the weaker sides of the Cardinal's own character. Perhaps we can best express our opinion of the writer's honesty by saying that we know of no book composed by a Catholic which is more likely to deter sympathizers with the church from entering the bondage of Rome.

At the close of the chapter which includes the conversion Mr. Ward quotes the beautiful words of Principal Shairp on the effect of what seemed to Anglicans an act of apostasy:

> How vividly comes back the remembrance of the aching blank, the awful pause, which fell on Oxford when that voice had ceased, and we knew that we should hear it no more. It was as when, to one kneeling by night, in the silence of some vast cathedral, the great bell tolling solemnly overhead has suddenly gone still. To many, no doubt, the pause was not of long continuance. Soon they began to look this way and that for new teachers, and to rush vehemently to the opposite extremes of thought. But there were those who could not so lightly forget. All the more these withdrew into themselves. On Sunday forenoons and evenings, in the retirement of their rooms, the printed words of those marvellous sermons would thrill them till they wept "abundant and most sweet tears." Since then many voices of powerful teachers they may have heard, but none that ever penetrated the soul like his.

With no desire to intrude into the debate between Anglican and Roman, with interest centred rather upon the purely human aspect of the act, one may well feel, even to-day, something of that deep chagrin which Principal Shairp and Matthew Arnold and other contemporaries expressed. Not for Oxford controversialists alone, but for all who draw their spiritual sustenance from English literature, that event was, if not the silencing, at least the muffling, of a magic voice; say what one will, there was something in Newman's conversion of personal defection, a betrayal of the will, and, despite the fact that his greatest work is just the "Apologia" for his change, he was debarred by his surrender from taking the supreme place as an English author or as a religious leader which belonged to him by birthright.

And this is the lesson we read in Mr. Ward's narrative of the years from the conversion to the end. It was as if the convert, by altering his direction, had suddenly brought himself face to face with a stone wall. To every plan he broached for new activity came the benumbing reply, *Non possumus*, if it was not *Non possis*. He was, as it were, hemmed in, barked at by opposition on every side, beaten down by exasperating distrust and envy. Mr. Ward tells with valiant honesty all the plans of the convert that were balked in one way or another. The difficulties that beset him as editor, as rector of the Irish Catholic University, and as promoter of a propaganda in Oxford to influence the intellectual life of England, are typical of his career. In the end, when his active years were past and he could no longer disturb those in authority, he received due recognition in the Cardinalate, and his closing days were, we like to believe, crowned with a great peace. It is true also that more than once in his bitter years, with a tone of conviction it would be dishonorable to question, he repudiated the suggestion of regret over his move. In his saddest moment he could write—*ex animo*, as he said—"that Protestantism is the dreariest of possible religions." He could distinguish clearly between the church and its rulers:

> To-day is the 20th anniversary of my setting up the Oratory in England, and every year I have more to thank God for, and more cause to rejoice that He helped me over so great a crisis—Since A.B. obliges me to say it, this I cannot omit to say:—I have found in the Catholic Church abundance of courtesy, but very little sympathy, among persons in high place, except a few—but there is a depth and a power in the Catholic religion, a fulness of satisfaction in its creed, its theology, its rites, its sacraments, its discipline, a freedom yet a support also, before which the neglect or the misapprehension about oneself on the part of individual living persons, however exalted, is as so much dust, when weighed in the balance. This is the true secret of the Church's strength, the principle of its indefectibility, and the bond of its indissoluble unity. It is the earnest and the beginning of the repose of heaven.

Yet it is true nevertheless that he resented keenly and sometimes denounced sharply not only the thwarting of his personal ambitions, but also the limitations imposed upon his intellectual and spiritual mission. He who felt himself born to be a leader of his people found himself suddenly thrust into ignoble ob-

security. To his beloved Ambrose St. John he wrote, in 1857: "To the rising generation, to the sons of those who knew me, or read what I wrote fifteen or twenty years ago, I am a mere page of history. . . . It was at Oxford, and by my Parochial sermons, that I had influence—all that is past." And three years later, in the intimacy of his diary, he could exclaim: "O my God, I seem to have wasted these years that I have been a Catholic. What I wrote as a Protestant has had far greater power, force, meaning, success than my Catholic works, and this troubles me a great deal." It is not strange that his inner vision was at times perturbed, his faith almost touched. "As years go on," he records in his diary, "I have less sensible devotion and inward life." He even notes a change in his physical expression: "Till the affair of No. 90 and my going to Littlemore, I had my mouth half open, and commonly a smile on my face—and from that time onwards my mouth has been closed and contracted, and the muscles are so set now, that I cannot but look grave and forbidding." Inevitably as this feeling of failure and loneliness deepened, he contrasted the poverty of the present with the actual power and richer promise of his Oxford career. There is a pathetic letter written in 1863 to Keble, who had begun the Oxford movement with him, or even before him, but had drawn back at the edge of the precipice—a letter whose closing words are, as it were, the revelation of a great and hidden tragedy:

> I have said all this, knowing it will interest you. Never have I doubted for one moment your affection for me, never have I been hurt at your silence. I interpreted it easily—it was not the silence of others. It was not the silence of men, nor the forgetfulness of men, who can recollect about me and talk about me enough, when there is something to be said to my disparagement. You are always with me a thought of reverence and love, and there is nothing I love better than you, and Isaac, and Copeland, and many others I could name, except Him Whom I ought to love best of all and supremely. May He Himself, Who is the over-abundant compensation for all losses, give me His own Presence, and then I shall want nothing and desiderate nothing, but none *but* He *can* make up for the loss of those old familiar faces which haunt me continually.

It would be easy to exaggerate, possibly the tone of Mr. Ward's narrative tempts one to exaggerate, the sadder aspect of Newman's life in the Catholic Church. It must not be forgotten that his "Apologia," which contains some of the most beautiful religious writing of the age, his "Idea of a University," and other works which will not be forgotten, were written after his conversion. But we repeat that the more deeply one considers his career, the more thoroughly is one convinced that the act of 1845 was something of a *gran rifiuto;* in succumbing to an authority which promised to allay the anguish of his intellect he rejected the great mission of the imagination that he might have fulfilled. For at bottom it was as a poet of the mystic imagination, and not as a logician or theologian, that he affected the men of his generation, and might have affected them more profoundly and permanently had he remained true to himself. The mere physical change from the glories and haunting traditions of the colleges of Oxford to the blank and utter newness of the Oratory at Edgbaston took away one of the props of his imagination. The feeling that he no longer belonged to the faith of the great body of his countrymen, but was regarded by them, whether rightly or wrongly, as one of a sect, deprived him of that support of sympathy which was necessary to the full unfolding of his genius.

Newman, as we have seen, speaks of the contraction of his features under the stress of his new life. The word, to one who examines his later portraits, does not seem quite precise; the marks of struggle are visible enough, but signs of contraction, in the sense of hardening or strengthening, we do not see. The mouth is strong, but the lines are a little relaxed; the eyes are veiled and look wistfully beyond what is immediately before them to some visionary hope; the brow is high and wrinkled transversely from the perplexity of an inner conflict. Something has gone out of this face, the contact with individual facts has been broken, and in its place has come the sweetness of self-surrender, the submissive pride of one who has given up much that he may find all—if haply he has found.

This, in the end, must be our reservation in the praise due to Newman's beautiful life, that he stopped short of that purest faith which demands no revelation and is dependent on no logic, but is content within itself. It is written: "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." He was not strong enough to hold fast to the actual facts of life and to discern his vision of peace quite apart from their illusory sphere, but found it necessary to surrender the discordance of experience for a divine law within them. There is a sentence in a letter of Cardinal Wiseman which comes naturally to memory when one thinks of the agony through which the later prelate was to pass. Speaking of his own struggle as a young man in Rome, Wiseman wrote:

> I was fighting with subtle thoughts and venomous suggestions of a fiendlike infidelity which I durst not confide to any one, for there was no one that could have sympathized with me. This lasted for years; but it made me study and think, to conquer the plague—for I can hardly call it danger—both for myself and for others. . . . But during the actual struggle the simple submission of faith is the only remedy. *Thoughts against faith must be treated at the time like temptations against any other virtue—put away.*

There is the quick of the matter: *thoughts against faith must be treated at the time like temptations against any other virtue—put away.* The sentiment, it must be admitted, recalls a little the original metaphor of Hobbes: "For it is with the mysteries of our religion as with wholesome pills for the sick, which, swallowed whole, have the virtue to cure, but, chewed, are for the most part cast up again without effect." The same idea occurs over and over again in Newman's writings, is, in fact, the very basis of his logical system. In an era which assailed him with unanswerable doubts he could not lift his faith to those serene certainties which need no confirmation of the reason and from which his imagination might draw the substance of healing visions for his people. He was not strong enough to accept skepticism and rise above it; in identifying dogma and faith he, the man of perhaps the finest religious nature of the century, failed his country at her hour of greatest need.

CURRENT FICTION.

Odd Numbers. By Sewell Ford. New York: Edward J. Clode.

"Most of us are so shy of lettin' go of any sentiments that can't be had on a rubber stamp that it takes a mighty small twist to put a person in the queer class." This remark, as its author, Shorty McCabe, might say, makes one think of John Stuart Mill's line of talk, though it's not exactly in his lingo. "Shorty," the narrator of these tales, as a philosopher recalls not only Mill, but Mr. Dooley; as a story-teller he owes something to O. Henry. He is an expugilist of wide observation and experience who conducts a Physical Culture Studio on Forty-second Street. He is especially interested in "odd numbers," that is to say, persons in the queer class, and he describes a motley and entertaining group of them. The formula on which most of the stories are constructed is simple. Begin with a bit of conversation or moralizing, not necessarily relevant, but calculated to rouse curiosity; then introduce your "odd number," who, though odd, usually represents some tolerably familiar type; old-fashioned grandmother or aunt from the country, imaginative and impecunious promoter, mental-healing crank, or girl from the backwoods who has a little money and means to "take in" New York. Describe the queer one briskly, and then let him do something which is not only queer, but altogether aside from his normal line of queerness; or else let him succeed contrary to all probability in his simple and child-like plan. On this theme a good many variations are possible; but the stories owe their

interest not so much to formula or variations as to diction. Mr. Ford uses a large slang vocabulary with considerable aptness and freshness.

The Great Gay Road. By Tom Gallon. New York: Brentano's.

The audacious vagabond has had many abler apologists than the present writer. Indeed, a desire to emulate the successful performances of Mr. Farnol *et al.* would seem to have been this aspirant's sole qualification. Certainly his tale is without any saving grace of imagination or of diction. For plot, one clever idea suffices. Thanks to the nightly candle and the unlocked window, which for twenty years have invited the return of Sir Crispin Vickery's long-lost son, two hungry tramps obtain access to a comfortable London establishment. One of them is mistaken for the overdue prodigal, and welcomed accordingly. By this point, unfortunately, the author has quite exhausted his ingenuity. There is not the slightest flavor of adventure about any of the ensuing incidents. No more successful is the characterization. A highly disagreeable impostor is this Hilary Tolfrey Kite, a mere impudent windbag. His henchman, Perkins, is a nondescript adult waif, whose gutter slang is not even amusing. Less grotesque but even more wooden are the martinet Sir Crispin, his downtrodden maiden sister, their pretty young niece, her youthful lover, and the faithful family servant—the stockiest of stock characters, one and all.

The Way of an Eagle. By E. M. Dell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The heroine is placed in the embarrassing position of owing her life to a suitor who inspires her with much the same sentiments that a young rabbit might entertain towards a hovering bird of prey. It is the immense difficulty of habituating her to his presence that chiefly retards the courtship. Other people found him charming, in spite of his monkey-like agility and leanness, his yellow, wrinkled face, his claw-like hands, his sunken but fiercely gleaming eyes, "like the eyes of an eagle." But the fastidious fair one viewed this physical make-up with uncontrollable repugnance. The hero's handicap was also heavily increased by gruesome memories of their Anglo-Indian adventures in common—the horrors of a siege in a hill-country fort, the grim promise that constituted him her protector (to shoot her rather than to let her fall into the hands of the hostile natives), the stray tribesman he killed before her eyes, not to mention the summarily administered opiate which obviated her initial opposition to being rescued at all. But "Omnia vincit Amor" is the motto, and the extraordinary patience of the lover in time prevails over the extraordinary reluctance of the maiden, although it is first necessary to them both to journey home to England and back again, for Nick to lose an arm and Muriel her alternative lover, and for more than one mutual friend to fall grievously ill that they may be associated in bedside vigils.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

George the Third and Charles Fox: The Concluding Part of the American Revolution. By Sir George Otto Trevelyan. Vol. I. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2 net.

Thirty-one years have passed since the appearance of the "Early History of Charles James Fox," the merits of which received immediate recognition. Sir George resumes the biography, but now connects it with his history of the American Revolution. By 1778 the policy of coercing the revolted colonies had failed, and the Royal Peace Commission had ended its labors by the issue of a proclamation which announced the King's attitude. After three years of costly war, waged without distraction from a foreign enemy, the King held only New York, and outside of that city not another mile of territory in the northern and central colonies. He now proposed to harass the States into submission, determined never to recognize their independence. A few leading points would be occupied, the seaport towns plundered and burnt, and Indian incursions against the frontier settlements encouraged. The capture of Charleston seemed to assure the complete reduction of the more Southern States. The descent of Arnold upon Virginia and Connecticut, the desultory operations in the North, the defeat of Gates at Camden, and even the treachery of Arnold, were the fruits of this policy, cruel to both colonists and loyalists. The war became an international war. France openly sided with America, and other European governments gave aid or sympathy.

Interest thus centres upon the course of events in Europe, and the English commanders in America were deliberately sacrificed to the political exigencies at home. Mr. Adams has shown that the generals were not of a high order in strategy, and had failed to display qualities necessary to success. Sir George indicates one leading cause of their shortcomings—they were subject to the stifling atmosphere of political intrigue and official dishonesty. Liberal appropriations were made, but they were squandered with little result and under ill-considered instructions. Barrington, Germaine, and Sandwich, plotting against the best officers in army and navy, directing the campaigns from Downing Street, issuing contradictory orders or none at all, and bent upon enriching their followers, offer Sir George subjects for a series of brilliant portraits, and they do not lose in effect by his comparing North's Cabinet with that of Chatham.

To expel these men from office, and to reform the system of court subsidy and favoritism under which they could continue in power became the leading questions in Great Britain, and so the Senate came to be more important than the camp. For the period of the American Revolution the most distinguished reputations made were those of civilians, not soldiers, and among the civilians, after the death of Chatham, Burke and Fox stood preëminent. The one, says Sir George, was the precise complement of the other. Burke thundered against the ill-tempered proclamation of the Peace Commission, the employment of Indians, the corrupt and extravagant expenditures, and the restrictions on Ireland and the Catholics. Fox sought to drive Germaine and Sandwich from office. He denounced the sacrifice of Burgoyne's army and the state of unpreparedness for war with France; he supported Keppel when under trial for his life; he attacked Sandwich for his incompetence, for the demoralization of the navy; and he sought to obtain a wider hearing for public measures.

This "opposition" policy suffered temporary defeat because the King could purchase support by direct bribery or by a drastic use of patronage. Further, the British public could not know what was being done by Parliament or by Ministers. The majority of the members of Parliament were too closely bound to the King to be representatives of the people, and the debates in the House on questions of moment remained unknown to the country, no reporters or spectators being permitted in the gallery during such debates. The news from the seat of war was doctored for the public consumption:

> Washington's army was killed several times over, and died several times over of hunger and disease, in the columns of the *Morning Post* and the *Morning Chronicle*. The history of Burgoyne's operations took a fantastic shape in the inspired newspapers.

The affair of King's Mountain was called a "ridiculous rumor"; Washington appeared as deserting the American cause, and yet again as plotting in an extraordinary manner against London and the shipyards. The public knew only what the subsidized press found its interest to print, and could read only such speeches as were written out by the speakers, the "very burlesque of parliamentary reporting." Fox procured a greater degree of publicity, which told in favor of the "opposition."

Fox is represented as one who has outlived the follies of his youth, yet as retaining to the full the qualities which charm, and as seeking only the national welfare with a generous self-sacrifice

and whole-souled patriotism. Once a member of North's Administration, he had not committed himself on American questions, and after 1778 he was the undisputed leader of the Opposition in the Commons. Not only eloquent, he had a policy. In the face of war with France and Spain he would leave America alone, until these European enemies had been defeated, believing that the Americans would act lukewarmly when the contest was transferred to Europe, where their interests were small. Defence at home and victory against the hereditary enemies of Britain formed the cardinal features of his policy. In seeking its attainment, he suffered temporary defeat, but he brought into prominence the dangers of court influence as exemplified by the King and his ministers.

On the style of this volume little need be said, for the high qualities of Sir George as a compiler and narrator are well known. His digressions, such as those on social life in the country, on Brooks's Club, and on landscape gardening, are interesting and do not interrupt the relation of the political history. He depends too unquestioningly upon Isaac Arnold's life of Benedict Arnold, and it was a letter from Howe, not Gage, that Washington refused to receive. Certainly, no fault can be found with his judgments on American affairs. Though he is no cool partisan, and deals gently with the shortcomings of George III and the good-natured North, his distribution of praise and blame commends itself by its good foundation in balanced and thorough investigation.

Modern Riding and Horse Education. By Major Noel Birch, Royal Horse Artillery of Great Britain. New York: William R. Jenkins Co. $2.

It is always refreshing to find an Englishman who gives consideration enough to horsemanship to lead him away, for however brief a time, from the claims of the hunter and the cross-country course. But the world moves in the matter of horse education even if it does forget and return periodically to rediscover the essentials and glibly to argue the points mooted by succeeding generations of horse lovers. Major Birch has faithfully endeavored to qualify himself as a writer on the subject of the horse by reading the long procession of books from Xenophon down to the idealistic volume on the "Psychology and Training of the Horse" by Cesaresco.

The resulting volume is interesting in many ways, but in none more than the frank manner in which he states his views of the methods of numerous reputed masters of the subject. The conclusions reached on many points accord with the experience of students generally. It is readily observed that Major Birch has honestly tried to let in some light to his fox-hunting, cross-country brethren, to the effect that there is really something worth while in a well-balanced animal, trained for general purposes under the saddle. To present this view has long been regarded as a hopeless task, even in the British cavalry and field artillery.

As far back as 1839 American officers were sent to the justly celebrated French Cavalry School at Saumur to acquire a knowledge of equitation and mounted drill regulations. The influence of their work upon the regular cavalry still lingered, but the source of this influence was forgotten, until Saumur was rediscovered by one of our accomplished military attachés. The result of the reawakening has been to extend a knowledge of equitation throughout the American service and to create on all sides a desire to reëstablish our rapidly disappearing breeds of worthy saddle horses.

The advantage of such a volume as Major Birch's arises from his discussion of balance, grip, the use of the reins, the jumping seat, and various details of riding and training the horse from the point of view of one who has been an unprejudiced seeker after truth. In America the methods of Fillis have appealed strongly to students of equitation and his discourses have been accepted as authoritative, but there is always room for such a volume as "Modern Riding and Horse Education" where the absence of dogmatic theories will appeal to those who ride for pleasure and who prefer a trained, well-balanced horse, particularly one made so by instruction of its owner. The Horse Shows are giving evidence constantly that the public is acquiring a better appreciation of horsemanship in distinction from mere ability to ride difficult animals. If the present revival of the popularity of the horse continues for a reasonable time, the nation will be the beneficiary in more ways than one. The automobile will answer for getting about in town, but for country life nothing can take the place of the horse.

Notes

John Muir's guidebook to "The Yosemite," together with "Captain Martha Mary," by Avery Abbott, and C. H. Claudy's "The Battle of Base-Ball," will be brought out by the Century Co. next month.

Beethoven's love-affair with the Countess Guicciardi has been made the subject of a Swedish novel, "Quasi, Una Fantasia"; the book will be issued in English form by Sturgis & Walton Co.

A handbook on Bahaism is in preparation by Longmans; the author is Francis H. Skrine.

The Yale University Press announces for publication in the spring or early summer Stewart L. Mim's "The Commercial Policy of Colbert toward the French West Indies." It is a study based upon researches in the archives of France.

Macmillans will have ready in April a new edition of Joseph Conrad's first book, "Almayer's Folly," and "Marcus Alonzo Hanna; His Life and Works," by Herbert Croly.

The "Fame Seekers," by Alice Woods, shortly to be published by Doran, is a story of Parisian life.

An authoritative account of the history and activity of the Jewish national movement from the earliest times to the present day will soon be issued by the Zionist Central Office, Berlin, through W. Speaight & Sons of London. The pamphlet, which is written by Israel Cohen, is entitled "The Zionist Movement: Its Aims and Achievements."

"The Revival of Printing: a Bibliographical Catalogue of the Works Issued by the Chief Modern English Presses," edited by Robert Steele, is a work which Macmillan will publish in April for the Medici Society of London. The volume will be issued in three different styles, and is specially prepared for the student of modern printing.

March 30 is the date set by Houghton Mifflin Co. for the publication of the following books: "Polly of the Hospital Staff," by Emma C. Dowd; "A Child's Journey with Dickens," by Kate Douglas Wiggin; "Tales of a Greek Island," by Julia D. Dragoumis; "The Home-Made Kindergarten," by Nora Archibald Smith, and, for the Riverside Press edition, "Lines of Battle, and Other Poems," by Henry Howard Brownell, with an introduction by M. A. De Wolfe Howe.

Four new volumes are announced by Dana Estes & Co. in their Beautiful Ireland series: "Ulster," "Leinster," "Munster," and "Connaught."

The same house has in the press "A Year with the Gaekwar of Baroda," by the Rev. Edward St. Clair Weeden, and "John Lavery and His Work," by Walter Shaw-Sparrow.

Among the books which Putnams will shortly issue are: "The Comedy of Catherine the Great," by Francis H. Gribble; "The Devil's Wind," by Patricia Wentworth; a revised edition of "The Social Evil," with new material covering the years 1902-1911, edited by Prof. R. A. Seligman; "My Friendship with Prince Hohenlohe," being the Memoirs of the Baroness von Hedemann; "Leaflets from Italy," by M. Nataline Crumpton, and "The Heroic Age," a book dealing with the early heroic poetry and traditions of the Teutonic peoples, by H. M. Chadwick.

The list of E. P. Dutton & Co. includes, in biography and history: "The Life of Hiuen-Tsiang," by Hwui Li and Yen-Tsung; "The Life or Legend of Gaudama, the Buddha of the Burmese," by the Rev. P. Bigandet; "The Sisters of Lady Jane Grey," by Richard Davey; "The Life and Work of Romesh Chunder Dutt, C.I.E.," by J. N. Gupta; "Thomas De Witt Talmage," an autobiography; "The Making of Western Europe," by Prof. C. R. L. Fletcher; "Modern England," by Louis Cazamion, and "A History of the Renaissance," Temple Cyclopedic Primers, by B. F. Oldham.—General literature: "Poetry and Prose: Essays on English Poetry," by A. A. Jack; "A Book of Scoundrels," "Studies in Frankness,"

"The Pageantry of Life," all three by Charles Whibley; "Posthumous Essays," by Churton Collins, edited by C. L. Collins; "First and Last," by Hilaire Belloc; "The Views of Vanoc," essays by Arnold White; "Neighborhood," by Ticknor Edwards; "Modern Tariff History; Germany, United States, France," by P. Ashley; "Animal Life in Africa," by J. Stevenson Hamilton; "Inland Transport," by E. A. Pratt; "Two Visits to Denmark," by Edmund Gosse; "The Creed of Half Japan: Sketches of Historical Buddhism," by Arthur Lloyd; "The Irish Harpers, with a Memoir of Edward Bunting," by Charlotte Milligan Fox; "A Magician in Many Lands," by Charles Bertram; "Rowlandson's Oxford," by A. Hamilton Gibbs; "The Evidence of the Supernatural," by Ivor D. Tuckett; "North Sea Fishers and Fighters," by Walter Wood; "English Philosophers and Schools of Philosophy," by Prof. James Seth, and "Practical Library Administration," by W. S. S. Rae.

In "Socialism and the Ethics of Jesus" (Macmillan), Prof. Henry C. Vedder of Crozer Theological Seminary sketches the history of Socialistic principles, defines the fundamental principles of present-day Socialism, and compares these principles with the ethics of Jesus. He promises to make this investigation "not as the champion of any social theory, or the briefed defender of any social system, but in as impartial and candid a spirit as possible, as a student of history, of the Scriptures, of economics. of social institutions." Candor and impartiality stay by the author in the first few chapters, in which he discusses the social enthusiasms of the Anabaptists and early French and German Socialism, but in the subsequent portions of the book these desirable qualities are signally lacking. A man who can refer to the late E. L. Godkin as one who "spends one-half his talent and energy in telling the workers that they have no right to aspire to the pursuit of happiness, that it is their duty to accept their hard lot without murmuring or questioning; and the other half in administering sedatives to the consciences of the well-to-do, so that they shall rest content with what they have and make no effort to better conditions," is not impartial, and it is difficult to see how an intelligent person who can make such a statement is candid. This is only one instance of the author's vicious practice of calling names. He criticises Socialism himself, but he allows no one else to do so without falling under his rebuke for writing "nonsense." To occupy both sides of a question has always been the genius of theologians, and Professor Vedder enjoys this ability. In one chapter he is a fully persuaded Socialist, denouncing capital with the vigor of a street orator, and, like the veriest demagogue, accusing Wall Street of producing panics, while in the next he exposes the fallacies of the Socialists with equal violence. The book is energetic and sprightly, but if the author is able to maintain his present attitude, it is difficult to see how his readers will not desire to go further in either one direction or the other.

The passage of the Parliament Act last year was universally felt to mean a profound change in the English Constitution, and already we have the systematizers recasting their general schemes. Thus Sir William R. Anson brings out a revised reissue of the fourth edition of his "Law and Custom of the Constitution" (Clarendon Press), the alterations in Vol. 1, dealing with Parliament, being almost wholly confined to explaining the new legislation referred to. Sir William is, as is well known, a prominent Conservative, and a certain tinge of party bias shows itself in what he writes of the clipping of the veto powers of the House of Lords; yet he states the matter accurately, makes it clear precisely what has been taken away and what has been left, and keeps up a measurably good hope for the future. The same subject is treated from the Liberal standpoint in the new edition of "May's Constitutional History of England" (Longmans), edited and continued by Francis Holland. May's work closed with 1860, and his present editor has added a third volume to bring the history down to date. The method is not strictly chronological, but chapters are given to separate subjects. These are dealt with compendiously, but impartially and accurately, so far as we have been able to apply tests. The whole is a useful continuation and reprint of a work which already had a secure reputation.

Coming events cast their books before, and "The Framework of Home Rule," by Erskine Childers (Longmans, Green & Co.), confessedly has its reason for being in the approaching renewal of the great debate in Parliament over the question of Irish Government. The author starts out by pointing to the fact that Ireland is, historically, an English colony, and then he shows what England has done for her other colonies—Canada, Australia, South Africa—in the way of large grants of home rule. All candid persons admit, in fact, that the founding of the Australian Commonwealth and the establishment of the South African Confederation, both events having taken place since the Irish Home Rule bill of 1886, have profoundly modified the point of view. If Ireland were 3,000 miles away from England, she would have had home rule long ago. Mr. Childers takes it for granted that she is soon to have it, and his volume is a full and careful discussion of the details—legislative, financial, and administrative. It is a work based on wide knowledge and embodies the latest official statistics relating to population, taxation, land purchase, and the like, so that it will be a very handy book to have by one as the Parliamentary discussion comes on after Easter.

The shifts to which a war correspondent is put form the subject of Stanley Washburn's book, "The Cable Game: The Adventures of an American Pressboat in Turkish Waters During the Russian Revolution" (Sherman, French). The author, a writer for the Chicago *Daily News*, was at Peking, when without yet knowing the meaning of it, he received the message: "Russia direct. When do you start?" It was the assignment for the Russian insurrection. The romance of the game, Mr. Washburn assures us, becomes utterly engrossing when one realizes that one's paper

will pay fabulous sums, $2,000, $5,000, even $10,000, for an account of a world event. A single story of this kind is printed in ten thousand papers in fifty different languages within twenty-four hours after the correspondent files it in a cable office. His version of the affair is read first by every foreign office in the civilized world. On his story, the editorials on the "situation" are based, from London to Buenos Ayres.

What strikes the reader most in Mr. Washburn's account is the resourcefulness often needed by a person in his capacity. The cable is to such a one what the air tube is to the diver, and how he shall beat the other fellow to it keeps him continually planning for the future. When Mr. Washburn arrived at Constantinople, for instance, on his way to Russia, he wisely concluded to charter a tug-boat. With it he could freely enter turbulent Russian ports, gather news, and race for an uncensored cable. One of the most readable chapters describes his ingenious measures to obtain ready money in the Rumanian town of Sulina. The consternation of the natives over the spectacle of a private individual wishing to send a thousand words by cable, and the formidable impression which he contrived to make, though without securities, upon a banker there, are amusingly told. It is easy to understand Mr. Washburn's statement that

the correspondent that represents a conservative paper has a truly mean time when he is on an assignment with a number of fellows who are cabling for the other type, for it is not at all uncommon for them to take rumors, even fakes, agree on the details, and send them broadcast.

We may suggest, however, that when placed in such a position, a correspondent might fill his time, to the great benefit of the far-away public, with discrediting such rumors.

While the day of the square-rigger and deep-water ships seems to have passed, it is a pertinent fact that the fore-and-aft rig is not only not on the decline, but, as a matter of fact, is multiplying both for commercial and for pleasure purposes. For that reason the history of this rig, which has been traced by E. Keble Chatterton in "Fore and Aft" (Lippincott), makes a peculiar appeal to yachtsmen and to all who love the sea. Mr. Chatterton follows the fore-and-aft rig from its origin in the days of the Egyptian, down through the ages, taking up the history of the rig in northern Europe, in Holland, in England, and America, and of its introduction to yacht use. The book is filled with illustrations of the rig as seen at various periods, in drawings, reproductions of paintings from the Dutch school, and in photographs of the various models to be found in museums in Europe, while at the end line drawings and sail plans of yachts, fishing vessels, and working boats are given. In most essentials the fore-and-aft rig is the same to-day as it was hundreds of years ago, some of the same details of rigging now used being in evidence then; although in the cut of the sail and in the lightness and convenience of the rigging we have made marked improvement. The service which Mr. Chatterton performed for the history of the sailing ship, two years ago, in his "Sailing Ships and Their Story," he has now done for the fore-and-aft-rigged vessel in particular. He has made an interesting and useful volume.

A new edition of Horace White's valuable textbook, "Money and Banking"—long recognized as a high authority on current financial problems in the United States and

on American financial history—has been put out by Ginn & Co., so as to extend the discussion to the plans of banking and currency reform which have been placed before the American people since the third edition of the book was published in 1908. The full text of the Aldrich plan, endorsed a few months ago by the Monetary Commission and now in the hands of Congress, is included in the present book. There are also added a chapter on the guarantee of bank deposits, and another on the relations of the Stock Exchange and the money markets—a subject on which Mr. White speaks with particular authority as the chairman of the special committee appointed by Governor Hughes in 1909 to investigate the question of speculation in stocks and commodities on the various exchanges. The additions bring this useful book completely up to date for purposes of reference on the pressing financial and banking problems of the day.

We have received the "Yiddish Dictionary," dealing with the Hebrew and Chaldaic elements in the present-day Yiddish vernacular. We take the appearance of this volume as an interesting sign of the efforts that are being made to raise the Yiddish, hitherto regarded as a formless jargon, to the level of an ordered language. The authors and publishers of the dictionary are Dr. C. D. Spivak and Solomon Bloomgarden, of whom the latter has won distinction as a poet, under the pseudonym "Jehoash." He has translated "Hiawatha" into the Yiddish.

Maximilian Harden, the well-known editor of the Berlin *Zukunft*, does not show to great advantage in the English dress Julius Gabe has given him in "Word Portraits" (Brentano's). Some of the sketches are characteristic enough of their author, and in their day probably served to entertain or startle Berlin for a brief hour, but in the years that have elapsed since Old William, Richter, Waldersee, Stoecker, the Empress Frederick, and Bismarck himself evoked so much sound and fury, the world has learned to speak of these subjects dispassionately. Least of all is posterity to accept Herr Harden's rhetoric as the judgment of history. There have been political pamphleteers who have outlived their day and generation, but few of them were Germans, and none of them wrote as Harden does. Stored as his mind is with varied and surprising knowledge, he has neither strict logic nor telling satire nor deep feeling at his command. Wit is not his in the sense in which Heine and Börne have accustomed us to it. He is essentially a rhapsodist and, for all his revolutionary flings at tradition, a sentimentalist—a talker, not a *causeur*. Least of all is he a great thinker. His vehemence is studied, his pathos false, his heaping of metaphors intolerable—even in the original German, where much is forgiven to a show of learning. Unfortunately, Harden's influence on newspaper diction has been considerable. He has introduced and made popular the *staccato* phraseology that marks so much of progressive journalism—not only on the other side of the ocean. The political essays in this collection, with the exception of that on Gallifet, are all grouped around the overshadowing figure of Bismarck, the one deity Harden worships. Literature is represented by clouds of words on Ibsen and Zola; art, far more interestingly by essays on Böcklin, Lenbach, and Menzel; acting, by overwrought papers on Charlotte Wolter, Mitterwurzer, and Matkowsky.

At the suggestion, we believe, of President Butler of Columbia the Weidmannsche Buchhandlung of Berlin has undertaken the publication of an important series of books, of which Dr. Butler and Dr. Wilhelm Paszkowski are the general editors. This is nothing less than a translation into German of the principal books on American institutions, history, and culture. Three volumes of the series have already been issued, and come to us from G. E. Stechert & Co. of this city; they include "George Washington," von Henry Cabot Lodge, in two volumes, and "Die Amerikanische Literatur," von C. Alphonso Smith. The names of the translators are not given on the title pages.

The latest successor of Mademoiselle de Gournay is Miss Edith Sichel, who recounts her likings and her reflections in "Michel de Montaigne" (Dutton). The book consists largely of sentences and paragraphs translated from the "Essays" and so grouped as to illustrate various characteristics of Montaigne the man and Montaigne the philosopher. The passages are for the most part well chosen and well rendered. It is to be hoped, though, for Miss Sichel's peace of mind, that she will never discover the real point of the anecdote she has quoted on pages 43 and 44. The discussion in which the translated passages are set reveals a knowledge of Montaigne at once genuine and eager. The appraisal of his qualities is just; but the attempt is too often made to reconcile his inconsistencies. Miss Sichel's style is modelled, consciously or unconsciously, on that of Montaigne, but her epigrams do not ring true, and her frequent carelessness in the use of words convicts her of instability in constructive thought. Witness this paragraph:

> No shibboleths for Montaigne. *Dilettantisme oblige* was his motto. And dilettantism must not be an insipid business. "No wind maketh for him who hath no destined port," he once wrote, and he steered straight for knowledge—rich, haphazard knowledge of human life.

Miss Sichel has but little to say that is worth the attention of those who are already familiar with Montaigne. Such others as read her study are likely to gain from it a good measure of immediate enjoyment and the resolution to know Montaigne for themselves. The book is well indexed and well printed, and the illustrations are excellently chosen.

Prof. H. S. Jevons has performed a useful service to students as well as an act of filial piety in editing a fourth edition of Prof. W. Stanley Jevons's "Theory of Political Economy" (Macmillan). The work has become an economic classic, and Jevons's exposition of some fundamental points of economic theory is still unsurpassed. In the new edition the text is unchanged from that of the second and third editions, except for the correction of some obvious slips, and the addition of a few notes designed to make the meaning of obscure passages clearer or to correct slight errors. Three new appendices are added to the two contained in the second and third editions. The most interesting of these is a fragment on Capital and Interest which Jevons had intended to use in his "Principles of Economics."

The venerable, but still active historian, Prof. Pasquale Villari, has just issued "Scritti Vari" (Bologna: Zanichelli), a volume containing fourteen essays, most of which have appeared before. Their subjects are fairly balanced between history and literature, and range from a long discussion of history as a science, to short studies of Margaret Fuller, De Amicis, and Tenca, and a paper on Gaetano Negri, written as an introduction for the Duchess Litta's translation of that author's well-known work on Julian the Apostate. The most recent essay is on Dante's "De Monarchia."

Charles Ezra Sprague, president of the Union Dime Savings Bank of New York, died at his home last week, in his seventieth year. Besides inventing many devices for savings banks and other bookkeeping, he wrote the following treatises: "Hand-Book of Volapük," "The Accountancy of Investment," "Interest Bond Tables," and "The Philosophy of Accounts."

The death is reported from Warsaw of Prof. Max Mandelstamm, the expert on international law.

Science

Science books in Dutton's spring list include: "British Trees and Shrubs," by the Rev. C. A. Johns; "British Fungi," with a chapter on Lichens, by George Massee; "British Ferns and Their Varieties," by C. T. Druery; "Return to Nature," by A. Just; "Every Boy's Book of the Zoo," W. S. Berridge and W. Percival Westell; "The Boy Fancier," by Frank T. Barton; "Pepper's Boy's Playbook of Science," by John Mastin; "The Advance of Photography: Its History and Modern Applications," by A. E. Garrett; "The Great Star Map," by H. H. Turner; "Liquid Fuel and Its Apparatus," by William Booth; "Talks about Ourselves," by Viscountess Falmouth; "Science of the Sea," by G. Herbert Fowler;; "Sport in Vancouver and Newfoundland," by Sir John Rogers; and "The Noble Science of Fox Hunting," by F. P. D. Radcliffe.

Chemistry is one of the most impersonal of the sciences, and it is only recently that efforts have been made to give it some of the human interest attaching, say, to astronomy or zoölogy, by biographical sketches of the founders of the science. Apparently, E. Roberts's "Famous Chemists" (Macmillan) is such an attempt, but if so, it is not altogether successful, for the biographical details are packed into a few paragraphs at the beginning of each chapter, and the rest are devoted to an explanation of the discoveries of the chemist under consideration. There are no portraits, and the reader gets no conception of a personality, such as, for example, is furnished by Ostwald's "Grosse Männer." But this little volume is well worth the space it occupies, for its explanations are clear, and it will be handy for the student who wants to know what contribution to science this or that chemist made. Twenty-eight chemists are included, beginning with Stahl and Boyle and ending with Perkin and Meyer.

The American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac for 1914, just issued from the Government Printing Office by the Department

of the Navy, under the direction of Prof. W. S. Eichelberger, is like its predecessor in material and arrangement. American geodesists and astronomers are particularly favored with a copious catalogue of stars whose positions are computed with all needful precision. In this respect our national ephemeris is now far in advance of all similar European publications. Mars comes to his next opposition January 5 of that year, there is a total eclipse of the sun for two minutes on August 21 from Russia to Persia, and a transit of Mercury on November 7. The moon passes over or occults Regulus October 14, but no planet or other bright star. Many observers will value the very convenient data for physical observations of sun, moon, and planets which Professor Eichelberger now regularly incorporates in the Ephemeris each year.

Prof. Thomas Harrison Montgomery, jr., professor of zoölogy in the University of Pennsylvania, who died last week, at the age of thirty-nine, was the author of one book, "Analysis of Racial Descent in Animals."

Prof. Ralph Stockman Tarr of the department of physical geography in Cornell University, one of the best-known geographers in the United States, and an authority on glaciers and earthquakes, died suddenly from cerebral hemorrhage a week ago, aged forty-eight. He once led a Cornell expedition to Greenland, and spent several summers in Alaska at the head of the expedition for the United States Geological Survey. In 1882-83 he was Assistant United States Fish Commissioner, being also at that time connected with the Smithsonian Institution. He was the author of several monographs on geographical and geological subjects, and of a well-known series of textbooks.

Drama

Edward Dowden's "Shakespeare, a Study of His Mind and Art," will be brought out by Dutton in a completely revised edition.

Cleverness and originality mark most of the work of Percy Mackaye, and both qualities are exhibited in his latest play, "To-morrow" (Frederick A. Stokes Co.); but the piece is not particularly impressive, whether it be considered as drama or as a plea in favor of a great principle in eugenics, which is its professed purpose. Theoretically, of course, its main contention is sound enough—no thoughtful person ever dreamed of disputing it—but unfortunately it is not now, nor is ever likely to come, except in special instances, within the region of practical politics. That the multiplication of the criminal, insane, diseased, and degenerate classes is a hideous evil is generally admitted. How to deal with it is a problem that has long occupied the attention of the most earnest and able sociologists. To check it, here and there, by legislative and police methods, has been proved possible in a very limited degrée. Mr. Mackaye, inspired apparently by the horticultural triumphs of Luther Burbank, has adopted the loose theory, no longer fresh, that the human race may be perfected, physically, intellectually, and morally, by the enforcement of principles of selection analogous to those practiced by the expert gardener, forester, dog-fancier, or cattle-breeder. So he presents an illustration. Peter Dale, philosopher and plant-grower in northern California, has reared his daughter, Mana, with such tact and wisdom that she is a paragon of health, beauty, discretion, and innocence, a creature comparable with Eve before the fall. He designs her for Mark Freeman, his trained assistant, and, in his eye, the perfect male. A serpent enters this Eden, in the shape of Julian, a brilliant young politician, full of fascination and all sorts of poisonous blood taint. In spite of Peter's opposition he woos and has almost won Mana, by his sophistries and passion, when the sturdy Mark interferes and flings him over a cliff. Then, it is needless to say, she discovers that it is Mark alone whom she has loved all the time. The love story Mr. Mackaye tells prettily and effectively, but it denotes nothing, and the action is sorely impeded by the didactic passages in which he deduces laws for human regeneration from horticultural experiments. These are among the commonplaces of modern agriculture. But how are such processes to be applied in wholesale or effectual fashion to humanity? Who is to confine, select, or exterminate? Mr. Mackaye appears to imagine that these responsibilities might be entrusted safely to the doctors. The proposition scarcely needs discussion. There is a fairly good stage story, with some excellent literary dialogue, in "To-morrow," but the anthropological speculations are negligible. Moreover, the subject belongs to the lecture-room and not to the stage, since it is entirely and necessarily incapable of significant dramatic illustration.

Josephine Preston Peabody may be congratulated on having found for her "Piper" so sympathetic and skilful a German interpreter as Margaret Münsterberg. "Der Pfeifer" (Munich: Süddeutsche Monatshefte) preserves all the charm of the original, which indeed lends itself particularly well to German adaptation. The play, in this version, will no doubt be appreciated in the fatherland, as it has been in this country. Barring a single halting line, "Ich sagt' euch alles—das ist des Teufels Pakt" (which can be matched by Mrs. Marks's "In it, is Love. It is clear well-water"), the translation reads smoothly throughout. As an example of Miss Münsterberg's mastery of versification, we refer to her rendering of the exquisite song beginning with "Out of your cage." By a change of metre in the sixth line she produces a happy rhythmical effect lacking in the original, where "Scribe and Stay-at-home" is left unrhymed.

We give both versions of the song:

Out of your cage,
Come out of your cage
And take your soul on a pilgrimage!
Pease in your shoes, an' if you must!—
But out and away, before you're dust:
  Scribe and Stay-at-home,
  Saint and Sage,
  Out of your cage,
  Out of your cage!—

Heraus aus der Haft,
Heraus aus der Haft,
Und schick' deine Seele auf Wanderschaft!
Und musst du, so pilgre mit Erbsen im Schuh!
Nur heraus, eh du Staub bist, und fort ohne Ruh:
Schreiber, Gelehrter und Heiliger dazu,
Alles was hockt zu Haus,
Komm aus dem Käfig heraus,
Komm aus dem Käfig heraus!—

This is the spirit of the true translator, who (as Fulda does in his version of "Cyrano") succeeds only if he keeps constantly in mind the different poetic susceptibilities and melodic standards of the two languages he is concerned with. It was the slavish endeavor to pour the precise syllabic content of Goethe's "Faust" into English metre that prevented Bayard Taylor's version from being more than an extraordinary *tour de force*. If Miss Münsterberg's effort attains, as it deserves, a second edition, she will have an opportunity to eliminate a few slight blemishes, such as "eine *schäbige* hölzerne Tür" (p. 37), and "das Sprudelwasser" (p. 69), for "bubbling water." The quaint line, "Man muss sie fangen, wenn sie *halt* noch jung sind!" introduces an Austriacism rarely met with in German literature. For the meaningless stage direction, "entschuldigt leidenschaftlich" (p. 94), the equally awkward English "excuses passionately" is responsible.

"When It Comes Home" has been selected as the title of the first of the three comedies which Augustus Thomas has contracted to deliver to Charles Frohman. It is in four acts, and the scenes are in old and new New York. Gail Kane, Ffolliot Paget, Louise Muldener, John Findlay, Earle Browne, and William Courtleigh are among the performers. The piece will be seen first in Chicago on the 8th of April.

Arrangements have been perfected for the construction of a Children's Theatre on the roof of the Century Theatre. It is expected to be open in October, and the plays will be of a kind specially adapted to juvenile appreciation, such as "Alice in Wonderland," etc. The need of a Children's Theatre has long been felt in this city, especially at Christmas time, when there has been nothing to fill the place of the old pantomimes. But it is to be hoped that the Lieblers will not make the mistake of supposing that children are only capable of enjoying sheer nonsense, the sort of knock-about fooling that they get in the circus. Children have a wonderfully keen appreciation of the romantic, beautiful, heroic, and sentimental, and the new institution ought to give great scope to their imagination.

As a successor to "The Dust of Egypt," when that piece has ended its career at Wyndham's, in London, Frank Curzon and Gerald du Maurier have chosen a new four-act play, provisionally entitled, "The Kangaroo," by Horace Annesley Vachell. This tells a story of our own times, the action taking place partly in London and partly up the Thames. Although light in places, it maintains a serious interest. The character designed for Gerald du Maurier is that of a young man, a rough diamond, who inherits a fortune.

Charles Hawtrey has accepted a play by George A. Birmingham. Although not a dramatization of any of his novels, it deals with characters which figure in the "Search Party."

Edward Knoblauch and Arnold Bennett seem to have made a hit with their comedy, "Milestones," which has just been produced at the London Royalty Theatre. It is agreeable to know that the play has already been obtained for this country.

Music

Studies in Musical Education, History, and Æsthetics. Sixth Series. $1.60.

By those interested in serious discussions of important musical topics no publication is more gladly welcomed than the annual volume containing the Papers and Proceedings of the Music Teachers' National Association. The sixth is now in print, containing the most important papers read at the Association's thirty-third meeting, which was held at Ann Arbor, Mich., last December (copies may be obtained of Waldo S. Pratt, Hartford, Conn.). Glancing at the table of contents, one may perhaps be surprised to find an article entitled, "Was Richard Wagner a Jew?" Its author, however, is none less than the scholarly Oscar G. Sonneck, of the Library of Congress; and the inclusion of an article or two in a lighter vein in each of these volumes has become a habit—a wise one, since, particularly in this case, the more widely prevalent interest in biography than in discussions of the artistic or scientific aspects of music may attract the general reader.

No fewer than five of the papers in Volume VI are concerned with orchestras, and are therefore particularly timely, since the multiplication of orchestras in the cities of the United States is the most remarkable musical fact of the day. The Orchestration of Bach is considered by Frederick Wolle, the organizer of the unique Bach festivals at Bethlehem, Pa. The "Orchestra before Berlioz" is described by Louis Adolphe Coerne, of the University of Wisconsin, the author of a valuable history of instrumental coloring. The "Orchestra since Berlioz" is discussed by Frederick A. Stock, the admirable conductor of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra in Chicago, who also speaks as a thorough expert. "Conductors and Non-Conductors" is the title of a diverting paper by Charles K. Skilton of the University of Kansas; and Samuel Pierson Lockwood of the University of Michigan writes amusingly about "Amateur Orchestras" and the trials and tribulations of their conductors.

Dr. Wolle refutes the charge that Bach's instrumentation is monotonous; he tells of an amusing tiff he once had with Theodore Thomas on the vexed question of Bach's trumpet parts, and urges musicians to pay more attention to the works of the Leipzig Cantor. In Mr. Stock's paper the most valuable pages are those in which he traces the successive steps by which Wagner improved his orchestral coloring, from "Rienzi" to "Parsifal." Referring to those who say that "Tchaikovsky's music sounds much better than it is," he replies that it is "difficult to determine whether to apply this in a praising or fault-finding sense," adding that this great Russian's "handling of the orchestra is that of a genius, and his music is of that kind in which every note sounds and sings." We wish to call particular attention to what Mr. Stock has to say about two other masters whose genius was of a much more transcendent kind than most professional musicians realize:

> It would be a sin of musical omission to speak of orchestral music without mentioning another Frenchman who "made a school," and still is making it, Bizet, the genius-composer of "Carmen." It can be stated with all confidence that seekers for knowledge in orchestral matters can derive a hundred-fold greater practical good from the study of the score of "Carmen" than from a dozen instruction-books on instrumentation. Some of the scores of Johann Strauss, the Waltz-King, also furnish most excellent material for studying purposes; their practical value from this point of view has never been fully appreciated.

Mr. Skilton gives interesting information regarding the formation of school orchestras, which is one of the hopeful signs of the times. Few of them are more than ten years old, but already they have created a new interest in student life, being more artistic than the mandolin or glee club, more educational than the dramatic club. In this line the colleges for men or for women alone are, it seems, at a disadvantage as compared with co-educational institutions, where the strings are chiefly played by women students and the wood-wind and brass instruments by male students or instructors. Mr. Skilton is an optimist; he sees in the growing interest in music indications that "the tidal wave of materialism which has overwhelmed our land during the last decades is beginning to recede."

Liszt is another timely subject discussed in this volume. The centenary of his birth naturally suggested the query: What has been done in pianoforte music since his death, a quarter of a century ago? Albert Lockwood and Allen Spencer discuss this topic, the first-named holding that nothing further can be said after Liszt until the very nature of the keyboard has been changed; while Mr. Spencer calls attention to the significant fact that it is the "quite recent acknowledgment of his genius that has given piano-playing its newest development." In naming the great pianists who have made the real Liszt known to the public, he forgets the greatest and most persuasive of them all, Paderewski. Edwin Hughes of Detroit, in discussing recent composition for the piano, gives a page to Debussy as "the first really creative innovator in piano-playing since Liszt"; yet it cannot at all be said, he adds, that he has revolutionized piano-playing after the manner of Chopin or Liszt. He also tries to show wherein Godowsky and Rosenthal, in their transcriptions of Chopin pieces and Johann Strauss waltzes, have gone beyond Liszt in the matter of "clever keyboard intricacies."

We cannot dwell on the suggestive points made in several papers printed under the heads of "Report of Harmony Conference," "Report of Voice Conference," and "Report of Public School Conference." A word must be said, however, about two important papers contributed by Mr. Sonneck; the one already referred to, and another, most curious one, entitled "MacDowell versus MacDowell," in which he relates in a most entertaining way the difficulties he has encountered in trying to procure for the Library of Congress a complete file of the first editions of the foremost American composer's works. No less readable is his paper, "Was Wagner a Jew?" It was Nietzsche who first set in vogue the notion that he was a Jew, by asserting that "his father was a stage-player named Geyer," and that "a Geyer is almost an Adler." Mr. Sonneck's argument to prove that Geyer was only the step-father is intricate and ingenious; but he does not succeed in obliterating the impression that Wagner himself lived and died in doubt as to his parentage. One thing, however, is certain: Wagner was not a Jew, regardless of whether or not he was the son of Ludwig Geyer. The researches of Glasenapp and Bournet have proved a purely Protestant lineage for Geyer, as far back as it can be traced (1640).

"Historical, Descriptive, and Analytical Account of the Entire Works of Johannes Brahms" is the title of a volume of 599 pages, by Edwin Evans, just issued by the Scribners. It covers the vocal works—lieder, part songs, and choral works. Vol. II of this exhaustive work will be devoted to the piano and organ works; Vol. III to the chamber and orchestral works.

Saint-Saëns has changed his mind in regard to Offenbach, as he confesses in *L'Echo de Paris*. Once he prophesied: "Posterity will not know him." But he was mistaken. "Offenbach is again in fashion." "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," and "Le Belle Hélène" are going around the world again. Composers of our day look down on gayety as inartistic, and as the public cannot do without it, there is a revival of operetta. What makes Offenbach interesting is "a superabundance, a fertility of melodic invention of which there are few examples." His "Tales of Hoffmann" is very rich in melody, sparkling in spontaneity, full of dash; in short, it is "music comparable to Grétry's." He even, now and then, "made curious harmonic discoveries." Saint-Saëns concludes his article with the words: "It is time for me to stop; a little more and I shall be saying things I don't want to say."

Arrigo Boïto celebrated his seventieth birthday a few weeks ago (February 24), and still that long-expected second opera of his, "Nero," is not forthcoming.

D'Albert's new opera, "Die Verschenkte Frau," which had its première in Vienna, has already been accepted for performance in ten other German cities. His "Tiefland,"

which was a failure in New York, had its 400th Berlin performance a few weeks ago.

Art

PRE-RAPHAELITES AND POST-IMPRESSIONISTS IN LONDON.

LONDON, March 12.

This winter's show of Pre-Raphaelite pictures at the Tate Gallery, lent by the Birmingham Corporation, could not have come at a more opportune moment. We have been seeing a good deal lately of what the young men in England are doing in imitation of the new movements on the Continent, and it is interesting to compare their work with that of those other young Englishmen who were considered so daring and revolutionary now a little more than half a century ago.

Of these Pre-Raphaelite pictures it would be more than useless to write in detail. Everybody knows the collection, and probably no other group of modern painters have had as much said and written about them, or have been the subject of more exaggerated praise and more exaggerated blame. It is only today that they are beginning to be seen in the proper perspective, and it is a curious sign of the times to find the writer of the Introduction to the Tate Gallery exhibition, while admiring them, still admitting in their work "a trace of camera photographing reality," "an element of the uncouth and provincial," "a stamp of Victorian sentiment and manners": the very last things the Pre-Raphaelites in their zenith would have been credited with. But the result of all this talk is that nothing remains to be added to it. The value of the exhibition at the Tate Gallery is not in anything new it can show to London. The principal pictures in the exhibition have been already seen here more than once.

It is the representative character of the exhibition which gives it value. These artists may not have been the masters they once were thought, nor their pictures the masterpieces. They may have mistaken absorption in their subject for the observation of Nature which was the very foundation of their creed, so that their pictures often degenerated into painted anecdotes, sometimes almost grotesque, sometimes almost comic, and their revelation of "delicate relationships between man and woman in domestic life, history, religion, and romance," so far from being the "real addition to the treasure of art" which the Introduction approves, has little to do with art at all. But whatever the weakness in their work, however mistaken their aims and objects, there can never be any question of their seriousness, their determination to study and work out the artistic problems they had set themselves in their own fashion. Nor did this, with them, lead to any desire or effort to throw off the healthy shackles of tradition.

It is a curious and suggestive contrast to turn from the exhibition at the Tate Gallery to some of the contemporary exhibitions recently held and still open in London. On every side ample evidence is furnished of the effect the "Post-Impressionists"—the absurd name given to them which I use for convenience—have had since they were seen last winter at the Grafton Gallery. There was no reason why their work should then have come as such a surprise. Examples had often been hung in the International Society's exhibitions. But London is as slow to open its eyes to the new as it is quick to go off its head once it has opened them. When Post-Impressionism finally dawned upon the town, it made a sensation that neither Romanticism nor even Impressionism enrolled in its day. The result was a torrent of nonsense published in the press and talked at meetings held for the purpose; also a rush to France and Germany of those who wanted to learn the trick and make a sensation themselves. The more gradual result has recently been seen in the galleries and in a series of decorations in a public building. There has been at least one "one-man" exhibition, that of Roger Fry, whose chief business is writing and who has not until now been over-industrious as an artist. I remember in the past his allegiance seemed to hesitate between the eighteenth-century landscape painters and the early English water-colorists, but then he exhibited comparatively little. This winter, however, under the spell of Post-Impressionism, he filled a whole gallery with landscapes and portraits and still-lifes in which Cézanne, Van Gogh, and the other accepted masters were more or less reflected. There is at least one exhibiting society, the Friday Club, in which almost all the members—mostly men and women with reputations still to make—have apparently no other aim than to proclaim themselves disciples of the group whose work a year ago was the talk of the studios. And there is hardly any exhibition in which Post-Impressionists do not make some sort of an appearance. Only yesterday, visiting the Women's International at the Grafton Gallery, I found a number of landscapes and still-lifes upon which the movement—new in London as it grows old in Paris—has set its stamp.

We have been told only too frequently that the great virtue of what is called Post-Impressionism is its defiance of all convention and its encouragement of all individuality of expression. Eloquent descriptions have been given of the unwearied research, the heart-breaking struggles which the masters of the new school willingly undertook and endured in their determination to break loose from tradition and to evolve their own personal method of expression. The Expressionists, for this reason, is the name enthusiasts have bestowed upon them. To the artist's personal expression everything else should be sacrificed, even if to attain it he must put himself in the attitude of a child, of a savage, when he confronts himself with Nature. Now, whether this is possible, whether the artist any more than the writer can free himself from centuries of tradition; again, whether the masters of the present Post-Impressionists prized the expression of their own individuality any more highly than any other artists since the world began, I do not care here to discuss. To begin with, there is not space for such a discussion; nor is there really any necessity. But the reminder of the principles and aims attributed to the masters is useful in helping to explain how far the disciples are from understanding or approaching them. As yet, in the mass of work produced so rapidly that one can but suspect a pleasant facility in the recipe, I have seen, with a few not too notable exceptions, nothing that suggested to me an effort to express any personality save that of the master who happened to be chosen for the assiduous study, if imitation is not a better word, of the moment. The mannerisms, the limitations even, that is, the characteristics least desirable, in the work of Cézanne or Gauguin or Van Gogh, the exaggerations of Matisse, the dots of Seurat and Signac, the eccentricities of the most strenuous of the Indépendants in Paris—those are what I find; not any endeavor of the artist to see with his own eyes and put down what he sees in his own way. The Post-Impressionists in London have escaped from one convention only to bind themselves more irrevocably by another. The Pre-Raphaelites, it may be said, did much the same thing. But, then, they believed it was only by respect of the right tradition that they could develop whatever talent or genius they might possess, and the seriousness with which they studied, with which they trained themselves by hard work, is seen in everything they did.

The essence of Post-Impressionism—so we are told—is to distrust or to scorn all tradition, and the diligence with which this distrust or scorn is being expressed by faithful adherence to a new tradition makes one wonder if the attraction may not be, not the principles of the school, but the short cut it seems to offer to art. The work of one of the London groups has been solemnly explained in what is usually considered an official quarter, as the effort to discover a method of painting that can be practiced successfully without a long training in the schools—to make painting more easy is now, we are assured, an aim all over Europe. There, I think, you have the reason of the popularity of Post-Impressionism with those who

profess it. All that hard research, all those heart-breaking struggles, on the part of the leaders were simply that the followers might escape the drudgery of the school and the tedium of hard work in the studio. Art, once an art education was put within the reach of almost everybody, attracted hundreds of men and women, who ought to be serving behind counters or sitting on the high stool of office, by the easy and pleasant way of making a living they were foolish enough to believe it promised. But experience quickly showing how little ease there is in the life of an artist, Post-Impressionism is now welcomed as a nice and light substitute for the old-fashioned notion of long and arduous training. N. N.

Finance

THE VERDICT.

On Monday of the present week, the stock market reached the highest figures of the year Since February, the more active shares had scored advances ranging from 5 to 11 per cent. On the London Stock Exchange, also, English railway shares advanced, while the English coal strike, with its increasingly hurtful influence on transportation, was obstinately continuing.

Since Monday, along with the news of the English Government's failure to settle the coal strike in that country and with the near approach of April 1, when our own anthracite miners are to quit their work, prices on the Stock Exchange have ceased to rise and have occasionally declined rather sharply. Whether this was a consequence of increasing doubt over the industrial outcome, or was merely a natural reaction after a prolonged advance, is no doubt debatable. But the problem of the recent continuous rise in London and New York prices, under conditions which might easily have led to a rapid fall in prices, remains the foremost consideration.

The real significance of the attitude of the stock exchanges towards the highly sensational industrial incidents of the day is the evidence that the responsible part of the community is keeping its head, and is not going into premature hysterics over a disquieting social situation. For the trend of discussion of the English coal strike, and of the probably impending dispute in the same trade here, indicates that the problem is social quite as much as industrial or financial, and it has been entirely possible to picture the outcome in such colors as to suggest a temporary breakdown of civilized institutions.

Not only the events themselves, but other circumstances surrounding and preceding them, might easily be cited to deepen such an impression. A world-wide overhauling of established traditions of government; insurgent republics in such unimagined places as China and Portugal; arson and assassination, in behalf of a labor union, defended in public as a kind of patriotism; public leaders in the United States clamoring for a changed Constitution and a fettered judiciary; ladies rioting and fighting the police in the streets of English cities; and all this restless excitement, in the words of an English social critic, "running around England, Europe, America, Asia, and the world, like the Dancing Mania of the Middle Ages"—here is certainly an interesting background on which to project a strike so contrived as to bring to a stop the whole movement of a nation's trade and industry.

The scope of the present labor demonstration may readily enough, in fact, have suggested recollections of the great Stockholm strike in 1909, when the unions placed a ban on transportation, street lighting, and the gas and water supply, or the attempt of the French labor-syndicates in 1910 to stop all railways and the entire postal service. It certainly recalls unpleasantly the manifesto of the Continental syndicalists not so long ago, to the effect that the general strike, through making unworkable by capital the enterprises affected, will eventually dislodge the capitalist owners of the industrial plant, leaving its management in the hands, not even of the state, but of the labor unions, the laborers thereafter to be the masters and the managers the employees.

Wild as this dream may have seemed to be, it is not so much wilder than the manifold other dreams that are troubling the repose of the body politic, and nothing is easier, if the imagination is allowed free play, than to conceive of the existing situation as prelude to a formidable effort in exactly that direction, with consequences as difficult to foresee as the social and political sequel was in 1789. The Stock Exchange is above all things imaginative, and nobody could have blamed it, or regarded its action as unreasonable, had it fallen into outright demoralization at the preliminary moves in that direction. For if this had actually been the signal for the crusade to expropriate capital from its control of industrial affairs, then it must also have been the beginning of a movement to reduce stocks and bonds to the status of so much waste paper.

This view of the situation, which has more or less dimly suggested itself, at times, even to the sober-minded part of the community, is itself the sufficient explanation for the importance which observant people have attached to the recent attitude of the Stock Exchange. It is because the stock market expresses the mature and sober judgment of the majority of experienced men on the public events of the day, that other people who have had trouble in shaping their own opinions are so often influenced, in doing so, by the course of prices. At the present moment, it would be hard to say whether general opinion on the outcome of the labor controversies has not been quite as much influenced by the rise on the Stock Exchange as the Stock Exchange itself has been by the absence of excited and hysterical prediction in the matter.

But one fact is indisputable—the Stock Exchange, both here and at London, has flatly refused to indulge in any of these prevalent mental extravagances regarding the breakdown of society, and has taken the ground that the thing is impossible in itself, that conspiracies to establish any such new order of civilization will collapse of themselves, long before they threaten existing institutions, and that, if labor unions and labor leaders have entertained any purpose of the sort, it is quite as well that the matter should be brought to a practical test, so that even the laborer will learn what the universal strike would mean for him. This self-possessed attitude has had precisely the good effect on the thinking community which is exerted when a chorus of confused and excited voices, in bewildering controversy, is interrupted by a word of calmly emphatic and authoritative common-sense.

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Cory, D. M. Moods. Boston: The Poet Lore Co.
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Frankfurter Zeitung, Geschichte. Frankfurter Zeitung (American Agency, New York).
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Gibbs, Philip. Oliver's Kind Women. Boston: Dana Estes. $1.25 net.

Gibbs, R. E. Songs of Content: A Volume of Verse. San Francisco: Elder & Co. $1.50.
Gillespie, Foy. The Defenders. Cosmopolitan Press. $1.50.
Goldoni, Carlo. The Mistress of the Inn. Trans. by M. Pierson. Madison: Wisconsin Dramatic Society.
Hamel, Frank. Jean de la Fontaine. Brentano.
Hawkins, V. D. Applied Physics for Secondary Schools. Longman.
Hebbel's Agnes Bernauer. Ein Trauerspiel. Edited with notes, by M. B. Evans. Boston: Heath. 50 cents.
Hemmeon, J. C. The History of the British Post Office. Harvard Economic Studies, Vol. VII. Cambridge, Mass.
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Holmes, Bayard. Friends of the Insane, and Other Essays. Cincinnati: Lancet-Clinic Pub. Co.
Hughes, Rupert. The Old Nest. Century. $1 net.
Hynd-Lindsay, A. Sweet June. (Poems.) Broadway Pub. Co. 75 cents.
Irwin, Beatrice. The Pagan Trinity. Lane. $1.25 net.
Iseman, M. S. Race Suicide. Cosmopolitan Press. $1.50.
Isham, F. S. A Man and His Money. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
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Stockton, F. R. The Lost Dryad. Riverside, Conn.: Mrs. F. C. Bursch. $1.
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1912.

The Week

The vote on the Underwood bill reducing the wool duties shows that the tariff-reform sentiment among the "insurgent" Republicans has by no means died out. In one respect the vote of the twenty Republicans who joined the Democrats in passing the bill is more significant than the similar vote of the insurgents last year; for now the Republican "regulars" are ready and willing to make a substantial cut in the rates, and yet these men stand with the Democrats and their more radical proposal. It should not be forgotten that more is involved in the difference between the two proposals than is shown by comparisons usually made as to the amount of the cut in the two cases. The reduction made by the Democratic bill is estimated to be about an average of 42 per cent., and it is said that the Republican proposal would make a reduction of not much less than this percentage; but the salient feature of the Underwood measure is the abolition of specific duties, the whole schedule being put on an *ad valorem* basis. In the specific-duty system, there are always many chances for getting in "fine work" for the benefit of the protected interests, the effect of which it is difficult for the public to estimate; and furthermore there is in it an inherent tendency to bear more heavily on the cheap grades of goods, in which the masses are chiefly interested. The Democrats have done well to stand to their guns; and if the Senate or the President should reject their plan, they can point to the fact that in two successive sessions of Congress it was approved by the House of Representatives by a more than two-thirds vote.

A caucus by the House Democrats last week made opposition to an appropriation for more battleships this year or for new public buildings a party measure. The vote was so overwhelming in favor of this policy that there can be no doubt of its prevailing. It will be a notable stand in behalf of public economy, as the amount to be saved is estimated to be between $40,000,000 and $50,000,000. Nor can it be seriously argued that the public interests will take harm by this saving. Navy theoreticians, indeed, have their "scientific" programmes, calling for two new battleships a year, but it cannot be shown that the navy will be crippled or the country imperilled by omitting the new ships from this year's naval bill. The action of the caucus is, by so much, proof that the Democrats mean to live up to their pledges to keep down public expenditure. We are bound to add, however, that they would appear in a much better light if they had not first passed the Sherwood Pension bill, entailing a yearly outlay of $75,000,000.

The Senate has done the expected Presidential-year act in regard to pensions. It has not swallowed the Sherwood dollar-a-day bill, of course, which the patriots of the House of Representatives so eagerly passed, but it put through a hasty make-shift, which is said to mean an addition of only a trifling $25,000,000 a year to the pension list, instead of $75,000,000. With this the "old-soldier vote," it is to be presumed, will rest satisfied for a while, supposing that the bill remains after conference and receives the approval—or rather the signature—of the President; then the pension machine will seize the first opportunity for making another "strike" when the politicians are in a sensitive condition. The sixteen Senators who voted against the scheme are all Democrats. The names of two of them merit special mention as coming from States that do not belong to the "Solid South," namely, Rayner of Maryland and Owen of Oklahoma.

The country will not be profoundly impressed by the language of the majority of the Lorimer investigating committee in its conclusion that Lorimer should not be ousted. The resolution of the majority declares "that nothing has developed in or by this investigation that justifies a reversal of the solemn and deliberate judgment of the United States Senate rendered during the last session of the Sixty-first Congress holding valid the election of William Lorimer as a Senator of the United States"; but if the verdict of acquittal has to be buttressed by an appeal to the moral weight of "the solemn and deliberate judgment" rendered by the Senate last year, it looks as though the case for it were decidedly shaky. Out of the eighty-six Senators who then voted on his right to the seat he holds, forty declared against him, and among these forty were twenty-two members of his own party, including a large proportion of those having the highest standing in point of ability and character.

We are not troubled by the view that the acquittal of the packers in the criminal prosecution under the Anti-Trust law is a blow to efficient administration of the law. Mr. Wickersham suggests, in his comment on the matter, that "the jury was loath to find officers of the Beef Trust individually guilty for what they were alleged to have done as a corporation." This feeling doubtless had its influence; but a far greater influence must have been exerted by the reluctance of jurors to inflict the penalty of imprisonment for offences which had not habitually been regarded as felony, and which were committed at a time when interpretation of the Anti-Trust law itself was disputed and uncertain. It is true, the evidence was convincing that the packers, through their actions as corporation managers, had violated the law as it is to-day understood and interpreted. But it is not by any means so convincing that they violated the law as they, their lawyers, and their business associates honestly believed it to have been applied and interpreted at that time. This might easily explain a decision for acquittal by a conscientious jury.

But to imagine that such an attitude, on the part either of a jury or of the people at large, insures immunity from punishment for future offences of the kind, is altogether unreasonable. With the recent plain application of the Anti-Trust law, by the highest court and in specific instances, we do not hesitate to say that repetition, by the Standard Oil people, or the Tobacco Trust people, or the Beef Trust people, of such high-handed actions in restraint of trade and in suppression of competition as are

known to have been committed in the past, would be met by imposing the full penalty of the Anti-Trust law's criminal section, and rightly so. The corporation officers are themselves under no delusion on this point, and the public, which takes, we believe, a just and fair attitude towards the older practices, is in no mood to condone deliberate violation of the law, when there is no misunderstanding what the law forbids.

One of the reasons for the conciliatory attitude of the coal operators in the bituminous field, according to the *Coal Age*, is that by yielding to the demands of their men the mine-owners are in a position to raise prices to their principal customers, the railways. Writing of the situation a few days ago, before the agreement between operators and workers was reached, the *Coal Age* finds that the railways would oppose advance in the price of coal at a time of enforced economies; but "if the operators can have it appear that any advance they give has been forced by the miners, aided in their fight by public opinion, then, so the coal owners figure, a better face will be put on the entire matter and consumers will be more likely to stand for a raise in the price of coal." This argues a bit of procedure on the part of the mine-owners which may be interesting as an exercise in Machiavellian tactics, but otherwise serves no useful purpose. It is to be presumed that railway men read the newspapers and are thus informed as to just what concessions the mine-owners have made. If the increase in prices asked for is out of proportion to the sacrifice made by the operators, the railways will presumably have something to say on the subject. Why not give the coal-owners credit for simply recognizing the fact that their interests would be better conserved by granting the slight increase asked by the workers than by precipitating a bitter struggle at an unpropitious moment?

Unwieldy ballots are proving troublesome in Chicago, where they are too large for the voting machine. The manufacturers doubtless thought they were providing generously enough when they arranged nine rows of seventy spaces each, a total of 630 places for names of candidates. But they underestimated the extent of political ambition in the Western city. In some parts of it, as many as 635 candidates are trying to help the people rule, and the election commissioners are facing the pretty problem of obeying the law that allows any citizen who can get a few signatures to a petition to have his name put on the ballot, and also the regulation that the voting must be done by means of machines. Fortunately, only a thousand of the machines have been purchased, and perhaps they can be placed in parts of the city where desire to serve the community has not outrun the capacity of mere machinery to contain it. But the episode holds out a warning of the day in which men of an adventurous spirit will enter voting-booths with Baedeker's "Guide to the Ballot" in one hand and a lunch-box in the other, their faces set in a grim determination to discover at all hazards the latitude and longitude of the names in which they are especially interested.

Secretary MacVeagh has actually had the hardihood to speak up for that worthless class of Americans—the tourists returning from Europe. He has urged Congress to pass a bill relieving these undesirable citizens from the inquisition and the penalties, in the custom-houses of their native land, which all good protectionists—except at the moment of leaving a steamship themselves—believe that they richly deserve. The easy-going Secretary would allow these recreant Americans to bring in free of duty the clothes they may have happened to buy abroad, as also to include in the $100 exemption whatever trinkets they have picked up on their travels as souvenirs or gifts to friends. All this looks to us like a cunning attempt by the Administration to curry favor with the tourist vote.

It is refreshing to come across such a quiet, well-informed presentation of facts as is contained in President Fitch's article in the *Biblical World* on "Religious Life at Harvard." The writer confesses to entering upon his task "with some trepidation," which manifestly excludes him from the ranks of the professional exposers. But his insight is revealed by his generalization that young men at Harvard as elsewhere are unconventional in their religious expression, and more apt to disguise than to display their deeper convictions. The "first and universal characteristic of the Harvard undergraduate," he finds, "is a dread of seeming to appear better than he is." As a consequence, "he often appears worse than he is, lest you should think him to be what he is not." Prayer-meetings repel him, and yet the daily morning service in Appleton Chapel is attended by one hundred of the fifteen hundred who could be expected to attend it. In what ordinary community of fifteen hundred could you support a daily service with such an attendance? And, in addition, this average of one hundred "means at least three hundred men whose attendance is regular although not daily."

That Jefferson County, Alabama, in which is situated the city of Birmingham, has long been one of the most lawless places on the globe, with more murders a year than occur in all of Great Britain, including London, lends particular interest to a vigorous report just submitted by a Federal grand jury. It finds that a "vast majority" of the many people who engage in the liquor traffic violate every State law relating thereto, for the reasons that they "will not be arrested if there is danger of conviction," and if arrested, material witnesses are got out of the way. That most offenders escaped trial by reason of the congested dockets of the courts is another circumstance reported by the grand jury. As to peonage, this body found that it does not exist, but "what does exist is extortion and highway robbery." There is not more peonage because those who would practice it "have devised a system of their own far more safe and lucrative," a system of extortion backed by "the name and power of the State of Alabama." Justices of the peace and constables are reported to be usually corrupt and beyond punishment, impeachment proceedings never resulting in a conviction, however flagrant the crime. As for the victims of the fee system, who are reduced to virtual slavery by it, the grand jury reports that a very large majority are negroes, in every instance "those too poor or ignorant, too humble or frightened, to protect themselves." "Were they not negroes, but members of a more resentful race, anarchism would be prevalent." In conclusion, the grand jury bewails its inability to do anything. At least it has helped to make clear

why lawlessness prevails in Jefferson County.

Within a day or two the military archives housed in the War Department in Washington will be made accessible to students and investigators—a step which, for years, they have been endeavoring to have the Government take. Pending the issuance of the new regulations, the authorities in charge have let it be known that those desiring to consult the archives may obtain permission at the office of the Secretary of War, Mr. Stimson.—Washington Dispatch, April 1.

Those who read the letters printed in the *Nation* of February 22, know how keenly historians have felt the preposterous system of red-tape that has governed the use of these important records, under the sway of Gen. Ainsworth. It is hardly possible to imagine the state of mind of an official who would thus deliberately obstruct the patriotic as well as enlightening labors of scholars engaged in the investigation and preservation of their country's history. Now that this important step has been taken towards a rational policy, we may hope that it will be followed by others directed towards both increasing the accessibility and insuring the safety of our national archives in general.

President Madero's cheerful account of the situation in his troubled republic needs, of course, to be heavily discounted. His statement that calm prevails everywhere except in Chihuahua is unimportant even if it is true. It is in the great northern State of Chihuahua that the fate of the present war must be settled, just as Madero's own campaign against Diaz was virtually decided there. At the same time, it is well not to take too gloomy a view of the Maderist chances. Though the Federals were beaten in the fighting around Jiminez, it seems plain that the insurgent army suffered badly and is in need of recuperation; and here is where our recent proclamation of neutrality counts heavily against the revolutionists. In the person of Gen. Aubert, the Maderists seem also to have developed a leader of exceptional ability, who may yet turn the tide of insurgent victory. Torreon, where the decisive conflict is expected to take place, is still safe for the Government. A Government diversion against Juarez is apparently under way. In the capital itself there is some discontent, but nothing like the universal defection from Diaz which made the dictator's position hopeless.

Beyond question the Scott Polar expedition will bring back from the Antarctic a more substantial scientific contribution than has resulted from any previous Polar expedition, north or south. During Admiral Peary's last successful expedition, a considerable amount of scientific investigation was carried out by Professor MacMillan, but Capt. Scott has under his command no less than sixteen men, of whom the greater part seem to have been engaged in work other than that connected with the dash for the Pole. Whether that venture has been brought to a successful conclusion we shall not know definitely for months to come, but the chances are in Capt. Scott's favor. It will be noted that from November 2, when he set out from his base on MacMurdo Bay, to January 3, or roughly speaking, in sixty days, the expedition travelled six hundred miles under conditions of extraordinary difficulty. On January 3 he was 150 miles from the goal, with his men in good health and provisions for a month. Fifteen days at the rate hitherto attained should have brought him to the Pole. But, as a matter of fact, the weather and travel conditions had improved greatly as the party advanced southward, and so the goal may have been reached within a week after the departure of the last supporting party.

Mr. Winston Churchill quite plumed himself on his bluff English frankness towards Germany, in his speech in the House of Commons introducing the naval estimates. It was better to be perfectly plain, he said. The Germans might as well understand, first as last, that for every five Dreadnoughts they built England would build eight. And if Germany cut down her ship-building programme, England would do the same, and then Germany could "keep her money in her own pocket for the enjoyment of her own people and for the development of her own prosperity." This may be simply big-boy straightforwardness of speech, but it sounds uncommonly like a tone of offensive patronizing. That it would so be taken in Germany was the instant prediction of so plain-spoken a man as Admiral Lord Beresford himself. The reception of Mr. Churchill's speech by the semi-official German press showed, in fact, that the Englishman's holding out a sword in one hand and a withered olive-branch in the other had caused much irritation across the North Sea. No notice of the matter was taken by the German Government except, perhaps, by pushing forward the publication of the German naval plans, involving an increase in battleships.

Anti-vivisection has received a serious setback in England through the report of a Royal Commission which gave hearings for eighteen months and now publishes its findings after a delay of four years. Eighteen witnesses were heard in behalf of the anti-vivisection societies, but the Commission in its unanimous report found that the charges brought forward by these eighteen witnesses were trivial. In parliamentary language, the Commission declares: "After careful consideration of the above cases, we have come to the conclusion that the witnesses have either misapprehended or inaccurately described the facts of the experiments." Upon the ethical point the Commission declares that "experiments upon animals, adequately safeguarded by law faithfully administered, are morally justifiable and should not be prohibited by legislation." To the public at large the Commission addresses a word of warning:

> We desire to state that the harrowing descriptions and illustrations of operations inflicted on animals, which are freely circulated by post, advertisement, or otherwise, are in many cases calculated to mislead the public, so far as they suggest that the animals in question were not under an anæsthetic. To represent that animals subjected to experiment in this country are wantonly tortured would, in our opinion, be absolutely false.

But the most interesting, if not the most significant, feature of the vivisection report is that which deals with the benefits conferred by animal experimentation on the *animal* world. Anthrax, rinderpest, Texas cattle fever, glanders, swine erysipelas—these and other devastating diseases are better understood and better dealt with as a result of animal experimentation. Thus, man, it is asserted, is more than the arrogant lord of earth, winning immunity for himself through pain inflicted on the brute creation. He pays back to the animal world in its own coin more than he demands in the shape of animal pain and animal mortality.

THE CROOKED DEAL.

Mr. Roosevelt hits out wildly, like a man dazed by the heavy blows he has received. All sembiance of restraint or dignity he long since cast to the winds, and his violence of language, his recklessness of assertion, his apparent inability to reason coherently, make of him a spectacle distressing to his friends and mortifying to the country. All that he had done before, however, was left behind by the statement issued by him Sunday night. In it there appears the almost insane hatred of Mr. Taft which he has displayed on former occasions, but with it he this time masses together his misrepresentations of the President and his perversions of the truth in a way to lay him open to crushing refutation by a plain recital of the facts.

During Col. Roosevelt's Western trip last week, the question was raised whether an expression in his Chicago speech meant that he was making ready to bolt the Republican Convention. When this was brought to his attention, he was indignant. He declared hotly: "Any man who reads into the speeches anything I have not said is deliberately and wilfully misrepresenting." Out of his own mouth he thus stands condemned; for he has been going up and down the land reading into a speech of Mr. Taft something that Mr. Taft did not say. We refer, of course, to Mr. Roosevelt's deliberate and wilful misrepresentation of the President's speech at Toledo. In that address, Mr. Taft undertook to explain in an elementary way the working of representative government, and remarked that the actual electors were only a part of the population, while "the controlling majority of the electorate" must bear a still smaller proportion to the whole body of citizens, so that, in fact, it is "apparent" that "ours is a government of all the people by a representative part of the people." But this mere commonplace was instantly seized upon by Mr. Roosevelt, and by him distorted into the assertion that Mr. Taft did not believe in popular government, and was for control by bosses. This is thoroughly dishonest. Mr. Roosevelt cannot be deceived about what he is doing. Even in his excitement and rage his mind must work lucidly enough to make him aware that he is stooping to a mean misrepresentation which the lowest pettifogger would be ashamed of, and which the yellowest newspaper would feel to be too transparent as well as too base to attempt to impose upon the public. Of such wanton twistings of the truth one can only say, as the Prince said to Falstaff: "These lies are gross as a mountain, open, palpable."

Equally dishonorable use has been made by Mr. Roosevelt of another phrase of the President's. The latter wrote to the President of the County Committee in New York city that he was glad to note that every enrolled Republican was to be "allowed" to vote in the primary. The reference was, and was known by Mr. Roosevelt to be, to the decision not to contest the legality of any of the Roosevelt petitions procuring his candidates a place on the official ballot. Some of these petitions could have been successfully attacked in the courts. It was shown that some of the signatures were forged. More than one notary public has been called to book for witnessing spurious signatures in Roosevelt's behalf. Had such a thing been proved of his opponent, we know what cries of "infamy" and "perjury" the Colonel would have raised. But passing all this and ignoring the well-known facts, Mr. Roosevelt has pounced upon the President's word "allowed," and has ranted about the iniquity of conceding to Republican voters as a favor what was their unquestionable right! Whether this is more silly than despicable, it would be hard to say. That it is either fair or honest, no sane man with all the facts before him would for a moment admit.

Of Mr. Roosevelt's abuse of the newspapers, we are inclined to take a more charitable view. That is, we give him the benefit of the doubt whether he knows what he is talking about. As he was away last week, he may not have known what the papers of this city said about Tuesday's primary, and on his return may have been stuffed by some rash employee in the *Outlook* office. But what he permits himself to say is wide of the truth. It is not true that on Wednesday the New York newspapers "denounced the so-called election as a crime." They did correctly report that there had been confusion and delay on account of the failure of the printing contractor to deliver the ballots on time; but they also stated that the most serious trouble was in Brooklyn where there were no Roosevelt candidates; while in Manhattan but few election districts were incommoded, and the Taft voters were as much hindered as the Roosevelt voters. It is needless to add that the newspapers, never having denounced the primary as a "crime," did not "instantly stop" doing so when they "realized that they might do damage to the representatives of the combination of crooked politics and crooked business which they have been championing."

All this railing of Mr. Rooseveit's like a very drab is so without relation to the facts that there is naturally much speculation regarding his ultimate motives. He must be fully aware that, as far as the Republican nomination this year is concerned, he is a beaten man. What the Seven Governors—whose number is the only thing left to make them thought of as wise men—invited him to do was to "accept the nomination, coming as the voluntary expression of the wishes of a majority of the Republican voters, *through the action of their delegates* in the next National Convention." Well, the majority is now seen to be a minority, and the delegates in the Convention are certainly not going to nominate Roosevelt. Why, then, does he keep up his useless fight, threatening his own party with disaster as it does? Is he looking forward to rising on its ruins four years from now? Or is his mastermotive merely to feed fat his personal resentments? He is certainly treating Taft most brutally. When Mr. Roosevelt was rejected as a juryman, he protested: "Why, I would have given a square deal even to a railroad." Some one soon said: "What a pity that Mr. Taft isn't a railroad!"

DO WORDS MEAN ANYTHING?

Whether thought is possible without language is an ancient dispute, of the present status of which we have to confess our ignorance. But that when we do think in words the process must be extremely unsatisfactory unless the words are used in something like a definite ascertainable sense is a simple fact about which there has never been any dispute at all. Yet we seem, many of us, to have drifted into a state of mind in which this elementary requirement is cheerfully ignored. Examples of this habit are thick on all sides; but there lies before us a pamphlet which furnishes an unusually pretty specimen. The document is "A Special Message of

Governor Chase S. Osborn to the Forty-sixth Legislature of the State of Michigan in Extraordinary Session," and in it we find this delightful bit of political reasoning:

> Permit me to call your attention and the attention of the President of the United States to article nine of the amendment to the United States Constitution, as proposed by Congress September 25, 1791, and proclaimed in force December 15, 1791. It is as follows: "The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people." I understand from this that it is expressly provided that it is not the intention of the Constitution of the United States or within its scope to define all the rights of the people. This being true, in the light of article nine whatever is right is Constitutional.

Now in the old-fashioned days when words had a meaning, the conclusion warranted by Gov. Osborn's premises would not have been that "whatever is right is Constitutional," but simply that whatever is not prohibited by the Constitution is Constitutional; but presumably nowadays the rules of the syllogism must be regarded as subject to recall along with the rest of the antiquated rubbish that old fogies pretend still to regard as worthy of respect.

In the agitation that has been going on concerning the proposal to make judicial decisions on Constitutional questions subject to reversal by popular vote, there has been an amount of confusion of this same character which would be amazing were it not that this fashion of playing fast and loose with words has become so widespread. The great author of the scheme may in one breath speak of it as a fundamental reform which our democracy must have or perish, and in the next declare that he is asking for nothing but what we have already got and made use of a hundred years ago. That will be set down as only natural, since a contempt for trifles is one of the prerogatives of the big man who "does things." But no sooner has this feat been accomplished than a gentleman of quite a different type, a skilful handler of words and a trained lawyer, as well as a picturesque wielder of political power, outdoes the hero himself in the same line. Mayor Gaynor of New York tells us that there is nothing objectionable in the Colonel's proposal except the personal claim of originality, the real protagonist of the scheme having been none other than Mr. Gaynor himself. He, too, thinks that decisions should be recalled, and said so publicly, long ago. But then it turns out that he means by recall of decisions nothing but the passing of new statutes by the Legislature, or the adopting of new Constitutional provisions, in the ways that we are all familiar with and to which no obstacle exists except a possible indifference on the part of the people. This sort of thing makes one's head swim—now you have it, now it's gone. We are exhorted to arouse ourselves mightily and lay hold of a new weapon necessary to our freedom—and the moment we protest that the gun looks dangerous we are assured that it is nothing but what we have had in our hands all the time.

One of the curious aspects of this free and easy use of words is the way it lends itself to the perversion of the sayings handed down to us from an older time. "There is a higher law than the Constitution," said Seward, in the days of the irrepressible conflict between slavery and freedom, and when the nation was on the eve of its ordeal of blood and fire. "That is just what *we* say," is the chorus of the Osborns and the Roosevelts. But it is not at all what they say. The radical abolitionists went further than Seward; they denounced the Constitution as "an agreement with hell and a covenant with death." When a man says *that*, we know what he means. It is revolt. Right or wrong, it is manful and unmistakable. To say that there is something higher than the Constitution, to say that the time has come when the Constitution must be trampled on, in pursuance of the imperious dictates of conscience and the paramount demand of outraged humanity, is to take a position which may be condemned, but which must be respected. To say that whatever is right is Constitutional is simply to palter with words—to utter that which one does not dignify by the name of a lie only because it is inherently nonsensical. If whatever is right is Constitutional, why bother with a Constitution at all? Find out whether a thing is right or not, and any reference to the written instrument is clearly superfluous. But the psychology of the performance is simple enough. To denounce or defy the Constitution on the petty grounds which alone they could allege as their justification would be laughable; accordingly they take refuge in a mist of words without meaning.

In a field far removed from politics there has been in our day a movement presenting a curious resemblance to this looseness of language and thought. It is unlikely that pragmatism has been in any degree the direct cause of our political nebulosities; but it is not impossible that the two have a common source in some mental peculiarity of our time. However this may be, at the door of the pragmatists must be laid the charge of having done, so far as in them lay, gross injury to one word that is among the most precious possessions of mankind. Their doctrine, so far as it can be understood by the ordinary man, lays down as the test of truth that which may be a test of something—perhaps a test of something more important than truth—but is not a test of *truth* at all. Advantage to mankind may be the only thing which we men should be willing to accept as the final arbiter of belief or opinion; but why call it "truth," when it is not at all what men have been meaning by the word? However, we do not mean to suggest that the gentlemen who find out whether a thing is in the Constitution or not by looking somewhere else, or who say that a proposal is at once an innovation and a well-established institution, have been seduced from the straight path of honest speech by the study of any philosophical theory; there is no need of this hypothesis.

THE LABOR STRIKES.

After a period far longer than had at one time been hoped, but far shorter than the intensity of the struggle led many to fear might be possible, the fearfully costly strike of the British coal miners at least seems clearly drawing to a close. That strike, however, though overshadowing all others both in the range of its immediate disastrous effects and in its momentous bearings on national politics and policy, is but one of a large number of labor movements in the same general direction, in various countries, and especially in the two great English-speaking nations. Our own coal troubles are still in the formative stage; strike movements are impending in the American railways; the New England mill strikes have furnished extraordinary developments, and disputes over wages are still to the fore in that section.

The complexity of the factors that enter into the economic and social prob-

lems of modern society has perhaps never been more signally illustrated than in these manifestations. In part, they are the ordinary endeavors of working people to improve their condition. In part, they derive their origin, and still more their intensity and aggressiveness, from the socialistic ferment of the time. And in addition to these causes, there is no question that the explanation of them is to be found in large measure in the rise of the prices in recent years. It is safe to say that the future historian of the social and economic history of our time will find in the slowness and the painfulness of the necessary process of adjustment of wages to prices one potent, though purely adventitious, cause of that intensification of the "class struggle" which has characterized the early years of the twentieth century.

That the demands of labor for higher wages in coal-mining and on the railways mean an increase of prices to the consumer, some of the labor leaders have frankly acknowledged. In some quarters, this circumstance has been taken as demonstrating a vicious circle, and as sufficient to prove that the demands are unwarranted, or impossible to concede. If, we are told, wages are to be raised because prices have risen and then prices are to be raised because wages have risen, where is the process ever to end? But the matter cannot be disposed of so easily as this; the question is far too complex to be covered by any blanket decision. In a period of rising prices, the necessary adjustments are exceedingly irregular, and the things that have lagged behind must be put up to the line, even though this process may, for a time, in some slight degree accentuate the difficulty. If general prices have risen 20 per cent., and the workmen in some particular field have received only a 10 per cent. advance, they have good reason to demand an additional 10 per cent.; and the granting of this demand, while very materially affecting the condition of these workmen, and perhaps substantially increasing the price of the particular product upon which they are engaged, will have only an extremely small effect upon the general price-level. The real question is whether, relatively to wages and prices in general, the particular wages in question are below a normal level; and this question cannot be decided otherwise than by specific inquiry. Moreover, such readjustments as go beyond what is economically justifiable will tend to defeat themselves through a falling off of demand for the product affected; it is not within the possibilities of the case to keep up that rising-prices-rising-wages-rising-prices endless chain which has been imagined by the critics we have referred to.

A broader and deeper question than this of the relation between wages and prices has attained a certain prominence in the public mind during the strike movements of the past few weeks, on both sides of the water. A good deal has been heard of the notion that the workmen can get anything they want if they will only stand together. Before the chapter has been closed, there will be much clearing-up of ideas—mostly sub-conscious, to be sure—on this matter. The prodigious difficulties in the way of *all* the working people standing together will have been once more demonstrated—*have* been once more demonstrated in England; but that is not the whole, nor, we believe, the most fundamental part, of the case. We feel sure, the thinking people among the workingmen understand that the difficulty in "getting anything they want" lies far deeper. Capitalistic enterprise, capitalistic management, the stupendous mechanism and organization of production and exchange, the vitalizing and directing forces to which all this owes its efficiency and even its workableness—these are not the spontaneous gift of nature; nor can they be thrown aside and their fruits expected to remain. Even if the universal strike of workingmen might be organized, and even if it were to result in extorting, somehow or other, an immediate concession of "anything they want," how long would the victory last? The existing basis of industry and commerce—that which springs from the play of capitalistic motive as we know it—would be destroyed, and nothing would have been provided to take its place. In the schemes of rational Socialism, whatever may be the objections to which they are open, there exists no such fatal deficiency; and the hard-headed among the workingmen, whether leaders or in the rank and file, doubtless have an instinctive feeling that the age-long problem of the world is not capable of being solved by a mere wave of the hand.

EXHIBIT NO. 2—COTTON.

There is something admirable, as well as something pathetic, in the story of Mr. Taft's dealings with the tariff problem. Having pledged himself to the policy of relegating the question of revision, in its first stage, to the Tariff Board which was created by Congress upon his recommendation, he adheres to that decision with a certain judicial fidelity which, whether to be commended or not in a man confronted with the manifold perplexities of the statesman and the politician, has in it a quality the respectability of which it is impossible to deny. The wool report of the Board was disconcerting, the cotton report is more so; but the President makes no attempt to escape from these embarrassments. *J'y suis, j'y reste*, has been his motto from the beginning; and, in the face of all the difficulties into which the tariff mess has plunged him, it is his motto still.

Foremost among these difficulties is the impossibility, now twice demonstrated on a large scale, of determining that "difference in cost of production" which was so cheerfully proclaimed, a couple of years ago, as the happy and complete solution of the tariff problem. Politicians might be ignorant or corrupt, manufacturers might be grasping and deceitful, but "science" would clear away the fog that has so long surrounded the subject, and mark out the straight and narrow path along which the honest lawmaker must proceed. Well, science has done her best, and what is it? The report on wool left a margin of doubt wide enough to accommodate everybody except the standpatters; the report on cotton does the same. A single quotation from the latter report may suffice to illustrate a difficulty that runs through the whole matter:

> Taking all the mills covered by the investigation in each country, there were wider variations in the American costs secured than in the English costs, due partly to the fact that the English mills were all in the Manchester district, where wages and other conditions are well standardized, while the American costs were taken from mills covering a much wider area, with much greater differences in labor and other conditions. Another reason for the wider variation in American costs is that the English mills for which figures were secured are all of a modern and efficient type, while some of the American mills included were old and of low efficiency.

We have chosen this particular quotation because its concluding remark sug-

gests a stumbling-block of another kind, a trouble that strikes even deeper than that attending the mere arithmetic of the difference-of-cost principle. The "wider variation in American costs" which was due to the inclusion of some American mills that were "old and of low efficiency" may, from the point of view of the Tariff Board's inquiry, be a mere matter of statistical fact, of which they properly take note without comment; but from the point of view of the people's interest, it opens up a broad field of doubt and protest. How much are we all paying to support concerns, in all directions, that need the tariff crutch to keep them going? This very report tells us that in the cotton industry there are many instances in which the American labor cost per unit of product is less than the foreign, in spite of our high wages, owing to the superior efficiency of American labor and organization; just as it also shows that the incomparably lower wages of Japanese workmen result in a labor cost only slightly lower than ours. Why, then, should not the people of this country get the full benefit of superior efficiency where it exists, instead of throwing a large part of it away in the shape of high-price bounties to bolster up enterprises that are less productive?

To enter into the details and complexities of the cotton schedule is a task which only those will undertake upon whom it is laid as a special duty or to whom the rates are a matter of business interest. But from the report the broad fact stares out plainly enough that the schedule as a whole has been grossly excessive; and the public will no longer doubt that the scandalous character ascribed to it, not only by Democrats but by "insurgent" Republican leaders like the late Senator Dolliver, is borne out by the facts. The President asks Congress to act, and it will be the part of patriotic duty for the Democrats to forward the fulfilment of this recommendation without any such balancings of political debit and credit as too often come to the front in such situations. It is stated in Washington dispatches that the Democrats will hang back for fear that if anything were done to relieve the public, the President would get the credit; but such calculation is too fine by half. The people will give any party that does its share towards actual accomplishment of reform the credit it deserves; while failure on the part of the Democrats to achieve what seems attainable will be set down not only as bad in itself, but as giving a character of insincerity and unreality to those Democratic proposals the failure of which will have been due to opposition in the Senate or at the White House.

THE CRITIC'S TROUBLES.

Mr. Howells, in a recent interview, has formulated his own conception of the right conduct for critics. It may be summed up in one word—kindliness. "You cannot schoolmaster an art," says Mr. Howells, and his practice has always been faithful to his theory. Young writers have never failed of encouragement at his hands, and his praise has always been full measure. Many a young writer has been ushered by Mr. Howells to a place in the firmament which the rising star has never quite succeeded in attaining. But what is the harm? If the young man in question has the right stuff in him, eulogy is just what he needs. If he offers only false promise, the law of natural selection will attend to him sooner or later. This is a cheerful and ingratiating theory of criticism, but a great many people will always take exception to it. They cannot free themselves from the argument of etymology. Criticism, after all, does mean judgment and discrimination. Keep your critics or suppress them altogether, but if you keep them you have no right to turn them into professional eulogists. It is wrong in theory and it does not pay. Experience shows that in the end the "constructive" or incurably good-natured critic fails to satisfy those about whom he writes and those for whom he writes. If for no other reason than variety, it is good to mix the bitter with the sweet.

Once it is conceded that the critic may speak harshly, provided he does so in a good cause, it is unkind to taunt the critic with the mistakes he makes, or rather not his own mistakes, but those of his profession since the beginning of time. If the critic is inclined to take a severe view of the condition of literature in his own day, he is reminded that critics have always failed to find good in the men about them. If he ventures on the mildest form of "this will never do," he is reminded of the glorious destiny of Wordsworth. The common formula is that genius has always been misunderstood—see Richard Wagner. Too commonly the formula is changed so as to read that being misunderstood is the first sign of genius. This view finds expression even in the conservative columns of the London *Times*. The argument is that to-day there may be great writers unrecognized among us:

> There is no great poet of the present day who commands the allegiance of young readers as it was commanded by Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne when they were at the height of their powers; but that proves nothing. Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats did not command the allegiance of young readers when they were at the height of their powers; and there may be poets of the same excellence writing now. It is true that we cannot name them; but that also proves nothing. Hardly any one would have named Keats or Shelley in their lifetime as two of the greatest English poets; and as for Blake, he was not commonly esteemed a great poet until at least a century after his death.

Now was there ever so parlous a profession to be engaged in as this business of literary criticism? Disregarding fear and favor, honestly and after much study and reflection, I am about to say that Smith's verse is really third-rate, when an icy hand falls on the critic's shoulder and a solemn voice intones, "Think of what the world may say about Smith's verse a hundred years from now."

A Keats or a Shelley may be writing to-day—"it is true that we cannot name them; but that also proves nothing." Now this bland statement can only mean one of two things. Either it means that the present-day Shelley's verse has got into print, has been reviewed by the critic, and has failed to be recognized as the work of genius; or else it means that the new Shelley has entirely escaped the critic's attention, has not even got into print, and is destined to serve the future as a monument to the cruelty of Chance. The latter possibility may be dismissed at once, for the very reason alleged by our writer in the *Times:* it means nothing. To go about and say that there are Shakespeares, Michelangelos, and Raphaels among us, but we cannot name them, is to fall into that auto-intoxication of the modern spirit which so frequently makes the younger generation look back with pity on the entire past. How can you help pitying the past? See how comparatively little they accomplished and compare it with

the magnificent possibilities that may be going on among us! Blessed is the twentieth-century ferment, for out of it anything may come. To be sure, the young generation easily enough passes from "may come" to "is coming." The Shakespeares and Michelangelos are there, only we cannot place them. But this is very near to nonsense.

So we return to the old accusation. The critic frequently has Keats or Shelley under his eye and fails to recognize him. The charge is true. The gravamen of it is, of course, largely mitigated by various considerations. For instance, the very people who reproach the contemporaries of Keats for not recognizing him are the ones who will argue that Keats was essentially ahead of his times and could not be recognized in his own day. To blame the critic for not liking what it takes fifty years' ripening to like is somewhat unkind. But for the moment we may let that pass. Let it be admitted that it is the critic's business to have his taste so perfected that he shall discover and like what the ordinary man will discover and like half a century later. The question then rises, How can you expect this highly refined palate to be tolerant of the gross meat and drink that serve the daily purposes of one's contemporaries? In other words, How can you expect the critic to be both discerning and kindly? Does not the very business of hunting out a Shelley and championing him before the world imply the necessity of beating down the vast mass of written stuff that is not like Shelley? It is precisely by clearing the garden of literature from weeds that the perfect flower may be grown. It is unjust to accuse the gardener of being cruel both to the weeds and to the flower.

THROUGH THE OUTLOOKING GLASS

Alice had been sprinkling water on his face and fanning him with her straw hat for several minutes, and still the Red Knight lay quite motionless. He looked so wan and pale it made Alice's heart ache. But just when she had decided that a doctor must be sent for, the Red Knight opened his eyes and sighed.

"Where are we?" he said.

"We are still in North Dakota," said Alice.

"And our opponents?"

"They have gone somewhere else."

"I knew it," said the Red Knight. "They have left the field to me. I knew it would be like that. I always win. Did you see me charge?"

"I did," said Alice. "It made me so sad to see you go over your horse's head so many times."

"I did that to disconcert them," said the Red Knight. "As long as I stayed in the saddle they would keep on fighting. But as soon as I fell off they would naturally be at a loss what to do next."

"But you frightened me horribly," said Alice. "Every time you went over you landed on your head."

"Oh, that was all right," said the Red Knight. "My head has always been the strongest part of me. Besides, I always think very well on my head. It stimulates me. Some of the very best ideas I have had—like the recall of judges, for instance—came to me in that position. The thing to do is to follow up our victory."

"You must not bother about that now," said Alice. "You must really rest. Talking isn't very good for you."

"It never hurts me to talk," said the Red Knight. "It is no strain whatever. I can do it without thinking."

A tired look came into Alice's face.

"You are not discouraged, are you?" asked the Red Knight, a little wistfully. "You mustn't be, you know. If I gave up the fight who else would there be to carry it on?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Alice.

"There *is* no one else," said the Red Knight. "I'll prove it to you." He reached into his back pocket and pulled out a collapsible foot-measure of the kind carpenters use in their business. He handed it to Alice and asked her to open it out.

"This is a very droll rule," said Alice. "I thought all these pocket-measures ran up to six feet, but this one stops short at five feet eight and a half inches."

"Exactly," said the Red Knight. "Now would you mind taking my measure, just as I lie here?"

Alice wondered, but complied.

"Why," she said, "it is just your height."

"Of course it is," said the Red Knight. "That, you see, is the rule of the people. I always carry it about with me. It is a very good rule, because it works only one way."

"Having rallied my troops," said the Red Knight, "I will now march to settle the Trust problem at the head of my convincible army."

"You mean *in*vincible, don't you?" said Alice.

"I mean *con*vincible," replied the Red Knight. "Because we always march to battle convinced that we shall be robbed of the fruits of victory."

"Then why fight at all?" said Alice.

The Red Knight looked at her in astonishment. "If we don't fight, how can we cry fraud afterwards?"

"But you don't absolutely have to cry fraud, do you?" said Alice, timidly.

For the first time since their acquaintance the Red Knight grew sarcastic. "If you can tell me any other way we can keep up our spirits, I'd be much obliged," he said.

Alice was just on the point of saying, "You might whistle," but she thought better of it, and turned the subject.

"Your army doesn't seem to be a very large one," she said.

"Yes, it is," said the Red Knight. "I have countless millions on my side. But they are of rather a retiring disposition. You'd never suspect they were there if I didn't tell you. These men you see are only my Field Marshals. I don't suppose you have ever met them before, have you?"

"I never have," said Alice. "I am only eight, you know, and Mamma says I must be seventeen before I go out in mixed company."

"Then I must introduce you," said the Red Knight. "The small man in armor on the right is the Harvester. We call him that because with him money cuts no ice. He just loves the people. He sits up half the night loving them. And he is so modest that the people don't even suspect it. A good man, the Harvester, and as true as United States Steel."

"I don't think I like him," said Alice.

"I didn't until he came out for me," said the Red Knight. "That showed how mistaken I was. The tall, thin man in green next to him is the Forester, so called because he is frequently up a tree. He is a nice fellow, but not practical enough. I sometimes wonder whether he belongs with the rest of my Field Marshals. Next to him, in sheepskin, is the Barrister. He got his title from his willingness to round up Southern delegates for any candidate, bar none. He is the most unprejudiced man I know. The last man on the left, in a uniform of colored frontispieces, is the Publisher. But sometimes we call him the Pink-Cheeked Boy, because his circulation is so good. Have you ever seen a more impressive lot of men?"

Alice couldn't honestly say that she had. So the Red Knight gave the signal and the convincible army started out. Soon they came to two finger-posts pointing in the same direction. One finger-post said: "To the House of Good Trust," and the other finger-post said: "To the House of Bad Trust."

Alice thought that was very odd, but she resolved she'd wait until they came to a crossing. But when they did the road on the left had no guide-post at all, and the two fingers continued to point down the other road.

"Do Good Trust and Bad Trust both live in the same house?" asked Alice.

"I shouldn't be surprised," said the Red Knight, and they marched on till they came to New Jersey; and there, sure enough—but what Alice saw there will be told by the Red Knight in the preceding chapter.

GERMAN BOOKS ON AMERICA.

The reader familiar with the work of Ernst Freiherr von Wolzogen is likely to be disappointed on seeing the title of his volume of American impressions, "Der Dichter in Dollarica" (Berlin: F. Fontane & Co.). But if on surveying the contents of the book one feels that the poet's and the humorist's license enters largely into its composition, this is not meant as a reproach. From the very first chapter the sympathetic reader will sense the genuine Wolzogen spirit and will gradually yield to the spell of his whimsical and graceful, and always thoroughly individual, manner. But it is not all whim. The chapters in in which he discusses the "Yankee" race, the "Yankee" as educator, and American college life, show keen insight and

a just valuation of the character and the achievements of a society which strikes him as being, above all, endowed with "youth, charming, wild, naughty, strong, indecently healthy youth." What Herr von Wolzogen says about the physical advantages of the "Yankee" race curiously coincides with and corroborates reflections which at various times and from various German sources have come to the knowledge of the reviewer, viz., that centuries of political and social repression, military coercion, and individual restraint have left their imprint upon the average German physiognomy and prevented the development of clearly and harmoniously cut features. It is interesting to learn from the chapter on private and public morality that German newspaper correspondents in the United States are forced to cater to the prejudices of ignorant German readers by sensationally colored reports on things American. Herr von Wolzogen deserves credit for his condemnation of that system and for his attempts to correct some misstatements which have widely affected public opinion in his country. He regards political corruption as an inevitable result of the expanse of the country and the four-year term. He rather admires the American's patient acceptance of petty annoyances and nuisances which in Germany, as in other European countries, would give rise to outbursts of bad temper, whether the scene be a public conveyance or a public thoroughfare. Of course, he disagrees with the system of avoiding the discussion of certain questions, however vital they may be, in our literature and the press. But he admits that American morality and American educators have provided the best possible material for future fatherhood, which is the highest compliment to be bestowed upon any nation.

Considerable space is devoted in the book to the "cultural" aspects of America, but the author's familiarity with American literature seems rather limited. Of contemporary writers he recognizes only Jack London as possessed of a strong individuality with a distinctly American coloring. He justly credits German pioneers in music with having elevated American taste to such a degree that American audiences can appreciate a performance of "Parsifal" and a programme of Beethoven and Brahms, but when he mentions as one of these pioneers Max "Friedrich," he seems to have meant the veteran of the German Lied, Heinrich. Save for the work of the New Theatre, he has a very low opinion of the American stage. The best comedy-acting he saw was by a "Yiddish" company at Miner's, on the Bowery, which he calls "The Miners." He is of the opinion that the safest way to lower the standard of a newspaper is to furnish illustrations, and sharply censures sensational headlines and other abuses. But he is mistaken in assuming that there is probably no daily in this country which is not illustrated. There is a great deal worth reading in the last two chapters, especially the one entitled Was können wir von Amerika lernen? He calls it the country of the absolute present, and a mirror in which all cultured nations may read their future.

The thoroughgoing seriousness and dignity of Wilhelm Müller's book, "Das religiöse Leben in Amerika" (Jena: Eug. Diederichs), revives the memory of the well-known, excellent work by Wilhelm von Polenz, "Das Land der Zukunft." The German author, who for many years lived and taught in this country, had incomparably greater opportunities to study its people than the other distinguished visitor, but the spirit in which he went at this task made him arrive at similar conclusions. Von Polenz called America the land of the future. Müller is inclined to call it the cradle of a religion of the future.

Herr Müller strikes the keynote of his book in the very beginning of the chapter on the Puritan pilgrims, where he quotes their Minister in Leyden and regards his words to his departing congregation not only as the consolations of a shepherd to his flock, but as the religious and political legacy of a sage with the statesman's far-reaching vision. For him these words hold the seeds of a religious toleration which, notwithstanding painful lapses into an unbending dogmatism, were at a later period to yield the rich harvest of religious freedom. He sees in the work of all the churches that gradually sprang up in the country the growing desire to give life an ethical content. Of interest to German readers is the relation which the author points out between Jonathan Edwards's conception of history and that of Schiller's famous line:

Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht.

But even more striking is his comparison of Tolstoy's method of realizing the ideal of a human brotherhood, and that of Edward Everett Hale, the former descending to the depths of the poor and lowly to be one of them, the latter lifting them to his height to make them his equals. The chapter on Transcendentalism is one of the most thoughtful in the book. Emerson as a spiritual power is compared to a rock in the high-tide of an all-uprooting materialism. In the chapter on the Catholic Church in America the author recognizes in Hecker's association with Brook Farm, the influence which molded his character, and credits Hecker and his teacher, Brownson, with the wider social activities of the church. He regrets that the histories of literature ignore men of such striking personality and literary merit as Thomas Hecker and Father Tabb. Referring to the anxiety sometimes felt in view of the stupendous growth of Catholicism in America, the author is inclined to share the opinion of Dr. Eliot, who said that the influence of American democracy upon that church is greater and deeper than the influence of the Catholic church upon the government and the society of this country.

Some paragraphs on Walt Whitman are commendable for their sane interpretation of Whitman's philosophy of acceptance, but it is to be feared that the author overrates the number of adherents of the "Whitman Cult," if such there be. When he surveys the work of the various "lay orders," like the Salvation Army, his conviction seems to grow that the chief feature of these and other religious organizations in America is the desire to supplant or at least supplement creed by deed.

The author of the book entitled "Was ich in Amerika fand," Freiherr Hans von Barnekow, has been little concerned about the spiritual problems of American life, but has pretty thoroughly studied its material sides. The book, which is imported by G. E. Stechert & Co., is written from the standpoint of the educated immigrant, preferably the German army officer or "Junker." The author seems to have known the life of the road as of the cheap lodging-house, and to have been in immediate contact with the vast army of the unemployed. He treats the many problems that confront the foreigner in this country with commendable judgment, but the order in which he presents his impressions frequently brings into prominence things that were probably not so meant. Thus, in the very first chapter he launches forth into a discussion of the unreliability of judicial practice and makes it the starting-point for a tirade about lynching, lending color to the foreign suspicion that this is a common practice in America. In dealing with the Black Hand and other outrages he is inclined to lay the blame exclusively at the doors of the police of New York, without considering the unparalleled conditions with which this commonwealth has to cope, since its stream of immigrants is endless. His criticism of the average American newspaper is in most respects justified; so is his censure of certain society fads.

Where the writer makes excursions into topics like the American woman, it is evident that he commits the common error of hasty generalizing. His amazing statement that American women among themselves discuss with appalling frankness subjects that even men shrink from touching upon in conversation, curiously contradicts the charge of prudery raised against them even in their own country. When he says that this sort of unveiled utterance appears most shamelessly in the newspapers of the

emancipated woman, one is tempted to ask the names of those papers.

A. von Ende.

SWISS NOTES.

Neuchâtel, March 7.

Like the Germans, the Swiss are often blamed for their dislike of fresh air. Churches, university lecture-rooms, tramways, and restaurants are badly ventilated. To some extent, this accounts for the prevalence of tuberculosis in this excellent climate. It is therefore satisfactory to remark that open-air schools for children have been founded near some of the larger towns. One of the best of these is situated near Zurich, on a high wooded hill, from which there is a beautiful view of the lake and mountains. Poor children in the canton can easily reach the place by tramway. The younger pupils are not obliged to follow any definite course of study. Those who are older have two hours of teaching in the morning, and they learn gardening and other out-of-doors employments. The physical results of this system are excellent.

In a Protestant country like Switzerland it was reasonable to expect that Christian Science would find many advocates. In the larger towns, especially, the doctrines of that sect have been well received. Professor Mayor of the University of Lausanne has lately written, if not a defence, at least a sympathetic appreciation, of Christian Science. It is entitled "Mrs. Eddy et la science chrétienne." The frontispiece is a portrait of the lady, whom Professor Mayor calls the prophetess of the new world, "la grande Américaine." Another Swiss writer speaks of her as "the new Messiah of Boston." Henri Cordey, another Lausanne professor, thinks, however, that Mrs. Eddy showed psychopathic symptoms. "We find in her case all the symptoms of an abnormal nervous constitution," "a morbid suggestibility, akin to an obsession favorable to the development of monomania." Notwithstanding, Professor Cordey maintains that Mrs. Eddy's influence was very beneficent, in encouraging optimism and giving a new vitality to the Christian religion. Another Swiss professor, who is better known in America than in his native country, has written for a religious journal, *L'Eglise Nationale*, a caustic criticism of Mrs. Eddy and her church. The author is Albert Schinz, now professor at Bryn Mawr, who is a native of Neuchâtel.

Dr. Bernhard Fehr of the University of Zurich has lately been lecturing on Oscar Wilde, as "Æsthete and Individualist." Without laying emphasis on Wilde's moral defects, he gave perhaps the best estimate of his place in literature which has yet appeared. Naturally, it is difficult to separate the English author's character from his work; but some of Wilde's work tempts one to forget his character.

Professor Masson of the University of Fribourg has lately read a paper before the French Academy of Moral and Political Science. It concerns a rough draft, or *brouillon*, of Rousseau's "Emile," a manuscript now in the possession of M. Favre at Geneva. The 28th of June is the two hundredth anniversary of Rousseau's birth. Of course the occasion will be widely observed in France. But Geneva is the place where Rousseau's memory is most fondly cherished. The people there still speak of him as "le grand citoyen." Neuchâtel, however, where for a time Rousseau resided, has no special reverence for the author of "Le Contrat social." While a resident in this canton, Rousseau wrote several letters about the Neuchâtelois which will never make his memory dear to the natives. But Geneva is to celebrate elaborately Rousseau's birthday. M. Fazy, a leading Radical politician, has charge of the matter; and with him is associated Professor Yung of the University. There is to be a great public meeting, with addresses concerning Rousseau's life and work. A brochure about Rousseau is to be distributed to the young people in all the schools. Then there is to be a procession of all the little Emiles and their sisters.

Imitating their French neighbors in the medical schools of Paris, students at the University of Berne have been in rebellion. "L'unique objet de leur détestation" has been Professor Kolle, who has the chair of hygiene and bacteriology. Kolle has earned a fine reputation in science; but his assistants and students complain of his severity and arbitrary methods. Besides being professor at Berne, Kolle is scientific director of the Dresden Institute of Bacteriology. It is from the Dresden laboratory that "pyocianose" is obtained. This seems to be a sort of panacea, curing everything from human influenza to the petty diseases of cats and dogs.

In a lecture delivered recently before the Historical Society of Bâle, Dr. Escher of the University there spoke of Richelieu as the Mæcenas of French literature. Of course, Richelieu's general services to literature are well known; but Dr. Escher has collected interesting and hitherto unnoticed facts concerning the Cardinal's devotion to art and letters. Dr. Escher's lecture is an important contribution to the history of a great literary period.

A. A.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Although the third part of the Robert Hoe library, which will be sold by the Anderson Auction Company April 15 to 26, is of less interest than the preceding parts, yet the two catalogues, 3,412 lots, include a number of important and valuable books. Chiefest among them is the first edition of John Gower's "Confessio Amantis," printed by William Caxton in 1483. This is, perhaps, the best of the seven known perfect copies of one of the few original English books from Caxton's press. This copy, formerly Bryan Fairfax's, was sold by him to Francis Child in 1756, and when sold at auction in the Earl of Jersey sale, in May, 1885, brought £810, and was bought by Mrs. Norton Quincy Pope of Brooklyn. In 1895, after Mrs. Pope's death, the book, with many others from her library, was acquired by Mr. Hoe. One other Caxton, a fragment of his second edition of the "Golden Legende" (1483), is included in this sale. There are five books from the press of Wynken de Worde: "A Contemplacyon or medytacyon of the shedynge of the blood of our lorde Jhesu Chryste at seven tymes" (about 1500), apparently the only copy known; "The Chirche of the Evyll Men and Women, whereof Lucyfer is the heed and the members is all the players dyssolute and synners reproved" (1511), one of three known copies; "The booke of good maners" (1507), having three preliminary leaves not in any of the other described copies; "The Golden Legend" (1527), the text of Caxton's translation; and a school grammar, "Promptuarium parvulorum clericorum" (1516).

Among English books of the eighteenth century, the collection of first editions of Dryden's books is most remarkable. Among other rarities may be noted "A Poem upon the Death of His Late Highness, Oliver," and the same in "Three Poems" (both 1659); "To his Sacred Majesty, a Panegyrick on his Coronation" (1661); "The Conquest of Granada" (1672); "Absalom and Achitophel," both parts (1681-82); "Henry Purcell" (1696), and "Alexander's Feast," better known as the "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" (1697).

The first editions of Goldsmith include "The Deserted Village" (1770), on large and thick paper, a form virtually unknown to collectors and bibliographers, though there was a copy in the Rowfant Library, and another, uncut, in a private library in London. The owner of the latter has accompanying it an uncut copy of the ordinary issue. With the two side by side all doubt as to their being two distinct forms is dispelled. Goldsmith's "Poems and Plays" (Dublin, 1777) is also on large and thick paper, and Anderson's cataloguer surmises that it is "probably unique." There are, however, at least two other copies in America (in the Morgan and Chew collections), which, as the title-pages of the two differ, were described in this column some three years ago.

The first edition of Pope's "Dunciad" (1728), an uncut copy of which brought $1,800 in the second Hoe sale; and the first edition of Prior's "Poems" (1707), a copy of which brought $350 in the preceding sale, are two rare books which Mr. Hoe owned in duplicate.

While the Hoe library is not especially rich in first editions of modern authors, this third part includes a long series of Scott and Marryatt and desirable items by Thackeray, Swinburne, Ainsworth, and others.

After the two Columbus Letters, Plannck's second edition (Rome, 1493), and the Verardus-Columbus (Basle, 1494), the most valuable early American items in this part

are two Mexican imprints. Richel's "Compendio breve que tracta d' la manera de como se han de hazer las processiones," printed in Mexico by Juan Cromberger in 1544, is the Andrade-Brinley copy, and just about the earliest American-printed book which any collector may expect to be able to procure. Vasco de Puga's "Provisiones Cedulas, Instruciones de su Majestad," printed in Mexico in 1563, is notable as being the first volume of laws printed in America, and one of the earliest American-printed books not theological in character. This also is a duplicate, Mr. Hoe's other copy having brought $610 in the preceding sale. But a later book, a compilation printed in Amsterdam in 1651 with the title "Beschryvinghe van Virginia, Nieu Nederlandt, Nieuw Engelandt," etc., may, on account of a little copper-plate engraving on page 21, be expected to bring a higher price even than the Columbus Letter of 1493. This little copper-plate bears the legend "t'Fort nieuw Amsterdam op de Manhatans," and is the earliest engraved view of the city of New York.

The books in special or *provenance* bindings include three specimens from the library of Jean Groller; Castiglione's "Libro del Cortigiano" (1528), Cicero's "Epistolæ familiares" (Aldus, 1522), and Albertus Krantz's "Wandalia" (1519). There are also books bearing the arms of Colbert, Cardinal Fleury, Count Hoym, Louis XIV, Louis XV, Louis XVI, Louis XVIII, Marie Antoinette, Madame du Barry, Madame de Pompadour, the Duchesse de Montpensier, and other notables. At the end of the Catalogue is an index of the books with Armorial bindings.

The French books include long series of the first editions of the works of François Coppée, Alphonse Daudet, Alfred de Musset, Georges Ohnet, and other modern writers, as well as eighteenth century illustrated books, a first collected edition of Molière (1666), and other rarities.

A remarkable collection of books and leaflets from the Lee-Priory Press, a series of late Eighteenth Century Jest Books, a Kelmscott Press Chaucer, bound by the Doves Bindery, and a number of Grolier Club publications, the "Life of Dante" being on vellum, are other features of this portion of the Hoe library.

Correspondence

APPEAL AND THE REFERENDUM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In Col. Roosevelt's novel proposal, in his Columbus speech, of a popular referendum on judicial decisions, he entirely overlooks one important detail in our present judicial procedure, which, moreover, has not been commented on in any discussion of the matter which has come to my attention. His proposal relates entirely to decisions of the highest State courts of appeals, and is based upon the considerable number of decisions by these tribunals in which State statutes of a beneficent character have been nullified because in conflict with the Federal Constitution. It is true that he refers to the income tax decision, and that which declared the Federal Employers' Liability law unconstitutional, as instances where the Supreme Court of the United States has failed to reflect the public will. But his chief grievance is certainly with the State courts. In his Carnegie Hall address he says: "I am not proposing anything in connection with the Supreme Court of the United States or with the Federal Constitution." He even admits that a case reversed by such a popular vote might be carried to the Federal Supreme Court, where, presumably, the decision of the State court might be sustained and the referendum overruled.

Now the Supreme Court of the United States takes a much broader view of constitutional questions than many of the State courts, as the Colonel himself shows in discussing the Ives case. The constitutionality of a statute, similar to the New York Employers' Liability law, enacted by another State, was affirmed by the Federal Supreme Court. The reason why this statute could be passed upon by the highest court in the land, and the New York law could not be tested in the Federal courts, lies in the special provision of the judiciary act of Congress which governs the whole matter of appeals to the Federal courts from State courts. It is this detail of the Federal statute which has been overlooked in the current discussion. The law provides that appeals from State courts to the Federal courts shall only lie when the decision of the highest State court has been against the party in the case claiming a right under the Federal Constitution, statutes, or treaties. When the State court pronounces against the State statute in the case, declaring it invalid as conflicting with the Federal Constitution, statutes, or treaties, no appeal can be carried to the Federal court. The reason for this provision must be clear to any one. Congress presumed that if a State court declared a statute of its own State unconstitutional there would be no object gained in allowing the question to be carried before the Federal Supreme Court, since the latter could only be expected to affirm the decision. When, however, the decision went the other way the necessity of maintaining the supremacy of the Federal Constitution and law would be involved, and the Supreme Court of the United States must make the ultimate decision. In the case which Col. Roosevelt cites, where the Federal Supreme Court upheld the constitutionality of a State Employers' Liability act, the decision of the State court was evidently in favor of the act. In the Ives case the New York Court of Appeals took the opposite view and forestalled the possibility of an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States and a decision on the question by that body.

The remedy in the matter appears to the writer to be a very simple one. An amendment to the Federal statute permitting appeals in *all* cases, where the question of the validity of a State statute is denied on grounds of its conflicting with the Federal Constitution, statutes, or treaties, would assure a final decision by the Supreme Court of the United States, and go far towards alleviating the difficulty of which the Colonel complains. Since he admits that the Supreme Court must have the power of ultimate decision on appeal from the popular referendum, which in effect is nothing but an intermediate instance between the highest State court and the Federal judiciary, why not make the appeal lie directly from the State court to the United States court in all cases? What possible purpose would it serve to introduce an intermediate instance, in the form of a popular referendum on State court decisions, if an appeal therefrom could in any case be taken to the Federal Supreme Court?

Walter James Shepard.

University of Missouri, March 26.

A ROMAN STRIKE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As the public mind is now much occupied with the subject of strikes, perhaps a brief account of a notable strike that occurred in Rome in the year 309 A. C. may not be without interest.

The pipers in ancient Rome were originally a small company whose duties were to furnish solemn music at the public sacrifices and at funerals. In virtue of their quasi-religious character they dined at the public expense in the temple of Jupiter. But, in process of time, and with the growth of luxury, it became the fashion to engage their services for private entertainments. With this increasing demand their numbers greatly increased, and they began to be looked upon as mere hired musicians; so in the year mentioned the censors deprived them of their daily dinner in the temple. The touchy artists took this in high dudgeon, and to a man picked up their pipes and marched out of Rome to Tibur (now Tivoli).

The Romans were struck with consternation at this unlooked-for *coup;* not for the loss of the music, but because no sacrifice could be offered without the proper devotional tootings; and without sacrifices no campaign could be begun, no army march, no consuls be inaugurated—in a word, all public, and much private, business would be at a standstill.

The Senate, recognizing the gravity of the situation, dispatched envoys to the Tiburtines, entreating them to send the pipers back. The Tiburtines were willing to do what they could, and, assembling the strikers in the *curia,* besought them to return. The pipers said that there was nothing to arbitrate; if their temple dinners were restored they would go back; on no other condition would they budge. The Tiburtines, a superstitious generation, did not dare to use force with men who, whatever their failings, had a sort of semi-sacred character.

A council was called to discuss the matter. In the discussion one citizen remarked that pipers were notorious wine bibbers (*vini avidum genus*), and that in that weakness might lie the solution of the difficulty. The council caught the idea, and proceeded to act upon it. On the next holiday all the wealthy citizens gave *musicales,* at which they supplied the musicians with wine so liberally that they lost consciousness of sublunary things; upon which the Tiburtines loaded them on wagons, drove them that night to Rome, and left them, still fast asleep, in the Forum.

Great was the joy of the Romans the next morning to find their pipers back. They besought them never to leave them again, restored the temple dinners, and gave them and their successors for all time to come, the privilege of celebrating their victory by marching in solemn procession through Rome, every year, on the Ides of June, piping triumphantly. And this festive cel-

ebration continued, certainly for three hundred years, and possibly for six hundred.

H.

Baltimore, March 27.

A QUESTION OF TRANSLATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a notice of my translation of Sudermann's "Indian Lily" (*Nation*, March 7), your reviewer starts out, quite obviously, with an initial disapproval of my entire theory and method of translation. Instead of stating that disapproval, however, he condemns my work with a degree of absoluteness which quite misses the point at issue, and gives the reader an erroneous impression. Two of the sentences which, in his words, "are not the equivalent of the German," read as follows in the original:

(1.) . . . ersann sie einen Plan, den ersten von unzähligen, mit denen sie sich den Geliebten für's Leben zu erobern gedachte. (P. 92.)

(2.) Auch sie selber sah die Welt seit langem nur durch blaue Schleier, hörte die Stimmen der Umgebung wie aus weiter Ferne und fühlte fremde, heisse Schauer durch die erschlaffenden Glieder rinnen. (P. 99.)

These two passages are thus rendered:

(1.) . . . she thought out a plan, the first of many by which she meant to rivet her beloved for life. (P. 95.)

(2.) She herself saw the world through a blue veil, heard the voices of life across an immeasurable distance, and felt hot, alien shivers run through her enervated limbs. (P. 102.)

The only point of view from which these translations can be said not to be "the equivalent of the German" is one that regards translation as a task to be performed in the light of a grammar and a lexicon. The values of literature, however, are connotative, and its medium is one of symbols. I hold the rhythm of a given paragraph to be no less a part of the full expressiveness of serious writing than the exact sense of a single vocable. Your reviewer asserts that I show myself "unaware of the meaning of words." But I am thoroughly aware of the fact, for instance, that "zu erobern" means "to conquer." And thus I would ask students in my elementary classes to render it. I wrote deliberately "to rivet," and I am still convinced that that verb, and that alone, carries the full meaning inherent in the German context. Similarly, I have translated "aus weiter Ferne" by "immeasurable distance," not because I am ignorant of the meaning of *weit*, but because the rich emotional value of the original phrase seems to me more adequately transferred by the word I chose. In brief, then, I protest against your reviewer's saying, virtually: "This is a poor translation"; instead of saying: "This may be a very good translation, but I disapprove *in toto* of the method employed." Ludwig Lewisohn.

Columbus, O., March 24.

[My remark, "unaware of the meaning of words," was intended to apply, and seems to me unmistakably to apply, to English words; and I am of the opinion that "rivet" as a translation of "erobern" and "across an immeasurable distance" as a translation of "wie aus weiter Ferne" are false. "Rivet" may have in American slang some "connotative" value with which I am not acquainted; I should still maintain, however, that "subjugate" carries at least as well "the full meaning inherent in the German context."—The Reviewer.]

A PARALLEL FROM TROLLOPE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Among the aspiring politicians and ambitious clergymen whom Trollope drew so conscientiously in his leisurely Chronicles, Mr. Supplehouse, in "Framley Parsonage," does not play a tremendous part, but his conception of himself and his mission makes him a striking prototype of a far cleverer, more conspicuous political character of to-day. Mr. Supplehouse was "extolled by a portion of the metropolitan daily press as the only man who could save the country," and went about mightily "swinging his tomahawk"; and the author asks: "How can a man born to save a nation and to lead a people be content to fill the chair of an under-secretary?" Again, "'Let us throw in our shells,' says Mr. Supplehouse, mindful as Juno of his despised charms. And when Mr. Supplehouse declares himself an enemy, men know how much it means. They know that that much-belabored Head of Affairs must succumb to the terrible blows which are now in store for him."

But it is Mr. Supplehouse's mental processes that interest and baffle us most. They should be of curious value for the psychologist who would write an Introduction to the Theory of Political Motive:

> Was he not the man to save the nation; and, if so, why should he not pick up the fruit himself? . . . What though the country at the present moment needed no more saving; might there not, nevertheless, be a good time coming? Were there not rumors of other wars still prevalent? . . .
>
> The public mind was now awake, and understood what it was about. When a man gets into his head an idea that the public voice calls for him, it is astonishing how great becomes his trust in the wisdom of the public. *Vox Populi vox Dei.* "Has it not been so always?" he says to himself, as he gets up and as he goes to bed.

M. C. H.

Brunswick, Me., March 26.

A "WHITE COURSE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The college yell characteristic of American institutions of higher learning has, with some degree of plausibility, been explained as a custom adopted from the savages who, before us, inhabited this country. With perhaps an equal plausibility a common undergraduate conception may be correlated to an ideal similar in its origin. Westermarck, in his "Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas" (Vol. I, p. 380), quotes from Adair's "History of the American Indians" to the following effect:

> In almost every Indian nation there are several peaceable towns, which are called "old beloved," "ancient," "holy," or "white" towns; they seem to have been formerly "towns of refuge," for it is not in the memory of their oldest people that ever human blood was shed in them; although they often force persons from thence, and put them to death elsewhere.

It was a source of some perplexity to me during my university days why a given professor or his courses should be thought "white." If there be any probability in the above conjecture might it not be said that a "white course" is really a modern version of the "town of refuge," and a "white professor" one who in the memory of the oldest undergraduate has never been known to shed human blood?

Guilmensian.

Williamstown, Mass., March 28.

DR. BOLTON AND THE MEXICAN ARCHIVES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a recent book, "California Under Spain and Mexico," I state that Dr. Herbert E. Bolton of the University of California, in cataloguing the Mexican archives for the Carnegie Institution of Washington, found it necessary to create his own system of reference. This statement, Dr. Bolton informs me, is too broad, as the archives are not without a system, and what he did was in the main to separate the many volumes of vice-regal correspondence into appropriate series.

The results achieved by Dr. Bolton are to be published by the Carnegie Institution itself, but it may be permitted me here to observe that his task, as he generously consented to regard it, involved the preparation and utilization of a special catalogue of some three thousand cards relating to Alta California. To this special work Dr. Bolton contributed largely of his time and scholarship, and its importance to "California Under Spain and Mexico" (be the execution of the latter what it may) was fundamental. Irving B. Richman.

Muscatine, Ia., March 26.

Literature

A POLITICIAN OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Henry Fox, First Lord Holland: A Study of the Career of an Eighteenth Century Politician. By Thad W. Riker, M.A., B.Litt. Oxon. 2 vols. New York: Henry Frowde. $6.75 net.

In an illuminating letter to Henry Pelham, August 25, 1743, Robert Walpole wrote: "Fox you cannot do without." The remark remained the customary estimate of the man by successive ministry-makers from that time till 1765, when Henry Fox finally laid aside public office. Whenever the difficulties in the way of forming Ministries seemed almost insurmountable, leaders like the Duke of Newcastle and the Earl of Bute turned in despair to Fox, the one man capable of forming combinations and sufficiently clever and unscrupulous to create majorities in Parliament. This chameleon-hued politician and typical eighteenth-century public man has waited long for his biographer. A sufficient explanation of the delay may be that his fatherhood of Charles James Fox transcends in importance his other services to his country; but it may be also that no biographer has had the hardihood to attempt the chron-

icling and explanation of his many political tergiversations.

Considering the importance of the political life of the man, our sources of information are very meagre indeed. Only a few of his letters, published in various works, have been preserved, so that our view of his activities is presented to us for the most part by such men as Horace Walpole, the Duke of Newcastle, and others who were at times Fox's bitterest political enemies. Mr. Riker has used all available material with praiseworthy industry, and his statement of facts rests on a sound basis. Occasionally there appears to have been given too great weight to the gossip of Budd Dodington and too little attention to such illuminating letters as those of Lord Lyttleton to his brother, the Governor. The information which the author has found in the manuscripts of the Duke of Newcastle furnishes only another example of the importance and wealth of that mass of material which is left still unpublished in the British Museum.

There were two periods in Fox's life when he played the title rôle in British politics; and Mr. Riker, who has limited himself to depicting the politician, has justly given these two periods the greatest prominence. The first and more important begins just before the outbreak of the Seven Years' War and lasts until the formation of the Pitt-Newcastle Ministry in 1757. The second period is much shorter, embracing the few months of the autumn and winter of 1762-63, when the treaty of peace was ratified.

Of the 772 pages of the biography, 440 are devoted to the story of the years 1754 to 1757. The reader feels that the author has made himself a master of the events of this short period, and that his real contribution to the history of the political life of Great Britain depends on the correctness of his interpretation of them. What precedes is but introductory matter and the pages which follow have been added to round out the biography, but do not reveal the results of the same careful, even painstaking, study. For this reason, it might have been better had Mr. Riker not attempted so ambitious a work as the political life of Fox, but had limited himself to what is undoubtedly the main subject of his two volumes, the history of British politics in the first years of the Seven Years' War.

The period which the author has fully depicted was worthy of monographic study. It begins with the death of Henry Pelham, an event which marks the beginning of the end of the old régime. The Whig party had been firmly established in power for almost a generation, and the Tory party was virtually annihilated through its suspected leaning towards Jacobitism, so that a rivalry between the two former antagonists was no longer possible. To the Whigs belonged exclusively the pleasure of directing the government and the enjoyment of fat sinecures. Early in his political career, Henry Fox, who was by family descent and traditions a Tory, attached himself to the ruling class and swore his allegiance to Robert Walpole, the chief architect of the "Venetian party," as Disraeli loved to call the small clique of politicians, principally noblemen, who disposed of the spoils of office and rough-hewed the destinies of their heelers and opponents. The long continuance in power of the Whigs without the possibility of rivalry was bringing, by 1754, its own nemesis. The party was broken into factions whose *raison d'être* was the enjoyment of the "flesh-pot" of officeholding. The political chaos caused by the rivalry of these factions reached its climax in the years from 1754 to 1770. The few years of the ascendency of Henry Fox in the politics of Great Britain synchronizes with the opening of this period, and his career is identified with the breaking of the domination of the Whig machine.

In the year 1754 there were five main factions, with several sub-divisions developing rapidly into rival factions. Henry Fox was a member of that group which surrounded the Duke of Cumberland, the favorite son of George II. With him were associated the Dukes of Devonshire and Bedford, with their many dependents. The faction represented the former circle of Robert Walpole's friends and still nursed an enmity towards those who had intrigued to overthrow that leader. Their most formidable rivals and the ones in actual possession of the power which belonged to the Government were led by that fussy dispenser of patronage and capable politician of the lowest order, the Duke of Newcastle, upon whose word hung the destinies of most of the placemen and sinecurists. Henry Fox knew the value of political power and had been careful, in spite of the wishes of his associates, not to alienate completely this maker of fortunes, so that of the Cumberlandites, he was the least objectionable in the eyes of Newcastle and the one whom that nobleman always knew he could use.

In a third camp, but not always cordially united, were two more factions, the Pittites and the heelers of Leicester House. The Pittites were neither numerous nor powerful, but in their leader, William Pitt, they had a great asset. For the most part they were *homines novi*, who had not yet succeeded in breaking into the inner circle of the "Venetian party." Opportunity and capacity were soon to raise the "brotherhood" to the crest of the machine politics. The Leicester House faction was composed of the bodyguard of Prince George, the future George III, and his mother, the Princess Dowager. They were for the most part Whigs who, discontented with the rule of the Pelhams and anticipating the change of monarchs, preferred to trust their fate to the future reign. Among them the Earl of Bute appeared as the dispenser of favors, and he was ready at all times to unite with the willing Pittites for the overthrow of the Old Whig dynasty.

Mr. Riker frequently confuses in his narrative—a confusion that is common in the best histories of the period—the Leicester House faction with the Tories. The Tories could no longer be called a party, for they had ceased to exercise any real power in politics, and were like the other factions, a group of men acting together in the hope of picking up some of the political crumbs. Although all the factions courted them, they were most favorable to the Pittites and Leicester House, and, as a matter of fact, their recall, to a moderate political influence, was due to the action of the former.

The pages devoted by Mr. Riker to this most important period of Fox's life contain a complete chronicle of the various intrigues, conferences, and compromises of the five factions. From the literary point of view, the story is too crowded with names and incidents, and the attention of the reader becomes fatigued. In twenty-one lines on one page may be counted eleven names of men and four offices whose occupants one is expected to know. Yet such a surfeit of names only reproduces the picture of British politics in the eighteenth century, with its constant shifting of individuals, continual shuffling of places, and repetition of intrigues.

After the death of Henry Pelham, the Duke of Newcastle found himself in an anomalous and difficult position. The dominance of the Whigs for a generation had shifted the weight of influence from the House of Lords to the Commons, where had ruled successively the capable Robert Walpole and Henry Pelham. These men had built up the political machinery by the control of borough representation, places, sinecures, pensions, and bribery, until the Ministry always had a majority at its beck and call; but now the Duke had no trustworthy lieutenant in the lower house to whom might be confided the duty of buying majorities. He must, therefore, look outside for the leader. Pitt being by nature incapable of this charge, the Duke naturally turned his eyes towards Henry Fox, whose former loyal support of his brother seemed to presage a hope of continued support in spite of his adherence to the Duke of Cumberland. Fox was ready enough to accept the offer of the management of the House of Commons, provided he was made a partner in the distribution of the corruption fund. To this the Duke gave his consent at first; but, becoming

fearful of the result of thus entrusting a member of another faction with the secrets and power of management, he denied his own words. Fox pointed out that, "if he were to have the absolute direction of the House of Commons, he must know who had been 'gratified' and who had not; for how otherwise could he speak to the members without appearing ridiculous?" Still the Duke was obdurate, and Fox withdrew his consent; and, although continuing as Secretary at War, he joined Pitt in opposition.

The opportunity to break the dictatorial power of the Duke of Newcastle was shortly offered. The policy of war which the Opposition advocated was similar to that upon which Robert Walpole had been broken. The colony of Virginia was suffering opposition from the French in her attempt to extend her colonial settlements west of the Alleghanies. Col. Washington was actually attacked and forced to surrender. The Ministry was in favor of compromising with France; the Opposition naturally supported a war policy. The factions of Cumberland, Leicester House, and the Pittites united and forced a reluctant Ministry to send British troops under Gen. Braddock, a protégé of Cumberland's, to the Ohio Valley. Mr. Riker is probably correct in his belief that Fox had no real colonial policy, but that his interest was due to his opposition to Newcastle and his desire to further "his patron's martial policy." Fox's action was not without political result. "If the mutual discontent in the spring and summer of 1754 had paved the way for a Fox-Pitt alliance, the perfect agreement of the two in a strenuous military policy was quite sufficient to consummate it."

The overt act of war added to the fears of the well-scared Duke of Newcastle. He must seek a real alliance. Should it be Fox or Pitt? Owing to the dislike of the King for the latter, the former was preferred, and there began again a series of conferences, of which Mr. Riker gives us a complete record. These ended in Fox retaining his office of Secretary at War and being brought into the Cabinet council with "no separate power or confidence outside the Ministers." Although the position was similar to what he had so recently refused and did not place in his hands the corruption fund, still it was the result of negotiations which were conducted in a manner in every way honorable to Fox. Mr. Riker, believing that Fox in thus leaving Pitt prepared for himself his later loss of prestige, writes:

> Fox knew the innate rottenness of the machine of which he submitted to become a wheel. He knew also the vigor and independence of the man with whom he had been connected. Between these two he chose the former, and in that act lay the greatest political blunder in his career.

The victory seemed to rest with the faction of Cumberland, whose weight in the Cabinet was greatly increased by the accession of Fox, and their war policy became that of the Ministry; but the two principal factions could not agree on the manner of conducting operations. Cumberland preferred a sea-war; Newcastle, favoring the King's European possessions, promoted the policy of subsidizing German princes. The issue was critical and caused more intrigue, in which Leicester House played the title rôle. The Cumberlands were enticed to throw their weight against Newcastle, for his complete upset seemed possible.

In this moment of danger the Duke of Newcastle and Henry Fox followed courses that were natural to their characters. After vainly wooing Pitt and Leicester House, the Duke determined to undermine the Cumberlands by more completely winning Fox to his support. This was easy of accomplishment, for Fox was not a man to allow political alliances to interfere with his own promotion. He entered, therefore, into the ranks of the Newcastleites and became Secretary of State, bringing with him to his new alliance many of his former friends. This addition to the Ministerials was the more necessary since the failure of the conduct of the war was evident from the defeat of Gen. Braddock on the banks of the Ohio.

Fox's decision marks the crisis of his career. He had raised himself to a place of authority by the annihilation of the Cumberland faction. Through great military success alone could he justify his defection and maintain his position. Unfortunately for him, his gifts of organization were not such as could make him a great war Minister. There was need of a higher *morale* than he possessed. In a time of peace his political doctrine would have been effective, but he could not lead a nation intoxicated with the spirit of war. His philosophy was about this time thus cynically expressed: "Pitt . . . is a much better speaker than I am, but tickling the palm, not the ear, is the business now, and he that can do the first is the best orator, let him speak ever so ill." It was by "tickling the palm" that Fox carried the Newcastle Ministry successfully through the Parliament of 1755-56.

It was not the events of the war that were to break down the new coalition. The Whig political machine was rushing to its destruction under the leadership of the Duke of Newcastle and Henry Fox. The suspicious nature and autocratic character of the former could not endure such a powerful rival as Fox; and, from the moment that the latter entered upon his new office, Newcastle and his friend, Lord Hardwicke, were determined to break the new Secretary of State. Fox must either learn to be a subordinate in the camp of the Newcastleites or else his political career must be ruined. The resolution was suicidal, in view of the increasing power of Leicester House and the closer union of that faction with the Pittites; yet the Duke of Newcastle persisted in his policy until in desperation Fox determined to pull down the Ministry in his own ruin. His resignation accomplished this. With that event ended the long unlimited rule of the Whig machine. With the death of Fox's political career—for what was left for him after he had betrayed his former friends and ruined his new allies?—there was shattered that dominance in politics which had lasted since 1714.

In the kaleidoscopic intrigues, following the downfall of the Ministry, when the alliance of the Pittites and Leicester House was triumphant, Fox's one purpose was to insure for himself the rich office of paymaster. Wealth was his one hope; perhaps it had always been. The same forces which raised Pitt to that leadership which made him one of England's greatest ministers, placed Fox in that coveted and secure sinecure. The political buccaneer had his hands on the money bags.

Mr. Riker has given us in his Life of Fox a faithful chronicle of these few years. The remaining chapters of his volumes rehearse in time-worn fashion the history of the last years of George II and the opening years of his grandson, but add nothing to our knowledge of the era. The style of the work is monotonous and rather amateurish; but, on the whole, historians will find it of the greatest value as a *vade mecum* through the chaos of political intrigue which followed the death of Henry Pelham.

The last chapter of the biography is an attempt to depict the man Henry Fox. The author finds him a typical eighteenth-century politician, holding, like so many of his contemporaries, a cynical view of life. He might have gone further and said he was the typical political manager of all time. His methods and ideals are the same as those of his prototypes in Greece and Rome, as well as those of a modern chief of Tammany Hall. Fox is like these and, although the reviewer is not ready with Mr. Riker to call him "the greatest political manager his country has ever known," still Fox certainly must be placed within the first rank.

CURRENT FICTION.

Dorinda's Birthday: A Cornish Idyll. By Charles Lee. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Dorinda is only a pretty, shallow, nut-brown Cornish maid. But she has a seventeenth birthday, and it falls on Midsummer Day, and that, for the folk of Nanheviock Valley, was "St. Hender Feast Day, with sports and games in the glebe-meadow and a bell-ringing con-

test in the church tower." To the feast goes Dorinda with her neighbors of Sunny Corner, a group of three cottages with a human population of nine. The short day's many adventures constitute the book. At three Dorinda's father calls to her to come downstairs from her prinking and be ready for the start. And all is ended when they return and the two grandfather clocks have made up "their totalish old minds for half-past nine." But what riches may not be packed into the story of six and a half hours when there are visiting and bell-ringing and feasting and quarrelling and snake-walking and flouting and courting to be done? Chief of all the riches is the deliciously Cornish tone of actors and play. One must not complain if in the necessity for filling two hundred and seventy-odd pages, the story sags at moments into disquisitions of a humorously amiable sort. Thus there is leisure for a little essay on simples as we walk through the garden of old Ann Coad, the "harby-woman"; for sentiments on Cornish merrymakers, reflections on story-telling, minute confidings in the reader on a score of topics, some breathing a suggestion of padding, others pure nourishment, as when we read that "it is a noteworthy, and to householders a suspicious, fact that the world is full of retired butchers." When at dewy eve we return to Sunny Corner we have learned many things of Cornish customs and made several likable, eccentric, and unforgettable acquaintances.

Chantemerle. By D. K. Broster and C. W. Taylor. New York: Brentano's.

O, Romance, Romance, how many long stories of the French Revolution have been perpetrated in thy name! In this instance we are at least spared Paris during the Terror—a mercy for which past experience impels us to render devout thanks. The scene shifts just in the nick of time: Louis-Adrien-Marie-Hyacinthe de Chantemerle, Vicomte de Saint-Ermay, is indeed incarcerated in La Force, but provincial cousin Gilbert-Octavien-Felix-Anne de Chantemerle, Comte de Château-Foix, is opportunely on hand to extricate him and conduct him home to Château Chantemerle. Lucienne d'Aucourt, having once seen the mob in the Tuileries, is promptly dispatched by her royal mistress to safety in England. So that the hazards of country travel for ill-disguised aristocrats, and the Royalist uprising in the Vendée furnish the historical framework. Private motives are provided by a conflict of affection and jealousy between the two cousins, Gilbert being the betrothed and Louis the beloved of Lucienne. Of the sterling qualities of the sternly conscientious Gilbert and the darling charms of the exquisitely gallant Louis, space forbids us to tell.

The interest of the tale by no means compensates for its length. Instead of being torn with apprehension and sympathy, one finds one's self picking holes in the historical atmosphere—wondering, for instance, whether country taverns provided toothpicks with repasts as early as the eighteenth century, and what the modern "tip" might have been in the parlance of Marie Antoinette's court.

The Man with the Black Feather. By Gaston Leroux. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

This is a shilling shocker from the hands of the man who wrote that excellent tale, "The Mystery of the Yellow Room." There is comparatively little mystery here, but sensation enough to satisfy the least fastidious taste. Many of our readers, for instance, have read in history of the amiable Renaissance practice of cutting off a man's ears. But how many modern readers have actually seen the thing done? It is done in M. Leroux's book, and with a wealth of detail that is quite fatal to one's appetite for supper. The main idea of the story is simple enough. The soul of Cartouche, a brigand who attained notoriety under the Regency in France, and a man of a hundred murders, finds reincarnation in the body of M. Theophrastus Longuet, retired manufacturer of rubber stamps, resident in the suburbs of Paris. M. Longuet, impelled by this metaphysical motive power within him, casts aside his green umbrella at regular intervals to reproduce under modern conditions the career of eighteenth-century Cartouche. Now and then the thoroughly consistent way in which the scheme is worked out produces its effect. But the author was evidently hard put to it to spin out a volume of atrocities, and so pads out his story with a rather silly and tedious chapter of mesmeric wonder-working, a journey in the catacombs of Paris, and a bit of detective ratiocination quite in the vein of "The Mystery of the Yellow Room."

THE INFLUENCE OF GREEK ROMANCE.

The Greek Romances in Elizabethan Prose Fiction. By Samuel Lee Wolff. New York: The Columbia University Press; Lemcke & Buechner. $2 net.

For his purposes, Mr. Wolff takes into account only the three best-known of the Greek romances—"The Æthiopica," or "Theagenes and Clariclea," by Heliodorus; "Clitophon and Leucippe," by Achilles Tatius, and "Daphnis and Chloe," attributed to Longus. These are the sole members of the extant group which "are found to have exercised any influence upon Elizabethan prose fiction." In a preliminary chapter, the Alexandrian spirit out of which the romances grew is admirably set forth. Its fondness for a series of small, loosely connected pictures—which spelled the death of the epic; for ornateness, smartness of phrase, and elaborate experiments in unrooted sentiment; its reliance upon lawless Fortune to serve as a main actuating force, are all marks of decadence which, when carried to extreme, as they were in the Greek romances, kept the reader suspended in an atmosphere far removed from real life. Delight in prettiness, surprises, and ingenious articulation of details replaced the older love of form and of consistently human motives. Yet in spite of their artificiality, these stories greatly outlived their own day. In the Renaissance, the three above mentioned went through numerous editions in several languages, and before the close of the sixteenth century were accessible in English, the first two in translations, the third in a paraphrase.

Their total influence upon the Renaissance must have been enormous, though it is far too complex to reduce to a definite statement. For some of their traits were shared by other ancient literary types, and by these, too, were passed on to later epochs. So the spirit of Alexandrian lyrics, which, like the romances, made much of elaborate decoration and sentimental introspection, got into the blood of the Renaissance lyric and combined with, if it did not partially produce, Petrarchism. In turn, Petrarchism subtly insinuated itself into nearly every form, whether poetry or prose, which was then practiced. And, *vice versa*, it is not at all improbable that certain poetic details or attitudes in the Greek romances frequently inspired similar features in the European lyric. To distinguish one of these two ancient influences in every case from the other would require omniscience. Mr. Wolff wisely limits his investigation to the English prose fiction of Elizabeth's reign, and in general ascribes indebtedness only when it can be well-nigh demonstrated. By means of excellent summaries, which he manipulates skilfully, he concludes that Sidney and Greene borrowed freely from the earlier romances; Lodge slightly; and that the central idea and method of Lyly's "Euphues" almost certainly came ultimately from them. With this positive side of his argument, most readers will agree. But his certainty that "Nash makes no use whatever of the Greek romances" is not convincing, even though it cannot be definitely controverted. Nash's fondness for gorgeous scenes, such as that of the notable Italian garden described in "Jack Wilton," and his love of quickly shifting incident, might have been fostered by Heliodorus as well as by previous picaresque literature. This is a small point, however, and only goes to show that Mr. Wolff, if anything, understates his case.

The most significant portion of the book has to do with the origins of the "Arcadia." The writer demonstrates what any one familiar with Sidney's rare union of sensitive response to contemporary tendencies and of ability to assert his own personality, might readily have suspected. More than any one else, he caught the spirit of the Greek romance, and almost domesticated it in England. Incident after incident he takes over bodily from Heliodorus and Achilles Tatius; others he fashioned completely in their manner, and in every case worked his details as nicely as they into a big framework. The framework, especially, illustrates how unslavishly he borrowed. Whereas the Greeks made much use of Fortune, their equivalent for the will of the gods, Sidney almost emancipated himself from it, while appreciating its artistic purpose. To give a similar impression of a huge presiding motive, he turned to the Renaissance conception, *virtù*, which in his day, was held to be Fortune's antithesis. At one place, Ceeropia explains: "to that passe had my husband's *vertue* (by my good helpe) within short time brought it with a plot we laide." If worked out, *virtù* would, of course, have turned the "Arcadia" into a novel of character. But Sidney kept the emphasis strongly upon incident, which from time to time we see is controlled by the other element, the *virtù*, the valiancy of individuals. One's destiny is thus made largely dependent upon one's inner nature, which in turn is projected. This method did not remove the opportunity, so beloved of the Greek romancers, for *oxymora* of situation and phrasing. The surprises and contrasts with which the older Fortune confronted human beings could still be furnished by opposing the preliminary conditions surrounding a person to those foreshadowed by his abiding aspirations.

A new light has been thrown upon Sidney's skill by Mr. Wolff's study of the old "Arcadia," or first version, three manuscript copies of which Bertram Dobell discovered in 1907. To the old "Areadia," which is in five books, Sidney made many additions, some of them so complex as to amount to a large reeasting of material. He inereased and expanded the princes' adventures, "and he added *in toto* the episodes of Argalus and Parthenia, Amphialus and Helen, Phalautus and Artesia, Pamphilus and Dido, the Paphlagonica or Galatiea, and Ceeropia or the Captivity." Besides, he compounded one character of two earlier ones. From the Eelogues accompanying the old "Arcadia," he took the episodes and the previous history of the prinees, and inserted them in the body of the new work, etc., etc. The original version was drawn largely from Heliodorus, but it was not until he reeast it that Sidney quite mastered the Greek's methods. It is significant that in the revision not a thread was dropped.

The influence of the ancient romances upon Greene was far greater than upon Sidney, in the sense that he lacked the latter's capacity to assimilate. This influence, as Mr. Wolff observes:

> . . . begins with merc transcripts from Achilles Tatius in "Arbosto" (1584), "Morando" (1587;? 1584), and "Carde of Fancie" (1587; ? 1584)—a stage of immaturity and superficiality, which, in the main, borrows non-structural ornament. "Philomela," which seems to fall in immediately after this group, shows Greene taking less from Achilles Tatius (only the trial at tho end), and more from Hcliodorus, chiefly by way of incident—not yet by way of structure. The influence of the Greek Romances reaches its height in "Pandosto" (1588), which takes a little from Achilles Tatius, but now gets structure as well as matter from the solid Heliodorus, together with incident and ornament from the decorative Longus. The influence degenerates at once in "Menaphon" (1589), which, though structurally based upon Heliodorus, is a tissue of absurdities. . . . Almost ceasing in the realistic pamphlets of Greene's last year, the influence . . . flickers up . . . in "Groatsworth" (1592) . . . in the form of a suggestion from Achilles Tatius.

Mr. Wolff suggests that Greene's fondness for feminine characters, which shows to advantage in his dramas, too, was largely inspired by Heliodorus. Finally, it should be noted of Greene that, in good ancient fashion, he installed Fortune as the mistress of his plots. Lodge's prose fiction, on the contrary, is found to be "mediæval, euphuistic, and Italianate, rather than Hellenistic," the influence of the Greek romances upon him amounting to a little more than occasional allusions to them.

If Elizabethan prose fiction had led to the founding of the modern English novel, the importance of Mr. Wolff's book could scarcely be overestimated. Unfortunately, the "Arcadia" is the only Elizabethan prose romance which seems to have had any effect upon eighteenth and nineteenth century writers: in a few instances, Richardson and Scott kept it vaguely in mind. For the rest, the type became virtually a closed book shortly after the end of the sixteenth century. Mr. Wolff's investigation clears up, nevertheless, one significant matter. To students of this period, the atmosphere of even so well-executed a romance as Sidney's has appeared to be strangely remote from the spirit of the times. For hand in hand with the Elizabethan's riot of imagination, there was usually a certain balancing sense of fact. The extreme sensuousness of the "Faërie Queene" is saved from nonsense by its rational purpose, and the bombast of "Tamburlaine" does not quite conceal the play's central idea. The reason for this difference becomes clear in the light of Mr. Wolff's study. Most of the important literary types developed gradually and took on accretions from the ages immediately preceding the Elizabethan—the drama, the lyric, the poetical romance, though quickened by a return to the classics, were yet instinct with mediæval and more modern elements. But Elizabethan prose fiction—or at least its foremost representative—transplants the Alexandrian spirit modified but little by the intervening centuries.

The Philanthropic Work of Josephine Shaw Lowell. Containing a biographical sketch of her life, together with a selection of her public papers and private letters. Collected and arranged for publication by William Rhinelander Stewart, President of the New York State Board of Charities. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

Of good New England ancestry, with traditions of stern integrity and lofty morality behind her, Josephine Shaw was brought up from infancy in a Staten Island suburb of New York. She was reared in an atmosphere of culture and refinement. But she was also trained in a school of patriots, stimulated to the utmost by the struggles to set free the slaves and to maintain the integrity of the country. At the age of twenty she married Col. Charles Russell Lowell. He was killed October 18, 1864, just as he had been commissioned brigadier-general.

Stunned at first by the shock of her husband's death, it was some little time before Mrs. Lowell began to interest herself in charitable and public works. Then she joined the Freedmen's Association, especially interesting herself in the establishment of schools for the colored people in the South. In 1872 the State Charity Aid Association of the Richmond County Committee was formed, of which Mrs. Lowell shortly became a member. Near her home, at Castleton, S. I., was the Richmond County Poor House, with which she made herself familiar by frequent visits. As a result of her observations there, it was decided, on her motion, to conduct an inquiry into poor-law conditions in general, the place chosen for special investigation being the county of Westchester. The burden of this investigation fell upon Mrs. Lowell. Her report was presented at the fourth annual meeting of the State Charities Aid Association, in 1876, and, as a result of this report, Gov. Tilden, who had been present at the meeting, appointed her to a vacant seat on the State Board of Charities. With her assumption of this official position begins her larger work, to which Mr. Stewart has devoted more than four-fifths of this volume.

One is amazed at the record of work accomplished. First, the long struggle

to reform the conditions of public institutions throughout the State, and particularly those dealing with women, resulting in the establishment of State reformatories for women at Hudson, Albion, and Bedford, and of the State Custodial Asylum for Feeble-Minded Women. This, in Mr. Stewart's judgment, was her most useful achievement; her successful "labors to rescue the erring and feeble-minded of her sex." As an outcome of her investigations of the system of administering temporary or out-of-doors relief in several counties of the State she was led to feel the necessity of the organization of charitable assistance: hence the Charity Organization Society, out of which again grew the Penny Provident Fund and the lodging house and woodyard, which latter ultimately led to the municipal lodging houses.

But Mrs. Lowell's activities were not confined to what is commonly called charitable work. In 1889, after thirteen years' service on the State Board, she refused reappointment for reasons which she thus explains in a letter to a protesting friend:

> Five hundred thousand wage-earners in this city—75,000 of those working under dreadful conditions or for starvation wages. That is more vital than the 25,000 dependents, counting the children. . . . It is better to save them before they go under than to spend your life fishing them out when they're half-drowned and taking care of them afterwards.

From this time on, while she continued her interest in all charitable and beneficent work, her essential concern was with industrial, social, and political affairs, and her papers on those subjects contained in this volume are really her best.

One practical result of Mrs. Lowell's interest in industrial problems was the Consumers' League. She believed in the coöperation of women in governmental affairs. Practically this belief found expression in the organization of the Woman's Municipal League. She believed that the participation of women in the government of the city would have an educational influence upon women themselves. But she also believed that women would contribute a positive element, of great importance in governmental matters, because possessing a more sensitive moral instinct than men as a class possess. But she did not believe in any woman undertaking public or charitable work until every home duty had been discharged, and, while organizing and systematizing charity, she was at heart opposed to institutionalism, maintaining that even a poor home was preferable to a good institution.

The book does not seem to admit us into the inner circle of Mrs. Lowell's life. It shows why she was called the "City's Saint"; but one lays the book down with the impression of having learned about Mrs. Lowell rather than of having met Mrs. Lowell herself. A friend said of her family life: "I had never before been with people who talked over the affairs of city and State exactly as they would those of their own family." Is this the reason of that impression of impersonality which one receives from this volume?

The Tailed Head-Hunters of Nigeria. By Major A. J. N. Tremearne. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50 net.

Alone in West Africa. By Mary Gaunt. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $3.75 net.

These two books have this in common that they are both written by Australians, who have learned to know, at least in part, the same African tribes, and that both writers are plucky, resourceful travellers. Mrs. Gaunt's is, however, the more interesting book, not only because the author is a woman who, skirting the Gold Coast, penetrating into Ashanti, and going up the Volta River, braved hardships and dangers to which few of her sex are equal, but because she writes directly and to the point, whereas Major Tremearne is often prolix. Partly, perhaps, because of his greater learning, he conveys relatively less information about his own doings. He is not, first and foremost, a traveller, like Mrs. Gaunt, for he was much concerned, while an administrative officer in northern Nigeria, about writing two theses for the University of Cambridge, on anthropology and the study of the Hausa language. So he frequently lugs in too much scholarly lore, on extraneous subjects, as in his chapters on customs and superstitions, and courtship and marriage. Still, he conveys much valuable anthropological information.

The tone of his book is less sensational than might be inferred from the the title. The tailed head-hunters are women, who, after their marriage, adorn themselves with a mushroom-like appendage made of a palm fibre. The men, though cannibalism is not yet entirely extinct among them, are usually quite amenable to the police measures of the British and yield to their "peaceful penetration," which, confessedly, usually ends in fighting. Punitive expeditions (sometimes undertaken because of a failure to pay the annual tribute of a few paltry pennies per head) are, however, a much more serious matter, and the administration of justice where crime is concerned is swift and rigorous. Major Tremearne, who served as a police officer, as well as in a judicial and political capacity, had absolute power over life and death. On one occasion he was, reluctantly, compelled to execute the death sentence he himself had pronounced.

Mrs. Gaunt, on the whole, judges the natives more favorably, though she, too, believes whipping to be the only corrective for the negro's incurable stubbornness. She has a dismal story to tell of the condition of Liberia. Monrovia she describes as "an outrageously ill-kept town." Throughout the book she contrasts German and British administrative methods to the disadvantage of the latter, and she pays, in particular, a glowing tribute to the German physicians in charge of the sleeping-sickness camps. She is, however, by no means blind to the brutality that sometimes goes with the success of the Germans in colonizing West Africa. Mrs. Gaunt's knowledge of natural history is not considerable, as her allusions to the native flora show. The forest trees north of the capital of Ashanti dwarf, in her opinion, "all other trees in the world." They are, of course, far inferior in size to the giant trees of the Sierra Nevada.

Notes

Gustav Pollak, who is preparing a biography of Michael Heilprin and his sons, will be glad to receive any letters by the late Prof. Angelo Heilprin. They may be sent to Mr. Pollak at No. 21 West Eighty-fifth Street, New York, and will be promptly returned to the senders.

"Among the Carpathians," by Lion Phillimore, is an account of gipsy-like travel through hitherto undescribed country. Holt will publish it the middle of this month.

Prefaced by Bonar Law and introduced by Sir Edward Carson, a book, entitled "Against Home Rule" is about to be issued by Warne & Co. of London.

In the issue of March 21 we announced the "Railway Economics," promised by the University of Chicago Press, as a "collectors' catalogue." It should be a "collective catalogue."

The American Library Association has just issued in its March Bulletin a detailed list of the important gifts and bequests to American libraries during 1911. The total cash donations amount to $3,364,822.69, which is nearly a million and a half dollars more than was given in 1910. Of this amount Andrew Carnegie gave $2,326,370, more than double the amount donated by him to libraries in the previous year. One hundred and thirty-six towns and cities in the United States and twenty-eight in Canada were recipients of his generosity. The majority of these towns are in the Middle West and the South, and in the province of Ontario, although nearly every State in the Union is represented in the list. Other gifts than money include 65,575 volumes, six sites for library buildings, and seven buildings presented for library purposes. One of the notable gifts of the year was a very remarkable collection of books, manuscripts, photographs, and other matter amounting to 33,407 items and relating to the native races of North America, Hawaii, and the Philippines, which was made to the Newberry Library of Chicago by Edward E. Ayer of that city.

It is always a pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of new volumes of the beautifully printed Scriptorum Classicorum Bibliotheca Oxoniensis. The latest additions to the series are a fascicle of Plato, containing the "Euthydemus," "Protagoras," "Gorgias," and "Meno," and "Isidori Etymologiæ," in two volumes.

"Peeps at Many Lands: Oceania" (Macmillan), by Frank Fox, is scarcely original or striking, though not without value. From varied sources, as also from personal experience, the author draws a picture of British colonial life which ought to be flattering to national self-esteem. An Australian himself, he is most enthusiastic about New Zealand, "the empire's pattern dominion." Mr. Fox is neither a geographer nor a scientist, and his account of the Maoris and the official life of New Zealand is such as any well-informed journalist can furnish at short notice. Some repetitions concerning the fauna of the regions he has visited betoken haste in the preparation of his matter. Inordinately heavy paper has swelled the rather meagre contents of the volume to the regulation thickness. As is so often the case with the tri-color process, the illustrations somehow fail to impress one with a sense of reality. The plain halftones commonly used are far more characteristic and convincing.

East and west from Sebdon to Medenine and south into the desert at Ghardaia and Tougurt went Mrs. Emma Burbank Ayer in her "Motor Flight through Algeria and Tunisia" (McClurg), and her book is a very kindly, gossipy, and intelligent record of it all. If there is much of the small beer of travel, it is all informing, and the details go to make definite pictures, assisted greatly by above a hundred and twenty excellent little photographs. Of course, the life is the outside life seen by the tourist, except when Mrs. Ayer's curio and ornament hunting led into more intimate byways. There is a good index, and the book with its readableness will be useful in the country itself.

Many things of more than mere local interest are to be found in Volume VIII of the Bostonian Society Publications. The difficulties which had to be overcome before the Church of England could have a permanent home in the Puritan town are described by the late Rev. H. W. Foote. The opposition to the theatre lasted much longer, for in an account of the first one established, W. T. W. Ball, the writer, quotes from a vigorous public protest made by Gov. Hancock before the Legislature in 1792 against theatrical exhibitions. They had just been introduced under the name of "Moral Lectures." One of the early announcements says that there "will be performed the much admired comedy written by Shakespeare called 'The School for Scandal.'" Dr. F. H. Brown gives some noteworthy facts in regard to the practice of medicine in New England in the seventeenth century. Among the receipts is one for the treatment of a "Cancer Humor," in which three frogs are a principal ingredient, or "Wee may att sartin times apply a Tode cutt in two to the wound 2 or 3 times a week."

A useful volume for historical reference is Mary L. Hinsdale's "History of the President's Cabinet" in the University of Michigan Historical Studies published under the direction of the department of history. It presents a chronological analysis of the President's Cabinet from Washington to Taft, dealing especially with the personnel, characteristics, and methods of each President's official advisers. The development of the Cabinet as an arm of the national executive is traced, together with the varying powers and duties of the Cabinet members. Of particular value is the full discussion of the reasons and influences which have determined Presidents in their selections. Nowhere else have so many facts been gathered to throw a light on the always interesting process of Cabinet-making. There is an introductory chapter on the Origin of the Cabinet, and there are three general chapters in conclusion on the Principles of Cabinet-Making, The Cabinet and Congress, and The Cabinet and the President. The author holds that the Cabinet has substantially preserved its character of "an eminently democratic body," which it attained early in our history, and that "just because it has undergone a democratizing" it has been able to fulfil with satisfaction to the country the conception of the framers of the Constitution that it should prevent the President from acting hastily or inadvisedly. "The American Cabinet is not performing any blind or unsuspected functions," concludes Miss Hinsdale. "Neither has it been the seat of any great transformation in the nature of the Government. It is not a mainspring or a pivot; but it has shown itself to be an essential attachment. It is so adjusted that the American executive is plural in deliberation while it is single in responsibility." The volume is provided with a full bibliography, instructive foot notes and references, and a good working index. In addition to its value as a work of reference, the book is noteworthy because it is the first serious contribution to the study of the growth and development of this important branch of the American Federal Government.

Words of Old English origin occupy about half the space in the single section of the Oxford English Dictionary, SEE-SENATORY, edited by Dr. Henry Bradley (Frowde). The unusual prominence of the native element is chiefly due to the presence of a half-dozen monosyllables which have developed a wide variety of senses, or have been fertile in compounds. The compounds of *self*, for example, dating from about 1550, occupy sixteen pages; yet we are informed that "only a small selection has been given from the innumerable obvious combinations found in the collected quotations." *Self*, as Mr. Peeksniff would have said, is a "moral" theme—let us improve our minds by mutual inquiry and discussion—let us contemplate self! With a little pains the compounds of this word could be so arranged as to mark like milestones the moral pilgrimage of man. A large share of the earlier forms are employed by men to whom self appears as a power to be humbled, thwarted, destroyed: in 1657 Baker commends "service to God, performed with a perfect *self-abnegation*"; in 1647 Harvey praises *"self-condemning shamefastnesse"*; in 1683 Tryon tells us that the way to health cannot be followed "without *self-denial*"; in 1647 More describes the valley of Ain in the "Song of the Soul" as *"self-nothingnesse."* Upon the teachings of Christianity a cynical philosophy supervenes, which derives all human activities from *self-interest;* though reason must still restrain, it is recognized that without *self-love* to urge we should "never get anywhere"; *self* plucks up heart, and flushes with pleasure when Pope writes, in 1733, *"self-love* forsook the path it first pursu'd, and found the private in the public good." After the cynical rationalists, come Rousseau and Goethe and the optimistic French Revolution; *self* emerges from contempt and bondage, rosy and smiling; in Emerson's "Representative Men"—the essay on Goethe—appears (1847) the first recorded example of *self-culture;* in 1837, for the first time in this sense, *self-perfection* enters in a significant sentence of Harriet Martineau's—"In the days when mutual and *self-perfection* will be the prevalent idea which the civilization of the time will express." A curious corresponding shift takes place in the sense of the word *self-respect.* The first meaning given is, "a private, personal, or selfish end"—an obsolete sense illustrated by this from Bishop Hall, 1613: "Subject to all passions, infirmities, *self-respects.*" The second meaning, also marked obsolete, is "self-love, self-conceit," illustrated by this from Hawke, 1657: "Most men are transported with a philauty or *self-respect.*" The first occurrence of the third and present use of the word is in the "Excursion" of Wordsworth, where at last it means "a proper regard for the dignity of one's person or one's position."

The Oxford editors present as usual a table showing how far they have surpassed their predecessors in the number of words and quotations. One point appears constantly in these comparisons which is perhaps worth remarking. Other dictionaries they surpass not merely in the number, but also in the proportion of quotations to the number of words illustrated. Johnson alone keeps pace with them in the proportion; he even sometimes, as in the present section, surpasses them. Thus they illustrate 2,463 words with 9,004 quotations; he illustrates 98 words with 386 quotations. In analyzing the senses and displaying the history of any given word, Dr. Bradley of course commands vastly greater resources. Turning, for instance, to the article on *self* in Johnson's folio edition of 1755, we find that he disposes of Dr. Bradley's sixteen-page theme in two pages. And yet, for all that, a "moral" man like Mr. Peecksniff would doubtless find something to say in favor of the Great Bear's handling of this topic. A moralist at the same time that he was a lexicographer, Johnson had probably given more thought to the real significance of self than any or all the Oxford compilers. In consequence of that ever-present personality which emerges in the celebrated definitions of *oats* and *pensioner*, his article has a continuous "human interest," and can be read through by a layman with pleasure and edification. In these two pages on *self* he exhibits about one hundred quotations drawn from about thirty-five authors, nearly all of excellent standing. His illustrations, furthermore, are not inconsequential snippets from the middle or ends of sentences, but complete pointed thoughts, mainly conducive to virtue, and often obviously related to the editor's convictions—one feels here as one feels in the presence of Bishop Wilson's

"Sacra Privata." Here are no less than seven pious passages from the sermons of South, an author whom he recommended to Boswell as an antidote to loose thinking. Here are four from Watts, of whom Johnson remarked on one occasion, "I shall do what I can for Dr. Watts." This, for example, might have been transcribed from Johnson's private diary: "The religion of Jesus, with all its *self-denials*, virtues, and devotions, is very practicable." Dr. Bradley cites under *self-preservation* this from Milton: "If the punishment Thou canst avoid, *self-preservation* bids." In that truncated form the precept seems dubiously related to virtue. By quoting three words more, Johnson, always concerned for conduct, brings down with one stone both the lexicographical and the moral birds:

> *Repent the sin;* but if the punishment
> Thou canst avoid, *self-preservation* bids.

By this trait Johnson seems to be distinguished from most modern philologers; he never looked for words without at the same time looking for ideas. It is a pretty question what relation the labor of compiling a dictionary in this fashion bore to the solidity of his prose style and the sententious gravity of his daily speech.

The presses continue to pour out books on Holland, which, as the great majority of them are written by tourists, are naturally much alike. Invariably are mentioned: the black-and-white cows; the horrible sound of "g's" and "sch's," together with the American's and German's way of pronouncing "Scheveningen"; the number of petticoats worn by the women of Volendam; the spic-and-spanness of Broek, reputed to be the cleanest town in the world; the nobility of Leyden in preferring a university to exemption from taxes; the cheeses of Alkmaar and Edam; the smoking capacity of Dutch infants, and the oldest bits of "Dort." All this, we must confess, remains charming, even when described by unskilled writers. Blair Jaekel's book, "Windmills and Wooden Shoes," just published by McBride, Nast & Co., goes over the usual ground, and is written in what often passes as a "snappy" style; its humor, however, is much too elaborate.

Winthrop Packard's "Literary Pilgrimages of a Naturalist" (Small, Maynard) is bounded, geographically, by Marshfield, the Isles of Shoals, and Provincetown, and chronologically, by William Bradford and Thomas Bailey Aldrich—a rather extensive range, one would think, for an octavo volume of two hundred pages printed in large type with liberal margins. Even so, we hear nothing of Whitman's beloved "Paumanok" and his Camden country, nor of the haunts of Cooper, nor of Lanier's Southern marshes, since to a true New Englander, literary or other pilgrimages are hardly conceivable outside of New England. On the other hand, one is puzzled to know what bearing the last two chapters (Vermont Maple Sugar, Nature's Memorial Day) have on American literature. A good deal of the book is either fragmentary or diffuse, journalistic in a bad sense. Too often the sentences do not stand on one leg even, but, as some one has said of Debussy's technique, with both feet in the air. This journalistic looseness, though it is more noticeable here than in Mr. Packard's earlier nature essays, is, however, offset by the spirit of the writer, a highly agreeable compound of sentiment, ingenuity, and masculinity that makes itself felt on almost every page. It is too much to say that Mr. Packard writes well; but it is not too much to say that he is as delightful a companion as one could want in making pilgrimages to "straunge strondes"; and if he tells you that it is essential to plunge with him into Walden Pond before sunrise, you will plunge, and issue as refreshed as you were on first reading "Walden." The following, the close of the chapter on Whittier's birthplace, is in Mr. Packard's least journalistic vein:

> They lighted a fire for me in Whittier's fireplace—and as the rose glow on the walls of the old living-room brought back the hearth-cheer of bygone years, as the witches, daintily making tea without under the lilac bush, brought the romance and legend of the olden time to the threshold, so the crackling draft of the fire up the deep throat of the chimney seemed to draw in to the place the free, hearty, farming, wood-loving life of the man of the earlier centuries out of which the poet drew what was best in him, to be given out in unforgettable verse to us all. If such a place was ever lonely it was that gentle and desirable loneliness which great souls love.

"The Life of Dr. D. K. Pearsons," the Chicago benefactor of small colleges, has been written by Edward F. Williams (The Pilgrim Press). Dr. Pearsons was born in Vermont, procured a meagre medical education at an institution in Woodstock, Vt., long since extinct, practiced medicine in Chicopee, Mass., at the age of forty came to Chicago with $5,000, and in thirty years in real estate business attained a fortune of at least $5,000,000. Retiring at seventy, he set about to distribute his capital. He made a few gifts to Chicago hospitals, missionary societies, and theological seminaries, but by far the largest number of his benefactions have been to small colleges. The most active period of his benevolence was contemporary with the rise and expansion of the State universities, and his encouragement and example have had much to do with the continued influence of the smaller institutions. As it is now seen that there is a field for the small college, Dr. Pearsons's influence in American education has been of real value. He did more than any one else to bring the conditional gift into vogue, as it was his usual custom to offer a gift, usually $50,000, provided three times the sum could be obtained from others. This manner of benevolence has been much criticised, but undoubtedly it has enabled many institutions to increase both their resources and their friends and to develop a permanent constituency and confidence in their own strength. That it has been adopted frequently by Mr. Carnegie, and that the General Education Board follows the plan consistently in all its benefactions to colleges, is high approval of Dr. Pearsons's judgment. The story of his life is a human document of much interest.

William Albert Finch, professor of law in Cornell University, died in Brooklyn on Sunday, after an illness of several months. He was born in 1855, graduated from Cornell in 1880, and after practicing law for some years, was admitted to the Cornell faculty in 1891. He edited several works in his subject, among them "Finch's Selected Cases on the Law of Property in Land."

We notice with regret the death of E. W. B. Nicholson, who had been Bodley's librarian for thirty years. With untiring zeal he had exerted all the powers of his strong character to make the library more widely useful, and before he died had introduced a system of shelf-classification and a subject catalogue, and had created an additional reading-room. His personal assistance to American scholars, as to others, has often been acknowledged in print.

The death is reported from Berlin of Christian Gottfried Albert Traeger, member of the Reichstag from Oldeuburg, and known as the "Father of the House"; he was born in 1830. As a writer he is remembered chiefly for his "Gedichte," a volume of poems which has passed through twenty editions. He wrote several plays, and some of his novels had a considerable vogue. From 1865 to 1883 he issued a yearbook, called "Deutsche Kunst in Bild und Lied." He also collaborated in a translation into German of Burns's poems.

The death is reported from Linden, in Westphalia, in his sixty-fifth year, of the miner poet Heinrich Kämpchen. He worked in the mines from the age of sixteen, and his poems deal for the most part with that life, showing, it is said, considerable feeling and penetration.

Geheimrat Dr. Gustav Wendt, who is dead at Karlsruhe, aged sixty-five, was director of the gymnasium of that town from 1867 to 1907, and was a distinguished teacher of the classics. "Gymnasium und öffentliche Meinung," "Didaktik und Methode des deutschen Unterrichts und der philosophischen Propädeutik," and translations of Sophocles's tragedies are among his works.

Karl May, whose death in his seventieth year is reported from Dresden, Germany, was a well-known writer of Indian tales and romances for boys. He also translated many stories from the Arabian, Turkish, Persian, and Chinese.

Science

Researches on the Evolution of the Stellar Systems. Vol. II: The Capture Theory of Cosmical Evolution. By T. J. J. See. Lynn, Mass.: T. P. Nichols & Sons.

Dr. See, who has been for many years professor of mathematics in the United States navy and in charge of the Mare Island Observatory, California, some time ago brought out a volume of researches on stellar systems, in which he first directed attention to important and previously unrecognized features of binary stars. This gave him an established name among his fellow-investigators. Quite recently he has published a second volume, finely printed and lavishly illustrated. It is a prodigious piece of work, but in large part mathematical and highly technical, and in that respect is quite unfit for extended notice here. Broadly speaking, Dr. See's work is devoted to the amplest exemplification of what he has called the capture theory of the cosmogony, and everything connected therewith: a theory to

replace every vestige of the Laplacian nebular hypothesis by one which postulates the gradual formation of stars, suns, planets, and satellites by capture of the materials composing them from a resisting medium that in the early history of the universe filled all space. Dr. See states his claims with the broad inclusiveness of a blanket policy, though with scarce a trace of that gentleness and humility which in every age have been thought to characterize the truly great. Apparently, his ambition is to force everybody to admit that everybody else, from Anaxagoras of Clazomenæ and Laplace to Lord Kelvin and Sir George Darwin of Cambridge, has been hopelessly deluded about this cosmogony business, and that the persplendid light of the cosmos has shone first, of all men, on the present author.

It is amusing to note the differing reception of this work: astronomers not too seriously offended by the author's braggadocio find it "food for thought"; others a monumental work of great importance; still others lay it aside to await the final judgment of Darwin, Poincaré, and other masters in the same field; while a literary gentleman never having heard the name of See before and examining his book for the first time must be excused for his harsh judgment that it seemed to transcend the border line between genius and—not genius. Dr. Moulton of the University of Chicago, whose "Celestial Mechanics," published eight years previously, See seems to have flattered by imitating, not to say transferring bodily without acknowledgment, some important passages, goes so far as to dub the capture theory presented by Dr. See the "captured theory." Dr. See's speculations do not end with the cosmogony proper, but are amplified to include pretty much all the moot points in present-day astronomy, such as the secular acceleration of the moon's mean motion; the rotation of Venus which he "proves" must be, not slow as the trend of current research would make it, but swifter than the earth's; a comprehensive theory of the sun's constitution; a discussion of planets ulterior to Neptune of which Dr. See says there are many; and his origin of comets, which after all turn out to be "nothing but surviving wisps of nebulosity from the outer shell of the ancient nebula which formed our system."

It is a dangerous theory that pretends to explain everything, and Dr. See's hypothesis of cosmic evolution comes perilously near that limit. Should his theories be finally accepted and adopted, they will truly form that salient epoch in the history of the cosmogony which he audaciously assigns them. Sir George Darwin, who received Dr. See's work at the conclusion of his article on the tides in the eleventh edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, states in a note that he "does not feel convinced by the arguments adduced."

F. W. Headley's book, "The Flight of Birds," shortly to be published by Witherby & Co. of London, contains some interesting advice to the aviator.

An institute for research in chemistry, physics, and mineralogy has been founded by the Academy of Sciences in St. Petersburg. It is called the Lomonossov Institute after Michael Lomonossov, the Russian naturalist of nearly two centuries ago.

Sir J. J. Thomson has been appointed to the Order of Merit, due to his distinguished work at the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge, Eng.

Drama

Edward Everett Hale, jr., has brought out a sixth edition, enlarged and revised, of his "Dramatists of To-day" (Holt). Rostand, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Pinero, Shaw, Phillips, and Maeterlinck are the subjects of his discussion, which he describes modestly as informal and which might also be called impressionistic. The essays make very pleasant reading. They are written in fluent, unaffected, but never slovenly style; reflect broad and sympathetic intelligence as well as wide information, and, if they are not particularly original or incisive, are at least free from narrow dogmatism. To the amateur student of the theatre they will bring both pleasure and profit, although they sometimes presume a greater familiarity with the original text than the ordinary reader is likely to possess. The best papers, perhaps, are those on Rostand and Maeterlinck. In both the relation between the dramatic works and the peculiar genius and philosophy of the authors is plausibly and ingeniously set forth. But Mr. Hale, like many other modern critics, is sometimes inclined to seek for mysteries where none exists. In "Cyrano de Bergerac," for instance, the most poignant moral, surely, is that which lies most clearly on the surface, the cruelty and the folly of judging by appearances. A hero, well endowed with all the manly virtues, is scorned by the exquisite woman whom he loves ideally, because he has not, like his empty rival, a pretty face. There could scarcely be a better theme for satirical and tragic romance.

Elsewhere Professor Hale discourses, soundly enough, on the futility of probing too deeply for the inner meanings of the symbolism in Hauptmann's "The Sunken Bell," but he might have expressed the conclusions to which his arguments tend with greater boldness. The simple truth is that, on the stage, a symbolism which is so vague as to excite doubts as to its real significance is absolutely worthless, for the reason that it leaves the road open to the imagination, which is then at liberty to interpret it at will, possibly in a manner entirely subversive of the proposed allegory. Drama can be judged only by its face value. In an appreciative and generally judicious discussion of Sudermann Mr. Hale advances several conjectures in explanation of that author's failure to maintain or increase the reputation he enjoyed ten or fifteen years ago, but overlooks the possibility that his earlier achievements may have been somewhat over-estimated and that he is only a sufferer from the reaction which is apt to follow after extravagant enthusiasm. Many modern dramatic critics have little or no sense of proportion. In his analysis of the work of Bernard Shaw Mr. Hale, while duly recognizing the brilliant faculties of that dazzling humorist, fails to emphasize the reckless inaccuracies, gross if not wilful misrepresentations, and palpable insincerities which are as conspicuous ingredients of it as are its keenness of observation, its spectacular but ill-digested erudition, and its barbed satire. As for his observations on recent miscarriages of the poetic drama—in connection with a highly laudatory review of the literary work of Stephen Phillips—it may be pointed out that the principal reasons why poets do not succeed upon the stage to-day are two. One is that they do not know how to combine human and dramatic interest with literary charm, and the other, that there are no longer any actors capable of giving an adequate interpretation of poetry or romance.

The Poetry Society of London recently gave a performance of the "Hippolytus" of Euripides, using the rhymed English translation of Prof. Gilbert Murray. The representation took place on the steps of the Marble Hall of the University of London; very few accessories were used, and the whole was of the simplest possible character. All efforts were concentrated on dignity, simplicity, and as close an adherence as possible to the Greek spirit.

Sir Herbert Tree now announces his long-promised production of "Othello," at His Majesty's Theatre, in London, for the 10th of April. He lays stress upon the fact that, for historical reasons, he has selected the year 1480 as the period of the action. The presumption is, therefore, that the splendors of the scenery are to be supported by certificates of their archæological accuracy. It is not likely that the minds of the ordinarily intelligent playgoer will be greatly excited by this information. He will not care much about the particular year in which the Turks were drowned and the Moor's confidence so shamefully abused. He will be more concerned about the interpretation of one of the greatest tragic masterpieces in the world. Accuracy of scenic detail has its value, of course, up to a certain point. Scenery must at least be decently appropriate to the incidents of which it is the background, but in the case of Shakespeare, a too minute insistence upon it has its dangers. It may, for instance, emphasize the anachronisms and inaccuracies in which the poet himself indulged so freely. It was Charles Kean, a second-rate actor, but astute manager, who, under the pretence of scholarship and Shakespearean devotion, first tried the experiment of offering glittering spectacle as a substitute, or a screen, for inferior acting. He set a most mischievous example. But he exhibited a proper reverence for the text, and never dared to tamper with it, as Sir Herbert has habitually done.

H. B. Irving is expected in London at the end of May. He closed his New Zealand season at Christchurch with a performance of "The Bells," which caused great enthusiasm. From there he went to Sydney for

a farewell engagement. He will make his reappearance in London in the summer or the early autumn. His success at the Antipodes has been very great. There is none in sight, apparently, to dispute his leadership of the English-speaking stage, and his rapid progress makes it likely that he may equal—or even excel—the renown of his father.

Edward O'Connor Terry, who died in London on Tuesday at the ago of sixty-eight, though never a great actor, was a performer of much versatile skill. After twenty years of apprenticeship in minor Shakespearean and other parts, he opened, in 1887, Terry's Theatre, winning favor in both "The Churchwarden" and "The Woman Hater," but it was in Pinero's "Sweet Lavender" that he made his fame and fortune.

Marie Desclauzas, who was long a conspicuous figure in the theatrical life of Paris, is dead at Nougent-sur-Marne. She was born at Paris in 1840. Her first appearance was made at Reims, but she soon returned to Paris, and divided her long career among the various theatres of the capital, except for the time she spent in Russia, where she was very popular. One of her earlier successes was in "Héloïse et Abélard," and another in "La Prise de Pékin." She won favor in America in the operettas of Offenbach and Lecocq. In Brussels she created Mlle. Lange in "La Fille de Madame Angot." Afterward in Paris she was successful in "Le Petit Duc," "Sapho," "L'Abbé Constantin," "Musotte," and in "Mam'zelle Piou-piou," at the Porte St. Martin. In later life she was at the Gymnase.

Music

Six Lectures on the Recorder and Other Flutes in Relation to Literature. By Christopher Welch. New York: Henry Frowde. $3 net.

Not long ago, the bagpipe, in spite of its greatly decreased vogue, was honored by being made the subject of a monograph. Now we have a volume of 457 pages on the flute, an instrument which, though still used a good deal in orchestras, does not play a rôle in our general musical life one-tenth as important as it did half-a-century ago, and which does not now seem particularly to interest either professionals or amateurs.

Mr. Welch confesses, in the preface, that he has made no attempt to render his pages attractive "by imparting to them the graces of style, or pleasant by excluding from them what is dry, dull, and heavy." They abound, he warns us, "in notes, digressions, cross-references, and descriptions often tedious and sometimes irrelevant." But, lo! when the reader, after abandoning all hope, enters these premises and has scanned a dozen or two pages, he finds himself more and more interested, and ends by perusing everything, including the footnotes, which, as in a German professor's textbook, often take up more than half of a page. Mr. Welch's book, to say it at once, is infinitely more than a mere monograph on the flute; it is the work of an astoundingly erudite scholar (an Oxford M.A.), who incidentally throws perhaps more light on various aspects of musical life in Old England than any other writer has done.

There are doubtless hundreds of flute players who, seeing merely the back of this volume, marked "Six Lectures on the Recorder," would never suspect that it was a book brimful of interest for them. Not only has the recorder been out of use since the end of the eighteenth century, but the dictionaries do not make very clear just what kind of instrument it was. The most satisfactory definition is that given in the new Encyclopædia Britannica, which describes it as "a mediæval flute blown by means of a whistle mouthpiece and held vertically in front of the performer like a clarinet. The recorder only survives in the now almost obsolete flageolet and in the so-called penny-whistle." In works of reference in general, and in the notes of editors of old English authors, so much confusion prevails as regards this matter that Mr. Welch was moved to write a whole chapter of 127 pages entitled Literary Errors on the Subject. That so many errors were made, and that even such men as Sir John Hawkins, Dr. Burney, William Chappell, and Carl Engel could perpetrate them, was due largely to the confused nomenclature. The word recorder seems to be of English origin; Mr. Welch's researches lead him to believe that it was in use in the fourteenth century, but did not come into existence until after the Norman conquest. In Chaucer's time it was called a flute, and in the eighteenth century even such authorities as Hawkins and Burney did not know that "the flute" with which they were so familiar had once been known as the recorder.

It was early in the sixteenth century that the recorder was at the zenith of its popularity. It had been a fashionable instrument ever since the days of Chaucer. One of the daily tasks of Henry VIII was practicing on it, and he was the possessor of a collection of instruments of the flute family such as the world has never seen. They were 154 in number, and 76 were recorders. Many were of ivory, some had silver or even gold tips. In the seventeenth century there were whole bands of recorder players, up to thirty or more. The instruments were built in various sizes from the lowest bass to the highest treble. But the time came when the recorder fell from favor, and this was due not so much to the fact that the Puritans made war on it (as they did on the organ, that "squeaking abomination"), but to the competition of the German flute, which was better suited for combinations in mixed bands, and which made it possible by the action of the lips to vary the tone.

While conceding these advantages of the flute, Mr. Welch greatly regrets the disappearance of the recorder. It had a "rich, soft, cooing" tone, which made it most agreeable to the ear. Samuel Pepys declared it to be the most pleasing of all sounds in the world, and that Pepys was a good judge of music has been attested by Dr. Hueffer. Many were moved to tears by it (see the very interesting footnotes on pp. 136-7). Mr. Welch indulges in fascinating speculations as to the use of the recorder in old English plays to produce the illusion of an angelic choir. He describes the means used by Wagner in his "Lohengrin" prelude to represent the "chaste rejoicing" of an "angelic host" by the tremulous notes of the violin blended with those of the flute and oboe, and inclines to the opinion that a band of recorders would have been even more serviceable for the effect desired. It does not seem at all unlikely that Richard Strauss or some other master in search of novel colors may take Mr. Welch's hint and revive the recorder. Unlike other obsolete instruments, it is easy to play.

Handel, whose ear for instrumental coloring was as keen as Wagner's or Berlioz's, made much use of the recorder, and the author shows by numerous examples how Handel deemed it more appropriate for certain passages than the flute. Shakespeare honored the recorder and the flute as he did no other instrument. To a chapter entitled Flutes and Pipes in Shakespeare, Mr. Welch devotes 70 pages, and this is preceded by one on Hamlet and the Recorder, which hereafter no manager who stages that play can afford to ignore. The author's thesis is that Shakespeare's design has never yet been realized on the stage, and his reasoning is as convincing as it is elaborate. To Milton's allusions to instruments of the flute family another long chapter is devoted, and this is followed by two more, in one of which the marvels related of the old Greek flute players are recalled, while the last is concerned with the tomb pipers and the connection of music with mourning. This section is illustrated with numerous examples of wailing tunes among the Irish. Apart from these, there are above a hundred illustrations, many of them full-page facsimiles, which help to make this one of the most fascinating and suggestive books ever published on the art of music, its history, sociology, and psychology.

The score of Richard Strauss's new opera, "Ariadne auf Naxos," is not to be printed in Berlin, but in Paris, because the copyright there extends for fifty years after the death of the composer, which is twenty years longer than in Germany.

The correspondence of Weber, whose literary works are almost as interesting as his music, is to be printed by Breitkopf & Härtel.

The coming across the Atlantic of the London Symphony Orchestra to give a series of concerts in this country and Canada, under Arthur Nikisch, gives occasion to call attention to one great advantage which English (and American) orchestral players have over their German colleagues, namely, that their higher pay enables them to buy better instruments—a matter of great importance, as it affects the euphony of the orchestra's tone.

Art

SIR JOSHUA D'OUTRE-TOMBE.

Sir Joshua Reynolds is not precisely a leading influence in modern art criticism, yet his catholicity and supreme good sense have caused something of a revival of interest in "The Discourses." There must, then, be a considerable public that will welcome the appearance of an unpublished paper of Reynolds's on "The Adaptation of Talents," in a recent number of the *Mercure de France*. M. L. Dimier, who translates a manuscript preserved in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, naturally presents his "find" in his own tongue. And it is one of the oddities of modern international scholarship that an English-speaking critic must perforce offer his extracts from this interesting work of Sir Joshua in a retranslation from the French.

Sir Joshua discusses with his customary clarity the conditions under which artistic genius can flourish, and arrives at the conclusion that an enlightened and aristocratic Mæcenasship is the necessary basis. It should be observed at once that this view is borne out by the whole of art history, though sharply countered by much recent criticism. It is a sub-axiom of Socialism that art shrinks and cheapens under capitalistic patronage. Tolstoy would have abolished all art which did not appeal to God-fearing fraternalistic peasants. And many who are neither Socialists nor Tolstoyans firmly believe that the social basis of modern art is far too narrow. On all these matters the testimony of Sir Joshua, old-fashioned as it may seem, is not without interest.

He departs from axioms uncongenial to the modern temper:

> The wants of man increase in society. His necessities remain the same, and moral needs, which are equally part of his nature, are added. A division of labor, which establishes itself in society, provides for the diverse requirements of his physical and rational life. . . .
>
> Education and society have set great differences between the man of science and the man who works with his hands, though nature perhaps has not; on its own side, nature has made distinctions which education cannot efface. This inequality of aptitude perfects the social system by furnishing for the various tasks which convenience and refinement impose a corresponding variety of capacities.

Here is the doctrine in its naked Toryism. Yet it is not only true, but one of those truths that outwear all evasion, denial, and sophistication. Even to the most perfervid equalitarian, life now and then brings home with stunning and demonstrative force the truth that inequality of human capacity is not a semblance or a temporary and curable disease but an eternal fact—a fact, as complacent Sir Joshua would hasten to add, upon which a perfect social system must rest.

Sir Joshua, in establishing a distinction between artists and business men of all degrees, again drives home a truth, tremendously exaggerated during the Romantic period, and now, under humanitarian sentimentalism, correspondingly obscured. The merchant's service is valued by every one. From the state he needs only protection from oppression. The artist's service is understood and valued by the few, and to those he must look for support. The rewards of commerce and of art are proportioned to this fact. "The proper reward of industry is wealth and security; the proper reward of genius is fame and independence." Yet the interests of the two careers are one. Any failure to provide for the exercise of the multiform capacities of men means in unemployment and all manner of inner and outer misery an embarrassment to the whole social body.

Since the artist provides for remoter desires and ministers to needs feebly felt by the majority or not at all, he cannot hope for support from the people. If he obtain it, it will only be at the cost of debasing his art. To the question how the dignity necessary to the artist may be procured, Sir Joshua replies squarely:

> By a Mæcenasship exercised from above and in a liberal spirit. Only the great and the cultivated are in a position to give dignity and importance to art. They must begin. Their example will teach the middle classes of society to take a just estimate of that which the elegant and enlightened classes prize so highly.

"Rankest snobbery!" we hear some one protest. Not at all; merely a frank statement of historical fact in phrases somewhat old-fashioned. Sir Joshua's simple remedy may at least have a diagnostic value. Much of the trouble with modern art has been precisely the fact that great patrons were unenlightened and correspondingly narrow or capricious in their taste. Modern society reverses the process imagined by Sir Joshua. Instead of a cultivated aristocracy extending the benefit of its taste to the middle classes, through most of the nineteenth century and still, we have had the spectacle of a small body of enthusiastic but quite uninfluential amateurs of the middle class keeping alive the generous traditions of taste and patronage in the face of the ignorance of capitalistic Mæcenases and their quasi-æsthetic parasites. If this be the disease, the specific is neither more nor less than the educating and refining of our wealthy classes—a difficult but not an impossible emprise. Already the Mæcenasship imagined by Sir Joshua exists in germ. What is still wanted is that courage and independence of taste in high quarters which are not infrequent amid humbler art patrons. There is a kind of conspiracy to prevent such education. The natural vanity of wealth and power and the interests of purveyors combine to narrow the sympathy, and, of course, to limit the knowledge. The fingers of two hands would be enough to count the very wealthy Americans who in any branch of art patronage really deserve the proud title of Amateurs.

It may be asked, Where do the people come in? They come in at precisely the most important point. It has usually been and it normally is the function of the people to produce the artist of genius. Tory Sir Joshua wishes to give him opportunity when he appears, to offer him dignity and independence, instead of the hap of eating out his heart in some uncongenial mechanic job. In this sense Sir Joshua would not quarrel with the modern formula that art needs "a broader social basis." The way to get this broader basis may well be as he suggests: the presence of a specialized and highly trained class of art patrons. On the whole, even in the humanitarian balance, his Toryism compares very favorably with most equalitarian speculations on the topic. His view has at least the merit of taking into account the facts of artistic production and of society, as they have been and still are.

"An Architect's Sketch Book," by Robert S. Peabody, which is in Houghton Mifflin's list, has to do with England, France, and Italy.

Estella Canziani is publishing, through Dana Estes & Co., "Costumes, Traditions, and Songs of Savoy," with 50 full-page illustrations in color.

"Famous London Houses," by A. St. John Adcock, and "English Secular Embroidery," by M. Jourdain, are announced by Dutton.

Heinrich Jantsch, of Delitzsch, near Leipzig, Germany, announces a second Oriental expedition, for the purpose of photographing manuscripts and papyri. He will visit Egypt, Sinai, Jerusalem, the isles of Patmos, Lesbos, Chalki, and Constantinople. Arrangements may be made with him for special commissions by directing to Delitzsch until May 20.

The dance in various periods of the past will be illustrated at an exhibition to be held this spring at the Bagatelle, Paris, by the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts.

For some time Mr. Sotiriadis, the ephor

of antiquities, has been carrying on extensive excavations in the neigbborhood of Mount Parnassus, near tbe site of the ancient city of Elatea. His efforts have now been rewarded by the discovery, upon a rising piece of ground, of an entire prebistoric village. The character of the objects uneartbed shows that tbis site was inbabited from very early times. In the lowest stratum were found finely polisbed implements of stone together with various articles of bronze, indicating tbe period represented was a transition stage from tbe Age of Stone to tbat of Bronze. The bronze articles bear a strong resemblance to those of tbe Early Minoan period in Crete. In the next stratum the deposits belonged exclusively to the Bronze Age. In this period the place had been occupied by stone buildings, and among the remains of these were found numerous fragments of vases, wbich had been decorated witb a coating of black color on wbich were painted geometrical designs in white. The uppermost stratum contained objects synchronous with the late Minoan period of Crete.

The work of Mrs. Elizabeth Stanhope Forbes, who died recently at Newlyn, Cornwall, has been somewhat oversbadowed by that of her husband, the Academician. She was born in Ottawa, Canada, in 1859, and for many years exhibited paintings at tbe London Academy and the Paris Salon.

A collection of half-tone cuts after good, bad, and indifferent pictures; a commentary making overtly for righteousness and besprinkled with literary citations, such is Henry E. Jackson's "Great Pictures as Moral Teachers" (Pbiladelphia: The John C. Winston Co.). The book is unquestionably edifying, but not to an art lover.

Finance

THE NEXT TURN IN EVENTS.

When the Stock Exchange ended last week and began the present week with another burst of rising prices—in the face not only of the beginning of the anthracite coal strike on Monday, but also of a fall in New York bank reserves on Saturday below the legal minimum—the financial position became interesting. The "million-share day" of Monday of last week, with the manifestly enormous realizing sales of that and the three succeeding days, seemed on its face to mark the end of the Stock Exchange rise. The subsequent discovery that the banks were "overloaned" added to that probability. It showed how rapidly an active stock market uses up available stores of capital; for when the recent advance began, in February, the bank position was the strongest ever reported at that date, except for 1908, in fifteen years, whereas last Saturday's deficit in reserves was the first which has occurred at the end of March since 1883.

This led to a somewhat general feeling that the more rash and excitable speculative faction was now responsible for the latest movement of the market. It was admitted that, towards last week's close, the so-called "outside public" had taken a hand in speculation. Sometimes the outside element, at such times, takes the bit in its teeth, snatches the market violently away at the moment the large manipulators think the bull movement ended, and forces prices materially higher. It certainly did so after the Taft election in November, 1908, when even Harriman, who had started the preëlection rise, warned his friends that "the situation is dangerous" and that "a halt should be called." On the other hand, there were voices raised on Wall Street this past week (as there were, indeed, in November, 1908), to reply that a further rise was warranted. A strike of hard-coal miners was no doubt beginning, but it would not continue long, and meantime the threatened soft-coal strike had been averted. There was admittedly a deficit in our bank reserves; but the same banks had at least $150,000,000 loans outstanding on Continental Europe's markets, and could convert them into cash resources whenever necessary.

Two well-known and important financiers, towards the close of the present week, expressed as follows their personal views of the situation. One said that the recent stock market movement had been well-founded, and that the fundamentals in the financial and industrial position were sound, but that the rise of stocks, in its later stages, had been entirely overdone, and would have to be followed by a severe decline. The other took the ground that the March advance in prices was only preliminary, that a steadily improving condition of financial and industrial affairs was at hand, and that whether incidental reaction occurred now or not, the rise would be resumed and would continue well into the coming months.

As between these two opinions, observant readers will no doubt be able to make their own judicious choice. But most people, in Wall Street at any rate, would probably agree that the truth as regards the underlying situation stands somewhere between the two. This consensus of opinion—in which, it is now quite manifest, the majority of outside business men agree—is interesting because of its contrast with the opinions current not very long ago. It is less than five months since we were assured, from high financial quarters, that the blackest industrial storm in sixteen years was just ahead of us. Stocks could not rise in the face of the Trust prosecutions, business could not revive in the face of a Presidential election, and neither could look forward to anything but deepening depression until some change of heart swept over the whole community.

The course of events financial often seems to play pranks with the prophets, and it has certainly done so on this occasion. The change of heart was not forthcoming; but announcement of the Steel suit, which was to be the signal for chaos in the financial and business world, was promptly followed by a 15-point rise in stocks and a sudden revival in the steel trade. Next, into the already sufficiently confused political situation was injected Mr. Roosevelt's radical campaign, into the unsettled financial situation the gathering clouds in Germany, and into the troubled business situation the English coal strike, the declaration of war by the American miners, and the threats of the locomotive engineers; whereupon a four-weeks' rise in prices on the Stock Exchange ensues, with such predictions on top of it as those already quoted. Such a sequel justifies repetition of the question, what then is actually before us?

Some things, to begin with, are already evident which the Stock Exchange instinctively foresaw when they were visible neither to the gloomy financial prophets of November and December, nor to the general public. One is, that an attempt to tie up a nation's industry by a general strike will inevitably break down, through the reaction of its effects upon its authors. Sweden learned this in 1909; England has learned it as plainly, this past month, and American workmen will probably not care to invite a similar lesson of their own. Another discovery of the financial markets is that the American people are not in any such wild and extravagant political frame of mind as despondent observers had pictured.

Between the political extremists of crusted bigotry and of shallow empiricism there has always been, as Macaulay pointed out, "a great mass which has not steadfastly adhered to either, which has sometimes remained inertly neutral, and which has sometimes oscillated to and fro," and whenever that part of the electorate has leaned in either direction, its weight has been irresistible. We frequently have to re-learn the truth that, in our own country primarily, it is this body of cautious citizenship which makes majorities, which in doing so does not hesitate to administer stern rebuke to a one-time political favorite when he presumes on the public's favor, and which is quite as ready to repudiate the extravagant agitator as to turn its back on the moss-grown conservative. Usually the lesson is taught us in November of an election year; sometimes considerably earlier, and in either case we understand why the Stock Exchange habitually looks forward with calmness to a Presidential vote.

How far the markets of the present month represent merely reaction from such previous declines as may have been caused by the action of financiers whose views of these matters were mistaken, and how far they were the foretaste of what we are presently to see in the gen-

eral movement of prosperity, are open questions. Ordinarily, a really noteworthy rise on the Stock Exchange will be followed, after a longer or shorter interval, by signs of similar industrial improvement. But that in turn will be regulated, so far as regards its continuance, by other influences not yet measurable, and meantime the stock market, when it has performed its task of immediate prophecy, must wait until it can foresee these new influences.

We are close to the season of preliminary crop uncertainties. We have drawn very heavily on our available bank resources, even in advance of a normal demand from general business. We have yet to determine just what is the trouble with Europe's continental markets, and what they will do if requirements in America were to bring back our European loans. We have not yet settled clearly the problem of profits in relation to working costs, and the labor disputes now pending do not make the question any simpler.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Austin, Alfred. Love Poems. Lane. 50 cents net.
Bigandet, P. The Life or Legends of Gaudama, the Buddha of the Burmese. 2 vols. Dutton. $7 net.
Begbie, Harold. The Children's Story Bible. Edited by H. Thompson. Grolier Society.
Borrow, George. Letters. Edited by T. H. Darlow. Doran. $3 net.
Cady, Jay. The Stake. Phila.: Jacobs & Co. $1.25 net.
Camp, Walter. Auction Bridge Don'ts. Platt & Peck Co. 50 cents net.
Channon, E. M. The Real Mrs. Holyer. Doubleday, Page.
Chesterton, G. K. Manalive. Lane. $1.30 net.
Cubberley, E. P. The Improvement of Rural Schools. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 35 cents.
Cullum, Ridgwell. The One-Way Trail. Phila.: Jacobs & Co. $1.25 net.
Dorrington, Albert. The Radium Terrors. Doubleday, Page. $1.20.
Doughty, K. F. The Betts of Wortham in Suffolk, 1480-1905. Lane. $5 net.
Dowden, Edward. Shakespeare: A Critical Study of His Mind and Art. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Edwardes, Tickner. Neighborhood: A Year's Life in an English Village. Dutton. $2 net.
Fowler, J. S., and Marriott, W. Our Weather. Dutton. 35 cents net.
Frankland, F. W. Thoughts on Ultimate Problems. Fifth edition, revised. London: Nutt.
Garrett, A. E. The Advance of Photography. Dutton. $4 net.
Harper, M. W. The Training and Breaking of Horses. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Harris, Corra. The Recording Angel. Doubleday, Page. $1.25.
Home University Library. Nos. 30 to 38 incl. Holt. 50 cents each.
Hosford, H. E. Woodrow Wilson, and New Jersey Made Over. Putnam. $1.
Houston, T. W. Mey Wing: A Romance of Cathay. Topeka, Kan.: Crane & Co. $1.
Hwui Li. The Life of Hiuen-Tsiang. New edition. Introduced by S. Beal. Dutton. $3.50 net.
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1912.

The Week

The President's message sent to Congress last Thursday shows in detail how the statutory changes he recommends, in pursuance of the conclusions reached by the Efficiency Commission, would result in saving about $12,000,000 annually to the Government. Of these changes a number take the form of abolition of unnecessary offices, consolidation of needlessly separated services, improved methods of work, etc.; but by far the largest part of the gain would arise from the transfer of offices that are under the "political" appointment system to the classified service. In urging this transfer, to cover all "the local officers under the Departments of the Treasury, of the Post Office, of Justice, of the Interior, and of Commerce and Labor," Mr. Taft is but renewing a recommendation which he had repeatedly made before with great earnestness.

It is possible to explain, but it is impossible to explain away, the voting in the Illinois Presidential primary on Tuesday. The Roosevelt triumph was sweeping, exceeding even the predictions of his managers. It was expected that he would get a large vote, and probably win a majority of the delegates, but that he would have a plurality of 100,000 over Taft and procure all the Presidential delegates, as he appears to have done, entered into no political reckoning. That the b'ow to the President is severe, no friend of his will think of denying. His campaign managers have long admitted that they regarded Illinois as their "weakest spot," but they could not have imagined that the ground there would so completely fall from beneath their feet. That Mr. Taft should have been so badly beaten in a traditionally Republican State will be seized upon as conclusive proof that his hold upon the affections of his party is but slight. The cry that he cannot be elected will be redoubled. And the Roosevelt campaign, though it remains hopeless, will take on a still noisier tone as a result of the Illinois primary, his followers acquiring new hope, not that they can possibly nominate the Colonel himself, but that they may be able to force the choice of a compromise candidate.

Champ Clark's victory in Illinois ought to rouse every Democrat who believes in sane and effective leadership. As a Presidential candidate the Speaker would be one of the most absurd figures ever seen on the stump. Success would be impossible for his party. His alliance with Hearst, which he cordially acknowledged the next morning, would alone be sufficient to ruin his chances. Competent politicians inform us that, in their judgment, his campaign would collapse in eight weeks after the Convention. With Clark as its spokesman, the Democracy would again be the butt of the country, because of its propensity for inexcusable blundering.

This La Follette business is getting to be past all endurance. Left for dead on the field a few weeks ago, he not only captures State after State, but literally adds insult to injury. In declaring the reason for his refusal to withdraw, he takes occasion to characterize the candidacy of the Colonel in terms which must be more exasperating to him than anything that the hireling capitalist press can say. "I have always contended," says the Wisconsin man, "that progressive Republican principles represent moral issues admitting of no compromise. I have therefore steadfastly refused to compromise or combine with any compromise candidate." What, the Colonel a compromise candidate? Roosevelt not a moral issue? This is too bad.

Mr. Bryan is quite open-minded about all the Democratic candidates except Gov. Harmon. He is as certain that Ohio's Executive is a reactionary as if it had been revealed to him on Mount Sinai. His hat is in the ring on this issue, and he will fight to the bitter end to prevent Harmon's nomination—and then remain regular, doubtless, and work for the success of the ticket. Here again the resemblance between Roosevelt and Bryan is striking enough. But waiving that, the Nebraska statesman would apparently be quite satisfied with either Champ Clark the blundering and cheap politician, or Woodrow Wilson, the scholarly, high-minded Executive. He will fight for them in whatever district each "seems to be strongest." Thus we see anew that Providence and Bryan are on the side of the largest battalions. As for the initiative, referendum, and recall, Mr. Bryan is sure that the National Convention will not insist upon planks concerning them. They are State issues only. Finally, Mr. Bryan is certain that there is no prospect of a permanent third party. He knows Roosevelt too well to believe that he will cut loose definitely from the party to which he owes everything.

By a vote of 173 to 17, the House of Representatives has passed the Borah-Peters bill creating a children's bureau in the Department of Commerce and Labor. The bill had already been passed by the Senate, and its approval by the President may be taken for granted. The contrast between the extremely slight opposition to this bill designed to promote child welfare, and the determined resistance encountered a few years ago by the Beveridge proposal having the same general purpose, is instructive and gratifying. The Beveridge scheme was an attempt to stretch the powers of the Federal Government under the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution, so as virtually to destroy the jurisdiction of the States in a matter of strictly home concern. The present measure, on the other hand, while adding something to the activities of the central Government, does so merely in the direction of the ascertainment of facts and the dissemination of information. Without exercising any coercion or constraint, the children's bureau will be sure to exert a potent influence upon State action through the force of enlightenment and through moral pressure.

Last week the Senate passed without a division the bill to prevent the manufacture and use of phosphorus-matches, so deadly to workers engaged in that industry. It is expected that the workmen's compensation bill will also soon be made a law by Congress. At Albany the Constitutional amendment was pass-

ed making legal an employers' liability act, such as the Court of Appeals recently held invalid, together with several of the bills to safeguard the health and lives of employees in factories. The list of measures of this kind might be lengthened. It is well coolly to consider the proof they yield that our Legislatures and our Congress are not wickedly callous to the wrongs and hardships of the men and women who labor, and are not corruptly held back from granting relief. These things also show that it is not necessary to turn our institutions upside down and inside out in order to obtain "social justice"—provided social justice be defined as a definite remedy for a specific evil, and not merely a vague protest of indefinite discontent.

The debate over Senator Heyburn's proposal to reduce the price for the *Congressional Record* to two dollars for the long session and one dollar for the short session is as good a reply as one could wish to his contention that the *Record* is "the only safeguard to the people." It may speak the truth, and nothing but the truth, but what repels readers is the interminable way in which it utters it. The omission from the newspapers of the great mass of what is spoken in Congress is not the result of a conspiracy against Senate and House. It is only by leaving out nine-tenths of it that newspapers can induce their subscribers to pay attention to the other tenth.

Resolved, That the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York favors a change in the navigation laws of the United States that will permit its citizens to purchase tonnage in the cheapest market, own it in their own names, sail it under the flag of the United States, and operate it on a competitive basis of cost with the tonnage of other nations.

The adoption of this resolution by the Chamber of Commerce last Thursday is not only interesting in itself, but has additional importance from the character of some of the statements made in the discussion preceding that action. One member declared that he had given up all hope of anything being done for American shipping through discriminating duties or subsidies because of the great opposition in Congress, and that he was in favor of free ships as the only thing that the country could hope to get. The author of the resolution, Mr. Welding, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Commerce, put the case for free ships very strongly in his closing argument. He pointed out that England's subsidies, of which we hear so much, apply to only about 9 per cent. of her enormous tonnage, a large part even of this being given for the right to take over the ships in case of war; and that the Hamburg-American Line, the largest shipping company in the world, has always refused to accept any subsidies whatever. He expressed the confident expectation that when American shipowning ceased to be penalized by our protectionist navigation laws, our merchant marine would speedily revive.

Two hundred cities have now adopted the commission form of government, of which nearly one-half began the experiment last year. Despite their distribution over thirty-four of the forty-eight States, more than one-fourth of them are in the two States of Texas and Kansas, and more than half of them in these States and Oklahoma, Illinois, California, and North Dakota. The *Engineering News*, which prints a comprehensive table of these cities, points out one or two weaknesses in the commission plan. All that is accomplished by the division of municipal activities into a few departments and the placing of a single commissioner in charge of each, is to fix responsibility. "A man cannot be made into an expert by giving him a title, not even when it is bestowed by popular vote." Accordingly, a city of this sort gets its expert service through sub-department chiefs only, a method that does not tend to procure a high type of administrator. The case is made worse by the common failure of commission charters to provide a civil service system. Neither of these objections will have much weight with advocates of this form of government, since neither of them is directed against any inherent weakness. Commission-governed cities can get expert service just as any other cities can, nor is it necessary for these experts to be titular heads of departments. The real danger is rather in the acceptance of the new plan as a simple and final cure for all municipal ills.

The disclosures of political and corporation rottenness of which Abraham Ruef has given a foretaste in the San Francisco *Evening Bulletin* may be expected to prove among the most extraordinary revelations of public corruption that have ever seen the light. Upon the recommendation that is reported to have been made by District Attorney Fickert, that the indictments still hanging over Ruef be dismissed, there would seem to be little room for difference of opinion. We have had no sympathy with any sentimental move for the pardon or release of Ruef on the ground that he is repentant. But it is an entirely different matter to free him from the threat of additional punishment upon charges remaining untried, in consideration of his making a detailed confession which would be of incalculable value to the State. If some of the corporation heads that were quite as responsible for these iniquities should receive their dues in the shape of long terms in the penitentiary, not only the State of California, but the whole country, would receive signal benefit.

The conviction of the Prohibition candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania in 1906 on a charge of conspiring to defraud, turns one's notions of human nature topsy-turvy. It is true that the crime had no connection with politics. But where shall virtue be found if not in a Prohibition candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania? The most ardent delegate who voted for him in the Convention could have had no hope of his winning the election. The only reasons for nominating him must have been his devotion to the principles of the party, and his high personal character. Third parties always plume themselves almost as much upon the good repute of their nominees as upon their fine political ideas. And now one of their mightiest has fallen. The incident, however, may prove an advantage to the party. Nothing could so completely shatter the common accusation that Prohibitionists are not practical men. If the party has one man within its ranks able to cheat his fellow men, it is most unreasonable to suppose that it does not have scores who could serve them in public office.

The director of the New York Aquarium is a man of courage. He has published in a recent number of *Science* a protest against "the misuse of lantern illustrations by museum lecturers." He finds that the present tendency in popu-

lar lectures on scientific subjects is not to illustrate the lecture, but to lecture about the illustrations. The lantern-slide, with its younger and still more popular sister, the moving-picture film, is in danger of driving the good lecturer from the platform. It certainly has made the bad lecturer possible. Since the hour's exercise in scientific exposition reduces itself to a parade of prettily colored pictures with more or less perfunctory comment, it does not matter from the point of view of the audience just how indifferent may be the verbal comment, how ill-prepared the speaker, how slipshod the processes of his thought and his grammar. Even Demosthenes, with a pointer in hand, could hardly hope to hold his own against a colored film. As between the shallow amateur with good pictures and the expert with inferior pictures there is little doubt as to who will get closer to the great, popular heart.

All meat-eaters must be rejoiced, and vegetarians correspondingly depressed, by the announcement of the results of the great rat contest at Leland Stanford, Jr., University. What possible explanation can be offered by devotees of a vegetable diet for the immense discrepancy between the more than five thousand miles covered by the meat-eating female rat and the less than five hundred miles travelled by her vegetable-eating sister, or between the fourteen hundred miles credited to the meat-eating male and the two hundred made by the vegetarian? Was there fraud in this primary? Until somebody catches four more rats, or, better, takes the four that have just performed this service to science and humanity, and by means of them reverses these proportions, everybody who cares for the truth and likes meat will eat it with the peculiar satisfaction that goes with doing an agreeable duty. Those who get along better without meat will make what shame-faced excuse for not eating it they can persuade their consciences to accept.

The filing of the late Lord Lister's will for probate brings out the fact that he left several generous bequests for hospitals and universities, each one accompanied by the direction: "I don't wish that my name should be in any way associated with these sums in the future." That is to say, there will be no Lister fund or Lister scholarships, specifically so called. This is undoubtedly a sincere expression of the modesty which was characteristic of the eminent surgeon. Yet in this age of *réclame*, a man whose shrinking from it was less securely established might be accused of taking the very surest way to cause his name to be remembered. No name attached to the gift might make the more people ask who the giver was. There is admittedly such a thing as an overdoing of humility which is equivalent to the most extreme ostentation. In the cathedral at Toledo, for example, in the place where the archbishops lie buried, one comes upon a stone bearing only this inscription: "Hic jacet pulvis et cinis et nihil." What form of self-effacement could seem more complete, yet what could more infallibly set generations of visitors inquiring who this particular archbishop could have been?

The revived flurry in Congress over the alleged designs of Japan upon Magdalena Bay, illustrates one of the greatest difficulties the modern world has in keeping the peace among nations. This particular uneasiness seems to be in a way to be promptly allayed. Indeed, it is plainly intimated that the chief motive of the Administration in consenting to a resolution in the Senate calling for official information, was to furnish a complete refutation of the rumors. But this special instance is an example of the kind of thing that insidiously disturbs international relations. It is not open insults, unconcealed menaces, or a direct clashing of rival interests, but, rather, a subtle form of suspicion. Now, this usually arises from ignorance. We do not know other nations well enough, they do not understand us well enough, to prevent the currency of vague notions respecting hostile intentions, which we could all see, if we had the eye to look the matter through and through, to be wholly unfounded.

There is no duty more obvious for statesmen at the present day than that of seeking to preserve peace by means of understanding what other nations really are and what their governments intend to do. This was the theme of Viscount Haldane, British Secretary for War, in his address last year before the University of Oxford—an address so able, sane, and civilized that the American Association for International Conciliation has done well to reprint and circulate it. Viscount Haldane applied himself to the problem of the relations of Germany and Great Britain from the side of a student in national characteristics. He held that the great peace-maker would be he who should truthfully interpret one nation to the other. England is much misunderstood in Germany, but Germany, frankly argued Haldane, is even more misunderstood in England. He himself, having a thorough knowledge of the German language, being deeply read in German literature, and fully in touch with the whole modern movement in Germany, was precisely the kind of man to warn his countrymen of the folly of creating an unreal Germany out of their own imagination wherewith to affright themselves and goad themselves into passion. Viscount Haldane, we may add, was also precisely the kind of man to send on a conciliatory embassy to Berlin. In him the German Government knew that it had an Englishman who understood Germany, and could treat with him on that basis.

Germany's increased military expenditures, as proposed by the Government, have led to the resignation of Herr Wermuth, Secretary of the Treasury. He does not disapprove of the new outlay on the army and navy, but simply insists that the added charges on the Treasury must be met by fresh taxes. The principle for which he stands is: No outgo without income. Pay as you go is the motto of this finance minister; and as the Government would not consent to his plans for levying taxes to foot the bills for increased armaments, he threw up his portfolio on that issue. As a result, it is expected that German public finance will go back for a time to the plan which it followed for some years, of borrowing money to balance the budget and so carrying along annual deficits. Herr Wermuth's position is undoubtedly correct, his policy being the only sound one in the long run, but it must be said that it sounds very English, and rather old-fashioned at that. The new and approved method, as witness our own chronic Treasury deficits for the past three years, is to pay out whatever is demanded and to trust to luck to get the money to do it with.

IS THE CONVENTION SYSTEM DOOMED?

Two opposing views of the existing method of nominating Presidents by National Conventions have recently been put before the country. Speaking in Illinois last week, Gov. Wilson predicted that by four years from now every State would have a Presidential primary. He had in mind the model which was given by Wisconsin, and which New Jersey was the first of the Eastern States to adopt. That the movement in this direction is pronounced, no one will dispute. It led to the hurried enactment of a Presidential primary in Illinois. Doubtless the effect there and events elsewhere will tend to heighten the demand for a direct expression of Presidential preferences; so that Gov. Wilson's prophecy may not prove to be so very wide of the mark.

On the other hand, we have a fervid defence of the Convention system from the great Constitutional authority and luminary of politics in Albany, William Barnes, jr. He objects to removing ancient landmarks. Deeply versed in political history, and suspected of knowing something about political manipulation, he points back to the long and glorious history of the National Convention, and asks plaintively why we should be called upon to abandon a form of nominating machinery which has given us Lincoln and Cleveland and McKinley? The great purpose of it is to still warring candidacies in such a way as to sacrifice no principle. In the Convention the party first defines its beliefs and makes its pledges, and then decides what leader is best fitted to embody those doctrines and carry out those promises. Devised, says Mr. Barnes, by the common sense of the people, the National Convention has been successful for eighty years, and is "just as useful and workable to-day as when it came into existence."

For such a master of history and of logic as Mr. Barnes, this position seems to have been taken a trifle unguardedly. The original devising of the National Convention was due to the desire to base party action more broadly upon the popular will. The Congressional Caucus, which the Convention superseded, had fallen, or was believed to have fallen, into the hands of small cliques. True, they were able to point back as confidently as Barnes does now to the successful working of their plan for nearly fifty years. Could a system be so bad that had given the country Washington and Jefferson? But to raise that question was, as everybody knows, of no avail against the tide of democracy which swept in with Jackson. Good or bad, the old method was dropped because it was not sufficiently representative. And as even Mr. Barnes must be able to see, the present movement is one to make the nominating system still more representative. It has already had its effect. The rules of the National Convention, at least in the Republican party, have steadily been liberalized. For example, the unit rule has been abolished. It is no longer possible for the chairman of a State delegation to rise and cast its vote entire for a given candidate, despite the fact that a minority, large or small, prefers some other man. By allowing each Congressional district to elect its own delegates to a National Convention, and to instruct them how to vote, a step was taken to check the tyranny of the machine and to prevent a State boss from wielding undue power in the Convention.

Now, it is plainly conceivable that this process might be extended without actually destroying the Convention. Even the delegates selected by a direct Presidential primary are delegates to the National Convention. All the process of conferring prayerfully on party policy, which Barnes so movingly describes, can be gone through by them as well as by men named in the old way. The difference would be that, when it came to the nomination of a candidate, the delegates elected by a direct primary would be able to say that there was a real demand for the man of their choice, because he had received such and such a number of votes when his name had gone directly before the people in a primary. Indeed, the Presidential primary does not necessarily imply the abolition of the National Convention. That might virtually come about in the end, as the delegates might be so bound in advance by popular instructions that they would be merely clerks to record a vote, the result of which was already known. Even in such a case, however, it is probable that the National Convention would persist for a long time, just as the State Convention persists in those commonwealths that have adopted the direct primary. At present, at all events, it is not a question of a sharp alternative—either the National Convention or a Presidential primary. The two can be made to function together, and, in fact, that is distinctly contemplated by all who, up till now, have gone in for the new movement.

Barnes may be quite right in protesting against expecting a political millennium at once to follow the Presidential primary. That is only a piece of political machinery, and the general rule is that political machinery of any kind can be more skilfully worked by professional political machinists than by volunteers. At the same time, the people may demand the direct primary, for the nomination of Presidents and other public officers, as a ready weapon for use at times when they desire mightily and speedily to use it. It is, in fact, the Presidential primary considered in that light which is now urged for adoption, and which bids fair to verify Gov. Wilson's prediction.

TWO TYPES OF LAWMAKER.

In the debate on the White Phosphorus bill, in the Senate last week, there came into curious contrast two Senators who represent diametrically opposite types of mind. Senator Bailey's argument was that of the firm and keen logician, not to be swerved from the clean-cut line of his thesis by any irrelevant considerations; and he was immediately followed by Senator Heyburn, whose talk was equally characteristic of the inconclusive, loose-jointed, ramshackle type of Congressional disputant. He was disporting himself very comfortably, when Senator Gallinger suddenly brought him up with a sharp turn. Mr. Heyburn had been saying that the result sought by the bill could be reached in some other and Constitutional way, and Mr. Gallinger simply asked him to be "a little more specific" and reveal "just how that can be done." Whereupon the Idaho Senator, though pleading that "it is not always an easy thing to draw a bill while on your feet addressing the Senate," went on to state that he would nevertheless "give some ideas." He made a mess of the "ideas," and finally confessed that he had not been as successful as he had hoped in outlining to the Senate any tenable method of accomplishing the purpose.

Of the other kind of thing—the close intellectual grasp which makes issues definite and insists on subjecting controversies to exact tests of reason or of fact—there is little enough in the political field nowadays, and it is a pity that in Mr. Bailey's career it should have been obscured by certain other characteristics. For, right or wrong, such an argument as he made on the Phosphorus bill is a tonic influence in parliamentary debate. It was not squarely met by his opponents, and perhaps was hardly capable of being effectively repulsed by a frontal attack. Probably the nearest approach to a successful rejoinder would have been in the direction of the legal maxim *de minimis*. This maxim may be dangerous to apply to questions of Constitutional interpretation; yet there are limits beyond which, in all human affairs, we take refuge in the view that extreme cases may be treated as matters of exception—that every doctrine must sometimes bend lest it break. As a matter of abstract legal principle, Senator Bailey was quite right in the assertion that the power of taxation invoked by the bill to destroy a particular form of manufacture might be equally used for the destruction of any industry, in any State, which a Congressional majority might desire to extirpate; the only thing that can be said in reply is that the precedent will not in practice be so understood. It will be said—and justly said—that here was a case not of crushing an industry but of cutting short a grossly inhuman practice, the abandonment of which entails no sacrifice worth mentioning upon anybody. The violence that was perhaps done to the Constitution in this minimal affair may be overlooked; and, on the other hand, the harm that would have been done to it by placing it in the light of a barrier to an act so necessary, and in itself so harmless, might be most serious. We are pretty good friends of the Constitution ourselves; but we have a feeling that if the Senate erred in passing the Phosphorus bill, its sin, like Uncle Toby's oath, will be blotted out by the Recording Angel.

It is not only in Congress, of course, that these extremes are to be met with; and between them every possible gradation has its exemplars. Each of us, no doubt, flatters himself that he strikes the golden mean—the just balance between academic rigor and the irresponsible looseness of "the man in the street." In reality, the striking of this happy mean is the great problem of practical judgment in the affairs of any time, and especially of our time. It will not do, for example, to reject every proposal in which may be discovered some tendency towards collectivism, upon the ground that we must fight Socialism; but on the other hand, it would be still greater folly to look at every specific economic proposal simply upon its immediate merits, and without reference to the overshadowing question of Socialism, if that be logically involved. In the present temper of a large section of the public, there is far more danger that questions of vital principle may be overlooked in the pursuit of immediate benefits than the reverse. But just where to draw the line is a question of wisdom; and for the exercise of wisdom it is impossible to lay down any mechanical formula.

There is, however, one kind of manifestation of the loose-jointed mental type which it is easy enough to characterize. When agitators go up and down the land declaring that they propose to make everybody happy, and offering no substantial indication of the means by which they expect to accomplish that result, they are engaged in one of the most mischievous possible forms of human activity. They stir up vague discontent and indefinite expectations; they lead the people to believe themselves the victims of wanton and remediable wrong, without pointing out any method of removing the wrong. If one of these orators, instead of addressing a miscellaneous crowd on the hustings, were to speak where he could be brought to book as Heyburn was brought to book by Gallinger, he would fare far worse in his grand pretensions as a regenerator of society than did the Idaho Senator in regard to the little matter upon which he had somewhat thoughtlessly committed himself. "I should like the Senator," said Mr. Gallinger, "to be a little more specific in revealing to us just how that can be done." If this demand could be peremptorily made upon some of our eloquent saviors of society, what a comical lowering of the note would instantly result!

THE MILWAUKEE ELECTION.

The defeat of the Socialist municipal ticket in Milwaukee comes as a surprise to no one. The Socialists themselves profess to have been prepared for the event. Even when taken in conjunction with the setback the party has received in Montana and elsewhere, the Socialist reverse in Milwaukee is merely accepted as one of those fluctuations of fortune to which every political party must resign itself, and especially a new party whose advent into office is bound to raise expectations which in the nature of things are bound to be disappointed. The Socialist *Call* cites Congressman Berger as saying after the victory of two years ago that the Socialists did not claim to control a majority of all the voters in Milwaukee, and that a combination of all other parties against them was inevitable. This combination has now taken place, and in this fact the *Call* finds great satisfaction. Having succeeded in wiping out all other party lines than those between Socialists and Anti-Socialists, there only remains the simple task of wiping out the old parties themselves.

It is doubtful, however, whether the Socialists in Milwaukee have really much reason to congratulate themselves on bringing about a coalition of the "bourgeois" parties. As a testimonial to their own growing strength and the wholesome fear in which they are held by their opponents, the result is gratifying enough. But these same opponents —and among them we may classify all sincere friends of decent government who do not accept Socialism as the only cure for the ills of municipal government—are also entitled to regard the situation with equanimity. In forcing an alignment of citizens on a non-partisan basis, the Socialists have shown a way to remedy municipal misgovernment which does not at all lie along the road towards Socialism. The alliance of Democrats and Republicans in Milwaukee was not a temporary expedient. It is a state of affairs which is to be perpetuated in Wisconsin by means of legislation that will prohibit the use of national party designations in municipal elections. It is possible that all party names will be suppressed and that voters henceforth will vote for candidates on their personal record entirely and on the basis of such local issues as

the candidates may identify themselves with.

But that precisely is what the best elements in our citizenship, the country over, have been working for. It has long been recognized that at the bottom of municipal misrule is the susceptibility of the average voter to the influence of party shibboleths. The power of the boss rests to a considerable degree on machine organization and the spoils system. But not even in Tammany Hall does the bulk of the party consist of grafting office holders or of hungry public contractors. The great mass of Democratic votes in New York city, like the great bulk of Republican votes in Philadelphia, is swayed by considerations of party regularity. This sentiment is only too often reinforced by the specious argument that party unity in the city is necessary to the triumph of party principles in the State and the nation. And, unfortunately, Presidential and gubernatorial elections occur with sufficient frequency to breathe new life into many a decrepit local party organization. Anything that the Socialists can do to break up this mistaken tradition of party loyalty is tantamount to reducing their own party ammunition. Socialism's victories in the municipalities have been largely conditioned by the general disgust with misgovernment based on the old party system.

To the extent, therefore, that the fear of Socialist control becomes an impelling force towards the reorganization of municipal politics along rational lines and a consequent improvement in our standards of municipal government, the situation is far from alarming. Good citizens will rejoice in the immediate gain without falling into undue trepidation over the rising spectre of Socialism. For that matter, if it were a choice between remaining content with municipal misrule and inefficiency and accepting honest and efficient government in the cities at the risk of encouraging the Socialist ideal, we venture to say few good citizens would hesitate. But the choice is by no means that. What the results will be fifty years from now we are not in the position to foretell, nor is it incumbent on one to worry overmuch about the subject. That the immediate results will be to deprive Socialism, which is preëminently a party of protest, of much material that nowadays lies so plentifully to hand in our highways and byways, is apparent. It is not work that can be done in a day, but it is work which must be begun without delay. The Socialist movement is young and aggressive. It can stand temporary defeat. Though beaten in Milwaukee, the fact remains that the Socialists polled above 40 per cent. of the total vote. Failure on the part of the newly elected non-partisan government to redeem its pledges may easily turn that 40 per cent. into an absolute majority.

On the other hand, a creditable record of achievement by the new régime in Milwaukee may do something more than merely check the Socialist advance. Complete non-partisanship is bound to react on the Socialist party in local affairs. When the city electorate has been fully educated to the view of deciding local elections on local issues, the test will necessarily be applied to Socialists as well as non-Socialists. The latter will be estopped from appealing to the dread of economic revolution. The Socialist party will come before the voters of the city with a programme adapted to that city. Under such conditions it is highly probable that the Red Flag will count less than such unrevolutionary issues as the schools, the markets, baths, traction, housing, parks, and playgrounds.

AN APOSTLE OF GREEK.

Mr. Gilbert Murray, who comes from Oxford to teach Greek for a while at Amherst and to lecture in various other places, must feel somewhat like a bishop *in partibus*. Oxford may be the home of lost causes, Greek among them, but it has a wonderful way of making lost things comfortable; whereas in this country Professor Murray will find any number of people ready to talk about reviving Greek, but in practice he will see diminishing classes and despairing teachers. He will find great States where only one or two, if any, high schools teach the language at all; and even at Amherst, whose class of '85 has made so bold a stand for the classics, he will scarcely find the faculty flinging quotations from Aristophanes at one another across the table.

Mr. Murray is hopeful. He reports in England a great awakening, and expects to see the same thing here. At the Court Theatre of London his own translations of Euripides have been more popular than the plays of G. B. Shaw, the most modern of moderns. Still more extraordinary is his report of the interest of the English workingman in Greek. This, according to Mr. Murray's view, is due to the seriousness of the Socialistic movement. Plato is sitting on the same platform with Karl Marx; laborers are studying Greek at Oxford and Cambridge in the long vacation, and are demanding instruction in that tongue for their children in the board schools.

These are pretty pictures, which we should like to believe true. In part we do. There is a craving in the human heart for tragedy, which even the best modern drama leaves unsatisfied. The old idea of Nemesis, of a jealous goddess in nature looking out at the doings of men, and ironically punishing them for extravagances into which she has herself allured them—that fear of the divine jealousy which strikes down insolent prosperity—still haunts us as a vague superstition or a glimpse of some inexplicable truth. Goethe gave the finest modern expression to the feeling in his famous stanzas to the *himmlische Mächte*, ending with the sombre paradox:

> Forth into life you bid us go,
> And into guilt you let us fall,
> Then leave us to endure the woe
> It brings unfailingly to all.

That, we take it, is the very substance of tragedy. Shakespeare knew it when he drew the picture of Macbeth lured by the weird sisters into crime and paying the penalty with his own blood. But it has almost disappeared from recent literature, and we can well believe that many a play-goer will turn with relief from the artificial problems that now vex the stage to a drama that deals with this fundamental question of human destiny. This may partly explain the extraordinary success of Sophocles and Euripides in Berlin and London.

But that other story of the British workman giving laborious nights to the study of the Greek language, and of the British Socialist calling Plato his master, seems a bit fantastic. We can imagine the shock of the workingman when his instructor strikes into one of those passages in which Plato dwells on the benumbing and degrading effect of manual labor on the soul, or in which he portrays the awful results to the state of the tinker in politics. We can imagine the cheerful submissiveness

of a Socialistic gathering to which some honest and tactful lecturer should expound Plato's ideal Republic, with its division of the people into three hard castes—those who do all the work, those who do the fighting and get the highest rewards, and the philosophers whose only business it is to talk logic and manage the government. Such a gathering of Socialists would be even more deeply edified when they heard that this caste system was to be maintained by deliberately keeping the lower estate in a condition of ignorance or illusion, in very much the same manner as was proposed by the British Hobbes, that father of all Tories. They would listen with keen relish to Plato's elaborate comparison of "the people" to a wild beast, or to his likening of democratic government to a ship at sea without a pilot.

As a matter of fact there has been a deal of loose talk about the democratic spirit of classical literature. Liberty, to be sure, has been nobly extolled by the orators of Athens and Rome, and the history of those cities is full of examples of devotion to its cause. It is easy to understand how the patriots of Italy in the time of the *Risorgimento* could nourish their hatred of tyranny by reciting the deed of Harmodius and Aristogiton, or face Austrian bullets with the words of some Roman hero on their lips. But liberty is the least thing desired by the democratic spirit of to-day. What it craves is equality, and of equality there is precious little praise in the philosophers and poets of Greece. The truth of Hellenic civilization has been finely expressed by Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson, who is at once a Socialist and a regretful lover of the far past:

> Harmony between the individual and his environment was perhaps more nearly achieved by and for the aristocracy of ancient Greece than by any society of any other age. But such a harmony, even at the best, is fleeting and precarious; and no perfection of life delivers from death.
>
> And, in the second place, to secure even this imperfect realization, it was necessary to restrict the universal application of the ideal. Excellence, in Greece, was made the end for some, not for all. But this limitation was felt, in the development of consciousness, to be self-contradictory; and the next great system of ethics that succeeded to that of Aristotle, postulated an end of action that should be at once independent of the aids of fortune and open alike to all classes of mankind. The ethics of a privileged class were thus expanded into the ethics of humanity; but this expansion was fatal to its essence, which had depended on the very limitations by which it was destroyed.

It is easy to see how a democratic lover of classic literature may for his own delight overlook these aspects of Greek life, but any propaganda based on such forgetfulness is sure to founder. Greek tragedy may be revived because it appeals to one of the deepest emotions of the human heart, but the Socialistic democracy of to-day is not going back to Plato for its ideas and inspiration. The value of Greek literature depends rather on its corrective contrast with many of our modern views.

PRESSING FORWARD INTO SPACE.

Reader, if chance or native courage brings you into the presence of a young artist who has painted a picture of a fragmentary, dark-blue baby on the bridge of a pink battleship, or a composer who has written a symphony dealing with the high cost of living, be warned and refrain from asking the young painter or the young musician what is the purpose of his art. You will thereby expose yourself as a fossil and bring down on you the contempt of all the young ladies there present with a copy of Henri Bergson in their hands. For the young maestro will turn languidly upon you and explain in elementary terms adapted to your intellectual level that, as a modern artist, he has no purpose and no end in view, but that he is simply a point pressing forward into space. The phrase, we believe, comes from Bergson, but it is to-day widely current wherever youth congregates, in the Latin Quarter, in the meeting halls of the I. W. W., and in the Chicago art galleries. Life, you must learn, is the policeman of the universe, whose function it is to make men keep on moving. Whither one is moving is an entirely unimportant consideration, so long as you do it very fast. The necessity of speed is dictated by something more than the life-urge. There is competition. Other points are pressing forward into space directly behind you. After the Impressionist comes the Post-Impressionist; after the Post-Impressionist comes the Cubist; after the Cubist comes the Futurist who paints anything that comes into his mind; after the Futurist comes the Intentionist whose blank canvases reproduce the things that have not yet come into his mind. It is all very stirring.

The immemorial battle between crabbed old age and youth rages to-day more fiercely than ever; and the advantage as always is on the side of the young man. For the older generation has nothing but the Past and the Present to base itself on, whereas youth can always rally to its support the inexhaustible resources of the Future. "I paint things," says the young man, "as the world will see them fifty years from now." "I reproduce sounds," says the young man, "as the world will hear them fifty years from now." "I expound morals," says the young man, "as the world will live them fifty years from now." What can the middle-aged plaintiff say in rejoinder? He is cited before a court where he must lose his case by default because circumstances beyond his control will compel his non-appearance. To be dead is always a disadvantage. It invests one with a purely academic interest which no jury of practical men will allow to stand in the way of living, breathing interests. And the situation is even harder than that. Suppose that the plaintiff makes up his mind to be alive fifty years hence, like a rich uncle spiting his heirs; what will it avail him? Fifty years hence, if youth still finds its case too weak, it will ask for another adjournment of fifty years. The supply of space into which the points are always pressing is large, and the Future can always enjoin, stay, mandamus, and certiorari the Present into the grave.

Far be it from us to defend the Present against the Future. Like all lawyers, we detest a losing cause. There is one plea, however, that must be made in behalf of the defendant. In the indictment framed by the Future against the Present there is an apparent flaw. In that document the Present is always described as an unreal thing, as mummified Tradition, as Convention with the soul gone out of it, as the slave of meaningless formulæ. By implication the Future is the opposite of all those things. But what are the facts? It is the Future that bristles with formulæ and manifestoes and platforms and philosophies. It is Youth that has gone mad with theory. The Present paints its pictures and writes its music by rule of thumb; it does it in that way because that is the way nearly everybody does it. But the Future writes its music on the basis of the pragmatic philosophy and paints its pictures in accordance with the principles of the New Psychol-

ogy of the Abnormal as formulated by Professor Märzhasen of Gotha. Your old-fashioned, academic painter, when asked why he paints tall, slim, smiling women in directoire gowns and furs, says: "I saw a woman like that on the car the other day." And if you ask him why his painted babies have blue eyes and pink toes, he says, "I have one just like that at home." But when the Futurist paints a baby it is a metaphysical baby, born in the Bergsonian philosophy and bred in revolt. And he represents the baby as visualized by an anxious mother with a headache, her arms full of bundles, clinging to a strap between two fat men in the Subway at 5:30. Which is reality and life and which is convention and theory, may be left for any unprejudiced jury to decide.

But, after all, what use is there in carrying this apology for the Present any further? Where will these lines be fifty years from now? It is for the Present to cling to its limited horizon, to suffer and endure. The vast realms of space are for the Future. To paint sounds, to dance colors, to reproduce odors on the graphophone, to set the binomial theorem to music—that is not for timid souls and palsied hands. O Youth! O Valiance! O Bourgeoning Life! O crimson vest of Théophile Gautier! O Make Believe!

POPULAR LITERARY JUDGMENTS.

It is natural that so good a poet as Mr. William Watson should feel aggrieved at the scant appreciation of contemporary verse. "Your novelist, as a rule," he says in a paper on "The Muse in Exile" in the current *Century*, "gets his due rewards in this life, your poet, as a rule, does not." He might have added that some novelists get more than their due. In Mr. Watson's estimation, England has had, during the last quarter of a century, "some very real poets," whose names "would add lustre to any age or nation." He is no doubt right in believing that the novel has badly upset the balance of literary power and that our obsession by it is due to its comparative newness, the type, in anything like its present form, being not yet two centuries old. Thus the poet, looking back upon traditions which start with the day-spring of the world, prefers with some dignity the charge of *nouveau riche*. But what interests us more in his paper is his arraignment of present-day criticism of poetry. Briefly, it is this: Critics are of five sorts. The first has "a bee in his bonnet" and will not release it. By such a critic all verse is subjected to the test of some blatant idiosyncrasy. The second "sets an inordinate value" on factitious simplicity. The third is forever comparing one poet with another. There is, fourthly, the impressionistic critic who is impatient of solid workmanship, and croons over every neurotic "find." And finally, many critics think poetry is nothing if it is not progressive. "Is it surprising," asks Mr. Watson, "that the great, serious, clear-headed, and single-minded public, who can enjoy Shakespeare and the Bible, imagine that contemporary poetry has nothing to give them which can in any way illustrate or clarify life—nothing which in any way says to them an intimate and helpful word?"

Whether or not we accept these five unlovely categories, it is a commonplace that criticism to-day lacks proper standards. We had supposed, however, that contemporary verse was fostered rather than hindered by the confusion. For certainly verse receives far more praise, however unintelligent, than censure, and those who notice it in print are seldom technical scholars given, in the way that Mr. Watson supposes, to comparing every new lyric with Sappho or Herrick. Both in England and this country the tendency has been strong to accept a thing as it is or to exalt it much above its real worth. Precisely what Mr. Watson would have a critic be he does not say, though there is a pragmatical flavor to his remarks. In effect his reasoning is as follows: In the great stream of life to which the pragmatist willingly commits himself, are a large number of poets, perhaps more than ever before, in any one age, and this in itself proves that in the natural course of events poetry has grown to be a mighty element. Nor would the public fail to realize this if it were not for the critic's backward tugging. What is the use of always gazing idealistically and romantically upon the giants of the past, and why not admit that there are plenty of good poets all about us? Instantly upon that admission the readers of verse would vastly increase, and literature would be properly balanced again.

In a way which suggests that he was somewhat infected by our politics during his recent visit, Mr. Watson then turns in despair from the critics to the public. "This nameless judiciary, sitting in permanent session, undistracted by the babble of coteries, is our nearest approach to that ultimate court of literary appeal which we call posterity." It would be interesting to examine the instances where, in the eyes of posterity, the leading critics of an age have been wrong and the majority of the people right. Probably they are not so numerous as is often supposed. Besides, Mr. Watson is not consistent. Else why should he try to discredit contemporary fiction, which is so much read even by those "who can enjoy Shakespeare and the Bible"? Novels, too, have to combat the critical blight. The only possible advantage which we can see in such an appeal to the people is the chance of its quickening their sense of responsibility towards literature. If they could be led to thresh out the merits of a novel or poem with the earnestness which they often bring to political problems, every one would rejoice—even the critic. But as things stand, popular judgment of literature is haphazard and unmeaning, and therefore no proper court of final appeal. Even granting it were, how could it be registered? The mere buying of a book signifies little; caring enough to steal it might mean more!

Leaders to crystallize public opinion there must always be, and if not professional critics, who then? In this respect literature is worse off than the other arts, which retain a remnant of the older patronage. A painter or a sculptor receives special commissions, and his work, if liked, gets an influential recommendation from the fact that the patron has a personal interest in it. But books, by their accessibility to all classes, prevent the truly critical readers from fathering them. With the fact staring them in the face that 600,000 copies of a novel have been sold, or that the second edition of a book is necessary before the first edition has appeared, approval or condemnation from a select few is forestalled. And it must be added that even with these such a formidable sale has considerable weight; the book has made a far-reaching impression, they say; there must be something in it. Perhaps the people will some day take literature more seriously and will see that in self-defence their taste

must be instructed, if they are to have any literary sense left. If that day ever comes, they may be glad to defer somewhat to minds representative of their best. In that case, "the great, serious, clear-headed, and simple-minded public," in whom Mr. Watson trusts, will have the opportunity and the duty to assert themselves. Whether those who pass as critics to-day will be among their number remains to be seen.

THROUGH THE OUTLOOKING GLASS

The Comic Editor suggested that they should go uptown by the subway. It was the rush hour, so there was plenty of room for everybody, and naturally there was no blockade. The Red Knight lay back in his seat and looked thoughtfully at Alice.

"Now that I have got Oklahoma and there is no doubt about the way the rest of the country is going, I feel the need of a little recreation," he said.

"Wreckreation, you know," said the Comic Editor, and nudged Alice in the side as he spelled out the joke for her. But neither of the others paid any attention to him.

"Do you like puzzle pictures?" said the Red Knight.

"I just love them," said Alice.

The Red Knight took out a large document printed on heavy parchment. At the top was an eagle with outstretched wings, and Alice could read the first line. "We, the people of the United States, in order ——" Borrowing Alice's scissors he snipped the paper up in little bands and squares. These he first threw up into the air. Then he ran them through his fingers. Then he crumpled them up, threw them on the floor, and jumped upon them.

"Change and exercise are good for the Constitution, you know," said the Comic Editor.

Alice looked calmly at the Comic Editor and set to work at arranging the fragments. But the task was quite beyond her. "I'm afraid you'll have to do it yourself," she said.

"It's very simple," said the Red Knight. He took the pieces and deftly put them together, putting clause XII first and clause VII next, and so on. "Now, here's a sample of the way it should look," he said, and Alice noticed that the typography had changed very oddly. She read as follows:

We the people of the UnIted States, In order to form a more perfect unIon, establIsh justIce, Insure domestIc tranquIlIty, provIde for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessIngs of lIberty to ourselves and our posterIty, do ordaIn and establIsh thIs ConstItutIon for the UnIted States of AmerIca.

"But you can hardly see anything except the letter I," said Alice.

"That is the letter of the Constitution," said the Red Knight. "I have always been faithful to it, and I always will be."

"But you can't make a Constitution out of a single letter," insisted Alice.

"Yes you can," said the Red Knight, "provided it is big enough."

But Alice was firm. "I don't see how language can be made up of one letter. You need twenty-six at least."

"I don't think so," said the Red Knight, "and besides where am I to get the other letters from?"

"You might advertise," said the Comic Editor; "Help Wanted—Mail, you know."

All at once the Red Knight sat straight up and his face grew bright. "Why, of course, we need more letters. There is e for 'me' and o for 'our' and u for 'us' and a for 'am' and y for 'my.' My dear Alice, that really was a bright idea of yours."

"Whatever is bright is Constitutional, you know," said the Comic Editor.

The Red Knight picked up the pieces of parchment. "With a little practice," he said, "you will be very good at taking this apart and putting it together again. It helps to pass the time, and when you are tired of the game you can throw the pieces out of the window."

"Interrupt it and constrew it, you know," said the Comic Editor.

"Oh, don't be a fool," said Alice, quite losing her temper. She looked so angry that the Comic Editor burst out crying and would not be comforted. And he was still sobbing dreadfully when they came to the door of the Outlooking Glass office.

So now the time had come to say good-by. Alice and the Red Knight stood at the door of the Outlooking Glass office just as the edition was going to press. From the press-room on the top floor to the editorial rooms in the sub-cellar all was activity. The chief-editor was shooting copy up the tubes as fast as the office boys could write it. The copy was immediately put into electroplates and rushed to the proof-room where it was divided into "takes" and distributed among the compositors. The latest advertisements were coming in over the wire. The desk men were waiting for the editorial writers to finish their comments on the week's news before setting down the facts.

Alice turned to shake hands with the Red Knight. It had been an exciting series of adventures, and she had a headache and was very anxious to be at home with mamma. But she had grown fond of her comrade in the Outlooking Glass. When she was back again at her stupid lessons, studying that 2 and 2 make 4, and that "yes" is affirmative, and "no" is negative, and that black is black and white is white; oh, how she would miss the Red Knight.

But she was very brave, and stretching out her hand, said, "Good-by."

The Red Knight pressed her hand affectionately: "How do you do?" he said.

"I don't suppose we shall ever meet again," said Alice.

"Well, there's 1916," said the Red Knight. "Shall we say four years from now, on Lincoln's birthday?"

"But there would be no use in trying," said Alice.

"You could help me a great deal, you know," said the Red Knight. "By that time women will be voting. On the one hand there will be woman's new duties to discuss, and on the other hand there will be her new responsibilities. My hat is still good for something."

"No, no, no," said Alice. "I don't want you to go campaigning any more. The fact is you are not as strong as you used to be."

"Suppose it *is* a fact; what difference does that make?" said the Red Knight.

But Alice would not listen. "Why must you keep on fighting? Why not leave that for other people, and let everybody remember you only at your best?"

"A man must do *something* exciting," said the Red Knight.

"Of course he must," said Alice. "I hope, and I'm sure we all hope, that you will go on Contributing for years and years and years. Good-by."

Her eyes were still wet with tears as she sprang through the Outlooking Glass. The Red Knight vanished. She was home again, home in the dear old room with the big reading lamp on the table, and mamma busy with the baby's things, and papa asleep over a copy of the Aldrich Monetary Report.

"Oh, mamma," she cried.

"What is it, Alice?" said her mother.

"I have *such* a headache, mamma. I have been in politics."

THE NATURE CULT TO-DAY.

Talking with a sober farmer of Concord, one day, I asked him about the location of Thoreau's famous bean-field. "Bean-field?"—the man was honestly puzzled—"I didn't know he ever did anything. Thoreau was a loafer."

I was as much refreshed and pleased as I suspect Thoreau himself would have been had he returned incognito to twentieth century Concord. Every one else—save this honest farmer and his kind—would have told him that Thoreau was the great poet of Nature, the American Wordsworth, the famous hermit who communed with the god of the Open Air at Walden, the misanthrope who taught us how to fall at the feet of Nature worshipfully—to see the Compelling Vision and know the Great Secret—or, perchance, how to be accepted "nature-lovers." And if he turned away sadly, with the loneliness of the great spirit, it would have been to suffer the same sort of reception wherever he went. He would have heard of "the Godful woods," of "the forest-cathedral," of "tree-thoughts," of "Nature's old love-song" (I quote from one or two of the Nature Books of the past year); he would have been told that the meadow-lark surpasses any opera, that the orchid of the fields is, like man, fashioned from the earth, but is "a fairer and lovelier product," that birds are the best of friends, for they bring no "misunderstandings and disappointments" and never grow old and they sometimes have "so much to express, so much temperament"—at least if you can assume "the viewpoint of the bird." The follower of the trail would have told him of "the splendid, untamed, savage West," where one may slip off one's perplexing personality as if it were a waistcoat and become admirably like the horse that bears one on to "broad vistas and silence." The wanderer returned from the Sierras would have told him of "the mountain-joy," of "a passionate ecstatic pleasure-glow not explainable," of fine

views that make one shout and gesticulate "in a wild burst of ecstacy," and of dreaming by night that one is "rushing through the air above a glorious avalanche of water and rocks." Forgetting that Thoreau himself had fished in Walden Pond, they would have told him of terribly wicked people who actually fished in the Yosemite: "Sport they called it. Should church-goers try to pass the time fishing in baptismal fonts while dull sermons were being preached, the so-called sport might not have been so bad; but to play in the Yosemite temple, seeking pleasure in the pain of fishes struggling for their lives, while God himself is preaching his sublimest water and stone sermons!" "Ah, Henry," the female enthusiast would have added, "we are fallen upon evil times. Our wild flowers are fast disappearing. The few people who do go to the country always come back with huge wilted bouquets—if only *everybody* went to the country and cut a *few!*" Had Thoreau's acute sense of logic caused him to remark that the result would be pretty much the same, the good woman would doubtless not have heard him in her enthusiasm over "a lifetime to live in the forest, inexhaustible plates, indestructible cameras, wells of ink, and pens of magic." And after all this, and much more besides, Thoreau would have been driven, weary, stifled, and very melancholy, to seek the comfort of the hills—only to find that our scenery has been well-nigh destroyed as a result of the facilities for seeing it. In his note-book he would then have copied a sentence from his Journal (March 13, 1841): "I like better the surliness with which the woodchopper speaks of his woods, handling them as indifferently as his axe, than the mealy-mouthed enthusiasm of the lover of nature."

"Walden" is doubtless one of the great books of American literature. But between "Walden" and the "Nature Books" of the present day there is not so much a difference of degree as of kind, and this important difference of kind Thoreau would have observed instantly. Had he had an opportunity to watch the influence of his work until now, it is highly probable, I think, that he would have scornfully repudiated most of his readers and imitators on the ground that they almost totally misunderstood him. The emphasis in Thoreau is not on nature, not on men, but on man—on character. With his acceptation of the idea of natural goodness and of the idea that man and nature are akin, he combined the Puritan moral earnestness that lived its second life in the decades of American Transcendentalism. This Puritan strain predominated in Thoreau, and had two noteworthy results. In the first place, "the sober and solemn mystery of nature" evoked in him awe rather than the latter-day curiosity and somewhat cheap desire for intimacy. To-day nature is commonly wooed as if she were a coquette or a mistress, prettily or with shallow "mealy-mouthed" abandon; nature is a creature whose blandishments cause her lovers to be at once very silly and very garrulous—and if books result, as they ordinarily do, they prove very remunerative. Thoreau, on the other hand, found that his "truest, serenest moments are too still for emotion; they have woollen feet"; and it is unfair to assert that he was posing when he said that he wrote his books "to purchase silence with." In the second place, the Puritan earnestness of Thoreau manifested itself in an esteem for character and will. "Only character can command our reverent love. It is all mysteries in itself." It may be that "All's right with the world," as most of our nature-lovers are echoing every day; but it certainly was not so in Thoreau's world. A thousand nameless sins hovered over him wherever he went, and made him yearn more eagerly every day for an erectness and innocence, towards which he must strive unceasingly, but which in the end could come only if he were one of the elect—"no man knoweth in what hour his life may come." His life was thus an endless quest for character. He yearned to attain serene purity and wisdom; he did not yearn for indestructible cameras and wells of ink.

The difference in kind, then, between Thoreau and the nature-lover of to-day seems to me to lie in the fact that Thoreau's view of life was genuinely imaginative, sincerely idealistic, whereas the view of life that one finds in the typical nature-writing of the twentieth century is absurdly shallow and sentimental. "This hypethral temple," I read in one of the recent books, ". . . is the only temple on earth where there is no cant, no twaddle, no hypocrisy, and no croaking about our sins." What is this if it is not cant and twaddle? Few will deny that religion has ceased to be fashionable, and that cant is to be found well-nigh everywhere; but the worshippers of nature have not yet convinced us that they are themselves free from the ills that beset the more orthodox sects. As for "No croaking about our sins," this is palpably not good Thoreau doctrine, either in phrasing or meaning; it is, rather, a pale and sickly reflection from the brightly-shining optimism of Browning and Whitman. If we croak at all, they tell us to-day, let it be as the frogs croak, carelessly, jubilantly, with an appreciative eye on the opal sunset. Let us be as frogs, or if frogs are not lovely enough, let us "assume all that is shy and bird-like" or any other-like that is not manlike.

Of course all this is beside the question. What the nature-lover really desires is not to be a part of nature, but to be a part of himself. He would cast away "worldly cares" and city life with its difficulties, as well as farm life with *its* difficulties, so that he may be, like the inhabitants of the Garden of Eden, "free to roam and to reminisce under the pines." In other words, he would abandon his right to be a rational animal, together with his right to have what life in any human community demands—character; and having given over these unpleasant rights of thinking and being a moral creature, he would find freedom and happiness in a community of song sparrows and fern fronds. That is, after all, what one of the most estimable of our nature writers means when he remarks, "Only spread a fern frond over a man's head and worldly cares are cast out, and freedom and beauty and peace come in." One is tempted to amend: "Only spread a fern frond over a man's head and he ceases to be a man."

In practice, the hypethral temple of nature, where one may find diviner company than the town affords, becomes the scene either of placid lotos-eating—loafing and inviting the soul in vain—or of an intoxicated sensuousness. If the worshipper of nature is of a dreamy disposition that leads him to the kindly hills of Massachusetts, he is prone to dream—and usually dreams prone. If he has the "dynamic" temper that leads him to the higher Sierras, he experiences the exuberant sensuous joys of the eagle and the mountain goat. One of our dreamy women nature-lovers tells us soberly that she "worships" certain moths. One of our vibrant men nature-lovers explains a part of his Bacchanal ritual as follows: "I drink the blue of gentians and the red of cardinal lobelias and scarlet buglers; I plunge into the golden fields of bæria and bathe in the yellow flood of poppies." But whether the nature-lover is dreamy or "dynamic," his joys are dominantly sensuous without being spiritually sensuous. In the manner of the sentimentalist, he would place himself in a position that will yield sensation in variety and abundance. He seeks the delights of shimmering water, of olive-green velvety shadows, of the resinous incense in pine groves, of insect murmur and ethereal bird-song, of bracing wine-like air; delights, indeed, that are not to be spurned. White of Selborne enjoyed the grace of the *hirundines* and of English beeches with gentlemanly candor; Wordsworth, with the poet's vision, derived spiritual manna from the grandeur of Helvellyn; Thoreau, who also had the poet's vision, profited by the goodly fellowship of the Concord River and the chill, leaden November days that fanned into flame his "deep, inward fires." The senses may indeed be inlets of spirituality. But in the typical nature-lover of the present day one observes a great deal of sensuousness and a negligible degree of spirituality. He

is akin, not to the Thoreaus and Wordsworths that he apes, but rather to the "week-ender," and the amateur naturalist who lives in the city. What to these is recreation is to him a mode of life.

NORMAN FOERSTER.

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FRENCH BOOK NOTES.

PARIS, March 29.

In the literary output of France, the chronicler has often to give ear to murmurs of troublous times. This is due to the intestine revolution which is still going on in French society after a hundred years, without ever working itself out. Certain universal questions are disputed with an animosity amazing in countries where division of minds does not lead to civil dissensions. To-day's notes deal with one line of such questions and they are not directly political. Most of the books to be noticed—and some of them are universally noteworthy—are of French Protestant derivation.

All the books here noted concern the traditional religion of the French people and the substitutes now urged on them; the official efforts that are being made to change the principles underlying popular morality, which has hitherto been mainly derived from that religion; and state education as an accepted means to work both moral and religious changes. For the state's power is supposed to cover all associated activities of its citizens and. through official teaching, to send its youth spinning down all grooves of change. It is true the grooves have first to be dug by those who hold political power in the state.

"L'Orientation religieuse de la France" (Armand Colin—320 pages, 3.50 francs) may be considered the leading exposition of those who still hope to remake the moral and religious unity of France by detaching French Roman Catholics from the religion of Rome. It appears in an important series on the "contemporary social movement." Its author, Paul Sabatier, is a Protestant clergyman who became widely known by his sympathetic studies of the Roman Catholic saint Francis of Assisi. He has since then taken up the defence of "Modernists" against the Pope and, against Cardinal Gibbons, of the government of the French Republic for its measures repressive of Roman Catholic religion. This new book is bound to startle even his old admirers. There is no longer question in it of any halfway Modernism which French Roman Catholics would not, if they could, and French Protestants cannot achieve for the revival of religion in their country. Paul Sabatier has taken a new stand, apparently for reasons which led his *confrère*, Wilfred Monod, to write in his recent remarkable book, "Aux Croyants et aux Athées":

> To Christians with their eyes open, it is evident, first, that Humanity is de-Christianizing; second, that it is marching towards Atheism.

Wilfred Monod, heir of a great Protestant name, keeps the title of Christian, but, in his theory of a limited God, lands indistinguishably near to the late theism of John Stuart Mill, who was coming the other way from his father's atheism. Paul Sabatier, while formulating no theory, passes in practice beyond Christianism and beyond Atheism. He finds the church of the future in the state school; and the new moral religion for the French people is to be taught them by the state schoolmaster, who, he says, "in spite of himself, has been made to take up a work of spiritual (*idéale*) direction such as he has in no other country." In working out his idea, he goes further than Ferdinand Buisson, a freethinker of Protestant origin, who has had more than any other one man to do with organizing and directing state primary schools in France. But he, too, entitles the book in which he has collected his public utterances from 1878 to 1911, "La Foi laïque" (Hachette — 3.50 francs) — a title which by itself proclaims that a positive religious or moral faith, and not a mere negative neutrality, is the position taken by the French Republic in its teaching body. Neither of these authors—perhaps no Frenchman—is satisfied simply with Emerson's republic, where

> Each honest man shall have his vote,
> Each child shall have his school.

Paul Sabatier dismisses the uncertain *laïcité* of the United States as due to "pragmatist" views (p. 254).

A political platform, as well as a religious programme, is contained in this French use of the word "lay." It does not, as in English, distinguish simply laymen from clergy in the same church. Its meaning reaches far beyond our "secular." It has come to be used in direct contra-distinction from denominational religion altogether. All thinking in conformity with a professedly revealed religion and in accord with an organized church is contrary to the "lay" spirit, or, at least, outside it; for the word expresses positively that which is signified negatively by "anti-clericalism." This is clearly laid down, in the present instance, by Paul Sabatier (chapter xiv):

> [In France] the majority of public opinion, on the one hand, expects and demands from the school solid and efficacious moral teaching; and, on the other, it will no longer allow the "lay" school to take its starting point in teaching which finds the proper object of its mission in a notion of revelation borrowed from church dogma. It is a whole religious and moral revolution that is being realized around us.

Along the way of his minute and evidently regretful controversy with those who, he feels, have forced France into this revolutionary religious stand, he cites samples of formulas used in the state schools which are thus taking the place of the churches. This is the teaching as to what the Westminster catechism calls "the chief end of man" (p. 220, note):

> To become a voluntary agent of the Unknowable Energy in process of evolution towards a consciousness and spiritual life more and more intense and higher and higher and more and more universal, this is our destiny; and our happiness shall be in proportion to our efforts to realize it fully ("Cours de Morale," by Jules Payot, University rector).

Immortality seems to be no element of either destiny or happiness. God is an "hypothesis"; but prayer remains, and is defined "the resolution firmly taken to be an agent of voluntary evolution." President Eliot of Harvard, who has also had a vision of the world newmade religiously, has foreseen that the new religion will not be as consoling as the old. It is improbable that any great number of primary school-teachers in France make much of similar formulas, which also do not fulfil the condition *sine qua non* for the spread of any religion among a people as laid down by our English classic, "Thorndale, or the Conflict of Opinions"—it has not yet been taught by mothers to their little children.

Only a few years since, in his Geneva conferences ("La Religion, la Morale, et la Science," third edition, pages 94-95), Ferdinand Buisson himself had something pertinent to say of this connection of moral teaching, which is now made the prime work of the state school, with essential religious teaching:

> It is nevertheless true that the moral law, duty, goodness, have neither the same meaning nor the same value objectively, nor consequently the same authority over us, according as the world has an end or has not, has one supreme thought conducting it or is given up to an eternal becoming from which what may shall come, in a word, according as the last reason of all is in a wise and clear-seeing will or in the blind force of things. . . . If the individual be a durable reality, his least acts have their importance; if he passes, a fugitive phenomenon, the accidental combination of a day, his works follow him into nothingness, and it is foolish to apply to them the rigor of a morality which supposes the Absolute.

Paul Sabatier is obviously right in abandoning all hope of French Roman Catholics accepting the state school as their authentic teacher of religious morals. Roman Catholics have taken none too kindly to American public schools, but this has not been from any fear that some other religion would be taught in them. In France it is doubtful whether

the claims thus put forward for the state school can be reconciled with any of the old religions, whose faith is based on the direct teaching of God revealing through church or Bible—*auctoritate Dei revelantis*. It should not astonish either M. Sabatier or M. Buisson that even English Protestants, to whom their positive faith is dearer than their negative protest, should judge such schools harshly as "making France pagan." It is plain to any attentive observer that, with all the anxiety expressed by M. Buisson lest state school-teachers should hurt the religious feeling of the least of their children, the "emancipation" which he preaches as the state school's essential task can, in practice, only mean emancipation from the parental religion.

To Americans there is yet another preoccupation in this controversy which has rent France as a nation asunder. It is more vital than the question of religion—for religions have a habit of taking care of themselves. "Religious liberty," as distinct from its counterfeit "toleration," has stood the test of time in the United States. A Government that has the power to tolerate has the power not to tolerate also, whereas liberty puts the matter outside the limits of government altogether. One of Lord Acton's most accurate epigrams strikes, now as then, at this "defect of knowledge which became a fact of importance at a turning-point in the [French] Revolution. . . . For religious liberty is composed of the properties both of religion and of liberty, and one of its factors never became an object of disinterested observation among actual leaders of opinion."

"L'Inquiétude religieuse du temps présent" (Fischbacher) is a series of ten essays ranging from Euripides, the Jesuits and Pascal, to Pragmatism and prayer, all with timely applications. Their author, Paul Stapfer, is the honorary dean of the State University of Bordeaux (faculty of letters). In his own person and family, he represents a century's evolution of Protestant thought in Switzerland and France, without reaching so far as Paul Sabatier. Writing before the latter, he has many weighty things to say of questions raised by him and now starting up everywhere among *intellectuels*, notably on "the logic and conscience of a sincere thinker" (Taine), of "divers forms of religious sincerity," and Pragmatism. To this should be added the little book which has now become generally known on William James (Armand Colin—3 francs), by Emile Boutroux, the most leading of French University professors of philosophy until Bergson's siren voice began calling away—whither does not yet appear. There is also a book, uncondensed nebula in doctrine, but characteristic in practice, by Pastor Charles Wagner—"Ce qu'il faudra toujours" (A. Colin—3.50 francs). An important volume, if only because it is announced as the last, is by the heir of many Huguenot generations. It is Pierre Loti's "Un Pèlerin d'Angkor" (Calmann-Lévy—3.50 francs). It, too, is religious—reflections in language of enchantment before the gigantic monuments of Khmer piety, forgotten a thousand years since. "In our day, it is true, the lees of half-understandings and the quarter-learned are brought to the surface by the present social régime and, in the name of Science, rush into the most foolish materialism. . . . But there must exist the Supreme Pity." S. D.

Correspondence

THE NEED OF CHINA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Last autumn I began a letter designed to set forth in your columns a most quixotic proposal in aid of the evolution of China. The closing paragraph was still unwritten when the ordinary course of evolution, with what dramatic suddenness and swiftness all the world knows, gave place to revolution, and condemned my communication, now even more preposterous than before, to the waste-basket. To-day we hear that Yuan Shi-Kai has published the long-awaited Edict of Abdication; which, as an accomplished fact, leads every foreign observer into renewed speculation and myself into renewed desire to divert such of your readers as take more than a casual interest in Asiatic affairs. Responsible in part for this wish is your editorial, issue of January 4, on the "Changing Orient," to every word of which I earnestly say Amen.

Here, then, is my proposal, so plainly the absurdest ever traced by the pen of man that I fear no one will bother himself with the matters of fact appended to it. It is "merely" that representatives of the Powers be "somehow" got together—Russia, Japan, England, Germany, France, the United States, perhaps, also, Austria, Holland, and Belgium—to be led to declare solemnly in the face of the conscience of the world that absolute respect should henceforth be paid to the boundaries of United China (including the old "dependencies" and her title to foreign "leaseholds" and grabholds); that rights of extra territoriality and other foreigners' privileges inconsistent with Chinese sovereignty should be given up just so soon as Chinese judicial and legal procedure have been developed far enough to bear comparison with the ways of bench and bar in, say, the United States; and that the participating Governments do all that Governments may to promote—not in chattel-mortgage fashion or on pawnshop terms—the immense loans needed at once by China and her provinces for internal improvement and reform. If the Powers can be convened to-day to devise ways and means how to sell sugar and how not to sell opium—who knows?—perhaps to-morrow they can be got together, not only in our dreams, to consider the plight of the roc-chick struggling gallantly to break out of its tenacious and encrusted shell.

Before the revolution, it was famine and flood that prompted me into such vagaries. The need was appalling. The revolution multiplied, and, at the same time, obscured, the need. On the heels of last year's famine came the floods of September, so that now we are witnessing the most cruel winter central China has borne since Tai-ping days; only, even here in Shanghai, next door to the stricken regions, we have been distracted from giving due heed to the situation by the more spectacular interests centring at Wu-chang, Nanking, and Peking.

As famine has followed famine, Europe and America have responded less and less willingly to appeals for help. The foreigners, chiefly missionaries, engaged in the distribution of relief, are firmly convinced that the charity of the past ought not be continued. It is hardly too much to say that not one cent of the millions so freely given in the past has gone to prevent the recurrence of famine; and yet, in view of the lavish endowments of nature, there is less excuse in China for widespread starvation than in any other important quarter of the globe. This is now so well recognized locally, and likewise the pauperizing that surely results from the dole system, that the present excellent Famine Relief Committee—made up of both foreigners and Chinese—is resolutely spending all its funds according to a work system formerly attempted only on a very small scale. Nothing is given outright except to those who are too sick or too feeble to work on the dikes and drainage canals. Against a far greater need this Committee is handling far smaller funds than were given to any of its predecessors, but every dollar is being made not only to save a life now, but also to count towards saving ten lives in the near future. Dikes, canals, roads. Food for China's millions is simply a problem—a series of stupendous problems—in engineering.

Two mighty river systems must be brought under control, besides certain smaller ones. Competent engineers expect the Yellow River to make in a few years—some say before 1920—another change of course as far-reaching as any it has ever made in the past. Even the faithful Yang-tse last year might have borrowed the name of China's sorrow. Midway between them, the less-known River Hwai was responsible for last winter's famine and for much of this winter's. What else can be expected of streams that have come to run normally above instead of below the level of their basins? This tendency to run amuck seems to be bound up inseparably with the age-long deforestation of hillsides. Supplementary to these conditions are the lack of railways and the criminally neglected Grand Canal, that one-time magnificent artery between North and South; for with transportation dependent upon junks and wheelbarrows, a Chinese province may starve next door to plenty.

Reafforestation, river control, railway building, the very words are sonorous with suggestions of vast sums of money. The money must be borrowed. The Chinese Empire for excellent reasons was wary about going heavily into debt; it was too much like putting your head into the lion's mouth. The republic will doubtless borrow with similar misgivings, and only because of the extreme need occasioned by unusual current expenses and by the pres-

ent dislocation of revenue. And in spite of poverty, the republic will presumably feel compelled by the example—and the greed—of the Powers to sink millions of taels into the means of war. Partitions and the loss of territory were the bogies of the Empire, and still stare the Republic in the face. The Powers could, if they would, exorcise these bogies, but only by concerted action. (The action of the United States is good as far as it goes, but has not hindered the underground intrusion of Russia and Japan into Manchuria.) These fears banished, China might conceivably be persuaded of the wisdom of curtailing army and navy—along with the aeroplane and other expensive fads—and of putting all she could raise into internal improvements and educational reform. And if she were once convinced that the military Powers were disinterested, she would gladly make use of our experts so long as they did not play the superior too loudly, and of our money if only the strings attached were not too offensive.

Does it not seem to be the fitting moment to—well, to wish that this proposal for an international agreement to assure the territorial integrity of China and to further her adjustment to new-world conditions were not so ludicrously visionary? But the Chinese themselves: they are proud, they might resent being made the subject of a convention. Very likely; especially as the West has never been distinguished for tact. Wherefore I, for one, am more inclined than ever to write "Christian" nations so, with inverted commas.

TRACY R. KELLY.

St. John's College, Shanghai, February 12.

NIETZSCHE'S INDIVIDUALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you allow me to question the accuracy, or at least adequacy, of the view expressed in one of your recent issues, that Nietzsche denied "the validity of any check within ourselves contrary to the primitive instincts and impulses of nature"? In the last *Nation* you speak of his "delirious individualism" (with which may possibly be compared the "eleutheromania," which Professor Babbitt ascribes to Nietzsche in his remarkable book, "The New Laokoon"). There must be some foundation for this view; else two writers of judgment and discrimination would not advance it. Moreover, it is the more or less common view. Yet I believe that a careful study of Nietzsche's writings will result in the conviction that it is one-sided and in the main unsound. Let me give a few (out of many possible) citations.

More than once Nietzsche uses the image of a gardener in speaking of man and his impulses. Man, he says, can deal with his impulses as the gardener does with his plants, either controlling them, their manner of growth and disposition in the garden, or leaving them free, as he likes ("Dawn of Day," §560); and woe to the thinker who is not the gardener, but only the soil in which his plants grow (*Ibid.*, §382). Elsewhere he speaks of taking from our passions their fearful character and preventing them from becoming devastating streams ("The Wanderer and his Shadow," §37). The man who has overcome his passions comes, he declares, into possession of the fruitfullest kind of soil, like the colonist who becomes master of woods and swamps (*Ibid.*, §53); on the other hand, one without the will to master his anger, melancholy, vengefulness, sensuality, who yet attempts to rule somewhere else, is as stupid as a farmer who lays out a field along a turbulent stream and neglects to protect himself against it (*Ibid.*, §65). He calls the day ill-used in which we do not deny ourselves something; for, with lack of lesser self-control, capacity for the greater crumbles (*Ibid.*, §305). Nietzsche admires the strong, power-loving natures who bring their character under a law and give it a style, just as he likes to see external nature subdued, made serviceable, "stilisirt"; it is the weak who hate the restrictions of a style, who want to be "natural," "free" ("Gay Science," §290). Every morality (and here he uses the term in no disparaging sense) is, in contrast with *laisser-aller* (something he almost uniformly disapproves, whether in politics, economics, or morals—or, I might add, *pace* Professor Babbitt, art), a piece of tyranny against "nature." In his latest work (or rather in fragments that might have become a work, if Nietzsche had lived to weld them) the idea of high or even stern self-control stands out as clear as ever.

There are, indeed, two passages in which Nietzsche might be understood to favor giving the impulses a loose rein. In one he tells us that a man must be able to lose himself at times ("Gay Science," § 305); in the other, that there is so little superiority (*Vornehmheit*) among men because they do not trust their impulses (*Ibid.*, §294). It is true, too, that to Nietzsche the will is itself in a sense an impulse or passion (*Affekt*), though with the differentiating mark from all mere craving or desire that it is a "Commando" (hence the criticism of Schopenhauer's view of the will). Unquestionably, the will is not, to Nietzsche, *supra naturam*, however above all which it puts beneath it and makes subject, *i. e.*, the whole range of what we ordinarily call our impulsive life. But all this is not really inconsistent with the general view as to self-control already explained.

The truth is, Nietzsche is a moralist, not of instinct and impulse, but of culture and discipline all along the line. His view appears in what he says of art, the primary aim of which is to make us endurable, if possible agreeable, to one another, to this end moderating us and holding us in check, creating forms of intercourse, binding the untrained by the laws of decency, of purity, of courtesy, of speech and silence at the right time ("Mixed Opinions and Sayings," §174). But I must not go on. Enough that in the light of what I have said or cited, the assertion that Nietzsche denied "the validity of any check within ourselves contrary to the primitive instincts and impulses of nature" becomes (pardon my saying it) somewhat curious.

WM. MACKINTIRE SALTER.

Cambridge, Mass., April 3.

[We agree in part with our correspondent. The specific ideas of Nietzsche are often sound, but they are sound only by virtue of contradicting his central philosophical thesis. That thesis seems to us best expressed in "Beyond Good and Evil," §36, to this effect: Nothing is real "but our world of desires and passions," and we "cannot sink or rise to any other 'reality' save just the reality of our impulses—for thinking itself is only a relation of these impulses to one another."—ED. NATION.]

HEGEL ON RESPECT FOR LAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial on "Social Justice" (*Nation*, March 14) suggests that it might be a service to this generation to call its attention to the following words:

> In point of fact, the pretentious utterances of recent philosophy regarding the state have been enough to justify any one who cared to meddle with the question, in the conviction that he could prove himself a philosopher by weaving a philosophy out of his own brain. . . . The truth with regard to ethical ideas, the state, the government, and the Constitution ascends, so it declares, out of each man's heart, feeling, and enthusiasm. . . . One of the leaders of this shallow-minded host of philosophers . . . has not hesitated to give utterance to the following notion of the state and Constitution: "When a nation is ruled by a common spirit, then from below, out of the people, will come life sufficient for the discharge of all public business. Living associations, united indissolubly by the holy bond of friendship, will devote themselves to every side of national service, and every means for educating the people." This is the last degree of shallowness, because in it science is looked upon as developing, not out of thought or conception, but out of direct perception and random fancy. . . . By this old wives' decoction, which consists in founding upon the feelings what has been for many centuries the labor of reason and understanding, we no longer need the guidance of any ruling conception of thought. . . .
>
> The particular kind of evil consciousness developed by the wishy-washy eloquence already alluded to, may be detected in the following way. It is most unspiritual, when it speaks most of the spirit. It is the most dead and leathern, when it talks of the scope of life. When it is exhibiting the greatest self-seeking and vanity, it has most on its tongue the words "people" and "nation." But its peculiar mark, bound on its very forehead, is its hatred of law. Right and ethical principle, the actual world of right and ethical life, are apprehended in thought, and by thought are given definite, general, and rational form, and this reasoned right finds expression in law. But feeling, which seeks its own pleasure, and conscience, which finds right in private conviction, regard the law as their most bitter foe. The right, which takes the shape of law and duty, is by feeling looked upon as a shackle or dead cold letter. . . . Hence the law . . . is the shibboleth, by means of which are detected the false brethren and friends of the so-called people. (Hegel, "The Philosophy of Right," in Dyde's translation.)

E. V. M.

Chicago, April 2.

RUSSIAN DIMINUTIVES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reply to Mr. M.'s letter (*Nation*, March 28), I should say that the regular diminutive of Aleksándr in Russian is Sásha. The form Sáshka implies contempt, unless an approximation to peasants' language has been effected of late years. I never heard the form Sashók, but on the analogy of *glazók* (little eye) or *druzhók* (little friend), it would indicate tenderness.

The fact that the Russian child calls his father *papásha*, and his mother

mamásha, shows that words ending in *a* are not necessarily of the feminine gender. The less general rules about a little-known subject the better! The female name Aleksándra is not familiar to me, but I suppose a girl of such a name would be called Sásha. An Irish boy and an American girl need not quarrel if they bear the same name—Florence.

JOSEPH DE PEROTT.

Worcester, Mass., March 30.

TENNYSON'S "CHARACTER."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just seen your review (February 29) of Lord Tennyson's volume entitled "Tennyson and his Friends." May I, as one greatly interested in the memory of that "splendid" scholar, the late Master of Trinity, Dr. W. H. Thompson, whom I much admired, venture to say that the poem which your reviewer quotes, entitled "A Character," has nothing whatever to do with Dr. Thompson and does not refer to him at all. It is, as your reviewer justly says, a "caustic portrait," and it is a very striking poem to have been produced by so young a man. It was first published in 1830 and was a description of an undergraduate contemporary with Tennyson himself, a Mr. Sunderland, "a plausible Parliament-like speaker" at the Cambridge Union. There is no doubt about this. It is now generally well known, though perhaps not generally stated. The late Master of Trinity was one of Tennyson's best friends and it would have been quite impossible that Tennyson should have written of him as he wrote in the "Character." The *Nation* has such a high literary reputation in this country that I have thought I might venture to offer this small correction. A full description of Mr. Sunderland will be found in Sir T. Wemyss Reid's "Life of Lord Houghton."

T. HERBERT WARREN,
President of Magdalen and Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford.

Oxford, March 23.

THE BEGGARS' AND VAGRANTS' LITANY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Can any reader of the *Nation* locate in print "The Beggars' and Vagrants' Litany"? It is an elusive title occasionally referred to, but is not mentioned in Chandler's "Literature of Roguery," his "Romances of Roguery," Ribton-Turner's "Vagrants and Vagrancy," nor in any of the bibliographies of the subject that the writer has seen. Two of our largest university libraries and two of the largest public libraries have searched for it without success.

JOHN B. KAISER.

University of Illinois, April 2.

CONSULAR SERVICE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter to the *Nation* of February 29, F. W. K. comments upon the examination of candidates for the Diplomatic and Consular Service. I have prepared several candidates for these examinations, one or two of whom were successful, at a time when college men who were severely trained in languages and economics were refused. Seasoned men often pass. Men of good address, who are otherwise average, stand a chance of getting through. F. W. K. makes two or three wild assumptions. The examination is not under the civil service. The questions as to income are proper, from the standpoint (1) of indicating standards of living; (2) whether or not the applicant is a commercial traveller in disguise, and (3) that the candidate is not disposed to abuse his franking privileges, credit, etc. The "Information" issued by the department is as fair as can be expected, when the needs and personnel of the department are subject to constant change.

CHARLES WHITNEY BABCOCK.

Milwaukee, Wis., March 30.

Literature

WILLIAM JAMES.

Memories and Studies. By William James. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75 net.

William James. By Emile Boutroux. The same. $1 net.

William James and Other Essays. By Josiah Royce. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

"Memories and Studies" is somewhat different in tissue from any other volume from William James's hand. That is, it has an almost even literary texture throughout. Although a collection of scattered addresses, articles, fragments, it gives us the author, by good fortune, always in his literary, imaginative, and less metaphysical vein. It takes its place at once amongst our best American essay-volumes, full of the taste of a personal quality. That personal quality is now well-known. No spirit in our literature shines with a warmer and ruddier glow. Like well-nigh everything that William James wrote, it is not only full of the personality of its author, but is about personality. It is the most popular expression of his attitude towards life. That was an attitude of sympathy with free and striving individuals, of the love of peace, of rooted belief in the scholar and his social value, but of an equally rooted distrust of even the highest influences when turned into regulation and institution:

> The memory of Davidson will always strengthen my faith in personal freedom and its spontaneities, and make me less unqualifiedly respectful than ever of "Civilization," with its herding and branding, licensing and degree-giving, authorizing and appointing, and in general regulating and administering by system the lives of human beings. Surely the individual, the person in the singular number, is the more fundamental phenomenon, and the social institution, of whatever grade, is but secondary and ministerial. Many as are the interests which social systems satisfy, always unsatisfied interests remain over, and among them are interests to which system, as such, does violence whenever it lays its hand upon us. The best Commonwealth will always be the one that most cherishes the men who represent the residual interests, the one that leaves the largest scope to their peculiarities.

The volume contains commemorative pieces on Louis Agassiz, Emerson, Robert Gould Shaw, Francis Boott, Thomas Davidson, Herbert Spencer, and Frederick W. H. Myers. The paper on the last-named and the "Final Impressions of a Psychical Researcher" join themselves in the reader's mind as giving us the last word of perhaps the only eminent psychologist who ventured with perfect freedom and unconcern into the region of the "supernormal," so remote from scientific respectability. Then we have a most sympathetic rendering of that "trumpet-blast of oracular mysticism," the philosophy of Mr. Benjamin Paul Blood of Amsterdam, N. Y., "a city otherwise, I imagine, quite unvisited by the Muses"; four addresses on university ideals; two pieces on war and a "moral substitute" therefor; a paper that might be called "A Moral Psychologist at the California Earthquake"; and, finally, the most fruitful deliverance in a book rich in suggestion, "The Energies of Men":

> The best claim that a college education can possibly make on your respect . . . is this, that it should help you to know a good man when you see him. . . . Mankind does nothing save through initiative on the part of the inventors, great or small, and imitation by the rest of us—these are the sole factors active in human progress. Individuals of genius show the way and set the patterns, which common people then adopt and follow. *The rivalry of the patterns is the history of the world.* Our democratic problem thus is stated in ultra-simple terms: Who are the kind of men from whom our majorities shall take their cue? Whom shall they treat as rightful leaders? We and our leaders are the *x* and the *y* of the equation here; all other historic circumstances, be they economical, political or intellectual, are only the background of occasion on which the living drama works itself out between us.

But, to abbreviate Mr. James's thesis, we may not try to tell the superior man by Ph.D. examinations. According to the entertaining article on The Ph.D. Octopus, universities and colleges should "give up their unspeakably silly ambition to bespangle their lists of officers with these doctorial titles. Let them look more to substance and less to vanity and sham." Let them give the doctorate just as they give the bachelor's degree for a due amount of time spent in patient labor in a special department of learning, whether the man be a brilliantly gifted individual or not. "Every man of native power who might take a higher degree and refuses to do so, because examinations interfere with the free following out of his more immediate intellectual aims, deserves well of his country." The nobility of these educational addresses is worthy of Emerson, but theirs is a ruddier fire. Still,

there are other elements in a university besides periods of patient labor on the one hand and the unchartered freedom of gifted individuals on the other. The bones of the ambitious and defeated dullards, for whom Mr. James has such a characteristic sympathy, would hardly whiten the road to the doctor's degree were there always early, full, and frank conference with the professor in charge. That professor should be, and on the whole is, able to judge whether or not the aspirant is able to "make a contribution to science" on the subject in question. Such a contribution by no means depends on brilliant gifts. Conscientious research, coupled with good sense, often carries farther. It does not fully appear why graduate study alone of all human occupations should be counted on to keep its full industry and effort in the absence of responsibilities. Nor have we ever known a man fit for university teaching who could not take the Ph.D. degree.

James's attitude towards psychic research was, of course, of a piece with the fearless freedom from conventionality, the respect for personal testimony, and the interest in the unusual, that played so great a part in making all his work valuable. His final position is that psychical phenomena, despite all fraud and fancy, contain a residuum of unexplained reality. Nothing could be more judicial than his attitude, so far as impartiality goes. But the value he attached to personal impressions of truth seems greater than he allows to the dull impersonal sifting of evidence and wary counting of the chances of deception. Psychic research has certainly been fruitful enough in observation to be pushed with all ardor and perseverance. Still, the question suggests itself whether there has ever been a subject in which high aims and the spirit of scientific impartiality have availed so little for want of the resolute and desperate methods of cautious shrewdness. As the problem stands now, probably James's last word of encouragement to research is the best that could be spoken.

In laying out work for the future, however, the most valuable thing in the volume is the paper on Human Energy. Pointing out the striking evidence that as a rule men habitually live below the level of their own capacities, he sets for the future two chief problems: First, what are the limits of human faculty in various directions; secondly, by what diversity of means in the differing types of human beings may the faculties be stimulated to their best results? He offers this as a methodical programme of scientific inquiry, and proceeds to give remarkable cases by way of answer to the second. The problem was one calculated to fascinate James, whose own reserves of vitality must have been immense. But, for application, it is the first question that imperatively demands reply. In bringing stimulus to bear, where does over-stimulation begin? We recall how two of the most eminent physicians of the country heard this address and the impression of power that it made upon them. The very reading of it is "dynamogenic." Its author could have left no legacy more fully charged with his manful spirit, his sense of the richness of human nature, his unflagging interest in practical results.

M. Boutroux's small volume is a simplified and charmingly sympathetic account of James's thought in its chief philosophical departments. We are reminded of James's striking article on M. Boutroux's work, published in the *Nation* at the time of the latter's visit to this country. For the student the book offers two or three bits of aid through skilful interpretation of points in pragmatism. For the popular reader the presentment is not untrue or unhelpful. But the reading of any one of James's own works would be better. On the whole, it makes the subject somewhat too easy, and we feel afresh that where the German is in danger of over-thoroughness and over-persistence, the temptation that besets the Frenchman's literary tact is to leave his subject with a few elegant and superficially lucid remarks. We feel that Mr. James's own vein was as different from the French quality, which he relished, as from the German quality, which he so often half-sympathetically satirized. He had too much sense of reality either for cumbrous and artificial system or urbane and superficial ease.

Professor Royce's Phi Beta Kappa address, another noble commemorative essay of a friend, turns to the field of philosophical history, which always fascinates the author. He asks what was James's relation to American history. By way of answer he places him with Jonathan Edwards and with Emerson, as one of our three nationally representative philosophers. This stretches the meaning of philosophy not a little to include Emerson, who after all was a perceiver and not a thinker, and who was neither grounded in technical philosophy nor capable of understanding it. Strictly speaking, James and Jonathan Edwards stand as the foremost here, and curious is the contrast between them: Edwards, the most sustained and pertinacious of thinkers; James, a man of flashes and magnificent glimpses—"philosophizing in spots," as he himself expressed it. If we are to consider truth, light shed upon life, we cannot hesitate to pronounce James the most considerable contributor to philosophy that this country has produced. Professor Royce describes him as "the interpreter of the ethical spirit of his time and of his people—the interpreter who has pointed the way beyond the trivialities which he so well understood and transcended towards that 'Rule of Reason' which the prophetic maxim of our supreme court has just brought afresh to the attention of our people." That Professor James pointed us to the "Rule of Reason" is a singularly unexpected comment. True it is that he has many ties of kinship with the youthful, unconventional, aspiring, reckless, manful American spirit. But American life, especially since the Civil War—that is, in the period to which Professor Royce refers, has had something else in it, a powerful march towards organization; towards the efficiency and security that come of order, and this element finds little reflection in James's work. To reflect it was not his function. He was a force of expansion, not a force of concentration. He "opens doors and windows," shakes out a mind that has long lain in the creases of prejudice. He is the most vital and gifted exemplar of intellectual sympathy. And it would be very easy to exaggerate the influence of his American environment upon his thought. The decisive force was not environment but temperament.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Matador of the Five Towns. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Co.

It is not the Mr. Bennett of "Clayhanger" and "The Old Wives' Tale" who has written these short stories, but the Mr. Bennett of "Helen with the High Hand" and "Buried Alive." In two or three of them, notably "The Idiot" and "Beginning the New Year," he employs the grim realism of his more serious work; but for the most part he is content with the recognized tools of the popular short-story writer. He is animated and whimsical, epigrammatic and brusque—not always clear of jauntiness. He is fond of leading up to an impossible situation, and leaving it to the reader to picture the scene for himself—retiring, for his part, with some such ejaculation as "Oh, the meal!" or "What a night!" He departs from his usual habit of telling a story straight from his own shoulder by making the interlocutor, in a number of instances, a curator of the British Museum, sent to the Five Towns in his capacity of expert in ceramics. The impression of Knype and Bursley is therefore that of an outsider; and certain local traits are brought out in a relief which, writing as an initiate, Mr. Bennett is wont to keep in their natural perspective. The longest tale of this group, "The Death of Simon Fuge," is somewhat suggestive of "Buried Alive." Fuge is a painter famous everywhere but in his own country, where he is recalled as a boy who "ran away from home once, didn't he, and his mother had a port-wine stain on her left cheek." There is a single unfin-

ished sketch of Fuge's, unfavorably hung and little valued, in the brand-new museum of Bursley's pride; and the London expert is consoled by the reflection that this little picture is bound in the end to get the better of the Five Towns—to be recognized as the chief jewel among its possessions. The Mrs. Brindley of this story (the lady who remembers Fuge by his mother's left cheek) is almost worthy to be compared with the incomparable Alice of "Buried Alive."

The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet: A Detective Story. By Burton E. Stevenson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Mr. Stevenson was wise to stick to the well-known formula of the professional detective pitted against the amateur. Conan Doyle saw its advantage, and Gaston Leroux employed it in the best thing he ever wrote. The device, by setting up an open rivalry, gives the ratiocination intense interest and spurs on the reader similarly to his best efforts. The mystery centres in a house on lower Fifth Avenue, occupied by Philip Vantine, a bachelor, who has just brought from Europe an antique cabinet. Oddly enough, the Paris dealers have delivered, in place of the one he bought, what he, as a connoisseur, recognizes to be the original cabinet made by Boule for Madame de Montespan and presented to her by Louis XIV. While Vantine is talking over the matter upstairs with his lawyer, a Frenchman, unknown to either of them, sends up his card, and is bidden to wait below in a room adjoining that which contains the cabinet. A few minutes later he is found dead from a snake-like bite on his right hand. That evening Vantine succumbs on the same spot in the same mysterious way, with apparently no witnesses present to tell how it happened. Grady, the chief of the Detective Bureau, is called in, and Godfrey, the *Record* man assigned to detective cases, sets to, realizing that he has a chance to make the "scoop" of a life-time. To the duel between the two men, and more especially to that carried on by Godfrey with "L'Invincible" of the Parisian criminal world, we must give high praise. The story is absorbing and has a real climax. Its only weakness concerns the Paris dealers—we leave the reader to discover it.

Jacquine of the Hut. By E. Gallienne Robin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Channel Islands furnish the background and the local color for this story; the time (we should never guess it unless the author had told us) is the latter part of the eighteenth century. The style is of the modern romance-and-water variety. There is a motto chosen rather significantly from Charlotte Brontë: for the hero is an inferior specimen of the Rochester type beloved of women novelists. Jacquine herself is a marvellous combination of beauty, audacity, and virtue. Her devotion to the hero survives shocks which we believe would have chilled the passion of a Jane Eyre. When Ricart gives a dinner in honor of his engagement to Oriane, her rich rival, he orders Jacquine to be forcibly put out of his house. However, he is really in love with Jacquine throughout the story; he marries the rich Oriane only because he needs her money to pay his gambling debts. After Oriane has been providentially removed by ill-treatment and smallpox, Jacquine is rewarded by succeeding to her place. The proposal scene gives to the artist who is responsible for the frontispiece in colors an opportunity to represent the raven-haired and Amazonian heroine as a delicate little blonde.

To M. L. G., or He Who Passed. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

This is an eminently advertisable novel, nicely designed to please those who would naturally turn to the "personal column" for help in a personal crisis. For the benefit of the lover whom she has dismissed with assumed coldness, the actress with a past tells all—anonymously—and publishes the resulting autobiographical confession in a volume tagged with His initials. Truly a discreet and delicate method of enlightening the banished one, inviting his return, of unburdening the lady's mind of its dark secret, while at the same time saving the lady's face. What the unfortunate fair one is timidly resolved to divulge, under the cover of publicity, consists primarily of a crudely detailed account of a neglected childhood and girlhood which led to the stage as the natural and indeed only possible career, and opened to her inexperience the deplorable "easiest way." This history is followed briefly by a vague rhapsodical chronicle of soul expansion under the elevating influences of an extended sojourn abroad. It was a Parisian theatrical performance that awakened her moral sense; it was a cypress tree in Venice that convinced her there was a God. Under Italian skies, Browning and Ruskin became her literary fare; she developed a taste for Shakespeare's plays. Then London and He were added to the full measure of her experience—He, an "intellectual Englishman" with an "Oxford voice" and "eyebrows like Galahad's," romantically dignified, too, by the experiences of a "soldiering life."

The plain vulgarity of the earlier views of American theatrical life is, on the whole, preferable to the stilted sentimentality of the close. As to the retarded mental development of the woman who is credited with years of eminent success on the American stage before she acquires the rudiments of culture, one may be permitted to doubt as to whether immorality is, after all, the prime requisite to theatrical distinction—even in the United States.

The Recording Angel. By Corra Harris. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

There is no actual town in the South more real than the Ruckersville (near Atlanta, Ga.), which Mrs. Harris has evoked as the scene of this amusing extravaganza. Into the somnolent atmosphere that has settled over this place since the war, suddenly reënters Ruckersville's most disreputable but most lively son, who has been West and made a fortune—how, it matters not. Naturally, he falls in love with the disreputable, but gorgeously beautiful, daughter of Ruckersville—and there you have all the plot that is necessary for this chronicle of small things.

The heroine of the tale, however, is really a blind woman, who has her husband, a drunkard of sadly broken gentility, write down her meditations on the vanities of life about her. She is the Angel whose record her spouse, after interpolating his own sulphurous comments, publishes anonymously in a magazine. What scandal is caused thereby in the high society of Ruckersville, and how the hero from the West uses the idea to galvanize the reluctant citizens into strange activity—these things are the delightful substance of the book.

Mrs. Harris writes of nature and men with a knowledge of their hidden moods that has a touch of genius. Her abundance of epigram is so extraordinary that she might well spare a number of those which drag the sex-instinct into undue prominence, a few of those which are just in bad taste. With a little more restraint, a little pruning here and there, she would please the most fastidious reader without losing her interest for the many.

JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE.

Recollections of a Long Life. By Lord Broughton (John Cam Hobhouse). With additional extracts from his Private Diaries. Edited by His Daughter, Lady Dorchester. Vols. V and VI. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

These concluding volumes of one of the most important of recent memoirs take up the story of Hobhouse's life in 1834 and carry it down to 1852. The last entry, dated April 22, is the brief and fitting record of an honor won by long years of service in Parliament and by peculiar devotion to the Queen:

I was invested with the Order of the Bath at Buckingham Palace. H. M. smiled when

she gave me her hand to kiss for the third time in the ceremony: a very unusual honor, as I was told!

He had just retired finally from office, on the resignation of Lord John Russell in February, 1852. His death came suddenly June 3, 1869, in his eighty-third year.

Though interesting in itself, this third instalment of the Diary and Recollections has neither the romantic attraction of the first volumes in which Byron and Napoleon played their thunderous parts nor the political value of the succeeding volumes which gave the story of the Reform bill. We find Hobhouse now in a kind of backwater. Peel resigned April 8, 1835, and the second Melbourne Cabinet came in with the feeling that sufficient had been accomplished in the way of reform and that things should be kept for the most part in a state of rest. They had against them, as Hobhouse acknowledges, the King, the court, the Lords, the army, the navy, the church, the law, the squires, and the magistracy. William IV was particularly bitter towards Lord John Russell. "Lord Palmerston told me," Hobhouse records, "that, at table the other day, two bishops being present, some one talked of Lord John Russell's health, on which H. M. said, 'If you will answer for his death, I will answer for his damnation.'" The humor of the remark, we may observe, lies partly in the curious inversion of rôles between bishops and crown. Hobhouse, it may be added, was quite as bitter on his side and decidedly less witty. He never misses an opportunity of flinging a nasty epithet at Peel, as a man disagreeable in private manners, awkward and shy, tricky with the Queen, and a "shabby fellow" generally. Brougham is represented as a monster of insane egotism. Grey is merely contemptible:

> Lord Grey was in high dudgeon, and though surrounded by old friends and late colleagues and connections, hardly spoke a word, and never asked a man to take a glass of wine with him. Lansdowne told me, amongst other proofs of his intractable temper and foolish pettiness, that he had complained of not being asked to speak on the Irish bill. Lord Lansdowne added that he was angry at not being what he might have been, Prime Minister, and could not forgive Lord Melbourne his success. If Melbourne had failed he would have been his strenuous supporter. Now he does nothing but grumble and growl. For my own part, I must say that the more I see, the less I think of him; and am surprised how, by mere fluency of speech and arrogance of manner, this really inferior man has contrived to lead a great party, and to connect his name imperishably with the most splendid triumphs of British legislation.

As a matter of fact, the second Melbourne Cabinet was in an impossible position and was much of the time in a state of panic which did not conduce to good temper—except in the imperturbable Prime Minister himself. We see Hobhouse, an ardent supporter of the Reform bill, now withstanding the Ballot because, as he says, following Peel in this, "it would take away that influence over the vote which preserves the representative system, in our country, from being of too democratic a character." We find him also against the repeal of the Corn laws, and the most dramatic pages of these new volumes are those that relate the struggles of the Cabinet in the summer and autumn of 1841 to hold back the repeal and to retain office. Particularly vivid is the account of the Cabinet meeting at Lansdowne House on May 19th.

The bulk of the present volumes is a disconnected and rather commonplace journal of dinners and other social events, which does not lend itself to easy consecutive reading. A charming portrait of the young Queen might be evoked by patching together paragraphs scattered through the pages. There are no careful character studies, but here and there a good *mot* is set down or an amusing story recorded. We may quote a few of these without comment:

> Lord Holland told me some profligate sayings of George Selwyn's, whom he knew when a boy, a formal man in a bag-wig and sword; he hated the Whigs, but liked Charles Fox. He had a house at Marston, where Charles I had escaped. George III came to visit it; and Selwyn, although a most abject flatterer of that King, said, "It is curious my house has been visited by two Kings, and both lost their heads." George III had recently been mad.
>
> Mr. Coke told me that he hardly ever heard Mr. Fox speak harshly of any man. Some one happening to say to him, "You must allow Sir John Lade was a stupid man," Fox replied: "I allow no such thing; he was a d—d clever fellow, the best driver of a four-in-hand in England, and a man who does what he attempts very well cannot be called stupid."
>
> Mr. Standish, who had just arrived from Paris, told us that Lord Brougham, on coming to Paris the other day, ordered the postilions to drive him to the Tuileries, that he might report his arrival to the King. It was half-past eleven, and his Majesty had gone to bed.
>
> Sydney Smith told me in the drawing-room that he called Macaulay "a book in breeches," and that the Queen, hearing of it, said that was just what he was.

THREE ASPECTS OF LABRADOR.

Through Trackless Labrador. By H. Hesketh Prichard. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. $4 net.

Among the Eskimos of Labrador. By Dr. S. K. Hutton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50 net.

In Northern Labrador. By William Brooks Cabot. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $2.50 net.

The layman is hard put to it to appreciate the lure which attracts so many men of more than common parts to "the Labrador," that bleak and barren waste, held during the long winter in the paralyzing grip of the ice-king, and scourged during the short summer by myriads of bloodthirsty mosquitoes. Men like Dr. Grenfell and Father Browne went there, of course, to minister to the material and spiritual welfare of the natives, especially those of white blood, fishermen and the descendants of fishermen attracted thither by the fish-abounding coasts, far from which they never venture. Then there are the explorers and geographers, Hind, McLean, Lacasse, Cary, Cole, Low, and the rest. Lastly, come the journalists and sportsmen, actuated by the spirit of adventure or the desire to obtain a good "story." Perhaps as good an explanation as any of Labrador's fascination is contained in one of Mr. Cabot's sentences: "The invitation of the country to a traveller with a taste for unworn places is unusual." Unworn the Labrador certainly is. Inland more than a few miles from the coast its vast map has been but scratched here and there by the geographer, and Mr. Cabot's book-title is far truer and less misleading than such a one as "Through Trackless Labrador." No white man has as yet gone really through Labrador, though some have traversed considerable portions of it.

Of the three books here reviewed, that of Mr. Prichard is the record of a sportsman; that of Dr. Hutton the narrative of life near to, if not actually among, the Eskimos; while Mr. Cabot's relates the experiences of a sportsman-explorer, whose ethnological talents, patience, and endurance have made him the one great authority on the Indians of Labrador.

In Mr. Prichard's book that well-known cricketer and big-game hunter describes accurately and often vividly a "little exploring trip from the Atlantic Coast (Nain) to the George River over an unknown route"; he adds much information, more or less second-hand, about the country, its inhabitants, and its fauna. The importance of his beautifully made volume will be found to lie in the narrative of the hunting and angling experiences of himself and his companion, as well as in his excellent advice regarding outfit, seasons, and localities. He does, indeed, furnish us with a sketch-map of the route taken, which was, as alleged, hitherto unexplored, and his own personal observations are valuable. He hoped to find Indians on his way, and, had he explored Indian House Lake, his farthest west, before turning back towards the coast, he would have discovered a large encampment of them on its very banks, for they were there, waiting for the caribou migration, at that time. Mr. Prichard's dictum in regard to Labrador sport is to the effect that, while the fishing for salmon, trout, and sea-trout is very fine,

and the hunting often good, nevertheless none but the toughest and keenest of sportsmen should go there, for it is a land of real hardship, and the mosquitoes and flies are quite indescribable in their ferocity. It is a pity that this handsome volume contains no index.

Dr. Hutton's "Among the Eskimos of Labrador," as he says in his opening paragraph, "presents a plain picture of the Eskimos, . . . a people among whom I have lived for somo years past, and with whom I have come into the closest contact." And though he did not live with the Eskimos in the intimate seuse that Mr. Cabot did with the Indians, he has approached his task with enthusiasm, and succeeded in giving us a very interesting and accurate picture of Eskimo life and character. Mr. Cabot, an admirer rather of the Indian than the Eskimo, remarks that "one's first-time approach to a really unmodified Eskimo in a warm day is apt to be a staggeriug experience." Dr. Hutton, while not holding up the Eskimos as a cleanly race, explains their condition from their mode of life. "In the north, where no trees grow, and seal-oil lamps provide light and a meagre tinge of warmth for the huts, the people look dirty. The huts are small, and all the work of skinning and dressing the seals must be done in them, because out-of-doors everything freezes as hard as stone." In the summer time they do wash their clothes, the women and girls trampling upon them in the shallow brooks, smoking their pipes the while! Smoking is essentially an Indian habit, and Dr. Hutton wonders where the Eskimo learned it. "Was it the 'pipe of peace,' after one of their old quarrels, that started the craving? Or did they first get it from passing vessels? Perhaps so; but who can tell? Eskimos and Indians are hereditary foes; even in my time I have seen Eskimos scared at the mention of 'Indian,' and when I travelled southward my drivers once asked me in awestruck voices, 'Shall we see the Allat (Indians)?'" But, "though the Eskimo is just a big child in his outlook on the wider world, . . . in the things of his own daily life he is a full-grown man. In the grim task of wresting a living from his stern surroundings, the Eskimo excels." In spite of superstitions and uncleanliness, and a certain denseness of comprehension, he possesses qualities of endurance and fortitude that will lead to his advancement in civilization. Dr. Hutton's book is better illustrated than bound, and contains an index.

Mr. Cabot, after resisting for some years the entreaties of his friends, has now set down for us the record of many of his wanderings. He visited Labrador before the beginning of this century, and since then has made five expeditions thither, having many objects in view—adventure, sport, exploration, but chiefly the study of the Indians. He evidently has a "happy hand" with the aborigines, who have given him their confidence to a degree denied to other white men. It is significant that this quiet, patient, sympathetic, and courageous Bostonian, pushing on and on farther out upon the barrens, not only came in contact with both Montagnais and Naskapis (Nascaupees), but lived long with them in their lodges. The finding of his Indian friends, the winning of them, and his life with them, hunting, fishing, playing, and enduring hardships, form one of the most fascinating narratives we have ever read. It deals with wilder Labrador as authoritatively as does that of Dr. Grenfell with the more civilized coast country. Unfortunately, the book, though well printed and illustrated with photographs by the author, lacks an index and an adequate map.

The American Transportation Question. By Samuel O. Dunn. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

In this interesting volume the editor of the *Railway Age Gazette* has presented his view of the present-day railway problem and his method of solution. Notwithstanding his professional affiliations, he has given an eminently fair treatment of the questions at issue. While one may at many points disagree with his conclusions, one can hardly question the sincerity with which he has handled his material or the deliberation and care with which he has reached his final judgment.

Two introductory chapters are devoted to principles of rate-making as a necessary introduction to the later problems. These chapters are clear, logical, and well-balanced. Due recognition is given to the principle of cost in the fixing of rates and at the same time the limitations of the cost element are clearly indicated. Successive chapters deal with discrimination, valuation, efficiency, relation of railways to waterways, and Government regulation. Upon all these questions the author throws light, and adds to the clearness and interest of his exposition by abundance of apt illustration drawn from actual railway controversies.

His remedies for discrimination, frequently advocated by students of transportation, are pooling under Government control and power on the part of the Commission to prescribe a minimum rate. Mr. Dunn finds little to be accomplished from any universal physical valuation of railways. It would not aid in any way in determining the reasonableness of a specific rate, and could be but a minor aid in establishing the justice of an entire schedule of rates.

The discussion of efficiency helps the reader to adjust his mind to the extravagant claims of the modern apostle of "scientific efficiency." Tho author does not spare the feelings of the railway operating officer, and points out clearly the many extravagances in competitive service, and the enormous cost of reckless management as revealed in the accident record. Yet the real obstacle to a thoroughgoing application of economy in railway operation is shown to be the conflict between economy in operation and efficiency in service. In fact, it is the author's belief that as population becomes denser there will be a steadily increased demand for more frequent service of a less-than-carload character, which works against the effort to furnish service at lower cost. It means an increase in the cost of distribution, already a serious factor in our present high cost of living.

Waterways, in the opinion of the author, should not be constructed merely as potential agencies of traffic for the purpose of keeping rail rates down. Direct regulation of railway rates is a less costly method of protecting the public, and water routes should be constructed only when the traffic demand has been clearly demonstrated in advance. The effectiveness of Government regulation would be promoted, in Mr. Dunn's opinion, by a separation of the powers now exercised by the Interstate Commerce Commission which should confine this body largely to its judicial functions. Control over capitalization is desirable not to prevent high rates, to which capitalization has but little relation, but to insure a proper investment of the proceeds of security issues.

Although the treatment of the various topics is generally acceptable, a few points of disagreement may be noted. The author's defence of the imposition of a low rate for the long haul by a circuitous route in competition with a direct route is hardly convincing. Such a low competitive rate is only justified if it *creates* its own traffic, not if it divides existing traffic. To the "Commodities Clause," incorrectly called the "Carmack Amendment," is given a narrower application than it probably will have when the Supreme Court gets the opportunity to pass upon cases other than those involving coal mines. Hearty endorsement of the huge expenditures for railway terminals in the cities seems hardly warranted; much of this expenditure is sheer waste. Mr. Dunn's pessimism concerning the development of water traffic appears to be more profound than the situation warrants, and there is much economic and social defence, notwithstanding his statement to the contrary, for the construction by the Government of trunk-line waterways. Only in his opinion as to the expertness and impartiality of the Commission and in his attitude towards organized railway labor does the author betray a prejudiced attitude, and here the position taken is not pronounced. It is

unfortunate that in this stimulating book no reference is made to the question of Government ownership, which is coming to have an increasing interest and importance. Yet as the present-day problem is the subject of consideration, the question of nationalization may very properly have been reserved for later treatment.

Lollardy and the Reformation in England: An Historical Survey. By James Gairdner, C.B. Vol. III. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.

This third volume of Dr. Gairdner's great work on the English Reformation continues the process so clearly outlined in the two previous ones (see *Nation*, May 27, 1909). His object is to assign to the thing he calls "Lollardy" (so far as we can understand him, the principle of independent thought in religion) the place it properly occupied in the change from papal to royal supremacy. The former volumes have been abundantly criticised, as was to have been expected, from the most opposite quarters. They could satisfy neither the Romanist nor the Dissenter, nor even the moderate Anglican, and we predict the same fate for the volume before us. The most interesting part of it is the somewhat long introduction in which the venerable author tries to set himself right with his critics. He describes himself here as a "mere retired archivist" in distinction from a "real historian," and avows his incapacity for a "full treatment of this vast subject." He further frankly disclaims historic impartiality and calls the attempt at it a going back to paganism. He devotes several pages to defence of his use of the word "heretic" as applied to persons who were declared heretics by their contemporaries. The controversy is not very important, but we incline to think he has rather the better of it. Just what his mental attitude towards authority in belief is we may well see from this:

> I do not reject absolutely even the doctrine of transubstantiation, if it can be shown to be reasonable. But as yet I cannot say that I see it in that light; and if I am asked to subject my own reason to the Church, I am ready to do so—to a Church that is really universal.

This, we confess, seems to us mere words. Such a universal church never existed and never will exist. Dr. Gairdner balks at certain dictations of mediæval philosophy, but he has no patience with other persons whose thought carries them beyond his own limits. He approves many consequences of the English Reformation, but he abhors every manifestation of that spirit of independent inquiry and every appeal to that principle of individual reason which supplied the spiritual forces that made the permanent establishment of the English Church possible. We can readily imagine how a learned scholar with a mental equipment of this sort would approach the reign of Edward VI. Dr. Gairdner's narrative, which he fairly warns us is not even an attempt at "an exhaustive history" of that reign, is colored throughout by his contempt for everything that shows us the free working of individual minds. All such evidence belongs either to "aristocratic Lollardy," which was a sort of sport, or to "the fervid Scriptural Lollardy of half-instructed men." All the literary product of the former class is dismissed in a couple of pages as wholly contemptible. As to the second class: "fervor" and "Scripture" are red rags to Dr. Gairdner. They seem to him the chief expressions of that unwillingness to accept the powers that were which is to him the worst of vices, easily turned into the most dangerous crime. The reader desiring to gain an idea of the constructive processes by which the English Church under Edward VI was laying the foundations of its future greatness and gaining its permanent hold on the loyalty of the English people, will be greatly disappointed. We sincerely hope that Dr. Gairdner may be spared to complete his plan and give us a fourth volume on the happy restoration of good Queen Mary. We shall then be able to judge even more accurately where his sympathies lie.

Notes

The Historical Guides of the late Grant Allen are appearing from the press of Holt, in a new, revised form.

The attitude of the Australian aborigines towards the white man's religion is the subject of James Francis Dwyer's "The White Waterfall"; it is in the press of Doubleday, Page & Co.

D. Appleton & Co. announce the following recent or forthcoming publications: "The American Year Book for 1911"; "The Founders of Modern Psychology," by G. Stanley Hall; "Lafcadio Hearn," by Nina H. Kennard; "The Life and Letters of Laurence Sterne," by Lewis Melville; "The American Transportation Question," by Samuel O. Dunn; "The Initiative, Referendum, and Recall," edited by William Bennett Munro; "The Regulation of Municipal Utilities," by Clyde L. King; "The Coming Generation," by William Byron Forbush.—Fiction: "Japonette," by Robert W. Chambers; "The Sins of the Father," by Thomas Dixon; "Sharrow," by Bettina von Hutten; "The Price She Paid," by David Graham Phillips; "The Postmaster," by Joseph C. Lincoln; "The Maker of Opportunities," by George Gibbs; "The Charioteers," by Mary Tappan Wright; "Halcyone," by Elinor Glyn; "Carnival," by Compton Mackenzie; "The Favor of Kings," by Mary Hastings Bradley; "The Department Store," by Margaret Bohme, translated from the German by Ethel Colburn Mayne; "Faith Brandon," by Henrietta Dana Skinner; "The Mystery of the Second Shot," by Rufus Gilmore; "The Trevor Case," by Natalie S. Lincoln, and "The Nameless Thing," by Melville Davisson Post.—Juveniles: "Bucking the Line," by William Heyliger, and "The Border Watch," by Joseph A. Altsheler.

George W. Jacobs & Co. are bringing out this spring: "The One-Way Trail," a story of the cattle country by Ridgwell Cullum; "The Stake," a novel by Jay Cady; "The Development of Worship in the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church," by Alfred G. Mortimer; "The Cock, the Mouse, and the Little Red Hen," an old tale retold by Felicite Lefevre, new edition, and "I Ask of God," by Harriet Hobson.

This season's books published by Richard G. Badger include, in history: "Favorites of Louis XIV," by Le Petit Homme Rouge; "Life of Jonathan Trumbull," by his great-grandson, and "History of the New York Nautical School," by Capt. N. S. Osbon.—Sociology and philosophy: "The Anarchist Ideal," by R. M. Wenley; "The Present-Day Problem of Crime," by Albert H. Currier; "Vibration and Life," by D. T. Smith; "Thought and Religion," by James William Loeber, and "The Mechanism and Interpretation of Dreams," by Morton Prince.—General literature: "Cupid en Route," by Ralph Henry Barbour, illustrated; "The Village Green," by Eugene Wood, illustrated; "English Balladry and Other Papers," by Frank E. Bryant; "World Epics," by Helen A. Clarke; "Shakespeare Studies," by William A. Rader; "Shakespeare Study Programmes," by Charlotte Porter; and "Rambles with John Burroughs," by R. J. H. De Loach.

Among the Century Co.'s forthcoming books are "The Strangling of Persia," by W. Morgan Shuster; "The Social Drift, Studies in Contemporary Society," by Prof. Edward Alsworth Ross, and new novels by Samuel Merwin and David Gray.

Joseph King Goodrich, in "Africa of To-day," to be published by McClurg, treats the missionary problem of that country historically, and shows, in particular, the part played by England and America.

Prominent among the spring books of the A. S. Barnes Co. is Mrs. Jennette E. C. Lincoln's "The Festival Book," which describes May Day pastimes and the Maypole.

"The Autobiography of Thomas DeWitt Talmage"; "What Is and What Might Be," by Edward G. A. Holmes, for many years chief inspector of elementary schools in Great Britain; "The Flaw in the Crystal," by May Sinclair, and "The Permanent Uncle," by Douglas Goldring are in preparation by Dutton.

Included in the spring and summer announcements of the Dodge Publishing Co. are twelve volumes of the Poetry and Life series, edited by William Henry Hudson; "Every Boy's Book of Hobbies," by Cecil H. Bullivant; "A Song of Life," by Albert J. Atkins; "Baby's Happy Days," by Alice Goss; "Bergson," a new volume by Joseph Solomon in Philosophies Ancient and Modern series; The Pilgrim Books, designed for travellers and including "William Shakespeare," "Charles Lamb," "William Wordsworth," "Charles Dickens," "William Morris," "Alfred Tennyson," and "John Ruskin"; "The Reflections of a Mean Man," by

Walter Pulitzer, and "Stories of the Hudson," by Washington Irving, illustrated by Clifton Johnson.

Houghton Mifflin Co. publishes April 20: "The Promised Land," by Mary Antin; "Alexander's Bride," by Willa S. Cather; "The Jonathan Papers," by Elisabeth Woodbridge; "Scum o' the Earth and Other Poems," by Robert Haven Schauffler; "The Life and Work of William Pryor Letchworth," by J. N. Larned, and "The Riverside Fourth Reader."

Prof. Arthur H. R. Fairchild is preparing a volume on "The Making of Poetry." It is promised by Putnams for May.

Fiction is the main item in Little, Brown & Co.'s spring announcements. It includes: "The Bandbox," by Louis Joseph Vance; "Young Beck," by McDonnell Bodkin; "The Lighted Way," by E. Phillips Oppenheim; "Peter Ruff and the Double-Four," the same; "The Mountain Girl," by Payne Erskine; "The Saintsbury Affair," by Roman Doubleday; "Her Word of Honor," by Edith Macvane; "The Mainspring," by Charles Agnew MacLean; "My Demon Motor Boat," by George Fitch; "The Sunken Submarine," by Capt. Danrit; "Sanna of the Island Town," by Mary E. Waller; "Lonesome Land," by B. M. Bower; "The Big Fish," by H. B. Marriott Watson; "The Under Trail," by Anna A. Chapin.—Miscellaneous: "The British West Indies," by Algernon E. Aspinall; "Pin-Money Suggestions," by Lilian W. Babcock; "A Handbook of Home Economics," by Etta Proctor Flagg; "The Anomalies of the English Law," by S. Beach Chester, and "The Young Crusaders," by George P. Atwater.

The following are Oxford books announced by Frowde: History and biography: "Lord Durham's Report," by Sir Charles Lucas; "The Exchequer in the Twelfth Century," by R. L. Poole; "Companion to Roman History," by H. Stuart Jones; "Oxford Studies in Social and Legal History," Vol. III, edited by Prof. Paul Vinogradoff; "The English Factories in India, 1642-45," by W. Foster; "Mill's Liberty, Representative Government," and the same author's "The Subjection of Women," introduction by Mrs. Henry Fawcett.—Theology and philosophy: "Eusebiana," by H. J. Lawlor; "Hegel's Formal Logic," translated by H. S. Macran, and "The Book of Enoch," edited by R. H. Charles, new edition.—Classics: "The Greek Genius and Its Meaning to Us," by R. W. Livingstone; "A Commentary on Herodotus," by W. W. How and J. Wells: "Homer, Hymns, etc.," edited by T. W. Allen; "Horace," edited by E. C. Wickham, revised by H. W. Garrod; "Philostratus's Apollonius of Tyana," translated by J. S. Phillimore, two volumes; "Tacitus's Histories," translated by W. Hamilton Fyfe, two volumes, and "Demosthenes's Public Speeches," translated by A. W. Pickard-Cambridge, two volumes.—Miscellaneous: "The Poems and Masks of Aurelian Townsend," edited by E. K. Chambers; "The Science of Etymology," by W. W. Skeat; Oxford English Dictionary, Vol. IX, Th—Thy; "Spenser," edited by J. C. Smith and E. de Sélincourt; "Blackmore's Lorna Doone," introduction by T. Herbert Warren; "A Book of English Essays, 1600-1900," by S. V. Makower and B. H. Blackwell; "Problems of the Roman Criminal Law," by J. L. Strachan-Davidson; "John of Gaddesden and the Rosa Medicinæ," by H. P. Cholmeley, and "A Concordance to Dante's Latin Works," by E. K. Rand and E. H. Wilkins.

The Chinese frontiers of India are described in the *Geographical Journal* for March by Archibald Rose, who as British consul in Yunnan has come into close touch with the frontier problems of China. He gives much valuable information in regard to the turbulent border tribes and explains how they are gradually losing their predatory habits and are coming under control by the extension of orderly government and honest administration. He emphasizes the intense vitality of the Chinese and their hearty friendship for the English. Abundant evidence is also given that in these parts of Asia hundreds of thousands of square miles of interesting and unknown territory are still waiting to be explored. Prof. Norman Collie tells of some explorations in a part of the Canadian Rockies which for the wonderful beauty of the scenery and especially of the numerous lakes bids fair to become the "playground of all America." A preliminary report of the recent Yale Peruvian expedition is given by the director, Prof. H. Bingham. The ruins of a number of Inca or pre-Inca cities were discovered, and some 3,000 specimens of plants and insects were collected. Of much scientific interest, judging from the long and animated discussion at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, are Dr. John S. Owens's experiments on the settlement of sand in running water.

Under a needlessly uninforming title, "The Vicissitudes of a Lady-in-Waiting" (by Eugène Welvert, translated by Lilian O'Neill: John Lane Co.), we have a gossipy relation of the private life of Louis de Narbonne and his mother. The former is familiar to students of the French Revolution as the War Minister of Louis XVI in the spring of 1792. He became "suspect" after the 10th of August, but thanks to a fortunate friendship with Madame de Staël he lay safely concealed in her house during the fatal domiciliary visits, and finally escaped to England where he joined the circle of clever conversationalists around Fanny Burney and Talleyrand. Later he returned to France, and in spite of Talleyrand's apparent ill-will he became an aide-de-camp of Napoleon and lived through the suffering of the Russian campaign. The author has constructed the story of this chequered career by copious clippings from well-known memoirs, and also by some serious researches in the French archives. That he is impartial and objective it would be rash to maintain. Narbonne's mother was a faithful uninteresting lady-in-waiting to Louis XVI's royal aunts, Adélaïde and Victoire. Her son's extravagance and her consequent financial bankruptcy reflect in miniature what was happening to the old monarchy of the Ancien Régime on a grand scale. After the adoption of the Civil Constitution of the Clergy and the emigration of the old nobility, the royal aunts decided that they preferred to hear mass in Rome rather than Paris. They set out for the frontier on the night of the 19th of February, 1791, with Madame Narbonne as lady-in-waiting, and Louis de Narbonne as escort. The author's detailed account of their flight (the preparations for their secret departure were so hasty that when detained on their journey by the suspicious patriots of Arnay-le-Duc these scions of royalty had to stay in bed while their scanty linen was washed), is the most valuable part of the book. It is drawn directly from the sources, and is especially interesting when compared with the King and Queen's similar flight to Varennes, just four months later.

The present condition of the Turkish defences of the western entrance of the Dardanelles is described in *Petermann's Mitteilungen* for March, by Gen. A. Janke. The article is accompanied by a colored map showing the exact position of each of the numerous forts and batteries, as well as the depth of the water. A brief sketch of the principal events in the French conquest of Wadai, a country in north central Africa, is given by Dr. H. Moeser, and Dr. F. Nölke discusses the question whether or not the Glacial Period was due to the lowering of temperature.

A welcome little outdoor book, fit for the pocket, is "The Rolling Earth: Outdoor Scenes and Thoughts from the Writings of Walt Whitman" (Houghton Mifflin). The selections are from the journals and poems, and show Whitman keenly observant of and exultant in his surroundings. "To my mind," says John Burroughs in the preface, "Whitman was the poet of the earth considered as an orb in the heavens . . . [He] revelled in thoughts of the whole scheme of things." This aspect of Whitman is fully shown in the book, but we see him also as the lover of birds and butterflies, of weeds and bees.

The key-note of the two volumes on "An Imperial Victim: Marie Louise" (Brentano's), by Mrs. Edith E. Cuthell, is struck in the dedication: "To the memory of a tender heart, a ruler beloved, a devoted daughter, a faithful friend, a wronged woman, as sinned against as sinning." We have thus before us another compilation of sentimental memoirs closely resembling its many predecessors during the past year or two. There is a fatal sameness about all of them. Not a touch of originality, not a single clever remark, not a graphic description or characterization, rises above the dead level of dull mediocrity. Still, Mrs. Cuthell knows how to copy, diligently and not without discrimination, from good sources, mainly French (though she hardly mentions a single book), and her volumes have at least the negative merit of being almost wholly free from scandalous gossip, slippery as the ground is on which she necessarily moves. Although mainly concerned with the wrongs done to her heroine, she is not wholly oblivious of her weaknesses, and if any confirmation were needed of Marie Louise's heartless behavior towards Napoleon these pages would clearly furnish them. Entirely aside from the pressure exercised by her father, the Emperor Francis, and her lover, Count Neipperg, Marie Louise had not a particle of feeling for her husband as soon as he left France. She now cuts a sorry figure even in the eyes of Austrian historiographers, the older of whom had attempted the whitewashing process with much more learning and ability than Mrs. Cuthell has at her command. Her volumes show a carelessness in proofreading unusual even in

books of this class. The German *Umlaut* is throughout withheld or bestowed in a purely arbitrary fashion. "Frankfürt," "Schönbrünn," "Wölkersdorf," "Innsbrück," alternate with spellings like "Furstenberg." But there are many worse blemishes. Sometimes only the initiated will recognize the places aimed at in such wretched misprints (or are they ignorant transliterations?) as "Kaschaaw" (for Kaschau), "Hintzendorf" (for Hetzendorf), "Kalemberg" (for Kahlenberg), etc., etc.

"The Modern Woman's Rights Movement," by Dr. Kaethe Schirmacher, translated from the German by Dr. Carl C. Eckhardt (Macmillan), is a veritable cyclopædia of information, carefully gathered from authoritative sources, regarding the status and progress of the woman's rights movement throughout the world. Dr. Schirmacher writes as an advocate, and is at times pretty caustic in her treatment of conservatives and opponents: as witness the statement, uncomfortably near the truth in some places, that the chief supporters of the "Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage" in this country "are found among the saloon-keepers, the habitual drunkards, and the women of the upper classes." Where she chiefly errs is in the assumption, easily made by champions of reform, that the creation of societies or committees, the presentation of petitions, or the working up of public demonstrations is an accurate indication of the extent of popular interest in the subject. On the state of the woman movement in continental Europe, the volume presents the most comprehensive account yet available in English. Dr. Eckhardt has added notes, and brought the statistics up to date. A few slips in the American portion might properly have been corrected. The salaries of women professors in American universities are not always equal to those of men; nor do the students of women's colleges commonly "play football in male costume, the public being excluded."

One of the most famous legendary historical scenes which Voltaire's cleverness invented and endowed with persistent life is that in which the beautiful young Empress-Queen, Maria Theresa, fleeing from Vienna to Presburg with her infant in her arms, appears in the Hungarian Diet and appeals for aid against her perfidious enemies; whereupon her loyal Hungarian subjects cry out: "Moriamur pro rege nostro Maria Theresa." From a careful study of the daily register of the legislative proceedings and contemporary letters, Mary Maxwell Moffat ("Maria Theresa," E. P. Dutton & Co.) shows that Voltaire quite overlooked the long struggle which the young ruler had to go through before she overcame the suspicions which her Hapsburg ancestors and their German ministers had implanted in the Magyar people. As the author tells the story, it is dramatic enough without Voltaire's embellishments. Her clear scholarly biography of Maria Theresa, based on solid material and furnished with some twenty illustrations, portrays excellently the personal life and character of a remarkable woman and her numerous family. Miss Moffatt makes no attempt to discuss, except incidentally, the kaleidoscopic events of Maria Theresa's foreign policy; but she gives good brief accounts of the improvements which took place under her in education, medicine, music, and morals, and in the various branches of the domestic administration of the Austrian Monarchy.

Disgusted with the insistent adulation and the goody-goody praise which the biographer usually bestows upon the Queen, Clare Jerrold, in "The Early Court of Queen Victoria" (Putnam), seeks to give a true account of the far from perfect environment and the unpleasant relatives who surrounded the youthful princess in the decade of her accession. By mixing a mass of second-hand anecdotes with the effervescent froth of court gossip and the author's own moralizings a volume is produced which is neither dull nor mendacious. The most unlovely figure in it is the Duchess of Kent, who had kept such an unremitting surveillance on her daughter, Victoria, that it was said she had never let the princess out of her sight by day or night for more than ten minutes at a time. People feared that the Duchess, not the Princess, would rule England when the Princess became the Queen. Their minds were soon relieved. When Victoria returned to her apartments after the trying ceremonies of receiving the oaths of allegiance, her first regal words to her mother were the pathetic request: "I wish, my dear mamma, to be left alone for two hours!"

The New Mediæval Library (Duffield) could hardly have done without a volume representing the songs of the troubadours, for those songs, as the ultimate source of the later mediæval and the Petrarchan lyric, deserve the filial reverence of every lover of poetry, and there are among them many of rare beauty and a few of stirring vigor. Miss Barbara Smythe, in "Trobador Poets," has undertaken to translate for the English reader some sixty poems of the best-known troubadours. Her task was one of extreme difficulty. The Provençal text is full of pitfalls for the unwary, the troubadours rather sought than shunned obscurity, their phrases are distorted by the exigencies of intricate stanzaic structure, and many of the words which recur most frequently, as *joi, joven,* and *domneiar,* have technical courtly values that are beyond the connotation of any brief equivalents. Miss Smythe's translations, some in prose, some in imitative verse, are remarkably accurate. She is thoroughly familiar with the language and the thought of the troubadours, and she has contrived to make her rendering literal as well as clear. Unfortunately, her prose and verse are both pedestrian; the phrasing is that of common conversation, the lines are too light to carry real substance, and there is no richness in the rhymes. Interesting her versions are, but they convey to the reader very little of the original poetry. One may mention as more than usually successful the verse rendering of the resonant song in praise of war attributed to Bertran de Born, and the translation, also in verse, of the first of the love poems of Guilhem de Cabestanh. Miss Smythe's choice of poems is notably good. The book offers much that will be new and valuable to those whose knowledge of the Provençal lyric is derived only from the anthologies of Appel and Crescini.

"The American Government" (Lippincott), by Frederic J. Haskin, shows all the familiar skill of the practiced syndicate writer in marshalling facts for the hurrying commuter; and the publishers have done their part by making the book light enough to hold easily for a full thirty-minute run. As a description of the surface operations of Government, the work has substantial merits. It contains a truly vast amount of information, its plan is orderly, it avoids theoretical discussions, and it is extremely readable. A novel feature is the advertised approval of the several chapters by the heads or high officials of the departments or bureaus described. In the presence of a list of names, ranging from President Taft to John Barrett, the most hardened critic would hardly dare withhold commendation. Fortunately, the volume has the virtue of an intelligent compilation, and will deserve all the popularity which it may attain.

Many books have been written to commemorate a smaller event than a visit to the North Pole. Matthew A. Henson, author of "A Negro Explorer at the North Pole" (Stokes), had been Rear-Admiral Peary's body-servant for twenty-one years and his companion in every Arctic venture since 1891, before he attained the distinction of being with Peary the only man from civilization to reach the Pole. Mr. Henson's little book is a narrative of personal impressions, told for the most part in straightforward style, but marred here and there by bits of passionate prose which one imagines was inserted by another hand than the author's. There was no particular necessity for the brief introduction by Booker T. Washington, in which is pointed out with almost Teutonic scholarship how the negro has been the white man's companion in the history of discovery since the earliest voyages of the sixteenth century. We could have spared the elaboration of the same truth in the author's own words:

> From the building of the Pyramids and the journey to the Cross, to the discovery of the New World and the discovery of the North Pole, the negro has been the faithful companion of the Caucasian, and I felt all that it was possible for me to feel, that it was I, a lowly member of my race, who had been chosen by fate to represent it in this almost the last of the world's great *work*.

Mr. Henson makes no attempt to give a full and consecutive account of the dash for the Pole. Completeness in such a story means the inclusion of a great deal of astronomical and other scientific data based on fuller records than Mr. Henson, in the nature of the case, was able to compile. Yet it is a story that will bear repetition, and Mr. Henson has told it in a form that will propably have its appeal to many people who would hesitate before the formidable bulk of Peary's own authoritative account.

Brig.-Gen. Joseph Pearson Farley, U. S. A., retired, who died in Charleston, S. C., on Saturday, aged seventy-three, had served, after distinguished conduct in the Civil War, at the Military Academy at West Point, and on various ordnance boards. He was also an author, among his books being: "West Point in the Early 60's" and "Three Rivers: A Retrospect of War and Peace."

The death is reported from Bologna, Italy, of Giovanni Pascoli, the Italian poet, and the successor, at the university of that town, of Giosue Carducci in the chair of Italian literature.

Science

THE THEORY OF RELATIVITY.

The recent joint meeting of the American Physical Society and Section B of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Washington in the Christmas holidays, was distinguished chiefly by the attention given to certain novel theories of physics. The presidential address of Prof. W. F. Magie, "On the Primary Concepts of Physics," is significant of a reaction against the domination of these new ideas; and the symposium which followed showed very clearly a sharp line of cleavage between the classical and modern schools of mechanics. The address has been printed in *Science* for February 23, and is worthy of careful study.

The science of physics seems to be suffering, these latter days, from an attack of intellectual indigestion. While physicists feel that their subject has always shown a healthy growth, yet, as a rule, new discoveries have been made slowly enough to be fitted into theory without causing serious trouble. But now phenomena connected with Roentgen rays, radioactivity, and the discharge of electricity in rarefied gases have compelled us to adopt new methods of experimentation, and the resulting discoveries have been so rapid as to upset our theories, and even to shake our ideas concerning the primary concepts of science. Since the beginning of modern physics, from the days, that is, of Galileo and Newton, physicists have been building their laws and their theories on the same primary mechanical concepts of space, time, and mass. Through all this time, the first two have evoked little discussion, and differences of opinion about the concept of matter have been, for the most part, merely a question of precedence regarding mass, force, and energy. As Professor Magie points out in his presidential address, this unanimity of thought existed because we believed that "the universe has a real existence apart from our perceptions of it, and that through its relations to our minds it imposes upon us certain common elementary notions which are true and shared by everybody."

Now, in the past, as new phenomena were discovered, theories were advanced to explain them in terms of these primary mechanical concepts, and if discrepancies remained between the theory and the phenomena, the theory was abandoned or allowed to lie dormant, but the concepts were not questioned. This may be called the classic attitude; but a new scientific method, which may be called the school of transcendental symbolism, has been lately evolved by German physicists. As examples of this method, two notable theories may be cited: the Theory of Quanta by Prof. Max Planck of Berlin, and the Principle of Relativity by Prof. Albert Einstein of Zurich. Both of these are abstruse and technical in their development, but their underlying principles are simple enough.

Professor Planck, from experiments on the heat radiation of bodies, derives a formula to express its distribution in the spectrum, and comes to the opinion that all the radiant energy given out by a body is discontinuous. As a result, we shall have to abandon our invariable method of expressing physical laws by the mathematical analysis of the calculus, since that is based on the laws of continuous action. Furthermore, since the Theory of Quanta holds that bodies move by interrupted jumps instead of continuously, the resulting system of mechanics would have no relation to our normal experience which feels time and space to be continuous.

Professor Einstein takes, as his starting point, the fact that certain experiments (especially one by Professors Michelson and Morley), to determine the mutual action of matter and the æther on the velocity of light, fail to give any positive results. He therefore accepts this nugatory result; assumes, as a postulate, that the velocity of light in space is an absolute constant unaffected by the motion of matter, in conformity with the experiment, and denies the existence of the æther. From thence, by steps we need not here follow, he also draws the conclusion that we must radically alter our concepts of space and time, and abandon our concept of mass. In this new Theory of Relativity, as it is called, the dimensions and the inertia of a body, and the measurement of time, are not stationary quantities, but vary in accordance with the velocity of the body as it moves. Furthermore this relativity of mass and time to motion depends on a mathematical formula purely abstract in source and character. This really amounts to saying that experience is not a criterion of truth and that we must rely on an inward sentiment of knowledge as revealed in subjective formulæ.

Both Professor Einstein's theory of Relativity and Professor Planck's theory of Quanta are proclaimed somewhat noisily to be the greatest revolutions in scientific method since the time of Newton. That they are revolutionary there can be no doubt, in so far as they substitute mathematical symbols as the basis of science and deny that any concrete experience underlies these symbols, thus replacing an objective by a subjective universe. The question remains whether this change is a step forward or backward, into light or into obscurity. It is held, and apparently rightly, that the revolution effected by Galileo and Newton was to replace the metaphysical methods of the schoolman by the experimental methods of the scientist. Now the new methods might seem to be just the reversal of that step, so that, if there is here any revolution in thought, it is in reality a return to the scholastic methods of the Middle Ages.

Undoubtedly the German mind is prone to carry a theory to its logical conclusion, even if it leads into unfathomable depths. On the other hand, Anglo-Saxons are apt to demand a practical result, even at the expense of logic. As Professor Duhem once remarked, they wish to construct a tangible model of sticks and strings to illustrate their most profound ideas. And it is apparent that they are beginning to grow restive under the domination of this new transcendental method, and to question where all this metaphysical speculation is hurrying them. For this reason, the address of Professor Magie on the primary concepts of physics is significant.

In a very scholarly way, Professor Magie reviews the opinions of the masters of the classical mechanics on the concepts of matter, space, and time. For the first of these, he shows that such men as Galileo, Newton, Lagrange, and Lord Kelvin have all agreed in taking the direct sense of muscular force as the source of our primary concept of matter, and in holding this sense as an adequate base for a rigorous science like physics. And he might have added to this list the name of Sir Joseph Larmor, who displays in his treatise on "Æther and Matter" the most philosophical spirit of any living physicist. Professor Magie allies himself emphatically with this view. But when it becomes necessary to provide a unit by which to measure forces, he finds authority to be either contradictory or, at least, vague. In his own opinion, force is the primary concept and mass is a concept derived from it. But, because of the permanency of masses of matter, we find it convenient to construct our system of measurement with mass as one of the fundamental units. This we are able to do without directly measuring forces, since the accelerations of two mutually acting bodies are inversely proportional to their masses, so that we may use these masses and their accelerations to measure forces. Thus, while force is primary in order of thought, it becomes secondary to mass in order of measurement.

When Professor Magie undertakes the consideration of the other two primary concepts, space and time, one notices a symptom of uncertainty and restlessness. Past writers discussed these concepts very briefly, whereas those who are now advocating the Principle of Relativity do so with such an air of assurance and finality that a modest man may hesitate to express his doubts. They may stagger us when they require us to believe that the length of a body becomes less if it is put in motion, and

that clocks run slower when they move than when they are at rest; but, on the other hand, they offer the most alluring seduction to the mind, when, by the simplest kind of mathematics, they appear to subdue the whole universe to their ideas. Professor Magie points out that the chief incentive to the development of the theory of relativity is the desire to express all natural phenomena by a set of simple equations; and he is right when he objects to making the demand for simplicity the chief purpose of a scientific theory. It is better to keep science in homely contact with our sensations at the expense of unity than to build a universe on a simplified scheme of abstract equations. The main question, however, is whether or not the principle will explain natural phenomena in a satisfactory manner as they appear to us. Professor Magie evidently thinks it will not, and that we had better keep to the concrete models of atoms and the æther, which are imaginable even if they are quite artificial. And in the last analysis, a solution of our problems must be intelligible to the man of general intelligence as well as to the trained specialist. From the contradictory statements of the specialists themselves he might also include them in the class which finds the Principle of Relativity of dubious clarity. L. T. M.

"Social Life in the Insect World," announced by the Century Company, is by the French naturalist, J. H. Fabre.

Walter P. Wright is bringing out, through Stokes, "Roses and Rose Gardens."

"First Year in Number," by Franklin S. Hoyt and Harriet E. Peet, is in Houghton Mifflin Company's list.

Science books in the spring list of Longmans, Green & Co. include: "Primary Malignant Growths of the Lungs and Bronchi: A Pathological and Clinical Study," by Dr. I. Adler; "The Mechanics of the Aeroplane: A Text-Book," by Capt. Duchêne, translated by John H. Ledeboer and T. O'B. Hubbard; "Monographs on Biochemistry," edited by R. H. Aders Plimmer and F. G. Hopkins.

Recent additions to Cassell & Co.'s list are: "The Complete Gardener," by H. H. Thomas; the same author's "The Garden at Home," and Cassell's "Cyclopedia of Photography."

"Heredity and Eugenics," a book in preparation by the University of Chicago press, is made up of lectures given at the University by John M. Coulter, William Ernest Castle, Edward Murray East, William Lawrence Tower, and Charles Benedict Davenport.

Science books in the list of George W. Jacobs & Co. include: "365 Chafing-Dish Recipes," new edition, and "Jacobs' Friend to Friend Cable Code."

Emma Paddock Telford has placed with Cupples & Leon her "Standard Paper-Bag Cookery."

The first number of *Bedrock*, a new quarterly review of scientific thought, just published by Constable & Co. of London, opens with an article on the "Value of a Logic of Method," by J. Welton, professor of education in the University of Leeds; G. Archdall Reid discusses "Recent Researches on Alcoholism"; E. W. Poulton, Hope professor of zoölogy in the University of Oxford, writes on "Darwin and Bergson as Interpreters of Evolution"; A. H. Gibson, professor of engineering in the University of Dundee, has an article on "The Inter-Action of Passing Ships." The number also includes papers on "The Stars in Their Courses" (being substantially the Halley lecture for 1911), by H. H. Turner, Savilian professor of astronomy in the University of Oxford, and on "Social and Sexual Evolution," by The Hermit of Prague, as well as "Notes on Current Research."

We are glad to note the publication of Candace Wheeler's popular and entirely charming "Content in a Garden" (Houghton Mifflin), in an attractive pocket edition that will recommend the book to those who read most pleasurably beside the hollyhocks and under the willows.

To their series of House and Garden Making Books, McBride, Nast & Co. have added "Making a Rose Garden," by Henry H. Saylor. There are other and more formidable—or disheartening—books on the difficult art of rose-growing; but this little handbook of fifty pages, by virtue of its brevity, simplicity, and conciseness, is as good a guide as the novice can find. The book is equipped with a glossary and with lists of "dependable" roses.

Prof. Vernon L. Kellogg, who has already, besides his technical work, done good service in giving wider general currency to scientific theories, has now applied himself to the moral aspects of evolution. The title of his new book is "Beyond War: A Chapter in the Natural History of Man" (Holt), and this, with a few words from the last page, will indicate sufficiently the scope and tendency of the volume (the Latin is Professor Kellogg's):

> Man has a uniform motion in a straight line toward a revolutionary goal, of which War is an absolutely impossible part. The motion of Man is toward mutual aid, altruism. War is all that these are not. These are life conditions that oppose all War. The inertia of the evolutionary movement of Man will overcome the inertia of the lessening resistance to this movement. War is already an anachronism in the life of *Homo sapiens*. The evolutionary mode of the Blond race has moved beyond it. The leaders will fall into the mode or fall out of their places. *Homo superioris* will be, whatever else he is, BEYOND WAR.

Dr. John Herr Musser, one of the widely known physicians in the country, died last week in Philadelphia. He was especially noted as a diagnostician. Dr. Musser was fifty-five years old. Several works on medical subjects bear his name.

Prof. Abbott Lawrence Rotch, founder of the Blue Hill Meteorological Observatory, died on Friday in Boston. He was born in 1861, and, after a youth spent in Europe, took a course in mechanical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, graduating in 1884. The following year he established his observatory, which soon achieved distinction for the accuracy of the observations recorded, and especially for the experiments made with kites. Professor Rotch observed for meteorological purposes the three solar eclipses of 1887, 1889, and 1893—the first in Russia with Kreppen and Upton; that of 1889 with Upton in California, and that of 1893 with the Harvard Observatory expedition in Chili. He was a member of several international commissions and congresses, and received various insignia of honor from foreign learned societies and governments. In 1906 Harvard made him professor of meteorology. Besides numerous articles, he wrote the more elaborate treatises: "Sounding the Ocean of the Air" and "The Conquest of the Air."

Perry L. Hobbs, professor of chemistry in Western Reserve University, whose death is reported in his fiftieth year, became well known through his experiments in the manufacture of concrete. He was a frequent contributor to scientific periodicals.

Drama

Maurice Maeterlinck. By Edward Thomas. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.60 net.

Aglavaine and Selysette. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. The same. $1.25 net.

Edward Thomas's marked gift for criticism in general is supplemented by specific aptitudes in the case of Maeterlinck. He has a fine sense and a fine memory for literary flavors, and his allusion and comparison roam widely in the search for pleasing and unsuspected kinships. The critic's intuitions are safeguarded, however, by a wise distrust of unverified intuition, and his specifications are as punctual as his insights. He has, in short, the prime requisite for weighing Maeterlinck: he can be charmed without being hoodwinked.

Mr. Thomas wisely collects the few biographical particulars in the opening chapter and avoids those spatters of narration which have the effect of an interruption, almost an impertinence, in a predominantly critical work. The literary evolution of Maeterlinck is then solicitously traced. Mr. Thomas emphasizes the transition in his works from somnambulism to actuality, from the Oriental sense of man's prostration before the power of a hostile mystery to the robust European consciousness of man's strength in himself and the efficacy of resistance, from despair based on lethargy to the optimism of endeavor. Space and care are bestowed upon the dramas, but the author seems to find the great appeal and ultimate test of Maeterlinck in the essays. Are these beautiful works only another form of the "Blue Bird," a sublimation of the fairy tale, in which the wonder and the prettiness constitute in the last analysis nothing more than the latest and most ethereal phase in the subtilization of pleasure? Mr. Thomas's adhesion to this view seems clear from his declaration that Maeterlinck is "more a rhetorician than a mystic, though he deals in mystical ideas." At the end of the

book one divines in the author a conviction, the weight of which is reinforced by his capacity for sympathetic response to the finest and airiest of Maeterlinck's versatile appeals, that we are here in the presence of an exquisite literary gift unsupported by that measure of personality, vitality, and character which gives supremacy and perpetuity to literature.

Mr. Thomas's English is correct and readable, though scarcely on the plane of the expectation induced by the sensitiveness of his mind and taste in other matters. He lacks the narrative gift, and to this—in a critic—pardonable defect he gives a quite needless prominence by his habit of reciting plots not only circumstantially, but sometimes twice over. Mr. Thomas is a phrase-maker, and the product ranges in merit from rare felicities of precise characterization to fortuities in which the words merely jostle. There are instances where the phrases seem extraneous, not to the matter, but to the style, and we feel that the dignity of plainness is lost without a compensating gain in beauty.

Alfred Sutro's revised translation of "Aglavaine and Selysette" is preceded by a sugared preface which a vein of interesting personal reminiscence saves from dulness, though not from insubstantiality. In the new version Mr. Sutro has allowed himself the widest latitude in retrenching the French text; he thinks nothing of cutting out five lines, eight lines, ten lines, and in one place has sacrificed an entire page of the Lacomblez text of the French original (see pages 68, 73, 75, 77, 79, 90, translation). Neither wisdom nor poetry nor dramatic force avails to protect a passage from these unintelligible proscriptions. In other respects the variations from the old version are not important, though they show a praiseworthy leaning toward idiom and simplicity. Mr. Sutro translates what he consents to translate with a deference to the original which keeps well on this side of slavishness; the use of paraphrase, within fairly conservative limits, is abundant. But the author exceeds his privilege when he turns straightforwardness into indirection or plainness into ornament. For instance, the simple French, "Plus je t'embrasserai et plus je serai sûre de ne pas me tromper" is poeticized thus: "every kiss will whisper to me that I am not wrong." The lovely words of Meligrane in relation to Aglavaine: "Elle n'a jamais dormi sur mes genoux, ma Sélysette," which relinquish none of their charm in a word-for-word translation, are attenuated into: "I have never lulled her to sleep on my knee, Sélysette." Credit must be given for contrary instances in which Mr. Sutro's version betters the original without falsifying it. Thus the anæmic French phrase, "Il ne faut pleurer que le plus tard possible," is rendered into warm and moving English: "But we do well to keep back our tears as long as we can."

Viewed as a piece of English, the translation hardly comes up to Mr. Sutro's admirable renderings of the essays—versions which almost gave the art of translation a new dignity; but it is not unworthy of such a sisterhood or of such a parentage. The English is invariably clear, usually correct, exempt from Gallicisms and from awkwardness, availing itself skilfully of the sincerity and poignancy of Anglo-Saxon monosyllables.

Houghton Mifflin will bring out this month "The Gray Stocking, and Other Plays," by Maurice Baring, and "Children's Classics in Dramatic Form, Book V," by Augusta Stevenson.

Richard Badger publishes this season the following dramas: "For Happiness," by Stanislav Pshibishevsky; "By Ourselves," by Ludwig Fulda; "Twilight," by Ernest Rosner; "The Forest Warden," by Otto Ludwig; "Fortune Favors Fools," by Ivan Narody; "Judith," by Friedrich Hebbel; "The Dear Saint Elizabeth," by Elizabeth O'B. Lummis; "Plays," by Daniel Bedinger Lucas, and "Pocahontas: A Pageant," by Margaret Ullmann.

Prof. M. Lyle Spencer of Lawrence College has put much labor and research into his book on the "Corpus Christi Pageants in England" (Baker & Taylor), and has collected a mass of minute and curious information concerning the cost and the methods of the representations of those ancient peripatetic religious dramas. His work will be of value to the general reader having neither time nor inclination for a laborious study of the original authorities, but does not add much to the sum of common information on the subject. He makes diligent use of the existent records, but these are so fragmentary, and often so vague or contradictory, that it is difficult to get very definite impressions from them. After all, the minor details of the performances are not of much present importance except to the ardent antiquarian. The nature of the plays we know—from such copies of them as have been preserved. As connecting links between the modern stage and the ancient church, they have a valid literary and historical status, and, in their best estate, they doubtless were a powerful agent in the hands of the elergy, and exerted a wholesome moral influence, but on the dramatic and literary side, they must nearly always have been exceedingly crude affairs. It is certain that in their later days they consisted largely of grotesque buffoonery. Much space in this book is devoted to a discussion of the question whether or not the actors ever used—in addition to their proper movable stage—the permanent platforms which, in certain cities, were erected at the places of exhibition. The evidence on this point is not clear, and a decision one way or the other is not vital. It is not unreasonable, however, to suppose that the players might have been ready to avail themselves of special opportunities when these were offered. The fact that players were fined if they did not act their parts satisfactorily is more to the point. It is a hint by which the moderns might profit.

Charles Frohman's declaration of his intention to have a high-grade stock company in New York, next season, is interesting, but it may be pointed out that it will not fulfil the true functions of a stock company if it has a star at the head of it, to play all the leading parts, whether it be William Gillette or anybody else. If it be true that Mr. Gillette has expressed his readiness to play small as well as important parts, he exhibits a much shrewder comprehension than Mr. Frohman of the intents and possibilities of such an organization. It is the essence of the stock-company idea that every member of it—so far as possible—should play the part for which he may happen to be best fitted, and no other. Mr. Frohman promises frequent changes of bill—which, of course, would be a natural consequence of the scheme—and "plays from any source." This last phrase is somewhat elastic, and might be interpreted in a good many ways, but presumably it is meant to imply judicious selection as well as infinite variety. That is the spirit in which an enterprise of that sort should be conducted, and would insure success, but any attempt to hitch the company to a star would be to court disaster.

A new play is being prepared for Arthur Bourchier and his company at the London Garrick Theatre. It is an adaptation by F. Kinsey Peile of M. Frappa's success in Paris, "Baron de Batz."

Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie have procured for their special matinées in London the performing rights in the play "Thompson," which, left uncompleted by the late St. John Hankin, has been finished by George Calderon.

Granville Barker and Lillah McCarthy began their special performances at the London Kingsway Theatre with a production of Prof. Gilbert Murray's translation of the "Iphigenia in Tauris" of Euripides.

"Proud Maisie," by Edward G. Hemmerde, K. C., which has just been produced in London, is a romance of the young Pretender. The heroine wears the kilt, primarily because it is a serviceable dress for fencing, in which she is an adept, and, later, because it is a good disguise at a masked ball. For they are holding high revel at Pitcour Castle, to further the cause of Prince Charlie, and the Prince is on the spot. He interrupts a reel to deliver an impassioned address to his faithful followers. When he retires, amid acclamation, there is only one dissentient voice, that of Neil MacAlpine, faithful servant of King George, who is incontinently denounced by young Guy, the son of the house, as a Hanoverian spy. Blows follow, and, of course, a challenge to a duel to the death. But old Pitcour forbids his son to fight, for Neil is a deadly swordsman. Moreover, Neil is true love to Lady Maisie, so that the issue of the combat must be to leave her either brotherless or loverless. In this dilemma, "her only refuge is to die" herself. She still wears the kilt, and by moonlight is the very image of her brother; so she crosses swords with Neil, and is slain. Thereupon, in horror, Neil kills himself. It is not a cheerful story, but is said to have useful theatrical qualities.

Dr. Karl Mantzius, the Danish author and actor, has decided to retire from the stage, but he will continue in his position of director of the Theatre Royal in Copenhagen.

Music

Johannes Brahms: Handbook to his Vocal Works. By Edwin Evans. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $3.50 net.

The literature relating to Brahms is growing apace, in England as fast as in Germany, if not faster. Judged by the number and the tone of the English books on this composer, he must be as popular in Great Britain as Handel and Mendelssohn were in the last century. Appearances in this case are, however, somewhat deceptive. The Handel and Mendelssohn cult permeated the whole nation, whereas the adoration of Brahms is largely a specialty of professionals and of a certain limited part of the public which takes its cue from them. During the last two decades of the nineteenth century the composers, also, were much influenced by Brahms; but the men of to-day hearken much more to Richard Strauss, Debussy, and other contemporary Germans and Frenchmen.

The English have more good choirs than any other people. It has been said of them that they take their musical pleasures sadly—two reasons, maybe, why Brahms's choral works particularly appeal to them. Mr. Evans, after calling attention to the immensity of Brahms's choral output, dwells on the "general mournfulness" of his subjects. With the exception of the "Triumphlied," there is not one of the larger works which is based upon a theme of any cheerfulness. Everywhere else we are confronted with the ideas of Fate and Death, even though Brahms did not intend these works, as a rule, for ecclesiastic use. There is reason in Mr. Evans's explanation that "large masses of voices are best directed to themes of serious and noble import." Other composers have, however, also *vertont*, as the Germans say, their cheerful moods, and as Brahms, though not affable and genial, was tolerably prosperous and not morose, it seems odd that he did not relax in some of these multitudinous and varied works for more than one voice. They include 60 quartets with piano, 38 for mixed choir without accompaniment, 28 for female choir, 5 for male choir, and so on.

The present volume is the first of three in which all the compositions of Brahms are to be described in detail. The second is to be concerned with the pianoforte and organ pieces, the third with the chamber and orchestral works. It is not likely that the second and third volumes will be quite so voluminous as the first (which has 599 pages), the productions being fewer; but if the thoroughness of part i is maintained, these three volumes will form a monument of industry no less than of enthusiasm. Mr. Evans's attitude, in his introductory chapters, is a bit amusing. He tries hard to be impartial, to be fair to foe as well as to friend. But he aims a lance at only one of the detractors, Mr. Runciman, ignoring the serious charges of Mr. Newman and others, and of the Herzogenbergs, for instance, who, though intimate friends of Brahms, did not hesitate to chide him for so often putting forth baser metals when he was capable of creating gold. In Mr. Evans's pages there is little or no evidence that all is not gold in the vast output. Brahms achieved "uniform excellence"; he is absolutely perfect; he did *not* write, as his opponents have said, "musicians' music"; his rhythms are *not* over-complex, his orchestration is *not* "muddy," and so on. The lack of sensuous charm is accounted for by the usual argument: "It would be extremely difficult to name another composer as indifferent as Brahms to the propitiation of the majority afforded by sensuous appeal."

The author's lack of discrimination makes it, unfortunately, difficult to find in his book a guide to what is best in Brahms. In all other respects it is a most useful volume, the equal of which even Germany has not produced, so far as this composer is concerned. The works are not analyzed in groups, but according to the opus numbers. The solo songs are the most numerous class; on these the present popularity of Brahms is chiefly based. There are no fewer than 196 for a single voice and they are printed in 32 opus numbers, each comprising from 2 to 15. In these songs there is much more emotional variety than in the choral works. In addition to the detailed descriptions, the author has an introductory chapter of eight pages in which he gives interesting information regarding Brahms's ideas on song-composing, etc. There is also a brief sketch of his life, besides a table of chronology, a classification of works, and alphabetical and analytical indexes.

"Practical Reflections on the Figurative Art of Singing," by Mancini, translated from the Italian by Pietro Buzzi, is announced by Richard G. Badger.

The Thomasschule of Leipzig, the oldest of the kind in Germany, will celebrate this year the seven hundredth anniversary of its foundation. It was there that Johann Sebastian Bach was cantor and conductor of the chorister boys.

Victor Herbert's "Natoma" is to be produced next autumn, with an open-air setting in the scene of the story, at Santa Barbara, California. The cost—about $50,000—will be met by the wife of an oil king, and efforts are being made to get Mary Garden to sing the leading rôle, as she did in New York and elsewhere. The Philharmonic Society played in February the introduction to the third act. Schirmer has just issued a "Natoma" suite, consisting of four numbers.

An interesting concert will be given in the Hotel Astor on Sunday afternoon, April 14, by the Pierian Sodality of Harvard, the oldest of all college orchestras in the country. It is not connected with the musical department of the university, but is an association of students, beginning more than a century ago.

Emmy Destinn has arranged to give a concert at the Waldorf-Astoria on Monday evening, April 15, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the Scientific Research Fund of the Treptow-Berlin Observatory, of which Dr. Frederick S. Archenhold is director. Dr. Archenhold arrived in this country recently, having come as delegate from the Treptow Berlin Observatory to attend the 125th annivesary of the Pittsburgh University.

Thanks to Caruso (whose voice has remained in good condition), "I Pagliacci" leads in the number of performances (9) given at the Metropolitan Opera House during the season which ends this week. "La Bohême" follows, with eight. "Aïda" and "Madama Butterfly" had seven each, and so did two German operas, both by Humperdinck: ""Hänsel and Gretel" and "Königskinder." "Lohengrin," "Cavalleria," and "La Gioconda" were sung six times each. Five performances each were given of "Walküre," "Tristan," "Lobetanz," "Girl of the Golden West," "Tosca," "Orfeo," "Donne Curiose," "Rigoletto"; four of "Tannhäuser," "Versiegelt," "Trovatore," "Otello," "Mona," "Armide"; three of "Lucia," "Parsifal," "Götterdämmerung," "Siegfried," "Meistersinger," "Ariane," "Faust," "Manon"; two of "Bartered Bride," "Traviata"; one of "Rheingold." Wagner, as usual, leads, with 33 performances, followed by Puccini (25), Verdi (22), Humperdinck (14), etc. There were 76 performances of operas by Italians, 65 by Germans (including Gluck), and nine by French composers. The profits of the season are said to amount to $40,000.

Art

On the Laws of Japanese Painting. By Henry P. Bowie. Illustrated. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. $3.50 net.

For nine years Mr. Bowie worked under the best modern painters of Japan. He enjoyed as well the company of collectors and men of letters. Thus his book, though in bulk hardly more than a long essay, gives an intimate view of the traditions and procedures actually alive to-day in Japanese studios. There is less that is new than a reader of the preface would imagine, yet it would require the reading of a score of books to bring together an equivalent amount of information, and our author contributes vividness quite his own.

The training of a Japanese painter begins with the hand. There are years

of tracing, copying, arranging, and condensing standard drawings before the aspirant is encouraged to create on his own account. In short, the training is not unlike that which a painter's apprentice received in the Renaissance. Mastery is attained through humble discipleship. But the training of the soul is even more characteristic. Choice feeling is especially required. To attain this, memory of all sorts, with literary and poetical associations, is freely evoked. Every picture must obey the fundamental rule of containing a primary and secondary interest, a positive and negative motive. At every point there must be clear thinking and feeling, which, however, must not impair the spontaneity of the inspiration nor the power of the brush stroke. In making certain angular strokes by which armor or stiff brocades are represented, the painter is bidden to feel as if he were engraving with a point on metal.

Into the complicated matter of the standard strokes, which, despite Mr. Bowie's rather technical disclaimer, borders on calligraphy, we cannot enter. So far as these strokes exact a resolute and consistent handling of the brush, they clearly are a valuable means of education. In Western painting we sadly need some equivalent for this gymnastic of mind and hand. Whether these traditional recipes are working well in Japan to-day may be doubted. Certainly, the Japanese painting of the last generation gives evident signs of overtraining and consequent staleness. It has been disciplined into an over-refined academism, while our painting has been lurching into a restless and still rather feeble anarchy. Of the two spectacles Japan presents the more agreeable, the West possibly the more hopeful.

Mr. Bowie, by describing so clearly this delicate Alexandrian phase of Far Eastern painting, has done a real service to art lovers. His book is well provided with illustrations comprising not merely the doctrine of strokes and of composition, but also the repertory of standard subjects for the months of the year. When once the warning has been given that the Japanese painting of the nineteenth century is relatively decadent, no exception can be taken to this charming book. Nothing else in English gives the Japanese point of view towards art at once so clearly and compactly.

A forthcoming book by Esther Willard Bates and William Orr, "Pageants and Pageantry" (Ginn), furnishes suggestions for the producer of pageants, together with material drawn from past records.

Oxford books on art and archæology in Frowde's list include: "Christian Antiquities in the Nile Valley," by Somers Clarke; "Bronze Age Pottery of Great Britain and Ireland," by J. Abercromby; "European Arms and Armour in the University of Oxford," catalogued by C. Ffoulkes; "Catalogue of Oxford Portraits, I," by Mrs. R. L. Poole, and "English Architecture Explained from Oxford Buildings," by E. A. Greening-Lamborn.

"The Art of the Berlin Galleries," by David C. Preyer (L. C. Page & Co.), may be described as an odd gallimaufry of discursive scholarship, vigorous taste, and cheap and inaccurate English. It contains most of the facts that a tourist would need, and with all its defects has a personal tang unusual in such compilations. But it is full of small errors and misleading statements, and has had no proper revision either from the author or the proofreader. Fra Angelico is a *piagnone*. Art history learns for the first time that "Masaccio was murdered in a Roman street." Ridolfi's absurd story that Giorgione died of lovesick jealousy receives credence. There is no mention of the general belief among critics that the altarpiece of the Virgin, ascribed to Van der Weyden, is merely an old copy, nor yet that only two of the Berlin Botticellis are generally accepted. The Raphael tapestries are called carpets, a cathedral is a Dom. The critic Thoré appears as Thoreau, a reminder that the book is made in Boston.

In a communication sent to the Egyptian Research Students' Association, Prof. Flinders Petrie gives a short report regarding his latest excavations at Memphis and Heliopolis in Egypt. The first discovery made this year was a Roman fort at Shurafa, now identified as Scenas Mandras. The work was carried on there for a month, and then extended up to Atfieh. Here work had to be abandoned after a while, as it appeared that this site was outside the limit conceded to the department; the camp was moved to Kafr Ammar. Excavations here proved of great interest; but the archæological results will not appear until all the tomb cards are carefully worked up at home.

Details of the excavations carried on by the Italian Archæological Mission in Crete during the last season have now come out. The work was continued at two points, at Agia Triada and Gortys. In Agia Triada there was brought to light a prehistoric town, in the middle of which is situated the Lesser Palace, which was discovered some years ago. The most ancient portion of the town was found to be in the western part of the area, where the buildings had been erected very closely together. In these houses many domestic utensils were unearthed. Of great interest was the discovery of a small temple, the front of which was supported by three columns similar to those represented upon the panels of Knossos. At Gortys, which it will be remembered became the capital of the island in Roman times, several discoveries of interest were made. During excavations made upon the site of the citadel and amphitheatre a statue of heroic proportions was unearthed. The most important discovery was made in the circular building of the Agora, which seems to have been a theatre built by the Romans upon the foundations of a Greek building of earlier date. Attached to the walls of the older building were found tablets containing the ancient Codex, of which the great Gortyna inscription discovered at this spot by Professor Halbherr in 1884 was a mere extract.

A number of talents have been combined to produce the volume of "Historical Portraits, 1600-1700," published by the Oxford University Press. The portraits for reproduction have been chosen by Emery Walker; brief lives have been contributed by H. B. Butler and C. R. L. Fletcher, while C. F. Bell has furnished the introduction. The result is interesting and instructive. The great men and women of the age parade before the eye in counterfeit presentment, from his Gracious Majesty James I, who indeed under the hands of an unknown German artist looks more a Calvinistic divine than a monarch, to Bolingbroke and Harley, who really belong to a period beyond the limit set on the title-page of our book. To turn these pages is a study of historic character as well as of art. Unfortunately the latter somewhat detracts from the former. For as portraiture in England (largely, of course, the work of foreigners) became more and more under the influence of Italian art and French fashion, the sharp outlines of character became less and less observable. We cannot quite imagine Bolingbroke, for instance, looking as he is presented by Rigaud, or Harley as he is presented by Kneller. Occasionally even the courtliest of these painters faced the reality honestly, and the result is correspondingly interesting. Thus, the second Duke of Buckingham on Lely's canvas stands before us as he no doubt stood in the flesh, gross and cruel, but with some relics of wit on his insolent features.

Finance

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

Continuance of the advance on the Stock Exchange, despite the beginning of the anthracite coal strike, the deficit in bank reserves at the opening of April, the rise in Stock Exchange call money rates to 5 per cent. (the highest since the first week of last December), and despite, also, the strong consensus of opinion in professional Wall Street circles that a substantial reaction was in order—this sequence of events calls for further explanation. That evidences should have multiplied last week of the presence of an "outside public" in the market, did not detract from its interesting aspects. For although the sudden activity of outside speculators has often (as in December, 1904, and November, 1908) been speedily followed by the overdoing of the advance in prices and by a sharp reaction, nevertheless their enthusiasm, even on such occasions, has had something of prophecy for the future.

It is not unreasonable to associate the Stock Exchange excitement of 1904 with the later business prosperity of 1905 and 1906, and the market of 1908 with the "trade boom" of six months later. What unprejudiced and conservative observers are beginning to say of the American outlook may be judged from last week's remark of the Chancellor of the British Exchequer, when reciting to Parliament,

in his budget speech, the factors of encouragement:

> Conditions in the United States are stronger than they have been for years, and instead of the devastating cyclone we had a few years ago from across the Atlantic, we are likely now to have a steady trade wind. There is only one disturbing factor, the Presidential election, but I do not think that is going to have a very serious effect on the trade of the United States.

Perhaps this fairly expressed the present ideas of financial and industrial America.

There is an odd sort of inverted resemblance between the financial markets of 1907 and those of the past few weeks. Nobody can have forgotten how the Stock Exchange, five years ago, was first ridiculed by the community at large, then scolded, and finally denounced, for presenting a spectacle of demoralized markets and collapsing prices at a moment when general trade was on a scale of unheard-of activity and prosperity. When actual panic came in October, it was simply impossible for the man in the street to explain it. Some people sturdily asserted that it was not a panic at all, because it could not be one. Others called it a foolish "bank flurry," which would never succeed in touching trade. Certain Congressional philosophers ascribed the market's movement wholly to the wicked machinations of the Money Power. All agreed that there was no excuse for such a stock market or for such a money market, in the circumstances of the day.

Now the point of resemblance between that year and 1912 (so far as the history of the later year has been unfolded) is that the present season's rise on the Stock Exchange has inspired exactly similar outside criticism, save that all the surrounding circumstances, like the movement of the market itself, are reversed as compared with 1907. The market has been distrusted for rising rapidly when trade was discouraged, profits small, and the news unfavorable. General sentiment has been to the effect that stocks had no business to go up; that the rise was essentially absurd; in short (as was said of the panicky break in 1907), that there was nothing real about it and that it could not be taken seriously.

No doubt, it still remains for the market, through its own longer action and through the progress of outside events, to show whether such judgment is right or wrong. We had to wait some time for similar evidence after October, 1907; for the conclusive demonstration we had to wait three years. We shall probably have severe reactions to vary even the present trend of things. But in the meantime there is yet another fact regarding the present situation which equally suggests historical comparisons.

Nothing is more self-centred, so to speak, than a financial market. Current events are interpreted with an eye to their probable influence on that one market. Sometimes this habit of judging things causes absolute blindness to what is happening in other financial communities than one's own. It led Wall Street, in 1907, to imagine that nothing unpleasant was happening anywhere else than in America—to which idea the natural corollary was that the whole strain of panic had been caused either by American politics or by the American currency system, and had no relation to any great economic movement elsewhere. The case of the present market is very similar; for although the dramatic nature of the labor uprising in Great Britain attracted Wall Street's attention momentarily to the fact that the London stock market had advanced in the face of that industrial crisis, nevertheless the New York market was assumed to hold the centre of the stage.

Yet, as a matter of fact, events in the stock markets of the past five weeks have been as uniform throughout the financial world as they were in the stock and money markets of 1907. There were four other continents than North America in which stock markets went to wreck that year and panic came, in the teeth of booming trade; and it is at least a coincidence that, in the present season, almost every great financial market of the world, whether in curiosity or in bewilderment or in outright skepticism, has been asking how it happens that prices on that market's particular Stock Exchange can be rising as they are in the face of existing unfavorable circumstances. London and Paris have been discussing the movement on their own stock exchanges, and in their own home stocks, in exactly the spirit which has characterized New York's discussion.

As to why all these markets should have united in this illogical advance, there will be various theories. La Follette will probably have his own suspicions; he was careful, in his Senate speech of 1908, to say that his hundred selected millionaires created booms as well as panics. There are those who will say later on, if not to-day, that in some mysterious way, American politics did the whole of it; whichever party wins the November election, expectation of its victory will infallibly have caused the April rise in stocks. But perhaps some slow-minded philosophers will be left to suggest that the world at large has been conducting a prolonged economic liquidation since 1907; that the process was nearly completed eight or nine months ago; that normal recovery was then legitimately at hand; that it was arrested and replaced by fresh relapse, because of two prevalent ideas which later turned out to be entirely baseless—the general ruin which was to follow dissolution of a Trust, and the war which was about to begin between England, France, and Germany.

If this is a reasonable interpretation of the history of the past few years, and if we had at this year's opening not only a good economic outlook ahead of us, but an unreasonable decline in prices to be retraced, there need be left no great perplexity about the markets of the world at large, thus far in 1912.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, Anstice. The Stolen Bridegroom, and Other East Indian Idylls. Revell.
Antin, Mary. The Promised Land. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.75 net.
Atherton, Gertrude. Julia France and Her Times: A Novel. Macmillan. $1.40 net.
Bangs, J. K. Echoes of Cheer. Boston: Sherman, French.
Barclay, F. L. Through the Postern Gate. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Bartholomew, J. G. A Literary and Historical Atlas of Europe. (Everyman's Library Series.) Dutton. 70 cents net.
Benson, A. C. The Child of the Dawn. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Bisseker, H. When a Boy Becomes a Man: A Little Book for Boys. Revell. 25 cents net.
Bosher, K. L. The Man in Lonely Land. Harper. $1 net.
Briggs, R. A. Pompeian Decorations. London: B. T. Batsford.
Brubacher, A. R., and Snyder, D. E. High School English. Book II. C. E. Merrill Co. $1.
Bryce, James. The Story of a Ploughboy. Lane. $1.25 net.
Buisson, Ferdinand. La Foi laïque. Paris: Hachette. 3.50 francs.
Bullivant, C. H. Every Boy's Book of Hobbies. Dodge Publishing Co. $1.50 net.
Calvert, Bruce. Rational Education. Griffith, Ind.: Open Road Press.
Candèze, Ernest. The Adventures of Grillo. Trans. by M. L. Baum. Boston: Ginn. 45 cents.
Canfield, Dorothy. The Squirrel-Cage. Holt. $1.35 net.
Capus, M. Pour Charmer nos Petits. Edited by C. Fairgrieve. Boston: Heath. 50 cents.
Cather, W. S. Alexander's Bridge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Chambers, R. W. Japonette. D. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Chapman, Mrs. W. How Shall I Tell My Child? Revell. 25 cents net.
Clouston, J. S. The Peer's Progress. Brentanos. $1.35 net.
Copping, A. E. A Journalist in the Holy Land. Illus. in color. Revell.
Copping, A. E. Canada: The Golden Land. Illus. in color. Doran. $1.50 net.
Crosthwaite, C. The Pacification of Burma Longmans. $4.50 net.
Crumpton, M. N. Leaflets from Italy. Putnam.
Curtis, E. A. The Norseman: A Drama in Four Acts. Portland, Me.: Mosher Press.
Davis, B. M. Agricultural Education in the Public Schools. University of Chicago Press. $1 net.
De Witt, Cornélis. En Pensant au Pays. Paris: Hachette.
Dixon, Thomas. The Sins of the Father: A Romance of the South. D. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Doogue, L. J. Making a Lawn. McBride, Nast & Co. 50 cents net.
Dragoumis, J. D. Tales of a Greek Island. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.
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The Week

Rarely has an ocean tragedy so appalled the imagination as has the disaster to the Titanic. But let us put away the horror of the event and think of the vital lesson it enforces. Those 1,300 lives were flung away because the White Star Line, like the other steamship companies, has persistently refused, with the connivance of the steamboat authorities in this country, to carry sufficient life-boats and rafts to accommodate those whose passage money they took, to say nothing of the crews they employed. The sea was smooth enough off Cape Race to get every boat away from the Titanic and to transfer the women and children, after perhaps eight hours spent in the boats, to the Carpathia. This, the largest of modern leviathans of the sea, is said to have carried but *twenty boats!* Yet the need of a number of boats sufficient to carry passengers and crew has been much before the public.

We are familiar with the opposing arguments on behalf of the steamships. If a ship were to go down, she would probably sink like the Elbe, before more than one or two boats could be properly launched; in a very high sea no small boat could live; not sufficient boats could be carried on the davits in any event; moreover, the strength of the modern ship, the use of the wireless, all made for the safety of the new vessels, etc., etc., etc. Not one of these arguments goes to the point. If an accident occurs in a bad storm at sea no boats, it is true, avail; if a ship sinks quickly, boats "nested" on an upper deck, like the dories of a Gloucester fisherman, will probably go down unused. But in three great accidents that quickly come to mind—the sinking of the Oregon, the Republic, and the Titanic—there was time to save all. There were no lives lost on the Oregon and Republic, because rescuing ships arrived in time; had they not come, hundreds must have perished then as they did on the Titanic. Yet none of these disasters carried a single lesson to the builders and owners of these steamships. And our country has connived at their neglect. Nor is there any question of the ability of a ship to carry boats enough, even when she takes four thousand people to sea. If it is a matter of weights, then let the companies take out the elevators, the swimming tanks, the gymnasiums, some of the other hundred and one luxuries. The terrible and unnecessary sacrifice of human beings on the Titanic should put an end to a negligence which hereafter could only be called criminal. And this sentiment should be enforced by adequate legal prescription.

A new political maxim was invented by the Colonel on his flight through Pennsylvania last week. Facing the uproarious crowds, he cried out that he wanted them to vote as they shouted. We have had various historic injunctions to the electorate in this country, such as, "Vote as you pray"; but we have never before had the command hurled at us: "Vote as you shout." Even our great demagogues have usually had the grace to say that they wanted the people to think quietly about what they had been told, to talk it over with their neighbors and wives and children, and then register at the polls the free and mature opinion of thoughtful citizens. But the Colonel would change all that. Get up factitious issues and work up an artificial excitement, set the throngs to howling, and then try to bring it about that they vote before they have time to cool off. This is the modern substitute for the deliberate expression of the will of freemen. Fortunately, the American people have not been given to that sort of thing, and there is no reason to fear that they now will be.

Gov. Harmon has committed another unpardonable offence. He has gone straight into the State of Nebraska and denied point blank the charge that he is a tool of Wall Street; that he took part in a sale of Government bonds when in office, and that he neglected his duty as Attorney-General. But that will not avail him with William J. Bryan. Once that great statesman makes up his mind as to men, it is not to be changed, however often he may find a paramount issue upon which our liberties depend—and then drop it. Certainly, Mr. Harmon is not to be criticised for his record as Attorney-General under Mr. Cleveland. He did all the work in procuring from the Supreme Court the first decisions upholding the Sherman Anti-Trust law; that some of them were rendered in the McKinley Administration, which promptly appropriated the renown thereof, was no fault of Mr. Harmon's. Nor will the fact that he has been a good enough Democrat to carry Ohio twice weigh with Autocrat Bryan. His thumbs are down.

It is possible to expend too much sympathy on the defeat that has come to Senator Shelby M. Cullom after sixty years of public service. Mr. Cullom will be in his eighty-fourth year when he vacates his seat in the Senate, and that is an age when the vicissitudes of this life ought to be borne with fair equanimity. That the Senator from Illinois had already come to look upon his own political career as closed may be inferred from the fact that he has recently published a volume of Memoirs, which is nearly always a fatal sign in the career of a statesman. Neither is it necessary to be carried away by the pathetic plea that Mr. Cullom leaves political life poorer in material goods than when he went in. We have always held that the spectacle of a public servant retiring to honorable poverty exercises an excellent tonic effect on the spirit of democratic government. If the people, as happened in Illinois, occasionally show failure to appreciate self-sacrifice in their elected representatives and an inclination to overlook in moments of passion the claims of a long career, that, too, is one of the inevitable incidents of democracy.

Indiana has her eye on 1916, not because of any secret political ambition, but because that is the year of her centennial as a State, and she must do something worthy of herself to commemorate the event. The State University has begun by planning a three-volume history of the commonwealth. Then there is to be a biographical dictionary of the State, a "Who's Who" containing the most important information concerning every man and woman in Indiana with a State

reputation. First estimates are that this book will have two thousand names. But there is a feeling among Hoosiers that more than this is necessary to do justice to the occasion, and consequently a member of the faculty of the State University proposes an adequate State library building. With tears in his voice, if not in his eyes, he points out that the State Historical Library building of Wisconsin houses more material relating to Indiana than the State itself possesses. Probably the inhabitants of Indiana have been so busy writing books that they have not had time to look after the forming of a great library.

Senator Swanson may exaggerate when, in urging a liberal appropriation for the printing of Government documents, he says that such publications are the only means which 92,000,000 people have of becoming acquainted "with the vast transactions here in Washington, covering vast expenditures and vast endeavors in governmental effort"; but there is no denying the range of interests to which they appeal. The other day Senator Smoot enumerated the following as examples: "Diseases of the Horse," "Hinds's Precedents," "Tariff Hearings," "Jefferson's Bible," "Memorial Addresses on Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley," "Moore's Digest of International Law," "Charters and Constitutions," and the "Conference of Governors." This is an impressive list, and not exactly the sort of which one first thinks when he hears or sees the phrase "Government document." The problem of distributing these publications is twofold. The demand for the more readable of them often far outruns the supply, although people in general cannot be said to know that they exist. Meanwhile, tons of printed matter come from the Government presses for which there is so little request that they are piled up to the number of millions of pages in Washington. It is to be hoped that the recent debates in the Senate will result in the finding of a way to print less of what the public does not want and more of what it would appreciate, and in addition the devising of a plan for keeping it better informed of the appearance of desirable matter.

One trait of contemporary public oratory and political eloquence is the rediscovery of the Bible as a treasure-house of argument and invective. The Golden Rule as formulated in Kansas and popularized elsewhere by Mr. Roosevelt is of almost daily occurrence in the public press. The Sherman law has been described by one Federal District Attorney as being in essence a reënactment of the Ten Commandments. We have recently come across several Judas Iscariots, and only the other day somebody said that the Colonel is worse than Pontius Pilate. It will not be long, presumably, before we shall have with us more than one Moses to lead the Democratic party out of captivity, reactionary Joshuas who would bid the Presidential primary sun stand still, Wall Street Delilahs striving to rob progressive Samsons of their locks—Samsons, however, who will not pull the temple down on their own heads but content themselves with slugging the Philistines through the ropes.

Last Friday's decision of the Court of Appeals at Albany maintaining the liability of promoters for fraudulent or misleading representations made to investors, should help to straighten out a matter which has long been in vexing uncertainty in this country. The English law has been notoriously stringent in holding promoters liable, and the British courts have enforced it with wholesome severity. That fact has not, of course, prevented gullible people from making foolish investments, nor has it done away with reckless speculation. But it is at least a protection to innocent investors, necessarily ignorant of details, to know that they are not without legal redress when deceived into parting with their money by the lies of unscrupulous promoters or their agents. One of the strong points in the Court of Appeals decision is the holding that, where there are a number of promoters, all of them "are liable for damages for the fraud of an agent employed by them to effect the sale of corporation securities, without reference to their moral guilt or innocence."

A Western juryman has been excused from further jury service because he fell asleep twice during the argument of cases. "These lawyers' arguments," he explained, "seem to give me the sleeping sickness." It may well be asked whether he did not in these words present the best possible reason for his retention as a juryman. If lawyers knew that their arguments were in danger of going unheard unless they had enough life in them to be worth attention, would not this single fact make mightily for reform? If judges formed the habit of nodding, not to show assent but indifference, would not calendars begin to be cleared? Nor is this a revolutionary suggestion. One of the prerogatives of justices of the Supreme Court at Washington, and by no means the least of the things for which they are to be admired, is their unhesitating slumber when arguments grow dull. Recently, finding that this hint, although often given, was not enough for all who came before them, they set a limit upon the time during which they would even pretend to listen to argument. This is all in the right direction.

Although the rural population, which includes the entire population outside of incorporated places with 2,500 or more inhabitants, increased only 11.2 per cent. between 1900 and 1910, the total value of farm property more than doubled. This was in the face of an increase of but 4.8 per cent. in the total farm acreage, and of a reported increase of 15.4 per cent. in the acreage of improved land, part of which, the Census Bureau points out, may be due to difference of interpretation of what constitutes improved land. Nor is this doubling of the total value due to improvements alone. The value of these has, indeed, gone up above 70 per cent., partly owing to the higher prices of commodities in general. But the actual land has shown an increase in value of 118 per cent., and as the average price per acre was $32.40 in 1910, as compared with $15.57 in 1900, the advance is accordingly attributable only in part to the increase in acreage of improved land. Nor is it to be explained by such improvements as fences and drains. It is due chiefly to the higher prices of farm products and other causes that make the land as land more valuable. In spite of a 5.5 per cent. decrease in the average size of farms, therefore, the average value of all farm property per farm has increased nearly 90 per cent., from $3,563 to $6,444. There are at present more than 6,000,000 farms, with a total of nearly 900,000,000 acres, which is 46 per cent. of the total land area of the country. Half of this farm acreage is improved.

The total value of farm property reaches the enormous sum of $40,000,000,000, of which above two-thirds represents the valuo of the land.

Surely, in all fields relating to the philanthropic side of life, the nineteenth century produced no finer figures than Florence Nightingale and Clara Barton. Both were, in their prime, great executives. They knew how to set to work to remedy evils before which statesmen seemed helpless when not indifferent. Their visions benefited not one nation, but several, if not the world. They thought in terms of all humanity—to win the simple title of angel of mercy. Their contributions to mankind remain of a permanent character, even though they left their mark on no great canvases and chiselled their names on no stirring monuments. Both rose from the ranks, coming from middle-class surroundings to prove that if any soldier may have a field-marshal's bâton in his knapsack, any woman may have within her the spirit to make the whole world kin again by her touch of compassion. How many monuments have been erected to men the world over whose sole claim was that they laid waste and killed where Clara Barton and Florence Nightingale and their followers built up and brought surcease of pain to uncounted thousands!

The strong protest lodged by our Ambassador in Mexico City, both with the Maderist Government and with the commander of the insurrectionary forces in Chihuahua, is not the ultimatum that some would make it out to be. Our Ambassador declares that the killing of American citizens taken as prisoners of war will be regarded by this Government as murder simply. It is yet to be shown that such acts have been perpetrated by the Maderist forces. Nor is it conceivable that Madero or his officers would resort to such suicidal tactics. The acts complained of have so far come from the side of Gen. Orozco, whose obvious intention is to bring about complications with this country now that the chances of a rebel victory in Mexico seem to be steadily waning. How, in fairness, the Mexican Government can be held sufficiently responsible for atrocities perpetrated by men engaged in armed insurrection against the Government, to be threatened with an ultimatum, does not quite appear, unless the authorities at Washington are convinced that Madero has demonstrated his inability to cope with the situation. That, however, is far from being the case. If, when the troubles are over, the Mexican Government is called upon to indemnify the victims of the insurrection, that is another matter.

In Eugène Henri Brisson, once president of the Cabinet and for many years president of the Chamber of Deputies, the French nation loses one of its stern old Roman citizens whose number and influence have steadily been dwindling in contemporary politics. M. Brisson was one of the young men who won their spurs in the Liberal uprising against the third Napoleon in the last two years of the Empire. He was anti-clerical almost from the beginning of his career, and naturally came by his position as Gambetta's lieutenant against *l'ennemi*. His anti-clerical views inevitably took firmer root and wider extension during the Dreyfus crisis, and they were a part of his creed to the last, in spite of the fact that the spirit of religious animosity has somewhat abated of late in French public life. This does not mean that anti-clericalism is dead. It is the issue upon which the present Radical Republican majority came into power a dozen years ago, and it is still a perfectly good issue for future electoral campaigns. Nevertheless, the campaign against the Church has of late become of interest secondary to the great social issues that have been thrust upon the French people by the rise of a militant Labor and Socialist party. Clericalism has also been thrust into the background by the course of foreign politics since 1905. The succession of crises in Franco-German relations has served to solidify patriotic sentiment, and thus to a very considerable extent cut across religious party lines.

For the second time within the course of a month, the official German press is called upon to make denial of embarrassing statements supposed to have been made by the Kaiser in private conversation. After the Goethals incident comes an Italian incident. To a member of the Italian Chamber, William II is said to have expressed the wish that his own German subjects were as patriotic and as efficient as the Italian nation has shown itself in the present crisis. Whatever be the facts in the case, one must sincerely sympathize with the difficult position the Kaiser finds himself in as a man of strong feelings and endowed with a gift for forcible expression. Every statesman and politician says impulsive things in private, but it is one of the primary ethical laws of journalism that a public man shall not be quoted against his will. The difficulty is that in the case of a figure of such transcendent importance as the Kaiser the temptation to let the world in on his latest piquant remark is tremendous; and once cast abroad, it assumes a meaning far beyond its intrinsic merit. Suppose the Kaiser, in a moment of enthusiastic commendation of the way the Italian people has rallied to the support of the throne, did say, "How I wish my own German Socialists were like that!" It would be a very human thing to do, and to put it into the newspapers is both cruel and unjust.

When Stolypin, the Czar's Prime Minister, was assassinated in the presence of his Imperial master at Kiev last September, there were rumors that the Premier was the victim of a conspiracy among police officials. Incredible though it seemed that men high in the employ of the Government should resort to murder in order to subserve their own ends, the charges then brought forward are now virtually confirmed by the official report of the investigators appointed to look into the affair. Four officials of the secret police, including the Assistant Minister of the Interior, are found to have been guilty of embezzlement, and the implication is conveyed that their fear of exposure at the hands of the Prime Minister led to his assassination. Thus the history of Russian police methods remains consistent. The revelations of the police agent Azeff have already shown how the police authorities at St. Petersburg virtually consented to the assassination of Grand Duke Sergius at Moscow in 1905, so long as it did not interfere with their own plans and ambitions. One wonders what Nicholas II's sensations must be among such "guardians." Men who have not hesitated to strike at the second man in the Empire may in the hour of dire need take the chance of striking higher yet.

THE REPUBLICAN CONFUSION.

Pennsylvania's primary vote on Saturday brings President Taft's renomination into grave doubt. This is not saying that Roosevelt can be nominated. On his own showing, he still needs more than 350 delegates, and where they are to be got even his facile arithmeticians are unable to say. Nor is it denied that a majority in the Chicago Convention can yet be procured for Mr. Taft. It is easy enough to prove this by the figures from the States that have already voted and are yet to vote. But it has become not a question of figures so much as of feeling. Pennsylvania's adverse vote, following that of Illinois, has terribly impaired the President's political prestige. If with all the time and work and money expended in his behalf, if with the organization and the Federal patronage on his side, he could save only a handful of delegates from so immovably Republican a State as Pennsylvania, members of the party all over the country will be asking what it must do in order to have the ghost of a chance next November. The psychology of the campaign has turned against the President. That is a fact which cannot be blinked.

There are, of course, explanations of the result in Pennsylvania, just as there were in Illinois, but they do not help Mr. Taft. In both States there was a tremendous revolt against the party machine and its leaders. Penrose had made himself almost as much hated and despised as Lorimer, yet the blow aimed at the Pennsylvania boss could not fail to hit the President also. In this matter the voters did not make nice discriminations. They did not stop to recall the fact that Roosevelt, when President, had flattered and fed Penrose—and used him—without a scruple. Nor were they deterred by the spectacle of Flinn, the rich contractor-politician of Pittsburgh and would-be boss of Pennsylvania, now in alliance with Roosevelt. They simply rose up to smash the old Republican ring, and if Taft was hit by the flying débris they did not greatly care. The effect was virtually the same as if they had been striking at the President with full purpose.

Now, the law of self-preservation is as strong with political parties as it is with human beings. All that a party hath will it give for its life. And no thoughtful Republican can look at what is now going on in his party without feeling that its very existence is endangered? Present tendencies followed, present passions and animosities made more bitter, mean nothing else but disruption. If Roosevelt were to force his way to a nomination at Chicago, everybody knows what would happen. Republicans by the hundred thousand would fall away from him. He is inviting Republicans to a form of party suicide, and their certain knowledge of that fact is one good reason why they will not be disposed to accept the invitation. But on the other hand, their fear will be heightened that President Taft is not the man either to make head against Roosevelt or to unite his party and lead it to success, in case he is nominated. And here comes in that ancient plague of the Republican party—the Southern delegates. They are nearly all arrayed for the President, but could the party managers view without qualms a nomination procured by dependence chiefly upon these ciphers from States where the Republican vote is scarcely more than a cipher? Harrison won his renomination in 1892 by means of the Southern delegates, and the party will not have forgotten what happened to him.

In the face of such a party situation as we have outlined—with ferocious enmities engendered, with revolutionary proposals filling the air, with bitter quarrels and an open split at Chicago distinctly foreshadowed — it is not strange that sober and influential Republicans are saying to each other that a compromise candidate is not only desirable but necessary. The one name in every mouth is, of course, that of Judge Hughes. If any man could appeal to both factions by which the Republican party is now rent, he could. In fact, no other is seriously mentioned for the work. It is of Hughes that all the talk is. It was so at the New York Convention. It crops up everywhere. Since the Pennsylvania primary it has redoubled in Washington. We are bound to hear more of it. The party plight as it stands to-day calls loudly for a compromise, and the record and qualifications of Charles E. Hughes are such as to make all eyes turn to him if there is to be a Republican candidate able to unite his party. His own position is well understood. He will allow no politician to use his name. He will make no public utterance, except to say that he is on the bench and out of politics. It is known, too, that he at least has so great a regard for obligations of loyalty that he will consent to no move in his behalf so long as President Taft is in the field. Yet if a strong conciliatory and unifying movement were to set in, and the weightiest men were to call upon Hughes and offer him a unanimous nomination, he might resign from the Supreme Court and take the lead. It is too soon to affirm that anything of this sort will surely be attempted; but it is plainly an event well within the bounds of probability.

There is just one thing which could prevent it by making it unnecessary. This is a virile and aggressive campaign by President Taft from this day on. It is said in Washington that his fighting blood is up. Certainly it was high time. He has been very magnanimous and patient under the venomous assaults of Roosevelt, but there is a limit to the exercise of such virtues in politics. And if Mr. Taft is to save the situation for himself, he must now go out and fight Roosevelt—openly and directly, as the latter is fighting him. If he has any ammunition in reserve, let him use it at once. It has got beyond being a battle about political doctrines, however dangerous they may be, and it is now incumbent upon Mr. Taft to take the offensive against Roosevelt. The President doubtless has it in his power to make a destructive exposure of Roosevelt's record—not his words, but his deeds. If the President will do that fearlessly, he may yet turn the tide of battle in his favor.

GOV. WILSON'S VETOES.

When the Legislature of New Jersey reconvened, after its recess, it received from Gov. Wilson vetoes of some forty of the bills which it had passed and sent to him for his action. That he would refuse to approve certain measures was expected. It was for the avowed purpose of passing them over his veto that the Legislature adjourned to meet again. Under the Constitution of New Jersey the Governor has only a suspensive veto. Despite his refusal to sign a bill, it can be passed over his veto by a majority of the members elected in either house. Accordingly, we are to look to this series of vetoes by Gov. Wil-

son, less for a list of bills that will be prevented from becoming law, than as an indication of the kind of legislation he would keep off the statute-books if he had full power.

Many of the bills vetoed by him are comparatively unimportant. They relate to local government, and are disapproved by the Governor either because they are carelessly drawn or are an invasion of home rule or invite to a reckless incurring of debt. Several bills to increase salaries or to create new offices are vetoed. Certain proposed amendments of the election law Gov. Wilson would not sign for the reason that they either gave too much power to party managers or put a handicap upon the independent voter. But the one great measure of which the Governor's veto will provoke wide discussion, and which is most significant of his attitude, is that for the compulsory abolition of grade crossings by the railways. There is a dispute as to the technical validity of this veto. The contention is that it was sent to the Senate when it should have gone to the Assembly. Thus, irrespective of the desire or ability of the Legislature to pass the bill over Gov. Wilson's veto, the assertion is made that it has already the force of law. This question will doubtless be taken into the courts; but whatever the result there, and no matter what the Legislature may do, the Governor's disapproval of this bill shows that he is as ready as Gov. Hughes was when he vetoed the two-cent fare bill, to stand up for the rights of the railways when they are threatened with oppressive or confiscatory legislation.

The question of grade-crossings has long been a pressing public issue in New Jersey. Both parties were pledged on the subject. The Republican platform favored "the elimination of grade crossings at railroad expense," the work to proceed "as rapidly as the expense involved will permit." What the Democrats proposed was an act giving the Public Utilities Commission "power to compel the railroads to eliminate grade crossings where, in the judgment of the Commission, such crossings are a menace to life." The bill itself did, in fact, empower the Public Utilities Commission to proceed to arrange with railways and municipalities for the doing away of grade crossings, but it added the arbitrary provision that "every company which operates a railroad in this State shall within three months, and within the same period yearly thereafter, remove or apply for the removal of one grade crossing for every thirty miles or fraction thereof of road operated by it in this State." It is this last provision to which Gov. Wilson objects. Admitting to the full the strong public demand for the removal of railway crossings at grade, he asserts that there is no public demand in New Jersey for legislation which is "unjust and impracticable."

No one could find much difficulty in showing that such is the nature of the bill vetoed. It puts all the railways of the State into the same category, grouping the Pennsylvania with the Rahway Valley. The latter is a struggling line but a few miles long, of which the gross receipts last year were only about $32,000; yet this bill would compel it at once to eliminate grade crossings at a cost much greater than its whole income! On the Jersey Central a careful estimate has been made that compliance with the terms of the bill would mean the elimination of twenty-three crossings the first year at a cost of $3,150,000. It would obviously be necessary for the management to recoup such an outlay by raising the rates for passenger and freight traffic. It is pointed out, moreover, that the vetoed bill is directly in the teeth of the recommendations of the Public Utilities Commission. That body would attack the problem in a gradual and rational manner. It would bring about such amicable agreements as have led to the great improvements in Newark, for example, where the Lackawanna spent several millions in sinking its tracks and the city paid about $1,000,000 as its fair share. But the bill would put an end to such friendly and mutually beneficial arrangements, and force the arbitrary plan upon the railways. This may fairly be called, as Gov. Wilson does call it, "unjust and inequitable." It is highly probable that it would be held to be unconstitutional also, as being a confiscatory measure. The very authors of the bill seem to be afraid of this, since they included the proviso: "If any portion or portions of this act shall be declared unconstitutional, the remainder shall not be affected thereby."

Gov. Wilson's veto will expose him, no doubt, to much misrepresentation and even abuse. He will be accused of seeking to thwart the will of the people, and to curry favor with the railways. But he has at least shown that he does not shrink from doing what he thinks to be his duty, though at the risk of obloquy. And those who have been so lightly charging him with being a wild radical, would do well to note his firm stand for justice even to the owners of large property. His veto may fail of legal effect, but its moral and political effect is unmistakable.

ANOTHER APPEAL FOR FREE SHIPS

The recent action of the New York Chamber of Commerce in demanding the abolition of the antiquated navigation laws which prevent our development of a merchant marine, lends especial interest to a vigorous utterance of Rear-Admiral French E. Chadwick, in reply to a query from the Navy League. That organization had inquired his views as to the restoration of our merchant fleet. He struck out with the vigor to be expected of the captain of Rear-Admiral Sampson's flagship and his chief of staff in 1898:

> I would say that I am not in favor of subsidies of any kind. I think that all that is necessary to restore our shipping is to abolish the Cromwellian laws which now stand in our statutes and thus give our ship owners a chance. Our over-sea carrying trade has been protected to death, literally.

This was not, we believe, the answer the Navy League wanted. The Navy League believes in forced-draught battleships—paid for by forced draughts upon the taxpayers—and in a merchant fleet nursed into being and kept alive by artificial food. But Rear-Admiral Chadwick knows by experience the evil that protection can do. He remembers "our building four large wooden side-wheel steamers for the Pacific Mail (about 1869), when the rest of the world was building iron screw ships, of which the White Star Britannic was a sample. Had we not had protection, these preposterous ships would have been of the Britannic type, and would have lasted and made money." And he adds, vigorously enough: "All the subsidizing, nursing, and coddling in the world can't avail against our present brutally ignorant and unbusinesslike system. I have had these opinions now many years, and to-day am as strong in the opinions I here express as ever."

Rear-Admiral Chadwick then takes up the cases of Great Britain and Germany, pointing out that the former in 1848 abrogated laws of about the same tenor as ours. The English Government, as he declares, does not subsidize at all in the sense in which our shipbuilders would have us in this country. They do pay, of course, a compensation for mail services, but he naturally objects to counting in to the amount paid by England the cost of the Royal Naval Reserves and the Canadian fishing bounties, as was done under the head of subsidies in our Commissioner of Navigation's Report for 1909. Leaving out England's colonies, the total of subsidies, apart from Admiralty retainers for certain large ships, is only about $3,200,000, "a very moderate compensation for the world-wide mail service rendered." Naturally, Rear-Admiral Chadwick calls it absurd to maintain that England's vast fleet is kept up by subsidies. He quotes the Secretary-General of the Hamburg-American Line, Herr Huldemann, as citing the experience of England and Germany to show that with virtually no subsidies—the smallest per ton of merchant fleet of any in Europe—England and Germany could "immensely increase their fleets" in the decade prior to 1909, England by almost 5,000,000 tons, and Germany by more than 2,000,000 tons. Herr Huldemann sees clearly that the lack of growth in other countries must in part be ascribed to the "false educational influence the system of subsidies is exercising, by the fact that it makes the receiver of the subsidy a Government pensioner and spares him the trouble of earning his bread by his own efforts."

Our first step, Rear-Admiral Chadwick, like Grover Cleveland and many another student of the subject, declares must be to have free ships. And he also touches upon a point which is not dwelt upon often enough: We have right along been sacrificing the ship owners to the ship builders. The would-be owner is forced into other lines of business because he has not the right to buy his ships where he may as cheaply, at least, as the man who is competing with him. As soon as it is urged that we buy our merchant ships abroad, as foreigners used to buy of us when we could build better and faster ships than they, the cry of "spare the shipbuilder" is heard—the shipbuilder, whose American protected labor is beginning to bear something of the aspect of the protected labor of the American Woollen Company in Lawrence: in one shipyard of which Rear-Admiral Chadwick knows, all the riveters are Syrians. The powerful, vested shipyard interests that have been kept alive artificially all these years by Government contracts and the navigation laws, are not to be compelled to readjust their yards, enter into a fair and free competition with the rest of the world, and, in homely American language, "get out and hustle for the business." They are to fall back upon the Government and live under its protecting shadow.

Certainly no one can defend the present effect of our laws. That the Democratic minority has not seen its opportunity at this session of Congress to deal with this question is one of the disappointments of Mr. Underwood's leadership. No one can deny that, as Rear-Admiral Chadwick points out, this country has taken no part in the gigantic development of ocean transportation; "that the changes from wood to iron, from iron to steel, in construction; from the paddle to the screw; from the screw to the multiple screw; from the simple engine to the compound, from the compound to multiple expansion, from the reciprocating to the turbine engine, have been none of our initiative. We have been but followers in this great change—and at a sadly long distance." What else is to be expected so long as protection with its exclusion of foreign-built ships holds sway?

THE NEW HOME RULE BILL.

The bill for the government of Ireland, introduced in the House of Commons on Thursday of last week, conforms to general expectations. It is a sort of composite of the bills of 1886 and 1893. Some features it takes from the one, some from the other, and adds provisions and makes modifications suggested by the long discussion of the problem, now running over twenty-six years, and by the conferences of the statesmen both in England and Ireland who are responsible for the measure. As it stands, it is confessed by even its opponents to be a moderate bill. There is no setting up of a separate Ireland. She is to remain an integral part of the British Empire. It is merely a large part of her local government that is to be turned over to her. Imperial control in all Imperial affairs is to remain where it is now. None but purely Irish affairs—and not all of those as yet—are to be committed to the new Irish Legislature.

There have always been three great difficulties in the drafting of bills for Irish Home Rule. One has to do with the necessary safeguards for the Protestant minority; the other lies in the question of the financial relations between self-governed Ireland and the British Exchequer; the third is the stumbling-block of the retention or exclusion of Irish members of the House of Commons. To take the last matter first, Mr. Gladstone proposed in 1886 to cause Irish representation at Westminster to cease entirely. An Ireland self-governed, so ran the argument, had no more reason to send members to the Commons than had self-governed Canada. But by 1893 it was found that the cases were not parallel. Irish members were needed for at least certain purposes. So we got the famous "in-and-out" clause of the Home Rule of 1893, which would have given Ireland eighty representatives in the Commons, who should, however, have the right to vote only on Imperial or Irish business—not on what could be roughly classified as non-Irish business. This plan of Irish representation in reduced numbers and for limited purposes was criticised as unworkable; and Mr. Asquith's scheme is that of retaining forty-two Irish members, apparently with a vote on all questions. Under the Union, Ireland is entitled to 103 members; on the strict basis of population, she ought to have about seventy; so that the drop to forty-two obviously represents a compromise, and is one measure of the concession which Ireland is ready to make in order to obtain a freer hand in her local government. On the other hand, English Conservatives might well reflect that the getting rid of sixty-one trouble-making Irish would be not only a good thing in itself, but would prove a party advantage to them, in the long run.

In the other critical points the bill seems to have been carefully studied. The rights of the Ulster minority are protected in a variety of ways. In the very charter of the new Irish government are written down prohibitions of those acts of tyrannous oppression or re-

ligious proscription by the alleged danger of which Belfast has been inflamed. The "safeguards" in Mr. Asquith's bill are, indeed, more numerous and more explicit than they were in either of Mr. Gladstone's. As for the thorny questions of finance, they are grappled with in all their difficult details. In view of the fact that economists and royal commissions have long since established the fact that Ireland is over-taxed, relatively to England, Scotland, and Wales, there cannot be very serious objection to the proposal to hand over to the Irish Exchequer from the British $2,500,000 the first year and then gradually lessened sums until the payment of $1,000,000 is reached.

All these matters will be vigorously debated in the Commons during the next few weeks, and the attempt will be made to rouse the old Unionist spirit in England which in 1886 defeated Gladstone and again in 1893 frustrated the effort to give Ireland Home Rule. But it is doubtful if this attempt will succeed. The whole situation is different. In 1886, Irish Home Rule was as a sword thrust into the vitals of the Liberal Party. To-day it is united on the Irish issue, and has the hearty support of the Labor Party. There is thus a majority for Home Rule independent of the Irish members. Moreover, under the working of the Parliament act, by which the veto of the Lords can be swept aside after three sessions, the motive for party cohesion and tenacity of purpose is greatly strengthened. The Conservatives can have no hope of preventing the passage of the bill through the Commons. And their recent endeavors to excite the country on the subject of Home Rule have not been conspicuously successful. A whole new generation has come in since the rancors of the Gladstone controversy. To rekindle the old fires will not be easy. With the aspect of parties, public feeling has greatly changed.

One thing that has plainly helped to change it is the great extension of self-government to Australia and to South Africa, which has been made since the first failures to obtain Home Rule for Ireland. Whether these self-governing English colonies have been an unqualified success or not does not go to the point. The large experiment has been tried; and it is no longer possible to assert so confidently that dire evils will follow self-government for Ireland. Australia and South Africa rise up to refute the argument. As long ago as 1886 Joseph Chamberlain said that if Ireland were 3,000 miles away, and if the Irish were not the Irish, they would have had Home Rule before that time. But such an absurdity cannot forever be persisted in. The fear that Dublin will desire to ruin Belfast is really as preposterous as a dread that Cape Town might desire to blot Johannesburg off the map. On this point of fair treatment for the Protestant minority, Mr. John Redmond spoke eloquently at Dublin, on the eve of the introduction of the Home Rule bill. He said to the great gathering of hopeful Irishmen:

> There is one gap in our ranks, one body of our fellow-countrymen are absent to-day. They are men who themselves and their ancestors have stood aloof for over one hundred years from the great body of their fellow-countrymen. What have I to say to them to-day? I say that for them in this hour of triumph for Ireland as a nation we have not one word of reproach or one trace of bitter feeling. We have one feeling only in our hearts, and that is an earnest longing for the arrival of the day of reconciliation. I say to these fellow-countrymen of ours that while they may repudiate Ireland, Ireland will never repudiate them, and we to-day look forward with absolute confidence to the certainty of the near approach of that day when they will form a powerful and respected portion of a self-governed Irish nation, and will have an opportunity of reviving once more the glories of their own ancestors, the Protestant patriots of Grattan's Parliament.

WESTERN HISTORY IN THE EAST.

That Harvard, an Eastern university, should desire to make itself supreme in its collections of Western history will, we fancy, stun for a moment the teachers and historians in the newer sections of this country. The State universities in Wisconsin and Illinois have so long been looked to as the inevitable repositories of the great masses of material from which Western history is to be written that it will seem at first thought as though this ambition of an Atlantic Coast university were reversing the natural order of events. The truth is that there is plenty of room for all three institutions, and probably for at least another on the Pacific Coast, to specialize in this field. But Harvard is already rich in material of this kind, as well as in books, manuscripts, and historical publications relating to other periods in American history. Moreover, New England has a special interest in the West, because it was from that section that the pioneers went forth to settle Ohio and the Middle West, to blaze the trail to Oregon, to free Kansas, and later to furnish the material resources to develop the new territories and to bind them with iron railway bands to the Union.

If we may judge by the make-up of the Commission appointed to collect the material, this latter fact was particularly in the minds of those who have planned the venture. Thus, Gen. Grenville M. Dodge, the constructing chief engineer of the Union Pacific, President F. A. Delano of the Wabash Railroad, and President Howard Elliott of the Northern Pacific are members of the Commission. Moreover, the funds for the purchase of books are to come from Mrs. William Hooper, the daughter of the late Charles E. Perkins, president of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, to whose memory the collection is to be dedicated. Mr. Pearson's recent life of John Murray Forbes, who preceded Mr. Perkins as head of the Burlington Railroad, has proved clearly the need of recording at length the story of Eastern achievement in developing the railways of the West. Particularly at this time when the acute modern problems of railway operation and management and the political questions involved have obscured the actual accomplishments of the great railway pioneers in the face of apparently insuperable natural obstacles, is it fitting that there should be an effort to preserve the materials by means of which this romantic and stirring chapter in our Western development may properly be told for the profit of future generations.

But there are many other reasons why the collection of Western material should promptly be undertaken. Much of value is daily being lost because of a failure to understand its worth. Again, some of the State historical departments, and many of the historical societies, are in the hands of untrained workers in the field who clog their shelves with worthless material and publish reams of improperly edited or wholly unedited narratives of more than questionable utility. Particularly has this been true of the Kansas Historical Society, whose treasures, only just now being arranged in a fireproof library, will henceforth, doubtless, come in for better treatment. One outgrowth of this new Harvard undertaking may be an emphasizing everywhere of the need of

better preserving the records of the past. Surely, the destruction of the New York and Missouri Capitols furnishes arguments enough to point the moral.

Here, however, we touch upon the one weak point in the Harvard proposal. With its utterly inadequate library, its lack of proper fireproof vaults, Harvard is scarcely in the position to ask outsiders to deposit in her hands the priceless collections she desires. We have repeatedly called attention to this, Harvard's greatest need. The University has obtained large sums for the Medical School, the Scientific School, for professorships and scholarships of all kinds. Each class now contributes $100,000 to the general endowment fund on the twenty-fifth anniversary of its graduation. But by some freak of fate no one gives or leaves money for a new library. Not even Mr. Carnegie is interested. Fully $300,000 and more has been spent upon the football stadium; a similar amount would make possible a splendid beginning of a new library according to the excellent plan that has been drawn to permit building by instalments. Still no one has appeared to end a situation which is almost a scandal.

BRITISH NOVELISTS IN AMERICA.

An interesting development of the last two or three years in the fiction market has been the introduction to the American public of English novelists who in their own country can point to a long career behind them. The pioneer in this latest British invasion was probably Mr. W. J. Locke, with his pleasant blend of sentimentality, whimsy, and not too erudite erudition. The man who at the present moment represents the crest and climax of the movement is, of course, Arnold Bennett. Running parallel with him or close in his wake have come a number of men of smaller pretensions but of sufficient merit to justify the venturesome trip across the Atlantic. There is Leonard Merrick, whose fine artistry offers a form of delight that Arnold Bennett can never hope, as he probably never wishes, to rival. There is E. Temple Thurston, who mingles contemplation with sentiment, just as Merrick mingles realism with sentiment. There is V. L. Whitechurch, a clergyman who has written in a tone of subdued pessimism concerning the daily history of quiet souls. There is G. A. Birmingham, also a clergyman, who revives, in the age of Synge and Yeats and the new Ireland, the older Ireland of Charles Lever and Samuel Lover. There is Mr. Richard Pryce, whose recent novel in this country is closely followed by the intimation of more to come. There is Mr. Basil King, and in all probability there will very soon be others.

The notable feature about nearly every one of the men we have mentioned is that their reputation and their works come to us in bulk. They are men who have toiled for years to win a public and are now coming into their own. In England it seems possible for an author to do what is almost impossible in this country—to go on writing novels that are not popular successes, without starving. When success does arrive it means that an author stands equipped with a full storehouse of ammunition to cast at the head of fleeting fortune. Hence the phenomenon of Arnold Bennett with a dozen books—or is it two dozen books?—advertised as all new to the American public. The same is true of Locke and Thurston. The same is true of Leonard Merrick. The reader who has sharpened his appetite on the delicious caviare of "Conrad in Quest of his Youth," need not stave off his hunger for a year or two till Mr. Merrick has written another novel. He can have his pick out of a dozen of these books all written and waiting to be bought. Or is it two dozen?

The book world has its ebbs and floods. Regularly recurrent waves of foreign influence beat upon our shores. Whenever the foreign tide recedes, patriotism makes it a cause for rejoicing. The desire to be self-sufficient is a healthy sign in a young nation. More than in the book world, the desire for emancipation has been felt in the theatre. It is half-a-dozen years, perhaps, since we have begun to take pride in the fact that the American playwright has at last come into his own. The formidable competition from England and Paris seemed at one time destined to disappear. The watchword became "American plays on American problems," and of these we have had a great plenty. Yet here, too, reaction seems bound to ensue. The foreigner this last season has made an excellent showing, and if the American dramatist thought he had the game won, he now knows better. And so with the novel writers. Our best sellers continue to be mainly of domestic manufacture. But of the books that carry significance to smaller and more fastidious publics, we do not produce an overplus. Very probably the present eruption of British writers is a good deal of a fad. The mimetic instinct is not wanting in the publisher's trade. One rousing success for a British importation is bound to open a market for the large output of English novels which, without being great books, are books well written and qualified to amuse.

But it may be that certain causes are also working from within. It is possible that we are growing a bit tired of the novel with a purpose. The American novelist, like the American playwright, has listened to the counsel which urged him to look for his material in problems of the nation and the day. Sometimes the problem has been a specific one—our cities, our politics, our children, our women, our doctors, our social maladjustments. Just as often the problem has been of a general nature—the chanting of the gospel of optimism and of strenuous effort which we have been told by foreign observers is the keynote of American life. Even the novel of adventure, as, let us say, Mr. Jack London cultivates it, instead of being accepted for what it is—a good story intended to amuse—has been regarded as an interpretation of the spirit of America. But of problems and pleadings the public is sure to grow weary at regular intervals. There is a reassertion of the normal appetite, not for Life or interpretations of Life, but for living people.

Now it is in depicting people who are alive that most of these younger men among the British novelists are quite expert. Some of them sentimentalize too much, prettify too much, and indulge too much in gentle melancholies. The method of James M. Barrie requires careful handling. Nevertheless there is a certain consistency of character development that makes for the impression of reality. The same person does not very often with them run the entire scale from burlesque, through farce, comedy, drama, tragedy, and back through melodrama to farce again. They count not by individual paragraph hits, but by total effects. We may put it another way. These Britishers have the sense of form. And form, in spite of

what the revolutionaries will say, has always been of the essence of art.

GEORGE MOORE.

It is now about thirty-five years since George Moore, not content with the sole priestly auditor provided by his Church, abandoned the private confessional and began to pour along the town the secret flood of his ideas and emotions. How could he have done otherwise? Ireland taught his tongue not to cleave to the roof of his mouth; Roman Catholicism taught him to confess his sins; Jean Jacques, his Delphian Apollo, taught him to dulcify and ventilate them. He has held our attention by the subtle alternation of nakedness and filmy sophistication in his garb, by the dreamy femininity of his gesture, by the soft, almost unaccented rhythmical movement of his voice. In this alluring manner, always dulcet, always fluent, he has laid bare a soul compacted of nearly everything that is detestable to the mind of a plain citizen going about his business in the marketplace. He has confessed consuming egotism, quivering sensibility, fastidiousness, vanity, timidity coupled with calculating shamelessness, sensuality, a streak of feline cruelty, and absolute spiritual incontinence. Manet's portrait of him, the weird, wide-eyed face veiled under wispy hair, answers to his own unflattering self-portraiture: an elderly Irish satyr fluting among the reeds to a decadent Irish naiad, and, in the pauses of the fluting, mingling reminiscences of his adventures, artistic and amatory, with notes of the impressions made by the fading sunlight upon his soul. Mr. Moore, like the Ancient Mariner, has penance done and penance more will do. His latest volume of confessions is but the first of a trilogy at the conclusion of which he is to say farewell.*

Though this personality possesses a certain acrid *bouquet* of its own, it challenges our attention less by its uniqueness than by its representativeness. Clearly enough, he was cast—if anything so essentially fluid can be said to have been cast—in that temperamental mould which Rousseau idly intimated was broken up after his own creation. That temperament at work in contemporary art and morals, persisting unaltered under many manifestations, he represents with remarkable consistency and completeness. Purely intellectual initiative he has none. All his life he has lurked in the purlieus of schools and insinuated himself into movements, soliciting, like the barren Calpurnia, the fructifying touch of some fleet cleareyed runner. His literary *liaisons* have been as facile and as frequent as the infatuations of George Sand. He has succumbed in turn, not to enter into particulars, to three widely different movements; he has been wooed, won, and lost by æstheticism realism and the symbolism of the Irish Renaissance.

I.

The first step in the æsthetic novitiate is the preparation of the self for its own independent activity by detaching it from the complex organic network of domestic, social, racial, national, and religious relationships in which it has been placed by the irrelevant accident of birth. In the "Confessions of a Young Man" Mr. Moore dismissed in a page or two the Ireland of his childhood. The reason was obvious: it had nothing to do with the first phase of his literary career. From the day when he read the "Sensitive Plant" of Shelley "by the shores of a pale green Irish lake," he was destined to shake from his feet the dust of Ireland, he was devoted to art and letters, and dedicated to the continuation of Shelley's terrible mission—the emancipation of the human spirit.

An impressionable Irishman who had severed all natural ties could easily enough, in the 'seventies of the last century, have become a perfect æsthete in England. The spring had come slowly up that way, but at last it had definitely announced itself. Rossetti, having struck the note of intensity in painting and poetry, had gone on to the collection of blue china and Japanese bric-à-brac. In 1870 William Morris completed "The Earthly Paradise." Ruskin in the same year began to lecture on art at Oxford, teaching—to be sure, from his own high ethical standpoint—the pregnant doctrine that taste is morality. In 1873 Pater put forth his seductive studies in the art and poetry of the Renaissance, setting up the æsthetic ideal in Mona Lisa, committing to posterity the æsthetic testament in the famous Conclusion. Before the end of the decade Moore's fellow-countryman Wilde was delighting his circle, shocking the burgesses, and achieving notoriety by brilliant paradoxes and the hard gem-like beauties of strange verse. In ten years the æsthetic movement had run its swift course through beauty to intensity and thence to perverseness; and it had produced an effective school for the transformation of English youths into sunflowered Corinthian dandies.

Of this Oxford æstheticism Mr. Moore felt the influence in due season, but he somewhat anticipated its effects by crossing the Channel to France, and at once immersing his divested soul in the Lethe of an alien art. There he was gradually born again in the Ptolemaic world of the Latin Quarter, in the free society of the temporarily or permanently untied, in an atmosphere of smoke bounded by an horizon of canvas. There the deracinated Irishman assumed the language and the pleasures of the Parisian without assuming his responsibilities, lived in bachelor apartments surrounded with rare books, old furniture, and fantastic curios; rose at noon and retired at daybreak, and maintained a model and a python—the latter daily propitiated with guinea-pigs. Mistresses and pythons, cameos and sphinxes—these were the themes of his favorite poets and romancers, representatives of an older than the English æstheticism and potent contributors to it—Gautier and Baudelaire, Banville and Verlaine. In the unreal world of the studios which he haunted, Bohemian dreamers were painting dancing girls borrowed from the unreal world of the stage, Aphrodites rising from the sea, Harlequins and Columbines. In this little eccentric planet where the problems of good and evil resolved themselves into questions of green and gold, light and shadow, line and mass, pleasure and pain, Mr. Moore seems to have learned all the morality that he has ever practiced or advocated.

After a sojourn in Paris so long that he almost forgot the idiomatic use of English, he returned to England, an appetent and ambitious ego, in time to catch the æsthetic movement of the late 'seventies. In 1877, synchronizing with Oscar Wilde's arrival as a poet, he published his first book, of which the title, "Flowers of Passion," sufficiently indicates the character and the literary inspiration. He followed this up in 1881 with "Pagan Poems," and for several years to come diverted himself as journalist, critic, small poet, clever realistic novelist, and fop, rounding out his æsthetic period by the publication in 1888 of the "Confessions of a Young Man." As there was nothing novel in the processes by which Mr. Moore was turned out an æsthete, so there was nothing novel in the product. Listen, for example, to his Young Man unfolding the compact gospel of æsthetic egotism which France had received from Gautier in 1835 and from Baudelaire in 1857:

> What care I that some millions of wretched Israelites died under Pharaoh's lash or Egypt's sun? It was well that they died that I might have the pyramids to look on, or to fill a musing hour with wonderment.
>
> I am ashamed of nothing I have done, especially my sins, and I boldly confess that I then desired notoriety.
>
> Humanity is a pigsty, where liars, hypocrites, and the obscene in spirit congregate; it has been so since the great Jew conceived it, and it will be so till the end. Far better the blithe modern pagan in his white tie and evening clothes, and his facile philosophy. He says: "I don't care how the poor live; my only regret is that they live at all," and he gives the beggar a shilling.

In this year of grace these glowing Neronics no longer make us shudder;

Hail and Farewell: Ave. By George Moore. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

they are beginning to make us yawn. If anything is dead, the æsthetic movement that took shape in the 'seventies is dead. The sphinxes and the green carnations, the flowers of passion and the ballads in blue china, already associate themselves in memory with the stucco and stuffed birds of an elder decorative scheme. To burn always with a hard, gem-like flame before a masterpiece of the Italian Renaissance no longer epitomizes for the younger generation "success in life." Where are the æsthetes of yesteryear? Where are our Oscar Wildes and Ernest Dowsons and Aubrey Beardsleys? Where are the authors and illustrators of the "Yellow Book" and the "Savoy"? Early death made havoc in their ranks, Socialism distracted the younger generation, fresh pastures invited them. They have left the banks of their Dead Sea desolate. Somewhat in advance of the general exodus, Mr. Moore's prescient nostril perceived a fetid odor rising from the waters, and he took refuge among the realists, from whom, for our purposes, it is not essential to distinguish the naturalists.

II.

It may appear at first thought a far cry from feeding guinea-pigs to pythons, and indulging in Neronic musings on the Egyptian pyramids, to writing a realistic novel of life in the slums of London. As æsthete, Mr. Moore had declared in 1888 that he did not care how the poor lived. In 1894, as realistic novelist, he brought out "Esther Waters," the intimate life history of an illiterate servant-girl who in the course of her squalid existence spent some time in the poor-house. If the author's confessions did not belie the suggestion, we might infer that a great change had come over him. Knowing him as we do, we are not permitted to conjecture that his contempt for the lower classes has dissolved in compassion for the poor. We must seek for the point of view from which an English scullery maid can be made to yield artistic satisfaction equivalent to that formerly yielded by the perfumed lady of romance.

We may approach the question by remarking that this point of view had been discovered by several of Mr. Moore's masters in fiction—by Balzac, Maupassant, and, notably, Flaubert. That relentless lover of *le mot unique* occupies in French literature a position closely corresponding to that occupied by Mr. Moore in English; he is the link between the romanticists and the realists. Frenchman and Irishman were temperamentally akin: open the "Education Sentimentale," and through page after page you will feel as if you were in the presence of an earlier version of Mr. Moore's memoirs. Formed in the intensely æsthetic school of Hugo, Gautier, and Baudelaire, Flaubert, like the Young Man, held that the only virtue is perfection of form. Fundamentally engrossed in sex, he, too, craved refinement in the seduction of the senses—the intoxication of perfumes, the allurement of lace, religious veilings, Oriental coloring, barbaric splendors. Finally, he, too, abhorred and despised the Philistine and all his virtues. "Salammbô," "La Tentation de Saint Antoine," "Hérodias"—such are the works you would expect from a man of his romantic origins. Why, then, does this great romantic artist bend all his talents to the portrayal of the bourgeois life of Madame Bovary, depraved wife of a stupid country doctor? Why, then, does this despiser of the vulgar herd cause to be bound up in the same volume with "Hérodias" the tale of an ignorant, sensual, long-suffering servant-girl ("Un Cœur Simple"), obviously related to Esther Waters?

Upon this peculiar transition from romanticism to realism Mr. Moore throws a luminous beam in several passages of his works commenting upon an artistic innovation of Degas. To this original painter, a man of penetrating intellect, belongs, according to our author, the credit for discovering that the nude was becoming well-nigh incapable of artistic treatment. To him also belongs the credit for the discovery of a method for rehabilitating the nude. The formula is novelty through cynicism. Having asked the rhetorical question, "Who in sheer beauty has a new word to say?" Degas sent for a butcher's fat wife, and requested her to pose for him. Following the clue of ugliness, Degas escaped from the tedious palace of romantic art into a new world of vivid sensations. Mr. Moore's delight with the results he has reiterated in his latest volume, but let us see how he tastes the flavor of this new æstheticism in his "Impressions and Opinions" of 1891:

> These coarse women, middle-aged and deformed by toil, are perhaps the most wonderful. One sponges herself in a tin bath; another passes a rough nightdress over her lumpy shoulders, and the touching ugliness of this poor human creature goes straight to the heart. A woman who has stepped out of a bath examines her arm. Degas says, *La bête humaine qui s'occupe d'elle-même; une chatte qui se lêche.* Yes, it is the portrayal of the animal life of the human being, the animal conscious of nothing but itself.

How superbly these figures stand forth in the hard clear light of contempt! George Eliot digressed in a familiar passage in "Adam Bede" to protest against the exclusion from art of Dutch subjects—"old women scraping carrots with their work-worn hands, . . . rounded backs and stupid, weather-beaten faces that have bent over the spade and done the rough work of the world." But George Eliot did not find it necessary to strip her old women or peep at them through a keyhole; it was not their essential animality but their essential humanity that attracted her; and the kindly light which fills her pictures is that light of moral sympathy and love which irradiates the bowed head of Wordsworth's leech-gatherer. A man detached from his species like Mr. Moore defends the ugly in art on entirely different grounds. Æsthetically very piquant indeed! That, so far as he is concerned, is a sufficient justification of naturalism.

Mr. Moore has profited by the lessons of Degas. How he probed into the animal life of his laundress when he was writing "Esther Waters," he has related with gusto. How in that novel he opened the door upon the physical terrors of birth the reader may determine for himself. His æsthetic zest in the repellant he carries over into the sentimentalities of his memoirs, employing a dash of the disgusting as a *sauce piquante* to heighten the sweetness of his reveries.

The kinship with Degas extends below the surface. Mr. Moore's work is conceived in cynicism and contempt for humanity. All his characters are considered as essentially animals propelled by the instincts of reproduction and self-preservation. The desire to sing, to paint, to pray—all are but transitory phases of sexual emotion, an idea elaborately drawn out through "Evelyn Innes" and its sequel, "Sister Teresa." The notion of self-determination, of an intelligible destiny guiding man like a star to ideal ends—this is an illusion. We—that is, the artists and women with whom Mr. Moore is most familiar—can do nothing but what is predetermined by the blind push in the darkness below and behind us of that vital energy which we share with the beasts of the field. To surrender ourselves wholly to the current of our natural impulses, to relish the undirected streaming of our sensations, to ask not whither we are drifting—this is the whole duty of man. This is the philosophy of naturalism.

III.

In 1894, three years after the date which Lady Gregory regards as marking the definitive awakening of the Irish imagination, Mr. Moore still thought of Ireland as a wretched realm by him happily abandoned, where no one did anything "except bring turf from the bogs and say prayers." He was still writing realistic English novels, explaining Ingres and Manet to the British public, and enriching his midnights by the exchange of impressions and sensations with Mr. Arthur Symons in the Temple. He had begun, however, to hear with increasing interest rumors that a mysterious angel was troubling the waters of the pale green Irish lake. In Kiltartan Lady Gregory was collecting folklore and by humble hearthsides learning the quaint old songs of the peasants. In Dublin a pale, thin poet

was dreaming his way backward into the dim legendary days of Cuchullin and Diarmuid. One momentous night his fellow Templar, Edward Martyn, Roman Catholic, celibate, amateur in letters, hinted in his presence a desire for the ability to compose his plays in Irish. Piquant suggestion! As at the touch of an enchanted wand the closed cavern of Mr. Moore's youth opened, and through his consciousness drifted vague Irish memories faintly pungent like the smoke of a peat fire trailing over a low roof of thatch. Along his nerves he felt a premonitory tingling prophetic of a literary movement. He recalled an ancient saw of Turgenieff's, "Russia can do without any one of us, but none of us can do without Russia." What if he should go to Ireland and look into the matter?

Behold him now in Dublin with bosom bared to every wanton breeze, whiffing and sniffing the exciting air, and eagerly wooing to be wooed. A little chilled by the want of salvos greeting the return of the distinguished prodigal and literary elder brother, he duly casts a superior eye over the undertakings of the Celtic enthusiasts, inspects the theatre, revises plays, passes judgment on poems, and even delivers an occasional speech at a meeting of the Gaelic League. But something present in them or lacking in him prevented their working in perfect unity of spirit. Lady Gregory feared that he would break up the mould of Yeats's mind. He feared that Yeats would break up the mould of his. A suspicion on their side that he was not quite one of them and a tinge of jealousy on his side, reinforced by a conviction that they were "subalterns," widened the rift between them. The fact is that in their divers fashions they loved Ireland as their venerable mother. He, an international philanderer, despised Ireland, hoped that she would make love to him, tell him her secrets, "enwomb" his thoughts, and let him go. It were tedious to detail the long-drawn-out æsthetic coquetry which terminated in his final rupture with England and the formation of the Irish *liaison*.

Perhaps the most interesting fruits of this amour were the volume of sketches entitled "The Untilled Field" and the symbolistic novel called "The Lake." The first of these books is comparable in many ways with the justly celebrated work which seems to have inspired it, Turgenieff's "Memoirs of a Sportsman." The second is Mr. Moore's own very contemporaneous version of the unbinding of Prometheus—a piece of symbolism which summarizes whatever there has been of "Messianic" character in the author's career. The protagonist of this strange fiction is Father Oliver, a Roman Catholic priest, who dwells in a little cottage by a pale green Irish lake. He is fettered there by accident, custom, tradition; the vulture that consumes his liver is the ordinary routine of life. Through more than three hundred pages Father Oliver hovers about this lake, as vague, indeterminate, and purposeless as the mist that gathers and dissolves upon its bosom. At last an imperative instinct quickens in his blood like that which directs the mating and seasonal migrations of wild geese; he steals down to the bank, strips to the skin, hesitates for a moment, then plunges into the deep, swims to the other shore, and flees away. Thus the naturalistic philosophy of "Esther Waters," "Evelyn Innes," and "Sister Teresa" is "enwombed" in Ireland. Father Oliver is the spirit of man in modern times; he is the spirit of the Irish Renaissance; he is, in short, the perfectly emancipated spirit of George Moore.

IV.

We owe the same debt of attention to Mr. Moore that we should owe to a man who should push his boat into the river above Niagara Falls, ship his oars, and submit to the will of the waters; he would demonstrate the force and consequences of the current. Mr. Moore has shot the falls of naturalism. We were acquainted with its clear spring in the high mountain home, where Wordsworth, drinking, vowed himself "well pleased to recognize in nature and the language of the sense, the author of his purest thoughts, the nurse, the guide, the guardian of his heart, and soul of all his moral being." We had seen Wordsworth's pleasant faith in the concurrence of nature with the moral ends of man elaborately clothed in the fiction of George Meredith's "Richard Feverel," appearing ominously in the year of the publication of the "Origin of Species." We had seen in the work of Thomas Hardy the sweet pantheistic illusion give way to tragic insight into the actual relationship existing between nature and society. He, too, recognized in nature the power that moulds the characters and sways the destinies of men. But it was not clear to him that an impulse from a vernal wood would always send a Peter Bell to church or an errant father to his child; it seemed quite as likely that it would send a Jude to an Arabella or a Tess to an Alec. It appeared, in brief, to his vision that this blind power which moves through all things, though occasionally coincident with human law, urges men on to the fulfilment of its own tendencies, irrespective of the disasters which may consequently befall them in that social order established and regulated by reason and foresight. Because, however, he is fully aware of the resolute power perpetually conflicting with the incessant pressure of instinct, naturalism attains in him to tragedy. His grim symbol of the relationship between the impulse of nature and the morality of society is Tess of the D'Urbervilles swinging on the gallows. After Hardy, to speak of the concurrence of nature in the moral ends of man becomes impossible. We have reached the fork in the road; we must turn to the right with reason to guide us into the walled and steepled cities and the civil life of our kind, or turn to the left and trust to instinct. Mr. Moore turned to the left. In a few strides he passed beyond good and evil into that wilderness where birds and cantatrices sing, where wild creatures conceive and æsthetes confess, where every creeping thing brings forth its young, and the simple servant girl, having given to the world a natural son, lives happy ever after in the consciousness that she has accomplished that whereunto she was sent. In this Arcadian world there is neither comedy nor tragedy; for there is neither passion nor joy, conflict nor climax, reconciliation nor catastrophe: there are only the flush and fading of sensual excitement, the vicissitudes of wind and weather, the progress of the seasons, and the cyclic changes of birth and death. Mr. Moore is right in regarding his life as more significant than any of his works. When a man of great talent has made his mind a courtesan to nature, the only tragedy that he can write is his confession. When a man has shaken off all the bonds that united him with civil society, the only confession that he can make of significance to civil readers is that such emancipation is exile. What, then, does George Moore mean by telling us that beneath his frivolous mask is concealed a tragic actor?

Stuart P. Sherman.

Urbana, Illinois.

Correspondence

A FOOT-NOTE OF 1779.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In editing a manuscript of 1779 recently, I found buried in a foot-note a constitutional opinion on the relation of the nation to the States at that interesting date that reminded me of other famous foot-notes. The late Charles R. Hildeburn, when editing the statutes-at-large of his State, one day showed me a page or so of foot-note with references giving the complete history of an important statute, and pointing to it with pride, exclaimed: "That is my masterpiece!" Another foot-note—the longest probably in existence—is acknowledged by every lawyer in the same State to be an undoubted masterpiece, namely, that on the history of land law in Pennsylvania in "Smith's Laws." Whether this constitutional foot-note of 1779 which came to light recently, was thought a masterpiece or not, either by its author, James Wilson, or by those for whom it was written, namely, the French Minister, M. Gérard, and the Government of France, can only be conjectured; but a foo -note that pro-

posed an amendment to the fundamental law of the United States at that date, in order to establish a consular system satisfactory to the French Government, whose Advocate-General Wilson then was, is certainly worth recording.

This particular foot-note was on a misplaced sheet, and passed for some legal opinion, because its first sentences argued for provision that commercial causes should be allowed an appeal to a court established by Congress, for cases between citizens of the United States and of other nations. But it might be asked why appeal could not be taken to the higher State courts. Thus follow his constitutional comments (italics are mine):

It may be likewise alleged that this is an encroachment upon the Sovereignty which each State has reserved to itself. This last objection is of a very delicate nature; and deserves to be seriously and maturely weighed. I shall, therefore, consider it with all the attention of which I am capable; and, if what I am to offer shall be thought insufficient to remove it, I am far from wishing that any steps should be taken to elude its Force.—It is true that, by the second Article of the Confederation, "each State retains its Sovereignty, Freedom, and Independence, and every Power, Jurisdiction, and Right, which is not by this Confederation, expressly delegated to the United States, in Congress assembled." It is also true that the only Courts which Congress are, by the Confederation, expressly empowered to appoint, are "Courts for the Trial of Piracies and Felonies committed on the high Seas, and for receiving and determining finally Appeals in all Cases of Captures." When we compare these two clauses together, it must be admitted that Congress have no express Power to give the Court of Appeals the Jurisdiction here proposed: And it must be further admitted that in interpreting Acts of such high Consequence and Solemnity, *it is dangerous to depart from the Letter, and introduce a construction according to the Spirit.* If, therefore, the Matter rested only on these two Clauses, the foregoing Objection would be insurmountable. But the Articles of Confederation themselves do not order the Door to remain absolutely shut against all Future Alterations and Improvements; tho', indeed, they direct Caution and judicious Reserve to be used in opening it. They conclude in this Manner: "The Articles of this Confederation shall be inviolably observed by every State, and the Union shall be perpetual; nor shall any Alteration at any Time hereafter be made in any of them; unless such Alteration be agreed to in a Congress of the United States, and be afterwards confirmed by the Legislatures of every State."—It is proposed that all this system concerning the Jurisdiction and Proceedings of Courts in foreign commercial Causes "should originate in Congress, and be recommended by that Body to the different States." This is precisely the Mode prescribed by the Articles of Confederation with Regard to "any Alteration at any Time hereafter to be made in any of them."

After thus showing that, if the States failed to adopt it, that ended the matter, the writer proceeds:

Though in considering the Question, whether this particular Regulation is already comprehended within the Powers delegated to Congress by the several States, *it would have been improper to depart from the Letter of the Articles of Confederation and interpret them according to their spirit;* it is highly proper to enter into such a deduction of this kind in order to shew that the Regulation is a fit object of an Alteration to be made in the Manner which those Articles prescribe. . . . In some Respects, the United States are consolidated into one political Body, of which Congress is the Agent and Representative. In other Respects, they remain separate, distinct and independent Republics. They are to be considered in the former Point of View in all their Engagements and Transactions and Connexions with other Powers. For between them and each particular State no channel of communication is permitted to be opened, without the Intervention of Congress.

He then shows that unless this power was given to Congress no foreign Government could get redress from either state or nation, if aggrieved, and the United States would be in an awkward condition to ask redress in its own cases. He argues the case at length from many points of view, ending this part of the argument with the following: "The foregoing Reflexions, I hope, will be sufficient to show, that while I argue for the Appeal to the Courts established by Congress, I argue in the spirit of the Articles of Confederation."

BURTON ALVA KONKLE.

Swarthmore, Pa., April 10.

AN OPINION OF ROOSEVELT FROM MANILA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There are a vast number of sober-minded and honest American citizens whose conception of morality is limited to the equation of personal integrity. Men incapable of a shady business transaction, they, nevertheless, not only refuse to denounce Mr. Roosevelt's immoral theft of the Canal Zone as such, but rather extol it as the most moral, patriotic, and American act of his career! Worse yet, this body is largely recruited from the ranks of non-partisans in politics—to whom the words "patriotism" and "Americanism" appeal more forcibly than the words "Republican" or "Democrat." This body of voters added to the "Old Guard" makes a staggering combination. Now add to it the great multitude of the noisy, shouting "Teddy" group, and you have an aggregation that must overwhelm all opposition.

To be still moro pessimistic, let me aver there is still a very large minority of citizens of a high enough order of intelligence to be independent in politics, and who flatly refuse to concede that patriotism, Americanism, and gross national dishonesty are coördinate terms, and who will not only refuse to support the chief exponent of dishonesty and hypocrisy, but who, realizing the hopelessness of their minority, will, in sheer disgust, keep from the polls and still largely enhance his triumph.

WM. S. LYON.

Manila, P. I., February 28.

"WHITE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the absence of full information for which we must wait until the New English Dictionary reaches the letter *w*, permit me to remind "Guilmensian" (*Nation*, April 4) that *white* was a common term of endearment or affection in the time of Queen Elizabeth and King James. Several instances are noted by the late Churton Collins, in "The Plays and Poems of Robert Greene," Vol I, p. 299. Collins repeats from Warton, "History of English Poetry," IV, 394, that Dr. Busby of Winchester "used to call his favorite scholars his 'white boys.'" Our *white*, as an epithet of commendation, is apparently derived from this seventeenth century usage. An earlier stage may be seen in *white* in the sense of *beautiful* in Layamon's "Brut," about 1205, lines 31,086-7:

nis nan feirure [fairer] wifmon
tha whit sunne scineth on.

B. S. M.

Ithaca, N. Y., April 6.

"THE BEGGARS' AND VAGRANTS' LITANY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This is the Beggars' Litany (as given in Carter's "History of English Legal Institutions," 3d ed., p. 289, note):

At Hallifax, the Law so sharpe doth deale,
That whoso more than thirteen pence doth steale;
They have a Thynge that wondrous, quicke and well
Sends Thieves all headlesse unto Heav'n or Hell.

Further details are in Encyclopædia Britannica, 9th ed., XI, 344, under Halifax, and in all the books on Yorkshire I have seen, *e. g.*, Roth's "Yorkshire Coiners," pp. 192-206, and Fletcher's "Book about Yorkshire," p. 295.

R. N.

Boston, April 13.

DOUBTFUL POEMS OF MEREDITH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* for March 28 it is pointed out by Mr. L. S. Livingston, in "News for Bibliophiles," that Mr. Esdaile's "Chronological List" of Meredith's works (in the Memorial edition) does not include a "private reprint, 'Twenty Poems of George Meredith,' being a collection of pieces contributed by him to *Household Words* between 1850 and 1856, issued in an edition of twenty-five copies only, in 1909." "The authenticity of these poems," writes Mr. Livingston, "is proved by the office record of the magazine. Two other poems published in the same magazine in 1850 were, with some alterations, reprinted by Meredith himself in his first volume, published the next year, 1851." I have not seen the volume mentioned by Mr. Livingston; but I presume the poems included to be twenty of the twenty-three poems listed by B. W. Matz (in *T. P.'s Weekly*, February 17, 1911) as poems ascribed to George Meredith in the contributors' book of *Household Words*. If this is so, it should be noted that Mr. W. M. Meredith (in the London *Times* weekly edition, February 24, 1911) denies that his father is the author of any of these poems except the three printed as Meredith's in authorized editions of his works (*i. e.*, the two referred to by Mr. Livingston, "Sorrows and Joys" and "The Two Blackbirds," first reprinted in the 1851 "Poems"; and "Monmouth," first reprinted in the final volume of the Memorial edition). "During my father's lifetime," writes Mr. Meredith, "Mr. Matz brought these poems . . . to his notice and was informed that with certain exceptions [*i. e.*, the three poems mentioned] the poems attributed to him by Mr. Matz on the authority of the ledger were not written by him." The *Times* prints also Mr. Matz's reply, in which, however, no proof is given that the poems were written by George Meredith. In the case of the poems entitled "New Year's Eve," "The Congress of Nations," and "The Linnet Hawker," Mr. Matz shows, the author's name is entered as "Meredith," and the post

office order indicates the places at which Meredith was residing with his wife. But in the absence of anything more demonstrative than this, are we not bound to accept Mr. Meredith's explanation that the poems were written by George Meredith's wife? Apart from Mr. Meredith's assurance, the character of the poems, as far as indicated by Mr. Matz's quotations, would make this probable. "Meredith" was not in those years a name specially appropriated to a particular poet. It was doubtless with these facts in mind that the publishers of the Memorial edition did not include the twenty poems in question, and that Mr. Esdaile (if indeed he knew of its existence) did not include in his list the volume in which they were reprinted. Students of Meredith, however, should find this volume of the greatest interest for what light it may throw on the talented daughter of Peacock and first wife of Meredith. Anything that serves to elucidate her character serves to illustrate a somewhat obscure passage in the life of Meredith. In bringing to light these poems of Mrs. Meredith, Mr. Matz has perhaps made as valuable a discovery as if they had proved to be by Meredith himself.

JOSEPH WARREN BEACH.

The University of Minnesota, April 9.

Literature

SOURCES OF GREEK RELIGION.

Greece and Babylon: A Comparative Sketch of Mesopotamian, Anatolian, and Hellenic Religions. By Lewis R. Farnell, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

Though the impulse to the modern historical study of religions was given by an Oxford man (F. Max Müller, in his lectures on the "Science of Religion," 1870), and English writers like Tylor, Robertson Smith, and Frazer have laid the foundations of the new science, English universities have hitherto not given it official recognition. University chairs of general religious history were established in Holland in 1876 and in France in 1880, and their example has been followed to some extent in this country and in Japan. The endowment of Dr. Henry Wilde has now given Oxford University a lectureship in "natural and comparative religion," and the choice of the first Wilde lecturer has happily fallen on a scholar whose distinguished services to the history of Greek religion are recognized everywhere. Dr. Wilde's wish limits the investigation of this lectureship to the ideas and forms of the more advanced religions; it is to be hoped that its field will be widened so as to embrace the lower cults.

Dr. Farnell has chosen as the theme of his first course (his term of service extends over three years) the religious influence of the East on the West; in the East he includes Babylonia, Assyria, and Asia Minor (the Hittite and Phrygian cults), and in the West the Greek and the Ægean or Minoan-Mycenæan, thus for the first time embracing in a general view all the great ancient systems that constituted the world of the Euphrates and the Eastern Mediterranean. He omits India, Persia, and Egypt, probably as being more remotely connected with this early world, though the Ægean seems to have been affected by the Egyptian. As his purpose is to discover what is indigenous in the several regions, he confines his inquiry to the second millennium B. C.—in the later period, especially in the Græco-Roman time, the interchanges of ideas and usages between East and West were numerous and important. And, as our knowledge of the Hittite and Ægean religions, notwithstanding recent explorations, is as yet far from satisfactory, his comparison deals largely with Babylonia and Greece. He subjects current opinions as to supposed loans on one side or the other to a critical examination, illumined by wide and exact learning, and conducted with admirable impartiality and sanity.

For borrowing social contact is necessary, and in the present case, as is remarked above, the comparison is confined to the earliest known period, in which intimate association is in general not proved. Farnell mentions various resemblances in the Eastern and Western cults that do not suggest influence in either direction. In both regions there are well-formed anthropomorphic deities (as also in Asia Minor and the Ægean), but such figures abound everywhere (even, it might be added, in savage cults). The similarity between the cults of the East and the West extends to "nature deities," deities, that is, whose physical relations are obvious. Such divine figures arise naturally in various parts of the world, and there is, therefore, no need to suppose that a Hittite or a Hebrew or a Greek storm-god was derived from Babylonia. But the particular phenomena divinized are determined by climatic and meteorological conditions; thus, Farnell calls attention to the fact that astral gods, prominent in Mesopotamia, were of little importance in Greece—Helios was not so great a god as Shamash—while, on the other hand, Earth played a great rôle in Greece, but had no cult in Babylonia.

These early deities, Farnell further notes, are in general of a kindly disposition, subject, indeed, to fits of anger; but also inclined to be merciful. The close relation between the king and the god is a natural and common fact. The general morality, whether of the family or international, was about the same in the East and the West. Certain cultic features are common to the two regions, such as sacred stones and pillars, idols, temples, priests, and bloody and unbloody sacrifices. Such instances of resemblance call for no remark. A point of special interest is the much-discussed figure of the "virgin-mother." The term is not appropriate—there are virgin-goddesses and mother-goddesses, but, though savage thought is familiar with the idea of birth without the union of the sexes, neither in Babylonian nor in Greek mythology is there an example of such birth except in the late story of Athene issuing from the cleft head of Zeus. The phrase seems to have been suggested by the fact that certain deities, such as Artemis and Ishtar, are called sometimes virgin and sometimes mother. Farnell gives the right interpretation: Ishtar, as patroness of fertility, was at one time thought of, like Kore, as a maid; but having become a great goddess, she was regarded as the producer of all things and, as such, received the affectionate title of "mother." A similar explanation holds in the case of Artemis; in neither case is there ground for supposing influences of East on West or of West on East. Farnell follows Evans in holding that Aphrodite came to Greece not from the Semitic East, but from the great early Ægean cult. It is true that no Greek or Semitic explanation of her name has been discovered, and that already in the Iliad (possibly before there was social intercourse between Babylonia and Greece) she is one of the Olympians; but the solution of the question of her origin must await further information about the cults involved. Probably, however, we must agree with our author in his view that the Babylonian Tammuz did not come to Greece in pre-Homeric days. The mourning for Tammuz in Babylon was an official temple lamentation over the disappearance of vegetation. Orgiastic mourning was a product of Phrygia or of a pre-Phrygian Asia Minor population, not derived from Mesopotamia, and the old Hellenic agrarian cults of Linos and other such figures may well have been independent of the East. Farnell seeks to find in Ægean religion hints of the death and resurrection of a god, but the evidence is meagre.

Thus, of a vast Babylonian influence on Greece in early times our author finds no proof, and, on the other hand, he points out many differences between the two cults, of which only the most striking can be mentioned here. The Babylonian mythology, he notes, is purer than the Greek—it contains no such gross details as disfigure the latter. It is to be observed, however, that, with the exception of a couple of episodes in the Gilgamesh poems, we have records only of the formal official worship in Mesopotamia, and the old Greek official temple worship also appears to have been solemn and dignified; all through religious history popular ceremonies and stories have fallen below the level of worship proper. Still, it is true that the

Semites had the minimum of mythology —their deities stood socially aloof from men, and did not have human adventures. A deeper-lying difference between the two communities, on which Farnell lays stress, is that of temperament. Babylonia was more ecstatic and sentimental, its liturgy was sorrowful (having confession, and lamentation for sins), its attitude towards the deity was one of humility and fear (so in the hymns to the gods and the penitential psalms). Greece was freer in bearing, its gods were companions, its liturgy was cheerful. It is in accordance with this difference that the Babylonians, so far as appears, had no family worship and no mysteries such as are found in Greece. Magic was dominant in Babylonia—the Babylonians, says Farnell, lived in an atmosphere of magic, surrounded by hosts of daimonic powers, against which exorcisms had to be employed and taboos to be observed; the Greeks were comparatively free from this obsession. Sacrifice was more highly elaborated in Greece; it seems to be true, as our author remarks, that the conception of communion with the deity in sacrifice is not found in Babylonia. So far as the eschatological ideas of the two regions are concerned, there is not much to choose between them; but Greece had a somewhat less gloomy hades, with perhaps a germinal conception of retribution after death. The position of women in the old Mesopotamian temple ritual is discussed at length by Farnell, who distinguishes three classes of women: the "votaries" of the Hammurabi code, highly respected ministrants in the temples; courtesans such as appear in the Gilgamesh epic; and the women who come under the provision described by Herodotus, that every Babylonian woman, before she could be married, had to sit in the court of the temple of Mylitta and give herself to the first stranger who cast a piece of money into her lap. For the proposed explanations of this curious custom, in which the "stranger" makes a great difficulty for recent writers, the reader must be referred to Farnell's discussion, which, if not wholly satisfactory, will at least set forth the problems to be solved.

It is regrettable that this volume, admirable in method and spirit, and abounding in instructive remarks in addition to the points mentioned above, should be marred by inaccurate proofreading, mainly in the spelling of proper names.

CURRENT FICTION.

Vistas of New York. By Brander Matthews. New York: Harper & Bros.

A dozen impressions, sketches, and stories have gone to the making of a companion volume to the "Vignettes of Manhattan" and "Outlines in Local Color," in which Professor Matthews has before this attempted to catch the fugitive aspects of Babylon. The earliest of the selections in the present volume was written more than twenty-five years ago, and the latest are dated 1910. To each chapter the author has affixed the year of its origin, in order that the reader may judge for himself whether the picture squares with the original. It was rather needless labor. The reader would have been willing to take it on faith that "bob-tail" cars traversed New York and that ladies in leg-of-mutton sleeves rode on bicycles as the story describes them. What he misses is the higher realities, that touch of soul or manners that distinguished the New York of Cleveland's first Administration from the city of to-day, and more than that, the touch that distinguishes New York from any other large city. Take away proper names like Central Park and Madison Square and it nearly all could have happened elsewhere, with the exception of those stories that could have happened nowhere. In arranging his material Professor Matthews made no attempt to put his best foot forward. He begins with a succession of quite amateurish and colorless little tales, and only midway in the book do we find the two best things in it, "In a Hansom," which does suggest the *morale* of Manhattan even as it unwinds its panorama in the course of a drive down the length of Fifth Avenue; and "The Frog that Played the Trombone," which would have been a good story even in Philadelphia. "In the Small Hours" is an effective little study in the psychology of sleeplessness. On the other hand, there is an elaborate attempt at grisly humor in "On an Errand of Mercy," which fails in reaching the mark.

The Heart of Life. From the French of Pierre de Coulevain. By Alys Hallard. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The brilliant Frenchwoman who writes under the pseudonym of "Pierre de Coulevain" has produced here a pleasantly nondescript volume made up of extracts from the diary of a novelist who is incapable of writing a diary without producing a novel. It is divided into six parts labelled "Baden," "St. Gervais," "Lausanne," and so forth.

The reflections and events chronicled are supposed to be the fruit of a sort of leisurely pilgrimage in search of rest, undertaken by the author on the conclusion of her book about England, "The Unknown Isle." She begins with a feeling of relief at the completion of a difficult task, and a general intention to amuse herself by writing a book to be called "The Heart of Life." The title had caught her fancy, and she had a conviction (justified by the event) that she should be able to write a book to fit the title. Among her friends was a young Parisian *divorcée*, Maïa Lasserre. She is a modern, young, full of revolt against the tyranny of man, and disenchanted by her own experience of marriage. As we presently discover, the Count de Couzan, from whom she has withdrawn herself (without scandal) is as charming a young person, and as irreproachable outside of matrimony, as she herself. From the outset it is the perfectly clear intention of the author to bring these two young people together again; and her pages have so far the air of fiction that it does not occur to the reader that she may fail in that amiable task. She does not; but before the misguided ones are restored to each other, they must be educated; and Pierre de Coulevain is perfectly ready to undertake the part of tutor. She gives them, by turns, certain "little lessons in Natural History," couched in terms of an appalling frankness, from the Anglo-American point of view. The upshot of it is that the root of the misunderstanding between the pair has been due to the total ignorance of "what life expects of them" with which the girl has been allowed to enter the married state.

In a sense the book is a plea for the rational preparation of girl or boy for the most important relation in life. The theory is more familiar to the English or American parent than to the French; but it is doubtful if our practice greatly differs from theirs. Apart from its element of tractarian romance, and apart from the vivacious and sweet-tempered charm of its style (perceptible through the medium of a not particularly happy translation), the book contains, or embodies, a sort of confession of faith: that nothing can be discovered by itself. "Here below, and everywhere throughout the universe, everything is linked together, everything holds together"—a creed more remarkable for the spirit and grace with which it is here enforced and illustrated, than for its novelty.

The Breaking Point. By Fred Lewis Pattee. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Throwing a good parson at a bad woman sums up well enough the author's purpose in this story. The parson saw her for the first time just after midweek prayer-meeting, when she was about to fling herself under the wheels of a street-car. Coming out opportunely, he saved her life, and being young and ardent, must not stop at that. Presently he had a whole respectable church buzzing about his ears—and it appears that Mr. Pattee's opinion of respectable churches and their respectable pillars is not as high as it might be. At all events, some very ugly things are done and a sad state of morals is suggested in that prosperous New England town (not remote from Boston). There are some not uninteresting episodes, some glimpses of church meetings taken

from life, and some samples of restaurant life after 10 P. M. which lack verisimilitude. The final curtain falls on a sad, lonely saint in a Salvation Army uniform in the place of the fair and reckless creature who made all the trouble.

A Local Colorist. By Annie Trumbull Slosson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

For the first of her four stories Mrs. Slosson has a rather ingenious idea. A would-be story writer searches for dialect and local color, persuaded by a friend that therein lies her best chance of success. Being of Franconia, she is herself addicted to what she calls "dialections," not knowing that she is the seeker and the sought—not even when another dialect story writer in search of material hangs upon her words. There is a bad hour for her when she abandons her ambitions because she is persuaded of the indelicacy of setting down the peculiarities of one's fellowmen; but her unconsciousness of the fact that other authors are less scrupulous saves her from irretrievable hurt. The consideration of dialect as "the other person's language" has meantime been cleverly presented in the author's familiarly humorous strain. The tourist nature student receives attention in another story, with a kindly laugh at his or her "observatory ways." Preternatural manifestations are dealt with in the remaining two, of which the better is the one that describes the return of "A Dissatisfied Soul" from purgatorial regions. The prophecies of "A Prophetic Romancer" are remarkable, but lack even the pretence of explanation necessary to illusion.

LETTER-BOOKS OF LONDON.

Calendar of Letter-Books, City of London. Letter-Book K. Temp. Henry VI. Edited by Reginald R. Sharpe. London: Guildhall.

Dr. Sharpe, Records Clerk in the office of the Town Clerk of the City of London, has here continued his excellent series of Calendars of Letter-Books preserved among the archives of the Guildhall. The original volumes, which date from 1275 and extend in a double lettered series to 1688, are of special importance to the year 1416, when the Journals of the Common Council begin. But as the latter record the proceedings both of Common Council and Court of Aldermen very roughly to 1495, at which date the proceedings of the last-named court were first entered in a separate set of volumes known as "Repertories," it has been deemed best to continue the Calendars of Letter-Books through the fifteenth century.

Letter-Book K embraces the period from 1422 to 1461. It presents a valuable record of the history of the city during these years and shows how important a place the city held in the affairs of the kingdom and how often the highest authorities, both in church and state, looked to it not only for financial help, but for moral help, too. Kings, regents, bishops, and cardinals sought its support, as did even cities in France. For the internal life of the city the record is lively and interesting. It discloses the relations of the corporation with the city churches, and its attitude towards freemen, aliens, apprentices, and bondmen. It shows also that the reign of Henry VI was remarkable for the advancement of the trade and craft guilds, many of which obtained charters of incorporation for the first time, while others had their privileges confirmed or amplified. It deals with some very modern questions, such as the relations between masters and servants, the latter of whom were setting up for themselves, establishing a brotherhood or revelling hall and a livery, and organizing to thwart the masters on every possible occasion. Dr. Sharpe remarks that these and similar attempts of the servants or journeymen of a craft "to break away from authority and to combine together for their own ends, regardless of the welfare of the community at large, find a parallel in the actions of trade unions at the present day."

Important among the entries are the records of benefactions, particularly those of Richard Whittington, carried out by his executors after his death. Whittington's estate provided for the erection of the Guildhall and the establishment of its library. One alderman paid for laying pipes to convey water from Paddington, first to Tyburn and then to Charing Cross; another erected, at his own expense, a granary for the storage of wheat against times of scarcity. A precedent for a current political issue may be found in the request of the King that a favorite mayor might be elected for a third term. As such an election was contrary to the ordinances of the city, the Council decided against the royal plea.

Sixty Years: Life and Adventure in the Far East. By John Dill Ross. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $7 net.

These two volumes are devoted to the biography of John Dillon Northwood and his son, the elder man being noteworthy as the pioneer of British commerce on regular lines from Singapore to the Borneo ports north of Sarawak. They are written with a keen sense of humor, and with clever delineation of even the minor characters. But the chief value of the work is the sidelight it casts upon European life and politics in the Far East. It is a matter of ceaseless wonder, not that British interests are unable to compete with German, but that they can exist at all, so slack is English business administration and so easy-going are the administrators. Nothing but stupidity and insularity forced young Northwood, after his father's death, to sell to a German firm his steamship line from Singapore to Labuan. German merchants in the Orient may not compare with the English in firm moral principles, but they adapt themselves—at least externally—far more readily to local situations, and they work unremittingly while the Englishman indulges in sports and otherwise plays the gentleman of leisure, both unwilling and unable to lay aside the traditions of his native island.

Mr. Ross (or Northwood, jr., for the two are so blended in the biography that it is impossible to distinguish the opinions of the one from those of the other) is strongly convinced of the "yellow peril," and thinks the prophecy of the drunken Kada, that "the day was coming when the despised Yellow-skins would hurl the arrogant white man into the depths of defeat and ruin," will not lack fulfilment if Japan can accomplish it. He deems the Japanese, though extremely able and brave, as a nation "cruel, vindictive, unscrupulous, and licentious, dominated by insatiable ambitions and by a pride intolerable to men of other nations"; he believes "it might have been better for the future peace of the world if Russia had not been hurried into signing the Peace of Portsmouth by the internal condition of the empire." He is also strongly opposed to what he calls the "general education" mania current in our day—the promotion of universal sciolism and the metamorphosis of decent Orientals into half-baked Babu imitations of white men, and as a contrast with that system praises the Dutch colonial administration: "They do not force an elaborate system of education on millions of natives who are not ripe for it, and then stand around in pious astonishment when discontent and sedition reward the sowers of some particularly wild oats."

He is more sympathetic in his account of the work of the Roman Catholic missionaries in Annam, not only in matters specifically religious, but also in their efforts to raise the industrial status of the Annamese, as in paddy-planting and in the cultivation and manufacture of silk. Possibly it was no idle boast of Père Dulac that "the republicans of to-day may not like to admit that France owes the possession of Indo-China and Annam solely and entirely to the efforts of the Church, but that does not in any way alter the facts of the case." The touching gratitude of the French Republic, as voiced by the Annamese collector, is that "every white missionary without excep-

tion should be expelled from Indo-China."

Other Sheep: A Missionary Companion to "Twice-Born Men." By Harold Begbie. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.25.

It will be recalled that in "Twice-Born Men" Mr. Begbie attempted to prove by detailed reports of a series of remarkable cases that character may be instantly changed by the experience of conversion. The sub-title of "Other Sheep" is slightly misleading; the book contains several stories of wonderful conversions, but primarily it is a discussion of the general problem of Christianity in India, with special reference to the work of the Salvation Army. It shows traces of hasty composition; it is not always coherent; but it draws an exceedingly interesting picture of the religious condition of India, based largely on first-hand observation.

Mr. Begbie first describes the extraordinary man under whose guidance he saw India, and who is his chief authority—"Fakir Singh," the English ex-official who is at the head of the Indian branch of the Salvation Army. He then attempts to show by an exposition of Hindu character and religion that what India needs above everything else is Christianity. So far, he thinks, the most important results of missionary labor have been indirect. "Christianity has given India the sense of human brotherhood and the idea of social ethics . . . has begun to moralize Hinduism." Its direct results would be far greater than they are, but for three fundamental mistakes. The first is the rivalry between various denominations; the second, the fact that too much emphasis has been laid on the ritualistic side of Christianity. "A Christianity which is priestly in character and which savors in the least degree of magic cannot look for the conversion of India, where an immemorial priesthood and a thorough and explicit magic are masters of the situation." The third blunder, and the one on which Mr. Begbie lays most emphasis, is the attempt to teach too much theology. "To go as a theologian to these hungering and thirsting millions and to dogmatize about the origin of evil and the nature of Christ is but to anger and confuse them." The great merit of the Salvation Army is that it has presented Christianity free from theology and ritualism, as the simple religion of peace and joy—as the religion of optimism, in contrast with Hindu pessimism and terror of the gods.

At Benares the sights of the holy city caused Mr. Begbie to experience a curious reaction against religion in general. "Wherever Faith is ascendant over Reason," he writes, "humanity is degraded to the brute level." Yet earlier in the book he asks us to believe such stories as that of the devil-dancer who had been "sexually vile and dreadful," who had committed "excesses of indescribable horror," and yet who, after an instantaneous conversion, became not only "clean in all his habits," but "pure even in the thoughts of his heart." Inconsistent as the book is, however, it is always interesting and thought-provoking. And it contains a good many shrewd observations, such as this:

> Perhaps few people realize, from the Tory who violently supports it to the Socialist who as violently defames it, how far the Government of India has gone along the road of . . . Socialism. . . . The home Conservative defends in India what he would die to oppose in England, and the Socialist attacks in India what he so eloquently demands for England.

Colonial Society of Massachusetts Publications. Volume XIII: Transactions 1910-1911. Boston: The Society.

The Colonial Society of Massachusetts has printed, as the most important contribution of its thirteenth volume of transactions, the letters of Dennys de Berdt, agent in London of the Massachusetts House of Representatives from November, 1765, to his death in April, 1770. The letters were found a year or more ago among some old papers in the garret of a house at Great Neck, New York, copied into an ordinary quarto blank-book containing 134 pages. The history of the book is unknown. This discovery arouses the hope that other similar material may be in existence, for papers relating to the activities of the colonial agents in London are among the rarest of colonial documents.

De Berdt's name is less familiar than are those of other of Massachusetts' agents, William Bollan and Israel Mauduit, for example; but his service to the colony during a very exacting period was considerable. He received a piece of plate from the Delaware Assembly, whose agent also he was, "in grateful memory of his faithful services executed successfully" in obtaining the repeal of the Stamp Act. The Massachusetts body passed a vote of thanks and made in his behalf and for the same reason an appropriation which, as events proved, he was very slow in receiving. The chief value of the letters lies in the light which they throw upon statesmen and parties in England, and on the deliberations of the Massachusetts leaders, to whom de Berdt gave good advice. He was on the spot and wrote at times with "a friendly freedom," as he himself expressed it, though his letters are badly spelled and display as supreme a contempt for the King's English as did the actions of Massachusetts for the King's authority.

The remaining papers in the volume are of all sorts, one at least, that of Professor Kittredge on "George Shirk, Minister," being of very real value, as showing many curious details of clerical life in the struggling colony of Bermuda. It is heartily to be wished that local societies would see their way more often to the printing of matter of general interest, for some of the transactions here presented to the public seem unduly limited both in scope and importance. The announcement made by the society that money has been given for the printing of the second volume, which is to contain the royal commissions of the Massachusetts Governors and has been long delayed, is welcome, but we think that the commissions alone, without the royal instructions, will be very repetitious and of relatively little value.

Notes

An edition of the "Poetical Works of William Drummond of Hawthornden" is announced by the University Press of Manchester University. Prof. L. G. Kastner is the editor.

In "Sociological Study of the Bible," a book promised by the University of Chicago Press, Louis Wallis attempts to show how the religion of the Bible developed out of a lower form of religion.

"The Plunderer," a novel by Roy Norton, will be brought out soon by W. J. Watt & Co.

Houghton Mifflin Co. will have ready on April 27: "High Bradford," a picture of the life of an old Cape Cod seaport village fifty years ago, by Mary Rogers Bangs; "The Contest for California in 1861," by Elijah R. Kennedy, and "Kant and Spencer," by Borden Parker Bowne. The same house will bring out in the autumn the essays which John Burroughs has written during the past year.

William Rickey & Co. have in their list for early publication: "The Book of Parties and Pastimes," by Mary Dawson and Emma P. Telford; and "Downward," by Maud Churton Braby.

"A Shopping Guide to Paris and London," by Frances B. S. Waxman, is an item in McBride, Nast & Co.'s list.

Banking and the currency question in their latest aspects, discussed from American points of view, form the subject of a book, entitled "Banking Reform," which the National Citizens' League announces for immediate publication. It has been written by a group of specialists chosen by Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin of the University of Chicago, who is its editor.

Among the books which Small, Maynard & Co. will issue shortly are: "Tripoli the Mysterious," by Mabel Loomis Todd; "The Sonnets and Ballate of Guido Cavalcanti," rendered into English verse by Ezra Pound; "A Woman's Winter in South America," by Charlotte Cameron; "The Last Episode of the French Revolution," by E. Belfort Bax; "Unquenched Fire," a novel by Alice Gerstenberg; "Toby, a Novel of Kentucky," by Credo Harris; "Georgette,"

a novel by Marion Hill; "The Mysterious Card," by Cleveland Moffett; and "The Ten-Thousand-Dollar Arm," a collection of base-ball stories by Charles E. Van Loan.

Announcement has been made at the University of Chicago of a new system of retiring allowances for professors or their widows. A fund of $2,500,000 taken from the $10,000,000 Rockefeller gift of 1910 has been set aside for this purpose. This pension system will grant to men who have attained the rank of assistant professor or higher, and who have reached the age of sixty-five and have served fifteen years or more in the institution, 40 per cent. of their salary and an additional 2 per cent. for each year's service above fifteen. The plan also provides that at the age of seventy a man shall he retired unless the Board of Trustees specially continues his services. The widow of any professor entitled to the retiring allowance shall receive one-half the amount due him provided she has heen his wife for ten years.

The Annual Index to the London *Times* for 1911, which has just been received, is a large octavo volume of 1,831 pages, an increase of 332 above the previous year and 940 ahove the first issue in 1906.

The London *Daily Telegraph*, which took the matter in charge, announces that the grand total raised for the five granddaughters of Charles Dickens is £9,419 7s., and that of this amount £2,768 came from America.

The Bihliothek der Amerikanischen Kulturgeschichte, edited hy President Butler and Professor Paszkowski, is regularly imported by Lemcke & Buechner of this city. Three volumes have already appeared, as was stated in the *Nation* of March 28. The "Amerikanische Literatur," hy C. Alphonso Smith, contains the lectures given by Professor Smith in German at the University of Berlin in 1910-11.

There is a facetious, slap-dash manner about Hester E. Hosford's "Woodrow Wilson and New Jersey Made Over" (Putnam) that detracts seriously from the interest of the volume. The hook is a compound of history, hiography, and campaign document, and contains much that is not only informing, but dramatic. It reeks, however, with hero-worship, which finds expression in such language as this: "And just take notice that Woodrow Wilson has never heen jumped off the checker-board as he was ahout to enter the king-row. The psychological moment meets him more than half-way, and when Opportunity knocks at his door he is up and dressed." The Governor is quoted copiously, in hoth formal and informal utterances. A simple narrative, with these to give it illustration and point, would have been a far hetter method of treatment, and a surer means of producing the impression that the author desires.

In the educational history of the South since the Civil War, no name occupies a higher place than that of Dr. J. L. M. Curry; and the "Biography" which President Edwin A. Alderman and A. C. Gordon have prepared (Macmillan) will doubtless find a cordial welcome. Dr. Curry was a distinguished representative of the Southern leaders who, accepting to the full the results of the war, set themselves to the task of reconstructing Southern society on the hasis of the new conditions. Always deeply interested in politics, and with proved capacity as legislator and leader, Dr. Curry nevertheless chose education for his particular field; and the recent extraordinary progress of the Southern States in puhlic education, for both whites and negroes, is due to him more than to any other one man. As professor in Richmond College, agent of the Peahody and Slater Funds, memher of the Conference for Education in the South, and trustee of the General Education Board, he spoke and wrote with power, tact, and ceaseless energy on hehalf of increased appropriations for schools, longer school terms, better teachers, and industrial training; while his wide popularity as a preacher, both within and without the Baptist denomination, naturally strengthened his influence as an educator. For his advocacy, with many others, of the Blair Education bill, the *Nation* at the time expressed its entire disapproval; hut his strongest opponents did not question his sincerity or frankness, or minimize the ahility with which he pleaded his cause. He was an acceptable Minister to Spain, where his formal hut gracious manners counted much in his favor; and he found time for some worthy historical writing. The "Biography" is essentially annalistic in form, and friendly rather than critical. We note two curious misspellings—"Frizell" (page 337) and "Frizzell" (page 357)—of the name of President Frissell of Hampton Institute.

Another volume of the Centenary Edition of the writings and addresses of Theodore Parker is entitled "Saint Bernard and Other Papers" (American Unitarian Association). "My ministry," said Parker, "deals chiefly with the laws of God, little with the statutes of men. My manhood has heen passed mainly in studying absolute, universal truth, teaching it to men, and applying it to the various departments of life." It is in Parker's political utterances, nevertheless, and especially in his passionate orations on the slavery question, that the present generation takes most interest. His essay on Ralph Cudworth, the Cambridge Platonist, is discriminating, sympathetic, and distinguished hy keen analysis, which may also be said of the sketch of Bernard of Clairvaux, but the full power of the man and his contribution to American life are exhibited rather in such addresses as "The Effect of Slavery on the American People." This oration and the sermon preached in 1856 entitled "A New Lesson for the Day," will be primary documents for understanding political thought in that period when we are a little farther removed from it. One of the most interesting chapters of the present volumes is an article by F. B. Sanborn on Parker in the John Brown campaign. It demonstrates that the clergyman was entirely familiar with Brown's plans which culminated at Harper's Ferry, assisted by counsel in their preparation, contributed several hundred dollars towards the equipment of the expedition, and expected great benefit from it to the anti-slavery cause.

Of stories of bad hoys, one of the most instructive and disquieting is the autohiographic record, "My Vagahondage" (Doran), hy the English writer, J. E. Patterson. The first of the two parts is appropriately entitled The Life Rebellious, for, from his fourth to his thirteenth year the author's hand was against every one. He played truant from his teachers. He ran away from his father's home repeatedly. He actually engaged in bloody hattles with the housekeeper, who tried to comh his hair. Only two or three persons during this helligerent period were sympathetic enough to gain any influence over him. Had there been a few more such, this voracious little reader and wholesome lover of the woods and fields might have become a more useful member of society. The disquieting feature is that the narrative is all true, or nearly all. At thirteen he ran away to sea, emharking on what he terms The Life Adventurous. For fourteen years he lived afloat, until rheumatism drove him into the more discouraging adventures of a literary hagman in London. Throughout the hook the descriptions are graphic, the incidents often vividly related, and the interruptions, consisting of platitudes and generalizations from the writer's experience, particularly dolorous. The record is something less than winsome, because of the Ishmaelitish egotism displayed. But, for an idle reader in an idle hour, or for the zealous student of child psychology, it will prove an interesting human document.

"Reminiscences of General Basil W. Duke, C. S. A." (Doubleday, Page) were originally written, for the most part, for the *Home and Farm*, of Louisville, Kentucky. They are now "compiled and published in more permanent form in deference to the wishes of a number of those who read them when they originally appeared." The result is a readable volume of some 500 pages. Reminiscences is precisely the right title. There is almost nothing of political history in the volume, and, although there is a great deal ahout battles, no attempt to reconstruct the military history of the war; the General simply relates those facts and anecdotes that came his way, describes the men he knew, the scenes he witnessed, the stories he heard—he tells what he remembers, as he remembers it, for what it is worth. Much of the book is devoted to the characterization of Southern generals, and to events in which they played a part. The most valuahle chapters are those which deal with such subjects as prison life, superstitions among the soldiers, Southern hospitality during the war, and the period of reconstruction in the South. Probably the hest thing in the book is the chapter on the negro before and during the war. In discussing the questions that were at issue between the North and South, Gen. Duke is always fair-minded, in spirit serene, temperate and judicial in language; the attitude, if one may so express it, is one of genial resignation, the attitude of one who has learned "to love adopted ideas and opinions almost as well as he did his own." It is true, he cannot quite forget the folly of the reconstruction policy. But after all, who would wish him, or any one, to forget that?

Typical in many respects is "The Life and Letters of Sir John Hall" (Longmans), both because it describes the roving career of an English army surgeon during the first half of the nineteenth century and because it illustrates the almost haphazard way in which promotion was allotted. Hall at the age of twenty arrived on the field of Water-

loo in time to help care for the wounded. Then he served in Jamaica, in Ireland, at Gibraltar, and again in the West Indies. He was in South Africa in 1846-51, and then he went to Bombay. He was performing routine duties there when a telegram ordered him to report at once in the Crimea as Chief of the Medical Staff. For students of the Crimean War, the most important part of this book is the account of his work among the sick and wounded. No other modern war has been entered upon with such utter unpreparedness as the Crimean on the side of the English. When Dr. Hall reached his post, cholera was already raging. The home authorities were slow; indeed, it was only through the letters of correspondents that the English nation was roused. Even the mission of Miss Nightingale caused friction; for though Hall was nominally responsible for the health of the entire expedition, she was allowed to carry on her hospital work independently. We infer that his superiors in the Government knew him to be a conscientious, tireless, and undismayed official, who would shoulder the blame that belonged to others. At any rate, he endured to the end, and had the satisfaction of seeing the mortality from disease decrease to normal figures during the last part of the war. The total British force was 98,000; admissions to hospitals, 218,952; died of wounds or disease, 18,059; killed in action, 2,750; invalided, 11,562. Comment is superfluous. Hall received a K.C.B. ribbon from a not over-grateful country, and retired on half pay. The earlier portions of the memoir are often more interesting, if less important, than the Crimean. His descriptions of journeys in southern Spain in the late thirties, and of life in South Africa, where he saw service in Kaffir and Boer wars, are plain and unvarnished, but indubitably true. The book is written by a Hindu, S. M. Mitra.

The youthful enthusiasm over the exploits of railway builders and the deeds of daring of the locomotive engineer does not seem to disappear with age. "The Railway Conquest of the World" (Lippincott), by Frederick A. Talbot, is the most recent attempt to appeal to this feeling. It has to do solely with construction and describes in an entertaining manner, with abundance of excellent illustrations, the creation of many of the great railways of the world, those projects being selected which touch the imagination by their unique quality. It includes the White Pass and Yukon, which abolished the pack-train in Alaska and made gold-seeking easier, and the Hedjaz railway which did away with the journey on foot to Mecca. It describes the piercing of the Swiss mountain by the St. Gotthard, and the climbing of the Andes, to a height of nearly 16,000 feet in a distance of 138 miles. The Cape to Cairo, the Australasian, the Chinese, and Japanese, the Siberian, and our own transcontinental lines are presented in their more notable engineering aspects. A few slight errors have been noted in the description of American railways. The Union Pacific and Central Pacific railways have been confused, the western section being incorrectly called the Union Pacific, and the eastern the Central Pacific. The impression is left with the reader that the influence which led to the building of the Pacific lines was the desire of men like Huntington and Stanford to provide an opening for the coast traffic. Although this may have been a contributing cause, the prime motives were undoubtedly the political purpose to bind this isolated section to the rest of the country and the economic desire to open up western lands. Finally the author, who is apparently an Englishman, in describing how a train wreck was narrowly averted, remarks: "The engine-driver, unlike the majority of his ilk on an American railway, concluded that something must be amiss and applied his brakes sharply." While the character of our railway operation must unquestionably lay us open to many charges of recklessness, the insinuation of the author is altogether unwarranted.

The Oxford University Press (Frowde) has added another number to its handsome series of anthologies—"Das Oxforder Buch Deutscher Dichtung vom 12ten bis zum 20sten Jahrhundert," herausgegeben von H. G. Fiedler, Professor der deutschen Sprache und Literatur an der Universät Oxford, mit einem Geleitworte von Gerhart Hauptmann. The editor has doubtless thought it best to let these poems speak for themselves with but the briefest advocacy on his or other's part. His introduction of two or three pages deals entirely with the details of editing, and Hauptmann's short preface, touching vaguely on the color and perfume of true poetry, serves merely to associate his name and influence with the volume. In making selections, the editor has quite naturally yielded to the perspective of the present age, which remembers comparatively little German verse previous to that of the eighteenth century. Yet we doubt if the fifty-odd pages which he has devoted to those early periods are quite sufficient. Only three of Walther von der Vogelweide's poems are included, and these in a not very happy modern rendering. Beginning with the eighteenth century, the selections are full, and the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century receive, seemingly, almost exhaustive representation, several of the names being unknown to the present reviewer and their best achievement trivial. In the introduction the editor remarks that in his collection will be found some poems of even the older time not met with in other similar works. Perhaps his concern for novelty has been the cause of his omitting such an agreeable old stand-by as "Die Wacht am Rhein." The notes are concise and to the point, and externally (we have seen only the India-paper form) the book lives up to the beauty of this Oxford series.

Miss Clara Barton, founder of the Red Cross Society in the United States, died at her home in Glen Echo, Md., on Friday. She had reached the age of ninety on Christmas Day of last year. Miss Barton began the work with which her name will ever be associated during the Civil War, getting permission, after several vain appeals, to go out upon the battlefelds and care for the wounded. She rendered similar service in the Franco-Prussian War, and in the Spanish-American War, although almost eighty, she did personal field work. When, through her efforts, the American Association of the Red Cross was incorporated in this country in 1882, she was made its president, and served in that capacity for twenty-three years. Miss Barton was also the author of several works, among them "History of the Red Cross," "America's Relief Expedition to Asia Minor," "History of the Red Cross in Peace and War," and "Story of My Childhood."

Robbins Little, who from 1878 to 1898 was librarian of the Astor Library in New York, died on Saturday in Newport, R. I., his native town. Under his administration a new catalogue was prepared and published in four volumes. Mr. Little was born eighty years ago. He graduated from Yale in 1851, and after travel abroad studied law at Harvard. At one time he was instructor in international law at the United States Naval Academy, and afterward an examiner of claims in the War Department.

Prof. Walter Eugene Howard, the first dean of Middlebury College, Vermont, died at his home in that town last Friday, in his sixty-third year. He was professor of history and political science.

Gabriel-Jacques-Jean Monod, the noted French historian, died recently at his home in Versailles. He was born at Havre in 1844. He held several professorships, including the chair of history at the University of Paris. He was a member of innumerable historical, scientific, and archæological societies in the various European countries. M. Monod's long list of historical writings dealt particularly with the early history of his native country.

Science

Surgery and Society, a Tribute to Listerism. By C. W. Saleeby, M.D., F.R.S.E. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $2.50 net.

This book is a sort of penance, for the author. Some years ago, "under the stress of intense and honest conviction," he wrote harsh things about surgeons; but, recently, having been personally much helped by a surgical operation, apparently of no great severity, he has experienced a change of heart and desires to make amends by setting forth the relations of modern surgery to society. Dr. Saleeby, as he somewhat often reminds his readers, has had a medical training and was for a time in practice before he retired to devote himself to enlightening the general public, or, as he would say, to being a real doctor, a teacher. He has written several books and perhaps talked more on various topics which bear on the improvement of social conditions, and of late has been particularly active as an ardent eugenist. His best work has been as editor of the excellent New Library of Medicine, to which at his instigation a number of writers have contributed noteworthy discussions of medical questions whereon the public needs to be more fully informed. Many of the books of this library have received commendation in these columns.

In this volume Dr. Saleeby under-

takes to show the general reader how surgery has been advanced by the work of Lister, under the inspiration of Pasteur, and what benefits come from this progress to society as a whole and particularly to women in the exercise of their special function. He gives also a vague outlook into the future and an incidental, and to many superfluous, excursion into the realm of eugenics, where much good may be expected because "Listerism" makes certain forms of "negative" eugenics safely possible. All these matters, and many related things, are treated in a broad and informing manner, but with almost too much display of cleverness, a not infrequent fault of the author, and with a confusion of some essential issues which is most regrettable. The services of Lord Lister, who has just left us at a ripe old age, were of inestimable value, and there is no objection to recognizing him as the man who, taking the first step in the application to surgery of the principles established by Pasteur, began a new era and opened the door for all later progress of medicine in overcoming the harm done by micro-organisms or in forestalling them; but to lump together all such methods of modern and future medicine under the name of Listerism and to call the practice of all such arts surgery is to misuse terms and to mislead readers unskilled in making distinctions.

Our objection to this presentation of the subject is twofold. The essence of Listerism is antisepsis, while the essence of later progress is commonly held to be asepsis. The exact line between them as general methods is hard to draw, and Lister himself, open-minded though he was, has left his attitude towards this phase of progress so unclear that not a few of his warmest admirers are still uncertain as to his position. We are still very far from knowing the limits of microbic infection as the cause of disease, and cannot say with any definiteness where the utility of antibacterial methods ends. It by no means follows that all the progress yet to come must be germicidal, and it is quite possible that the fruit "whose mortal taste brought death into the world and all our woe" was altogether germ-free. Certain it is that not a few of human ills are not, so far as we can judge, even the remote effects of micro-organisms; and even if all of them should prove to have such an origin, the cure of them is by no means a merely surgical matter.

It is not to the surgeons as such that all progress "after Lister," as the phrase aptly goes, is due. It is not the surgeon as such that has worked out the methods of bacteriology and made this one of the most fruitful fields of medical endeavor, even though Lister himself was one of the first to obtain a pure culture of bacteria. Not to surgery as such do we owe our knowledge of immunity, antitoxins, serums, and vaccines, nor of those wonderful chemical compounds which just now awaken and justify the hope of great things to come. Where the future will draw the line as to how much of treatment shall be surgical and how much medical, no man can tell, but surely preventive medicine is in no proper sense of the term surgical, nor will be. Let it be granted that all this advance is in a way the outcome of Listerism, yet these things are not Listerism, nor does the credit of them belong to him, who would have been the last to make such a claim. Saleeby falls into a similar although smaller error in lauding Simpson as sharing in the foundation of modern surgery because he made operations painless by substituting chloroform for ether. The real foundation was the discovery that anæsthesia is not only possible but practicable, and this, as Lister himself in one of his addresses took pains to point out, is an American gift to humanity. The fact is that all progress in the knowledge of diseases and of their treatment is a complex matter and many have contributed to it, here a little and there a little. Pasteur's contribution was fundamental, Lister's application was fundamental, and both deserve to be remembered and revered; but let this be done without obscuring their relation to what comes after them. One plants and another waters, but the increase comes through many channels.

This confusion of surgery and medicine is most regrettable for other reasons, and herein lies our second objection. The distinction between these two things is fairly well established, although usage in Great Britain and in the army and navy tends to obscure it. Hence it is desirable that the general public should not, by a book like this, be encouraged yet more to magnify the surgeon and surgery at the expense of medicine and its practitioners who do not operate. The man in the street, or even in the club, and the woman in the sewing circle or at bridge have already a much exaggerated idea of the power and skill of the surgeon. It is quite natural that it should be so. What chance do they have to know anything about the relative merits of medicine and surgery? He knows, perchance, that he was lame and now walks, was crooked and is now straight, was blind and now sees; while she, perchance, knows that she had a tumor and has it no more; or they know that some friend has been snatched from the very bottom of the dark valley and brought back again by a timely operation. What do they know, what can they know, of the work done by the medical man in correcting a faulty heart or caring for damaged kidneys and other organs, when the injury or defect has no outward signs clearly visible to the naked eye? Here is a great field of usefulness which is tilled by men of large ability and long, hard training, but of whose labor and skill the patient can know little. Surgery leaves its mark; it is often open, and frequently brilliant; while medicine is necessarily obscure, hidden, and nearly always mysterious. It is high time that the public should be taught and insistently reminded that the pill and the hypodermic syringe, the microscope and the stethoscope, have their victories no less than the scalpel, the saw, and the splint.

"The Important Timber Trees of the United States," a forthcoming book by Simon B. Elliott, is described by his publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company, as a practical handbook of every day forestry.

The iron-ore resources of the world are described in the *Annales de Géographie* for March by L. de Launay, who combats the alarming theory of their early exhaustion. France will in the future, he maintains, on account of its lack of fuel for the treatment of the ore, become the chief source of supply for Europe. The remarkable increase of international commerce in perishable foods, such as butter, fruits, vegetables, etc., is shown by H. Hitier, who regards it as indicative both of the prosperity of the people and of the improved means of transportation. He calls attention to the fact that the use of refrigerator cars is virtually confined to the Russian Empire and the United States, where more than 60,000 are in use. Other articles are upon the geology of Morocco with a colored chart, some geologic and geographical researches in Algeria and the Sahara, and on Smyrna, its situation and importance.

In the course of his "Statistical Investigation of Cometary Orbits," recently published as Vol. LXI, pt. iii of the Annals of Harvard College Observatory, Prof. W. H. Pickering brings out many novel peculiarities of the paths of these erratic bodies. A possible origin of the asteroids and zodiacal light is suggested, and the retardation of Encke's comet discussed. His method of treating the family of comets captured by Jupiter shows how it may be possible to ascertain the elements of the orbit of a planet that has never been seen, and thereby, perchance, lead up to its discovery. Three such supposititious planets exterior to the orbit of Neptune are duly investigated, the outermost (R) being at a distance of 6,250 times that of the sun, with a corresponding year equal to 500,000 of ours. Though its mass is estimated at 10,000 times that of the earth, its stellar magnitude is so faint that no telescope or camera can ever be expected to reveal it. Nearer home and more interesting is Professor Pickering's hypothetical planet Q, double the mass of R, only 875 times the distance of the sun, and of a stellar magnitude no fainter than the photographic satellites of Saturn, which his keen eye has already added to the solar system. Q has already been photographically searched for by the Rev. Joel H. Metcalf, who has examined about 300,000 stars, but without avail.

The sound sense of Eben E. Rexford is

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shown again in his latest book, "Amateur Gardencraft" (Lippincott). We wish that he had devoted a little space to the types of the flower that he admires so highly, the sweet pea, and that he had distinguished among the species of iris. Further, the volume stands in need of an index, always of much value in a garden handbook. But in general, the treatment is adequate, covering the grading, the planting, and the maintenance of a suburban or country place. We commend the treatment of rose culture as especially clear and concise. In spite of a chapter on carpet-bedding, given, as it were, under protest, Mr. Rexford definitely ranges himself with the best modern taste in advocating the natural planting of home grounds.

Drama

Modern Dramatists. By Ashley Dukes. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Co. $1.50.

This is a clever but exasperating book, written by a man with full knowledge of his subject and with uncommon powers of literary expression. The book is described as a "critical study of the modern European theatre" and is, in fact, both studious and critical, but is the work of a brilliant special pleader rather than a broad-minded, impartial judge, with a philosophic grasp of the whole subject. This character is partly the result of an attempt at the impossible, the invention of a brief specific formula by which the value of all drama may be arbitrarily determined. Mr. Dukes does not venture to put his formula into words, but apparently it includes distinction of thought, revolutionary purpose, the creation of exceptional (but still natural) representative personages and incidents, the expression of new thought and tendencies, and so forth. The test is reasonable, as far as it goes, but carries no revelation with it, and does not begin to cover all the legitimate functions and possibilities of the stage. Nor are the "advanced" dramatists the only writers who meet its requirements. But it is not necessary to argue that point. What matters is the conclusion to which the application of this imaginary formula leads him, which is that the only dramatists of modern times who really count are Ibsen, Strindberg, Hofmannsthal, Tchekhov, Hauptmann, and Shaw. Herein he betrays his limitations as a critic. Barker and Galsworthy he acknowledges, but the great bulk of English writers he contemptuously ignores. Of the Frenchmen he picks out Brieux and Capus, only to attack them. His appreciation is extended mainly to the Scandinavians, Russians, and Germans, whether they be naturalists, realists, romanticists, or mystics. For him there can be little virtue in anything that smacks of age in form or tradition.

Like most zealous advocates of the latest theatrical ideas, he enormously overestimates the genius and the influence of Ibsen. He even ventures to distinguish him as the creator of "fine men and women" and of "an intellectual aristocracy." And he maintains that his plays "make a colossal demand upon the art of the actor," which is the reverse of the actual fact. But he is right in his valuation of him as a master playwright, whose puppets are alive upon the stage and need no long explanatory prefaces to explain them, as do those of most of his disciples. Bernard Shaw he accepts entirely at his own valuation, as if he actually stood for all that he pretends to be and all his poses were rooted in philosophical convictions. But fallacious as his judgment can be, it is often acute and clear when unhampered by the restrictions of his theories, in its analysis and comparison of particular writers and plays. The distinctions between Strindberg and Ibsen are admirably drawn. Some of his swift summaries have the flash of inspiration. For instance, he writes: "In Björnson the motive is the spirit of the pastor-agitator; in Strindberg, a strange compound of intellect and prejudice; in Sudermann, empty sense of the theatre. Hauptmann is almost hypersensitive. His creative work is a history of 'influences' good and bad." And yet the same writer can say dogmatically that "Shaw is the greatest individual force in European drama since Ibsen, the strongest personality and the clearest thinker." This is absurdly uncritical. Soon afterwards Mr. Dukes admits that Shaw cannot touch the emotions, evidently not seeing that his failure in this respect is due to his insincerity, his inability in dealing with the deeper feelings either to see or think clearly.

To John Galsworthy Mr. Dukes—using his special standard for a measure—is less than just. It may or may not be true that this gifted and earnest dramatist does not reach the heights or depths of true tragedy, but he strikes richer and fuller notes of emotion than either Shaw or Barker, because of his broader human vision, his firmer grasp of actualities, his philosophic mind, and his power of creation. There is some brilliant, slashing criticism in the chapter on Brieux and Capus—here it is amusing to find Mr. Dukes flouting the opinions of Mr. Shaw—but it is not always just. Both playwrights have virtues which their critic cannot discern, or will not recognize, because they have not, in seeking modern motives, scorned all the conventions and traditions of the older stage. Some of these are not so senseless as Mr. Dukes seems to imagine. Even the soliloquy and the aside may be defended. Perhaps the best paper in the book is that on D'Annunzio, who is ranked among the most brilliant of artificers, and there is also a delicate and subtle appreciation of the early work of Maeterlinck. It is a pity that Mr. Dukes's judgment is not equal to his literary ability.

Four more volumes of the Tudor Shakespeare (Macmillan) have come to us—"Henry VIII," edited by Charles G. Dunlop; "A Midsummer Night's Dream," edited by John W. Cunliffe; "Coriolanus," edited by Stuart P. Sherman, and "Troilus and Cressida," edited by John S. P. Tatlock. The apparatus of the edition we have previously characterized as eminently careful. In only one section of the plan will the reader find opportunity for occasional dissatisfaction, that of Interpretation. So Professor Cunliffe, while stating, quite properly, that "A Midsummer Night's Dream" "fortunately affords no opportunity to the ingenious critics for fantastic theories," passes by with only the slightest mention the difficult problem of poetic atmosphere and dramatic emphasis which Shakespeare so nicely solved. Professor Tatlock, approaching "Troilus and Cressida" with perhaps too strong a bias for Chaucer's version of the story, does not, to our thinking, quite grasp the nature of the Shakespearean coquette. Professor Sherman's interpretation of Coriolanus, the man, is a masterly bit of criticism.

"Pitch and Soap" is the name of a new comedy written by Lyall Swete, which will have a first performance in London next Tuesday.

At the New Players' production, in London, of Israel Zangwill's play, "The Next Religion," Henry Ainley will play the Rev. Stephen Trame, the founder of the next religion, and Adeline Bourne will appear as Mary Trame.

Mr. Cyril Maude has acquired a new play, "Love—and What Then?" by B. Macdonald Hastings, the author of "The New Sin," which was much praised on its production at the London Royalty recently. Cyril Maude and Winifred Emery will appear in the new play.

Louis Calvert is the latest contributor to the debates on the subject of Hamlet's mental condition. In "An Actor's Hamlet" he maintains that the Prince is a soldier-courtier, man of action, until the revelations made to him by the ghost throw him off his mental balance. Then at the end of the play the physical shock of the wound in the fight with Laertes, and the mental shock of the discovery that the Queen is poisoned with the venom meant for himself, pull him up with a round turn, and he becomes once more his old self—a man of action, swift and sudden in his long-delayed vengeance.

An experimental performance of Tchekhov's "The Seagull," by the Adelphi Play Society in London, does not appear to have been an unqualified success. This result is ascribed partly to the lack of sufficient rehearsal and partly to the fact that all the actors were not of equal excellence, while all the characters are virtually of equal importance.

Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida" has just been produced at the Odéon, in Paris, in a new translation. A letter in a London journal says: "The Odéon audience en-

dured the play with but few 'cuts,' which, in particular, left untouched almost the whole of the buffoonery of Pandarus and of Thersites."

Music

NIKISCH AND THE LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

This has been a season of visiting orchestras. From near and far they have come, bringing coal to Newcastle—for New York is plentifully supplied with half-a-dozen orchestras of its own. Chief among the visitors has been the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which has given its usual ten concerts. Mr. Stock twice brought the Theodore Thomas Orchestra all the way from Chicago, once for a concert of its own, the second time to assist at the concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, which is not only the best-trained choral organization in America, but probably in the world, and which has set a standard that no local chorus can approach. From farther West still came the Minneapolis Orchestra, anxious for the metropolitan approval (which it cordially received) that would not fail to help it along at home.

Europe sent us not only the Russian Balalaika Band, and the King of Greece's favorite Mandolinata, but one of the leading London orchestras, under the direction of Arthur Nikisch, now generally regarded as the greatest of contemporary orchestral conductors. The London Symphony Orchestra, it must be admitted, did not make its début at home under conditions that can be commended. Many of its members some years ago seceded from Henry J. Wood's orchestra when that admirable conductor refused to allow them any longer to send substitutes to rehearsals—an amazing old custom that frustrated the very object of rehearsing, and which reminds one of the experience Heinrich Conried once had at the Metropolitan Opera House, when, after painfully training a shift of stage-hands in manipulating the "Walküre" scenery, he discovered that these eight-hours-a-day union men would not be available in the evening!

The programme for this orchestra's first concert in our Carnegie Hall had evidently been well rehearsed. It included the third "Leonora" overture of Beethoven, Brahms's first symphony, Tchaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini," and the "Tannhäuser" overture. But the execution of Tchaikovsky's Pathetic symphony at the second concert frequently suggested the thought that these players still clung to their custom of sending substitutes to rehearsals. And as in the matter of precision and technical finish, so in that of euphony, this London orchestra is not the equal of the New York Philharmonic or the Boston Symphony. The violins (among which are some valuable old instruments) are excellent, and, better still, perhaps, are the violoncellos and the double basses. The woodwind family lacks mellowness on the whole, and the brasses are apt to be coarse and noisy where sonority only is called for. A special compliment is due the kettle-drummer. The best quality of this band is its enthusiasm. These Englishmen, surely, are not unemotional. They follow their leader with a zeal that is touching; and a highly temperamental conductor like Nikisch is not easy to follow in every one of his nuances, some of which are caprices of the moment.

One of the specialties of this leader is the last movement of Brahms's first symphony; in this he amazed musicians, years ago, by showing that Brahms, contrary to the general belief, did know how to exult. Strange to say, the sworn Brahmsites did not at first approve of his vigorous, impetuous way of hurling out these strains, but they have become used to it. His conception of the "Leonora" overture recalled the days when Anton Seidl aroused the enthusiasm of even the languid box-holders at the opera; and the same was true of the "Tannhäuser" overture, in the reading of which he introduced details which all the other great conductors of the time accepted.

It was with "Tannhäuser" that Nikisch made his début as an opera conductor, in Leipzig, thirty-two years ago, when he was only twenty-four. The members of the orchestra at first showed a disposition to mutiny on being asked to rehearse under so young a conductor; but after the overture they burst into applause. Soon he became one of the leading interpreters of the Wagner scores, aided by his Magyar temperament, for, like nearly all the great Wagner conductors, he was born in Hungary. It is needless to say, nevertheless, that while his reading of excerpts from Wagner operas at his second concert in Carnegie Hall was most enjoyable, it revealed nothing new to local music lovers who remember Seidl, Mottl, Mahler, and at present enjoy the readings of Hertz and Toscanini.

Before the end of the month Mr. Nikisch will have been heard in more than a dozen of our Eastern cities. In these cities the imperfections of the London Orchestra will be less disturbing; in fact, so far as precision is concerned, they will doubtless disappear soon, as the same pieces will be played over and over again. The fact that Nikisch conducts everything without having the score before him does not arouse so much astonishment as it would have done a generation ago. It may be doubted, however, whether even Arturo Toscanini, who conducts the Wagner operas without the score, could follow Nikisch when he sits at the piano and plays any passage asked for in any one of these operas.

The librarian of Congress is fortunate in having as chief of the Division of Music an indefatigable and circumspect expert like O. G. Sonneck. His latest compilation is entitled "Orchestral Music Catalogue" and contains, in 663 pages, the titles of scores on hand. Until about 1830 it was not customary to print the scores of orchestral music, but only the parts. In this catalogue no mention is made of these older publications, the list being confined to scores. The main entry has been made under composers, experience having shown that the interest in a particular composer is decidedly greater than that in a particular class. To the arrangement by composer and the arrangement by classes has been added an index to specific titles, such as "Tod und Verklärung." The bulk of the scores were undated, but Mr. Sonneck has spared no pains to date their publication at least approximately by a comparison of publishers' plate numbers, and by reference to various foreign catalogues. An interesting detail is the entry, under "concertos, concert pieces, etc.," of fifteen instruments for which concert solos have been written: bassoon, clarinet, clarino, flute, harp, horn, oboe, organ, piano, saxophone, trombone, trumpet, viola, violin, violoncello. Among the other entries are dances, marches, military music, overtures, serenades, string orchestra, suites, symphonies, variations, wind instruments. In the interest of much-needed variety in concert programmes, it would be well if orchestral conductors and virtuosi provided themselves with copies of this catalogue.

The Mexicans are so fond of music that they attend concerts regardless of revolutions and that sort of thing. The Hungarian pianist, Jolanda Mérö, recently returned from a tour during which she gave sixteen concerts in Mexico City alone. Some were with orchestra; others were recitals, one of these being for the Madero family and ninety members of the Administration party.

Gabriel Pierné, whose oratorio, the "Children's Crusade," is well known in this country, has completed a new choral work entitled "Les Fioretti de Saint-François." He frankly confesses that he does not expect his countrymen to pay any attention to this work, having had in mind, while composing it, countries like Germany, England, and America, which possess well-trained choirs.

The plan of performing Verdi's Egyptian opera at the foot of the pyramid of Cheops was actually carried out. The voices and the orchestra sounded well, but most notable was the procession, in which there were above a hundred gayly caparisoned camels and two hundred horses. The setting sun tinged the natural scenic background with rich colors. Never had the old and the new met as they did at this performance. Three cinematographs were kept busy in taking records, electric lights showed the way to the Sphinx, and even an aeronaut attempted to get a peep at the show, but was prevented by an accident.

The death is announced of W. S. B. Mathews, the eminent music teacher and author. He was born at London, N. H., seventy-five years ago, and had been living in Colorado for some years. Among his most important works are "One Hundred Years of Music in America," "How to Understand Music," "Outlines of Musical Form," "Masters and their Music." For a number of years he edited an excellent magazine called *Music*, to which he contributed many articles of his own.

Art

A History of Architectural Development. Vol. III. The Renaissance in Italy, France, and England. With illustrations. By F. M. Simpson, F.R.I.B.A., Professor of Architecture, University College, London. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., $6 net.

The publication of this volume completes the series which was promised when the first volume was issued in 1905.

It is a notable work, and is in the reviewer's judgment distinctly the best history of architecture that has thus far appeared in any language. Fergusson's "History of Architecture in All Lands," which was for many years the standard text-book and reference-book in its own field for all readers of English, has long been accounted out of date. The reading public, better instructed and more discriminating than that of the sixty's and seventy's, as well as the men of the profession itself, have discarded many of his critical judgments; at the same time the progress of archæology and of historical investigation has demonstrated the erroneousness of many of his statements of fact. Lübke's "Geschichte der Architektur" and Choisy's "Histoire de l'Architecture" are the only works in their respective languages which can bear any comparison with Professor Simpson's; the first named, in one ponderous volume, is extremely dry, and, like Fergusson's, now out of date; the second is entertainingly written, but does not cover the whole field and lacks the impartiality and breadth of view of this English history. The English reading public has had to wait a long time for it, but it was worth waiting for.

It is, as its title indicates, a history of architectural development, rather than of buildings; its survey is therefore less chronological and less detailed than it would have been if undertaken from another point of view. It considers the different phases of the art analytically and topically, with the result that time-relations and sequences are not always easily traced, and that many important monuments fail of notice. Thus in Volume I, after a chapter on the elements and methods of Roman architecture and construction, the Roman buildings are discussed in groups—city-plans, basilicas, temples, baths, etc. The student who desires to know what was being done under Augustus, and in what way, if at all, the architecture of the Antonines differed from that of the Flavian emperors, or how the buildings of Syria or Africa were related in style to those of Rome, looks in vain for this information. Questions of like character regarding the French cathedrals, for instance, or the Italian town-halls and *broletti*, can be answered, if at all, only by picking out from place to place in Volume II the necessary facts and assembling them in order to draw a conclusion. This deficiency is to a certain degree inherent in the plan and purpose of the work; but it might have been at least in a measure remedied by brief summaries, lists of dated monuments, and other like devices.

Apart from this, these volumes are worthy of high praise. Professor Simpson shows himself to be both a scholar and an architect, and in both capacities broad-minded and discriminating. He carries into his analyses and critical estimates none of those violent prejudices for one style and against another which have so often impaired the value of architectural discussions by men of learning and influence. Fergusson had many hard things to say about Roman architecture; Professor Moore will hardly allow to the English the credit of having produced any "real" Gothic architecture; Choisy was determined to make out that nearly every thing truly great in architecture had its origin in Persia; not a few writers have insisted that all Renaissance architecture is mere copying. Professor Simpson's work reveals no such bias. In the matter of illustrations, also, much praise is due. The drawings are always truly illustrative; plans and sections abound; the scale of these is always given, and the photographic illustrations are always and only such as are needed to give impressions, as of *ensemble*, which plans and sections can never convey.

Volume III deserves especial mention because it is the only general history of Renaissance architecture that has appeared in any language since Fergusson's, of which the first edition was published in 1873 and a revised edition in 1893. It is characterized by the same catholicity of appreciation that marks the other volumes, by the same excellences in illustration, and by a literary style even more readable and fluent than that of its predecessors. This is in part, no doubt, due to its subject, which, as Professor Simpson points out in his Preface, necessitates giving more attention to individuals than to broad developments of style. A more consecutive, chronological, and narrative treatment is thus possible, and this makes for ease and fluency of manner. The author defends the artistic character of the Renaissance in general against the slurs of the Fergussonian school, and has a good word to say even for the Seicento—the "Baroque" or "Rococo" period—pointing out in the works of that age certain qualities of scale and composition which are apt to be overlooked, and calling attention to the nobility of some of the products of men whose other works were open to serious criticism. It would, however, have been wise to couple with this praise some censure of the unhappy devices and vulgar details and shams which disfigure much of the work of this period, particularly in church interiors. The discussion of the history and design of St. Peter's at Rome could hardly be improved in any particular; it is concise, full of information, discriminating, and suggestive. An illuminating chapter follows on Renaissance domes in general. The chapters on French architecture are excellent; full justice is done to the picturesque early work, as well as to the stately palaces and churches of Louis XIII, XIV, and XV.

The section on the Renaissance in England occupies a trifle under a third of the volume, and is marked by the same judicial fairness that appears in the critical estimates of the Italian and French sections. An immense amount of detailed information is crowded into the three chapters which compose it. The plans which abound are particularly to be commended. The closing chapter on the Nineteenth Century in England hardly belongs in the plan of the book, but its brevity disarms serious objection to it.

The chief criticism that might be made of the scope and plan of this interesting volume is the fact that it omits entirely to notice the Renaissance architecture of Spain and Germany. Professor Simpson justifies this in the interest of the adequate discussion of the more important art of Italy, France, and England. It seems to the reviewer that the allowance of this plea should involve as its corollary the preparation of a fourth volume, to treat these two missing subjects and to bring the history down to the close of the nineteenth century, including in it American architecture from 1600. The series would then adequately cover the history of the main currents of what we may call Western architecture from Egyptian origins to the close of the last century. Without such a volume the series, excellent as it is, is still manifestly incomplete.

Rudolph Schwarz, an Austrian sculptor, whose work is well known in the Middle West, died in Indianapolis on Sunday. He came from Berlin several years ago to carve figures at the base of the Indiana soldiers' monument and decided to remain in that State. One of his best works is the statue of H. S. Pingree in Detroit.

Finance

THE SPIRIT OF SPECULATION.

It became rather plain during the past week that the spirit of speculation had seized on the financial public, not only in the New York Stock Exchange, but in communities widely separated from New York, both in location and in their particular interests. Our own stock market, having halted last week—ostensibly on the fear that bad crop news would be received, that the Eastern locomotive engineers would strike, and that Mr. Roosevelt would carry the Pennsylvania primaries—resumed its advance this week, although the "private crop experts" were reporting great damage to wheat, the railway engineers serving an ultimatum on the companies, and the figures from Pennsylvania showing a sweeping victory for Roosevelt.

There has been some reaction later, associated both with the Titanic disaster and with insistent reports of wheat crop damage; but while this was happening, London's Stock Exchange had similarly rushed into excited speculation, the rise converging on shares of wireless telegraph, oil, tin, and omnibus companies—some of which rose to a price five times or more as high as last year's best price. At Chicago, the highly colored "dispatches from the field," sent by crop experts employed by speculative grain houses, caused such a fury of speculation in that market that wheat rose 9 cents per bushel within a week.

So general and world-wide a movement was extremely interesting; its causes, whether economic or psychological or purely financial, will in due course be plainer than they are to-day. It will also be possible to say, later on, whether the money markets of the world, which have not shown signs of comfortable ease when this speculative outburst was beginning, are in shape to endure the inevitable demands on capital and credit. This query is not less interesting, in view of the fact that the rise in stocks is avowedly based on expectation of genuine business revival. For if expansion comes in general business also, another heavy demand on credit must be met.

What Wall Street has for some time been saying is that spring is now at hand, and that markets always rise in springtime. If this is true, it would explain things of itself, and it is certainly a long-familiar tradition of the Stock Exchange. But is it true?

The first inquiry to make would naturally be, how does the record bear out any such tradition? Last year sustained it only partially. The stock market of April was the dullest in many years, and prices on the whole were weak, notwithstanding a very large bank surplus and a 2 per cent. money market.

So, too, of 1910, when stocks broke 10 points or thereabouts in April, when an absolute deadlock in the home bond market drove the railways to Europe with an appeal for capital on any terms, when call money went to 7 per cent. and gold exports rose to $15,000,000 in two days. What followed, in that particular spring season, was the beginning of a general movement of liquidation in every speculative market of the country. To these two unfavorable instances a little reminiscence would readily add the crash in May of 1907, in April of 1906 and 1905, and the beginning, in April, 1903, of the "rich men's panic" which lasted until midsummer. Then, too, one must not overlook the "spring panics" of 1884 and 1893.

There have been exceptions to this unpleasant precedent. It was in April, 1909, that the steel trade raised its head after its chaotic break of the "open market," and that stocks rose 10 points along with the restored steel prices, with an outright Stock Exchange boom in May and June. It was in April, 1908, that the Erie was saved from bankruptcy and the great success of the Pennsylvania loan instilled new courage into financial circles. Nobody will have forgotten the "spring market" of 1901 in Wall Street, when April's Stock Exchange business was 16 per cent. above that of any other month, before or since, and when the wildest bull movement in history was under way. But all that even these agreeable precedents can be assumed to prove, so far as concerns the record, is that the theory of a rise in financial markets in the springtime, simply because it is the springtime, will not do as the basis for a financial programme.

But if it is not invariably true that the spring season is the inevitable hour for financial optimism, there are nevertheless some expectations which markets may reasonably base on the arrival of that season. One of them is, that the progress of the season will show unmistakably what the real character of the financial and industrial situation is. That should be a particularly useful contribution to general knowledge in the present year; for the main ground of skepticism over the recent remarkable advance on the Stock Exchange has been that the rise was based on prediction and not on realization.

Wall Street has assumed revival in the steel trade; but only a cautious and disappointing recovery in steel prices has as yet ensued. A "bull market" like that of the past six weeks would naturally be taken to foreshadow expansion in the country's general trade, industry, and production, and increase of railway earnings. As yet, however, even the habitually hopeful weekly mercantile reviews have had little more to say than that "better sentiment prevails" and that "settled weather helps."

But we are now entering the period of the year when tangible evidence must soon be provided as to whether the hopes of the stock market were soundly based, or not. It was April, May, and June of 1910 which showed, by the steady progress of trade reaction, what was the real meaning of the heavy break on the Stock Exchange in January and March, and it was exactly the same months in 1909 which explained the sudden Wall Street advance in the face of the steel trade's bewilderment. The reason why all this happens in the spring is that by that time business plans must get thoroughly under way, money-market arrangements be made, salesmen be got in close touch with consumers, and ideas be formulated as to the part which the harvest outlook will play in the business of the year.

Yet the spirit of speculation sometimes seems to ignore even such considerations. There was 1904, for instance, which, with its yield of wheat so meagre that our importations from Canada rose to unusual figures, and with all the philosophers explaining how our farms were already inadequate to feed our own people, was nevertheless a year of almost continuous rise on the Stock Exchange; a year, moreover, in which the rise became most vigorous after harvest probabilities were known; and also a Presidential year. What is to be said of a precedent of that sort?

Certainly not (as Wall Street used to say in 1901) that agriculture is no longer a factor in American prosperity. But possibly, that the influences making for trade revival, after a period of prolonged retrenchment and economy, were such that even a short crop of wheat could not wholly balk them. Whether the case would be the same in 1912, is another question.

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Adams, G. B. The Origin of the English Constitution. New Haven: Yale Univ. Press. $2 net.

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Allen, Grant. Venice. (Reprint). Holt.

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Appleton, E. J. The Quiet Courage, and Other Songs. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd.

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Bateson, W. Biological Fact and the Structure of Society: Herbert Spencer Lecture, February, 1912. Frowde.

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Birmingham, G. A. The Simpkins Plot. Doran. $1.20 net.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1912.

The Week

Up to six o'clock of Monday evening the status of he controversy between the Eastern railway managers and their locomotive engineers indicated an immediate declaration of a strike. The managers, who had previously declared it impossible to grant the request for an average increase of 18½ per cent. in wages, wrote to the Chief of the Engineers' Brotherhood that their conference had "carefully reconsidered the whole subject at issue, and regret that they see no way of modifying the conclusions previously reached." The Brotherhood then answered:

> We consider your letter terminates all negotiations, and, as previously advised, the Chairmen will leave the city at the earliest moment possible to look after our interests. You will be notified, as stated in a former letter, as to the time the engineers will withdraw from the service.

At precisely this juncture, the two official Government mediators under the Erdman Act, Chairman Knapp of the United States Court of Commerce and Commissioner of Labor Neill, wrote thus to the Chief of the Brotherhood:

> It is evident that a grave situation has arisen, which threatens most serious consequences to the public. In this emergency we are impelled by the sense of duty to tender our friendly offices to the contending parties, in the hope that some means may be found to adjust the matters in dispute without the calamity of a general strike.

Such request had not been made in the present case by either party, but the mediators entered the controversy without it, and their offer was accepted by the engineers on Monday and by the railways on Tuesday.

It needs, we think, no more than a brief survey of the steps in the negotiation to show what a monstrous thing it was with which the Brotherhood leaders were threatening the people of this country, at the moment when the Government mediators intervened. That they yielded so quickly is evidence that they knew the kind of responsibility they were assuming. But the very fact that such a threat could have been seriously made is proof that the machinery of official intervention in such matters for the protection of society must be enlarged. It is true in principle that no man can be forced to work against his will, but it is quite as true that there are certain occupations in which men have no right whatever so to quit their work as to stop the ongoing of that industry—at least until the public authorities shall have passed on the situation. Civilization has always recognized this fact in the matter of employees on ocean vessels. As matters stand, we presume that the Government mediators, if they fail to bring employers and employees to terms, will be replaced by a formal commission of inquiry under Government auspices, to review the controversy as a whole. But the law ought now to be so framed that the ordering of a railway strike, without such reference to public examination of the matters in dispute, shall be made unlawful and be visited with severe penalties.

The defeat of Senator Bourne in Oregon is the most terrible blow yet struck at the rule of the people. Direct government, with all the paraphernalia of postcard canvasses, rural free delivery of candidates' photographs, and personal letters to voters in the farthest corners of the commonwealth, had no more ardent advocate or more complete exemplar than Senator Bourne. Indeed, he was one of the creators of the system, of which in turn he became the finest product. One of his keenest delights was to point an enraptured Senate, or an awestruck after-dinner party, to that grandest spot of the American continent, where rolled the Oregon and Senator Bourne. And now he has been hoist with his own petard. The one guaranteed method of popular government has retired its guarantor from governing.

One of the objections urged against the direct primary has been the number of names among which the voter would have to choose. In Chicago, where, to be sure, the situation in this respect is worse than in any other large city, the man in the polling booth was confronted at the recent primary with long lists of candidates, from which to select nominees for about sixty positions. One result of this condition was the frequent abandonment of our prized secrecy in marking the ballot. Ballots were spread out on desks, counters, and other available surfaces, not only in full sight of bystanders, but often by two or more voters in open collaboration. As the *Daily News* points out, this absurd multiplicity of names has been not so much created as exaggerated by the direct primary. Under the convention system, the citizen was relieved of this task of choosing among aspirants for office, but who relieved him, and with what motive? In November, too, Chicagoans will have put into their hands an unwieldy ballot. This time there will be party emblems to guide them and lighten the work of indicating whom they prefer. In other words, they will vote for a President or a Governor, and take whoever else happen to be on the same ticket with him. The way of escape is not the giving up of direct primaries, but the appointment instead of the election of minor officers and a consequent short ballot.

That the appointment of a head for the newly-created Children's Bureau in the Department of Commerce and Labor was to be made upon considerations of fitness only is a thing that those interested in the efficacy of the new agency doubtless took for granted. There is no more gratifying evidence of our progress in governmental matters than that which is furnished by the practice, now become altogether habitual in the Federal Administration, of placing in charge of special undertakings persons selected without reference to any consideration other than that of qualification for the post. That in this instance the choice should have fallen upon a woman adds to the interest of the case, Miss Lathrop being the first of her sex to be appointed as head of a bureau in the United States Government. Her work in connection with problems of social improvement and with the administration of charities has been of such extent and importance as to warrant the expectation of excellent work by her in her new post of responsibility.

In all the pressure of appropriation bills and the excitement of political discussions in Congress, it is to be hoped that one non-partisan and non-conten-

tious matter of great importance will not be overlooked. We refer to the bill favoring and authorizing an international inquiry into the causes of the high cost of living. It has passed the Senate, before which it came with the unanimous recommendation of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. Now it is awaiting action by the House, and it is greatly to be desired that this may be favorable. Our readers are acquainted with the nature of the proposal. It is that the President shall be empowered to invite foreign Governments to join in the plans for a world-wide and exhaustive investigation, by disinterested experts, of the rise in price of the necessaries of life. A remarkable body of economic opinion, in this country and abroad, has pronounced itself in favor of the undertaking. So far as sounded on the subject, the authorities in foreign lands are well disposed to the measure.

The action of a large Western manufacturing establishment in widening the plan of arbitration already existing between the firm and its employees is a characteristic incident of our time. This concern has been working for a year under an arrangement in accordance with which disagreements were taken before two arbitrators, representing the two interested parties. Now a trade board is to be organized. Five members will represent the employees, and five the firm. These ten will choose one more, who will be the chairman, and will vote only in case of a tie. The significant provision is that no question shall be submitted to this board until its merits have been considered by two deputies, one for each of the contestants. If they disagree, or if either the firm or the employees desire to appeal from their decision, then the question comes before the board.

The New York *Medical Journal* is exercised over the fact that, in a country where there is otherwise so much "spread-eagleism," the achievements of certain public servants are not heralded as American triumphs. Some notice, to be sure, was taken of the reduction of the death rate among the employees in the Canal Zone from 41.73 per thousand in 1906 to 10.89 in the first six months of 1911; but it was not till after the deaths of Walter Reed and Carroll that any appreciation was given to the commission which in Cuba accomplished "the swiftest, most brilliant, and triumphant conquest over disease which this world has seen." The eradication of smallpox in the Philippines and Porto Rico was taken as a matter of course, and hardly any attention has been paid to the remarkable achievements of Ashford, King, and Gutierrez in their campaign against the hookworm disease in Porto Rico. In 1898 this disease was more fatal in that island, where it constituted more than 22 per cent. of the total mortality, than tuberculosis is in temperate zones. Six years later the matter was taken up by the Legislature, and in 1907 there were thirty-five dispensaries on the island. A single dose of thymol cured 41.8 per cent. of all cases, while 93.4 per cent. of the remainder were cured by doses continued for two months. One-third of the whole population was treated.

Mr. Isidor Straus will long be remembered as one of Grover Cleveland's stanchest friends and supporters. Just as his brother Oscar is one of the few remaining men of distinction who are strong advocates of Mr. Roosevelt's re-election, Mr. Straus never abated one iota of his admiration of Mr. Cleveland, he being as intense a Democrat as his brother is a Republican. But Isidor Straus was never a Bryan man, his labors for the sound-money cause being one of his best public services. For William L. Wilson, too, Mr. Straus had a warm and generous affection growing out of their association and coöperation during the days of the Wilson Tariff bill and Mr. Straus's worthy but too brief service as a Congressman. That so useful and public-spirited a career should have been terminated by such a heart-rending tragedy as marked his end and his devoted wife's death on the Titanic, is a cruel blow of fate. Yet the story of the heroic self-sacrifice of Mrs. Straus will carry its own lesson and inspiration to thousands upon thousands in whose memory it will always linger as a perfect picture of marital devotion.

Pity the poor religionist! By any other name he may prove acceptable, but never by a title savoring of the churchly occupation. Mr. C. S. Cooper, in the concluding chapter of his studies in undergraduate life in the *Century*, finds the need for a new type of official in our universities:

> He should be a close student of college affairs, sympathetic with students, human, high-minded, natural, and keenly alive to humor and social interests. In some institutions this man might hold the leadership in philanthropic, religious, and social-service interests. It might be his privilege to arrange lectures by leading men of the country who were filled with zeal for their callings. The man who could make possible the endowment of such a chair in a great university would be doing a great work for his country.

But such a position, Mr. Cooper warns us, must not go to the college pastor, who is looked upon "as a professional religionist, and therefore shunned by many students who need him most." Be a spiritual leader, a moralist, a philanthropic teacher, an endowed guide for the young, but, for heaven's sake, don't drag in the name of religion; it's fatal.

It is not upon the basis of the fluctuating daily reports from Mexico that the attitude of this Government towards Madero can be determined. Every day the telegraph wire brings news of entire States "overrun" by rebels, or "reconquered" by Federals. Now the Zapatistas have been curbed in Puebla, and now they are in complete possession. Now Morelos has been completely "pacified," and the next day it is once more "ablaze" with revolution. Our State Department cannot base its policy on the petty results of a guerrilla warfare carried on for the greater part with no other end in view than the opportunity for loot. We must weigh Madero's ultimate chances against the only enemy that seriously threatens his position, namely, the rebel army of the north under Gen. Orozco. And in weighing the relative chances of Federalists and revolutionists in Chihuahua, it behooves us to consider to what extent the hope of procuring American intervention has been responsible in keeping up the revolutionary ardor.

Cuba, too, is in the preliminary excitement of a Presidential campaign, and is having her troubles incident to it. The Conservatives have nominated Gen. Menocal, and are well united in his support. On the Liberal side there have been bitter quarrels. The two leading Liberal candidates are Dr. Alfredo Zayas and Gov. Asbert. In the background has been all along President Gomez, about whose intentions a great

deal of uncertainty has existed. Whom he favored as a successor, and whether he might not seek the office again himself, have been questions frequently asked but never satisfactorily answered. As between Asbert and Zayas there appears to be little doubt that Gomez inclines to support the former. But Zayas has a majority of the Congressional Liberals on his side, and has, in fact, been formally put in nomination by them. The party, however, remains seriously divided. According to the Havana *Discusión*, it is despondent and without any fixed policy.

The financial issues bound up with Home Rule for Ireland continue to absorb the attention of parliamentarians and pamphleteers. And presumably a parliamentarian or a pamphleteer is right in laying stress on questions of pounds and pence. Yet it seems absurd, in any broader view, that a question of such historic importance as the solution of Ireland's ancient claims should be brought into juxtaposition with a surplus of £1,500,000 or a deficit of £2,000,000. Even the hard-headed parliamentarian knows that the difference between a contented people and a discontented people, between an Ireland hating Great Britain and an Ireland reunited to Great Britain, is bound to bear results in shillings and pence that his puny calculations cannot foresee. A thriving agriculture, an expanding national industry, a régime that will not drive the best blood of the peasantry across the seas—who can foresee what the effects will be on Irish budgets ten or twenty years from now? But somehow the pamphleteer cannot get away from his financial details.

One of the provisions of the Irish Home Rule bill promises to make an innovation in British constitutional law. This is the proposal to leave it to the courts, or to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, to decide whether a given act passed by the new Irish Parliament is within its powers. As Prime Minister Asquith explained in his speech introducing the bill for the government of Ireland, such judicial oversight of Irish legislation was felt to be a desirable and even necessary safeguard. In addition to the list of subjects about which the Irish Parliament is specifically forbidden to pass laws, there is given a right of appeal as to the "validity" of any laws that it may enact. This appeal lies, first, to the Irish Court of Appeal, and thence, if the matter be highly important, to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Moreover, it is provided in the Home Rule bill itself that any legislation in Ireland which is "repugnant" to the terms of the bill, "shall be null and void." It will readily be seen that this opens a new field in English jurisprudence. The doctrine of the omnipotence of Parliament has never been questioned by English judges. It is true that Colonial legislation has sometimes been disallowed by the Privy Council, but this has not been in the regular course of judicial appeal and constitutional decision, such as is now proposed for Ireland. We seem to have here a distinct borrowing from the American system.

The arrival of the Prince of Wales in Paris, where he is to remain for six months in order to perfect himself in the French language, is everywhere interpreted as a plain notice that the Anglo-French friendship is stronger than ever. When the late difficulties between France and the German Empire over Morocco were brought to an end, largely through the intervention of Great Britain, there was plenty of criticism on both sides of the Channel with regard to the utility of the *entente cordiale*. The discontented faction in London was sure that Great Britain had been brought to the edge of war for the sake of France. The discontented faction in Paris was sure that France once more had been made the catspaw for England. But the great mass of public opinion in both countries has been heartily in favor of the unofficial alliance between the two countries, and the sojourn of the heir to the British throne in France has been welcomed even by those Frenchmen to whom the British alliance does not commend itself. The Gallic *amour-propre* has been pleasantly tickled at the fact that the Prince should have been detailed to pursue his studies at the Collège de France and the Sorbonne prior to matriculating at Oxford.

The bombardment of the Dardanelles fortifications by an Italian fleet may have been intended to lend driving force to the peace proposals that are being put forward by the Powers at Constantinople; or the aim may have been to accelerate the pace at which the Powers have been proceeding in the work of mediation. In either case, whether the warning is directed towards the Government at Constantinople or to the European chancelleries, it is plain that the war has entered upon a critical phase. If the reports from Constantinople are true, stating that the Italians were repulsed with loss, there can be little doubt that Italy will proceed to cast aside all her self-imposed limitations and inaugurate a war *à outrance*. In such a struggle, the risk to the nations of Europe would be greater than to Italy herself. Her own prestige has been suffering badly as a result of the protracted struggle in Tripoli and the disquieting rumors of defeat that continue to filter out from that region. If the Italian Government should decide to carry the war into the heart of the enemy's country, it is doubtful whether any of the European Powers would be willing to go to extremes for the sake of Turkey.

Coincident with the news of the bombardment of the Dardanelles comes the report that the elections to the Turkish Parliament have resulted in an overwhelming triumph for the Young Turk party as represented by the Committee of Union and Progress. A war election, as a rule, will turn out in favor of the party in power. Patriotic sentiment reinforces the argument against swapping horses in the middle of the stream. But the situation was not so favorable with regard to the Committee of Union and Progress. Its influence had been steadily declining. The Committee's dictatorship, as it has been described, was resented by many partisans of constitutional government. Personal and factional intrigue was rife, and seemed to be the forewarning of final dissolution. The Young Turks were accused of having neglected the defences of the Empire, with Tripoli as a result. But in the last resort the fact remained that if the Young Turks were to be driven from power there was no one to take their place. A return to the old Hamidian régime was inconceivable. And no Moderate party had arisen to assume charge of the terribly difficult business of transforming a despotism into a constitutional government.

THE TRAGEDY REVEALED.

Contradictory as are the narratives of the survivors of the Titanic in many details, the essential facts stand out clearly enough. There was no panic; the crew as a whole behaved admirably, although but recently brought together. The passengers were unusually self-possessed, owing to the belief, at first held, that the taking to the boats was merely a precaution. The proportion of women saved is notably high, only about 13 in the first cabin and 25 in the second having been lost. Many of those in the steerage were also rescued, as well as 20 stewardesses. Had the boats been fully laden there would have been room for all the women and more men than were rescued. As in many another wreck, these victims of criminal neglect and carelessness paid the forfeit of their lives bravely enough. If there were exceptions, they merely proved the rule.

Beyond this, however, two terrible, damning facts stand out—the first, that the ship was speeding through an ice-field of the presence of which its officers were fully aware; the second is that every life could readily have been saved had there been boats and rafts enough to keep people afloat in a clear, starry night on an exceptionally smooth Atlantic sea. Both of these facts are indisputable. Whether the ship was making eighteen or twenty or twenty-one knots, or more, may never be known precisely; but the exact figure is of no importance. Everybody thus far reported testifies that there was no decrease noticeable in the vibration of the engines as the ship surged ahead. Every seaman knows that at night an iceberg takes the color of the ocean; but that made no difference. Whether it was the desire to make a record on the maiden voyage, or whatever the motive may have been, the ship drove on. A smaller ship might perhaps have turned quickly enough as soon as the berg was sighted, but the Titanic changed her course only so as to inflict a fatal wound; a head-on collision would probably have been less disastrous. As it was, the ship tore her bottom out, and the rest is known. The captain was not on the bridge when she struck, although less than three hours before the accident the Titanic acknowledged with thanks the warning of the Mesaba that, dead ahead, were "much heavy packed ice and great numbers of bergs." For this recklessness Capt. Smith paid not only with his life, but, alas! with those of at least 1,500 others; the responsibility for being so far north is of course not his.

As for the lifeboats—these expensive affairs that cost the large sum of $425 apiece—there were but twenty of them in addition to a few rafts. Only fourteen of these were large boats, two were smaller, and four of the collapsible type. These were all that the Board of Trade certificate called for, and far be it from the White Star Line to spend $425 in providing one more than the law required. Its officials were aware that fully half of their own steamer Republic's passengers would have been lost had there been no rescuing Baltic at hand. They knew, too, that ships are sometimes sunk on their maiden voyages, for their own big freighter the Naronic was never heard of after leaving New York on her first return trip. They were—so the excuse now runs—so deluded by the naval constructors' theory that the Titanic was "practically unsinkable" as not to think about this matter of lifeboats at all. The absurdity of this attempt to avoid the terrible guilt charged upon them is perfectly apparent if one but considers that the Majestic, Teutonic, and other ships of the line not pronounced the "last word in marine construction" are inadequately equipped—precisely like virtually every other liner, American or foreign, that leaves this harbor.

Fortunately, the time-worn falsehood that there was not room enough for more lifeboats has been abandoned for once. That the Titanic, a sea-monster 882 feet long and 92 feet broad, could not carry more boats than did this same line's Britannic in the late seventies is preposterous. If one-third of the souls on board the Titanic were saved by less than twenty boats, for some are supposed to have sunk and one is known to have turned over, it would only have taken sixty boats to accommodate all. As if an eleven-deck liner could not find room for sixty boats! As for these little craft, they appear to have been lowered by block and fall precisely as was done nearly 200 years ago; there was no motor in any one of them. Nor was one of them, we venture to say, of the self-righting type, now in use by the Lighthouse Service. Naturally, there was no water on board of them, much less provisions; had their passengers been compelled to float about for a day or two instead of from five to six hours, additional tortures must have been added to this most distressing of tragedies, and the roll of deaths would have been further increased.

We are glad to note that the Hamburg-American Line promised immediately that henceforth there should be a seat in a lifeboat to every passenger. Moreover, its agent, Mr. Boas, is asking the President to call an international conference to try to bring about uniformity in the matter of boiler inspection and the question of life-saving devices. We congratulate the line upon this action, which is being followed by other companies.

Meanwhile, before this session of Congress adjourns, without waiting for international agreements, or referring the matter to The Hague, Congress should give notice of its intention to insist that every ship entering American waters shall provide a seat in a lifeboat for every living being carried by it. This is a simple proposal, requiring the plainest of statutes, and only honest inspection by the Government official charged with that duty. Besides, there must be prompt orders to take less dangerous routes, at the dangerous season of the year.

FACERS FOR ROOSEVELT.

Col. Roosevelt declined Congressman Gardner's challenge to meet him in joint debate in Massachusetts this week. Possibly he was moved by the need of preserving his dignity, though it may be that he had an inkling of the sort of questions which the Congressman would plump at him. But the Colonel's refusal to encounter Mr. Gardner has not saved him from having the disagreeable queries put straight at him, or from having the short and ugly word applied to him by a man who has seen the documentary evidence. Congressman Gardner is evidently loaded for big game; and the fact that it is a former champion of Mr. Roosevelt's, and no less a man than the son-in-law of Senator Lodge, who now hurls these damaging charges at the head of the ex-President, shows that he is not a person to be whistled down the wind as one who is necessarily a crook because he is against Roosevelt. The charges are too specific as well as too damning for the Colonel to ignore. He

must make an answer or lose all reputation for being an honest man.

Congressman Gardner accuses Col. Roosevelt to his face of most dishonorable conduct towards President Taft. This is not on general principles. It is not the question whether he ought to have continued friendly to Mr. Taft and supported him for renomination. The matter is much more serious than that. It strikes at the good faith and the honor of Mr. Roosevelt. First there was the Lorimer case. Col. Roosevelt has gone up and down the land seeking votes, especially in Illinois, with the assertion on his lips, or the covert insinuation in his speeches, that President Taft was tied up with Senator Lorimer. Now, on this point, Congressman Gardner expresses himself with direct vigor. He says to Col. Roosevelt:

> I charge you with knowing this is not the fact. I assert that the best evidence to the contrary is contained in the correspondence between you and the President at the time of the first agitation of the subject. A mistaken sense of delicacy, as I am told, prevents President Taft from publishing the correspondence. I know that this correspondence exists, and in behalf of square dealing I call on you and President Taft to produce it.

This is both too precise and too harmful for Col. Roosevelt to overlook. If there is such a correspondence in existence, then it reduces Roosevelt to the moral level of a man who fights with poisoned bullets. If he dares not ask it, the public will demand that the letters be published. Everybody knows what *he* would have done long ago with private letters, if his position and Taft's had been reversed.

Another accusation made by Congressman Gardner throws a ray of illumination upon Col. Roosevelt's assumption that he has all along been with the Progressives. The beginning of their fight in Congress was, as everybody recalls, against Speaker Cannon. To unhorse him was their great aim. And no charge has been more frequently brought forward against President Taft than that he was neutral in the great struggle against Cannon, or positively sided with the veteran of the machine. But now Mr. Gardner alleges that, at the very time he and the other Progressive Republicans were in the thick of that contest, Mr. Roosevelt was "engaged in advising President Taft to get together with Uncle Joe Cannon." "I have *seen the original correspondence*," affirms the Congressman. What has Mr. Roosevelt to say to this? If it is not true, he has beeu grossly calumniated; but if it is true, he has been detected in a piece of moral imposture. Either way, he and his friends cannot afford to lose a day in replying to the questions sharply asked by Congressman Gardner.

On another point the Massachusetts Representative is also effective. He challenges Mr. Roosevelt in the matter of subserviency to great financial interests. Charging that Mr. Roosevelt, when President, made "exceptions for [his] favorites," in the enforcement of the Anti-Trust law, Mr. Gardner calls upon him to produce the suppressed report of his own Commissioner of Corporations on the Harvester Trust. In this matter it has been the common belief in Washington that a great scandal has been hidden. It has been asserted that a prosecution of the Harvester Trust was urged by both the Commissioner and the Attorney-General, but that it was prevented by Mr. Roosevelt's orders. This is what Congressman Gardner refers to, no doubt, when he demands that the "suppressed papers" be given out by the Department of Justice. The thing would be done if Roosevelt asked for it. But can he afford not to ask for it? Can he rest silent under this direct imputation not only upon his honor as an individual, but his integrity as President?

We take it that from now on the Taft managers will move in force upon Roosevelt. They undoubtedly have it in their power to show up his insincerity and his hypocrisy in deadly fashion? Well, he has left them free to do it. If there was any obligation on the President's part to spare the man who had done so much for him, he is certainly released from it now. We hope that he will make no bones of the matter when he speaks in Massachusetts this week, and will not only charge Roosevelt with duplicity, but produce the evidence to prove it.

THE "NEW" HEALTH PROBLEMS.

The new meaning of public health, says Mr. Robert W. Bruère in *Harper's*, is economic and social. The modern public health officer takes an "essentially religious attitude toward life. The peculiar character of his responsibilities compels him to visualize the community as a whole, to concern himself not so much with individual cases, or indeed ultimately with disease at all, as with the economic and social conditions that are at the foundation of public health." There is really nothing new in this point of view. Social workers and doctors have been preaching it for years. The ordinary laymau, however, is but dimly conscious of its truth, and of the hopelessness of campaigns against disease in which this department of the attacking army, which might be likened to the commissariat, is not carefully organized. Mr. Bruère's effective restatement of the situation is, therefore, welcome.

Of the two aspects of public health, by far the more difficult is the economic. The doctor can and does devise methods of treatment and cure for the specific physical ailments he meets. He draws up sanitary rules and modes of community life with the purpose of preventing disease, and where these can be applied his efforts are fairly successful. But no preventive has been found of poverty, or shiftlessness, or the bad heredity which fastens a handicap on the individual before he is born. The health officer meets these conditions at every turn. They do not prevent him from pressing on, but they do grievously hamper his work, and bring much of it to naught. The private physician is continually running into medical stone walls like this: A widowed mother with four small children, living in one room of a dirty tenement, is found to have tuberculosis of the lungs. In these surroundings she is certainly doomed to death. The children are in imminent danger of infection through ignorance and the impossibility of maintaining even decent conditions (to say nothing of sanitary ones) in such a place. The physician thinks she might have a chance if she could go to the country, take a long rest, and eat plenty of good, nourishing food. Obviously, this is not a medical problem. It is almost wholly economic and social. The cure is a question of money, not medicine. The ultimate problem, that of preventing the conditions leading up to such hopeless and barbarous situations, is also economic. When discovered (after most of the harm is done, be it noted) the worst of these cases are taken in hand by public or private philanthropy and a belated effort made to help them.

As an illustration of what can be done by the combination of scientific medicine and public financial resources, Mr. Bruère gives a page or two from the recent history of Pennsylvania. Before 1905 diphtheria in that State was very fatal. Between 40 and 50 per cent. of the cases died. This enormous rate was due to the terrible mortality among the poor. The State Health Department promptly inaugurated a campaign against diphtheria. Up to December 31, 1910, it had treated 27,000 poor patients, furnishing antitoxin and physicians free. During this period the mortality from the disease was 8½ per cent. Above 20,000 exposed persons were immunized. Of these but 2 per cent. developed diphtheria, and among the immunized the death rate was less than one-ninth of one per cent. The result of this campaign translated into human beings was a saving of something between two thousand and three thousand lives each year, at a cost of about $7 each.

Yet such campaigns against infectious disease are but the beginnings of the fight. They are the easiest to wage; success is immediate and striking, and there is no organized opposition, unless the inertia of the public can be called organized. In the case of heart disease, affections of the kidneys, insanity (all of which are on the increase), hygienic ignorance (still unduly common in high places), unsanitary tenements, overcrowded, ill-ventilated factories, and the various "don'ts" which the eugenists declare must be enforced before a really robust and sane and healthy civilization can be attained, there are a vast number of difficulties. These range from a modification of habits of living, through interference with profitable manslaughter (in the case of foul tenements and factories), to attacks upon long-established social tradition and custom, and interference in personal affairs of the most private character. Plainly, therefore, the weapons needed are educational and economic rather than medical. The two essentials to success are an intelligent public opinion and plenty of money. Indubitably, the primary necessity is public opinion, for, given that, the money follows.

Needless to say, Mr. Bruère is an advocate of a Federal Department of Health. He thinks the Washington statesmen are in need of a confrère, a Secretary of Health, with the position and the right effectively to urge the importance of "the newer social and economic questions" upon their attention. A Government machine that spends more than five hundred and nine millions of a total annual budget of six hundred and fifty millions (these are the figures for 1910) on preparations for war and military pensions, and nothing or next to nothing in lowering the criminally high infant mortality, the deadly child labor, the sweatshop work of women, is as much out of joint with the times socially as is politically the Czar's bureaucracy.

THE REAL UNITED STATES.

When Arnold Bennett, having left New York, arrived in Washington, he says in the second instalment of his impressions in the May *Harper's*, he was congratulated on having quitted the false America for the real. When he got to Boston, he received the general sympathy for having been put off so long with spurious imitations of the country he had come to see. Upon reaching Chicago, he was informed that at last he was at the gate of the United States, only to discover, when he entered Indianapolis, that any such pretension was grotesque, the authentic centre of the nation obviously being the spot which he had finally been so fortunate as to behold. But he is not confused by this conflict of claims. With the happy detachment of the foreigner he sees something genuinely American in every American community. What is more, the boldness that is inspired, or at least sustained, by distance, enables him to declare that the streets of every American city that he saw reminded him rather strongly of the streets of all the others. In a word, we gather that to Mr. Bennett America seems full of Americanism. If such a view of us is a little disturbing to the local pride of Philadelphia, St. Louis, and Seattle, it will surely be pardoned as soon as its subtle flattery is realized. For it is as if our visitor had approached each successive stopping-point with an open mind, ready at the first opportunity to paraphrase the convenient formula of Phillips Brooks, when confronted by a mother presenting an infant for his praises, by exclaiming, "This *is* America!"

Not that our late observer gives the same valuation to all of our achievements. The circumstanco that they are all truly American naturally means less as a final measure of their worth to him than to us. Nor are the differences merely matters of good, better, and best. He is frankly disconcerted by our "sublime, romantic contempt for law and for human life." And he will not allow us to call Tammany, for instance, a blot on the social system of this city. He insists that it is a part of the social system, just as much a part of it, and just as expressive of the national character, as our fine schools, our fine hospitals, our superlative business organizations, and—our theatres. A civilization, he holds, is indivisibly responsible for itself, and cannct extenuate its faults by denominating them "blots" dropped upon it from without. Evidently, Mr. Bennett did not propose to be limited to the "show-places" to which we should prefer our alien guests to confine their admiring attention. Having graciously accepted our word for it when we modestly pointed to the features of our civilization that we thought he would like, and termed them American, he confutes us with our own logic by extending the name to the spots which we do indeed suffer among us, but which we had convinced ourselves were no real part of America.

It is easier to forgive Mr. Bennett his disappointment in not finding the "American rush." That he looked for it carefully and in the right places, is undeniable. Yet he can only recommend earnest students of "hustle" not to waste their time on New York or Chicago, but to visit Paris or Milan. The truth is that we are not more than half to blame for the legend of our haste. It has for a long period been one of the phenomena which visibly impressed foreigners, and as we could see nothing disgraceful in it, and it is agreeable to make an impression, we, of course, encouraged the idea. Now that its hollowness has been publicly exposed, and we are developing other impressive possibilities, we shall not make a fight over its retention in the catalogue of Americana. To this we are the more disposed by the satisfying extent to which our observer discovers the poetic spirit among us. We have been so uniformly characterized as materialistic that perhaps we have taken extra pains to show the curious foreigner just how sordid we can be when we try. One is always tempted to grat-

ify one's instinct for making a stranger open his eyes, and when he clearly expects to be astonished by seeing some particular thing, we should be far less good-natured than the most hostile of our critics has credited us with being if we did not stretch a point to save him from disappointment.

Mr. Bennett places us under no such necessity. Europeans, he observes disinterestedly, are apt to assume that to tack numbers instead of names on to the thoroughfares of a city is to impair their identities and individualities. "Not a bit!" he exclaims. Such is the mysterious poetic force of the human mind that "the numbers grow into names." And so it comes about that Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street are as well distinguished by their numerical designations as if they had been more pictorially christened. Do not even the Parisians speak of the "Boulevard des Italiens" without a thought of the literal meaning of the words? Or will any one propose a better name for the Ninth Symphony? It is decidedly pleasant to be defended in this way, so pleasant that one may scent a danger in it. It makes it fatally easy to excuse anything for which we are condemned by representing it as poetry in the making. If American street-numbering can be made to show a touch of imagination, why not our stockyards and our Trusts and our stage and our slums and our literature and our politics? One contingency may operate to restrain us from such a surrender to the glorification of America as it is. Mr. Bennett, with his awkward habit of looking at our civilization on both sides, may reasonably be expected to return some day for a second inspection and estimate of it.

EXPERIMENTS IN EDUCATION.

The attention aroused by the reforms connected with the name of Signora Montessori, brings forward once more the widely divergent views on popular education that find expression in the periodical press. On the one hand we read most enthusiastic accounts of what has been accomplished by Signora Montessori by methods which we may call, in a broad sense, Froebelian. The theory that the unfolding of the child's mind shall be carried on in complete harmony with the physical and mental nature of the child, that learning shall be made to coincide as much as possible with instinctive action, and work with play, needs no elucidation here. It has entered into the very fundamentals of modern pedagogy. And yet there is no lack of evidence that all is not well with the system in its practical results. It is not the hard-headed citizen alone who has his distrust of "fads and fancies" in the schools. No less an authority than Superintendent Maxwell of New York was recently quoted as saying that he had his serious doubts with regard to the efficacy of the kindergarten work in the public schools.

The difficulty is apparently this: The demands upon the public schools in a democracy like ours, with a rapidly growing population, are increasing in number and variety. The thesis that it is the duty of the State to educate its members for the citizenship is altogether too narrow, unless we give to the word "citizenship" and to the word "educate" a constantly broadening connotation. The schools to-day must not only teach the three R's, nor yet teach science only, nor yet the foreign languages, nor yet the manual arts—they must do something else besides teach altogether. They must watch over the physical health of the child and its moral welfare, and thus assume functions which hitherto have been regarded as belonging entirely to the home. School hygiene no longer means the proper ventilation of schoolrooms. It means medical examination of children for eyesight, hearing, breathing, sitting, and walking. It concerns itself with the entire subject of nutrition. The school thus reaches outside of school bounds and watches over the child at his breakfast in the home and at his play in the street or in tne public playground. It is beginning to give concern to the child's vocational future—to the business of preparing him for the walk in life for which he is presumably best fitted. In other words, the burden thrown upon our public schools is enormous. The demand is constantly for results and results. But when the schools brace themselves to the tremendous task of extracting results by methods adapted to a swarming democracy, the complaint is not slow in coming: "Machine methods! The school-system is a grind! It only stifles the young soul in our children!"

We may turn to an interesting example of school methods that are not mechanical and that do not crush out the individuality of the infant soul. There was founded in this city recently the "Ferrer Modern School," based on the teachings of the anarchist philosopher and educational reformer whom the Spanish Government judicially murdered not so very long ago. An account of the methods of the Ferrer "libertarian education," as it is carried on in this city, was given the other day in the *Call* by one of the teachers connected with the school. The elementary class now consists of nine children in regular attendance, ranging in age from four to ten years. Regular attendance in the "libertarian" sense means that the children do not assemble at a given hour; "they come when they wish to come, and go when they wish to go." Thus it appears that on a certain Monday, little Gorky came at 7:30, Stuart at 8, Oscar at 9, Rion at 9:30, Amour at 9:45, Magda and Sophie at 10, and Ruth and Revolte at 11. That day, however, was exceptional in its demonstration of the "liberty of assemblage"; most days, the class is in full session before ten o'clock.

And now as to methods:

> Each of the pupils has his or her blank book, in which the arithmetic, the writing, and the occasional drawing are done. In these blank books every morning I write certain examples and problems. Whether they are done or not; whether they are done in the morning or in the afternoon, is left to the choice of the pupil. Strange to say, the pupils—with occasional exceptions, of course—not only do the examples, but often ask for more. The teaching, necessarily, is individual; and especially so in reading. Where new arithmetical processes are taught, it often enough happens that more than one pupil wishes to attend; but to ask the other pupils to attend when one pupil is reading is to ask that which you will never get, even by compulsion. My experience in the public schools has convinced me that, when you think the class is attending to a reader, it is really attending to the story, or to something else; the great majority of the pupils are reading ahead, for the obvious reason that he who reads aloud must read more slowly than he who reads to himself.

And we learn that every other subject is taught in the same individualistic manner. History is mastered by making the children assume the rôle of a certain historic character and act it out. Thus a boy is John Smith and a girl is Pocahontas, and visitors on entering the classroom have been asked, "Are you an Indian or a white man?"

There is no intention, of course, to suggest that this picture of pedagogical chaos would exactly describe the Mon-

tessori method or any of our established pedagogical systems. It may even be an unfair picture of the Ferrer method as it obtains in Spain, where it is reported to have won excellent results. But it nevertheless remains true that most of these pedagogical methods which arise in protest against the "maiming of the child's soul," merely foster a spirit of lawlessness and leave the child in the end a prey to his undisciplined impulses. A vine that is not pruned and trained bears but little fruit, and that of a degenerate quality. Fortunately, these schemes in their extreme form are not widely practicable: they presuppose a degree of leisure, of patience, and of material resources which may be forthcoming among a selected class, but which can hardly be expected in a community that has three-quarters of a million children to take care of in its schools.

ATHLETICS ABROAD.

While in this country there is increasing discussion concerning the exaggerated cult of the body as it is practiced in the colleges, the athletic spirit is reported to be making conquests among the European youth. The peoples of the Continent, it is to be noted, have never been so averse to the pursuit of physical exercise as in our contempt we are often driven to imagine. Taking athletics in its very broadest sense as the appreciation and pursuit of the open air, we find that in Germany, for instance, the love of the open is probably as widely prevalent as in England or this country. Only with the Germans as with the rest of the Continentals in minor degree, the passion manifests itself in a diffused and well regulated manner. It is less a matter of games and contests and more of pastime and recreation. The German pedestrian in his plumed hat, and knapsack on back, is an historical figure that still lives. Student and college professor, clerk and professional man, still spend their annual vacation fortnight on the roads of the Black Forest, in the Thuringian hills, or across the frontier in the Bernese Oberland and Tyrol. The workingman to whom a prolonged vacation is denied has his May-walks, his week-end camping-out parties, his open-air gymnastic drills. The consumption of food is not usually recognized as a branch of athletics, but even the pleasant German habit of dining by the thousands out-of-doors is a manifestation of the same fundamental love for the open sky and the green earth.

But now the strenuous American idea of physical culture is winning its way against the older and quicter methods. German moralists of the new school of efficiency who have learned to cite America as the great exemplar of success, are uttering their dissatisfaction with the flabby athletic ideas of the university student as expressed in the ceremonious sword-contests of the *Mensur* and elaborate beer-drinking competitions. Nor is there about gymnastic drill and the pleasant game of ninepins that aspect of the heroic which inheres in the manly exercise of running, jumping, and hurling ponderous weights to great distances. In part it has been the influence of America, but in greater measure it has been the influence of the Olympic Games, for the latest renewal of which at Stockholm in June the most elaborate preparations are making. The remarkable series of victories won at preceding Olympic festivals by the representatives of America has stimulated competition. There is no likelihood that our primacy in this respect is as yet endangered. We have too long a start and our resources are quite out of proportion to those any other nation can bring into the field. Nevertheless, in various branches of sport the Continental nations have been developing serious contenders. They have done very well in the recreative sports—such as golf, tennis, swimming, and rowing; and they are now turning their attention to the more specialized events—such as jumping and the sprints. Admirable features of the Olympic programme are the prizes for all-round ability. At Stockholm the established pentathlonic contest is to be supplemented by a "decathlon."

In France we have, in rather amusing and exaggerated form, a manifestation of the same return of the age-weary and over-cultured nations of Europe to primitive tastes and occupations. French sport has gone quite mad over pugilism. In the person of Georges Carpentier the country has developed a champion of international calibre, whose praises are hymned with a fine Gallic *élan* by statesmen, poets, and members of the Academy. The press teems with accounts of the triumphal progress of *la boxe*, and the man in the boulevard must be very well up by this time in the intricacies of *le round*, *le knockout*, and *le count*. That most estimable of family journals, *Les Annales*, features in one of its recent numbers a philosophical prose poem in praise of the squared ring, by Maurice Maeterlinck, supplemented by articles on *la boxe* in America by Paul Bourget, and on the hygiene of boxing by Carpentier, and illustrated with the familiar physical presentments of Jack Johnson and Jim Jeffries. Maeterlinck's essay is in his manner of gentle mysticism. The author of the "Treasure of the Humble" compares the extraordinary physical debility of the human animal for purposes of offence and defence, with the amazing resources displayed by the lower creatures. Man has neither the ant's tremendous lifting strength, nor the turtle's protective carapace, nor the almost impregnable ambulatory fortifications of the snail. But he does have his two fists and the skill of directing them towards vital spots, and of pouring into them the entire physical and nervous energy of his body. Maeterlinck then goes on to repeat the argument familiar to Anglo-Saxon ears, that skill with one's fists conduces to self-control and fair play, and saves a man from the extremes of cowardly fear and that un easy self-assertion which is the product of fear.

About all this there is an air that is not altogether primitive and of the flesh. M. Maeterlinck's passion for the fine brutal impact of the clenched fist is largely cerebral. We detect the touch of the man whose interest is in the inner meaning of things; and what inner meaning can there be to so obviously external a fact as *le upper-cut* or *le knockout?* But if M. Maeterlinck's enthusiasm is largely poetic frenzy, it is safe to infer that on the part of the ordinary Frenchman this newly awakened fondness for fisticuffs belongs to the present renaissance of the French spirit, away from feminine decadencies and self-scarifications and lotus-cating, towards masculine self-confidence and the reassertion of those simple, healthy, primitive appetites which help a nation to make a firm stand when some other nation wants to deprive it of Morocco.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In view of the fact that but few details of Henry Fielding's life in the period immediately following 1740 are to be had, it is unfortunate that writers generally have failed to observe that the personal remarks of Fielding in his Preface to the "Miscellanies" of 1743 concern two winters, not one winter. Lawrence ("Life," page 172), Keightley (*Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1858), Dobson ("Fielding," edit. 1905, page 107), Gerould ("Selected Essays of Fielding," page xx), and the Dictionary of National Biography apply the remarks to the one winter of 1742-3. Only Miss Godden ("Henry Fielding, A Memoir," pages 134-6), who does not call attention to the slips of other writers in the matter, who herself a little later slips like the rest, and who does not show the evidence in the case, seems to recognize that his words show that the winter of 1741-2, as well as that of 1742-3, was a hard one for Fielding. The winter of 1741-2 Fielding refers to as "last Winter," that of 1742-3 as "this Winter." The following assists to make this evident.

A part of Fielding's notice concerning the "Miscellanies," in the *Daily Post* of June 5, 1742, quoted by Miss Godden (page 173), reads: "The Publication of these Volumes hath been hitherto retarded by the Author's Indisposition last Winter, and a Train of Melancholy Accidents scarce to be parallel'd." This refers to the sickness and the distresses indicated in the following often-quoted passage in the Preface (1743 edit., third page from end; pages xxxiii-xxxvii are incorrectly numbered) to the "Miscellanies":

> While I was last Winter laid up in the Gout, with a favourite Child dying in one Bed, and my Wife in a Condition very little better, on another, attended with other Circumstances, which served as very proper Decorations to such a Scene, I received a Letter from a Friend, desiring me to vindicate myself from two very opposite Reflections, which two opposite Parties thought fit to cast on me, *viz.*, the one of writing in the *Champion*, (tho' I had not then writ in it for upwards of half a Year) the other, of writing in the *Gazetteer*, in which I never had the Honour of inserting a single Word.

The expression here is "last Winter." The burial of a "Charlott Fielding" (possibly the child spoken of) in February, 1742, is recorded in the Registers of St. Martin's in the Fields (Godden, page 136). On the fourth page from the end of the Preface, in the edition of 1743, Fielding stated that he had "long since (as long as from *June* 1741) desisted from writing one Syllable in the *Champion*, or any other public Paper." The passage referring to "last Winter" evidently, then (as will be seen farther), concerns the winter of 1741-2, and not as Lawrence, Keightley, Dobson, Gerould, and the Dictionary of National Biography interpret it, the winter of 1742-3.

In dealing with the incidents that led to the production of "The Wedding Day," which was played February, 1743, Fielding says in the Preface (page viii) to the "Miscellanies" that the play lay by him "neglected and unthought of, 'till this Winter." He then tells of Garrick's appeal for a play, of his writing of "The Good-Natured Man," then of the revamping and substituting of "The Wedding Day." He states (page xiii) that, while he was working on the play, "unfortunately, the extreme Danger of Life into which a Person, very dear to me, was reduced, rendered me incapable of executing my Task." Later on (sixth page from end) he apologizes "for the Delay in publishing these Volumes, the real Reason of which was, the dangerous Illness of one from whom I draw all the solid Comfort of my Life, during the greatest Part of this Winter." In these last passages, the phrase "this Winter" evidently is used of the winter of 1742-3. In the passage mentioning the gout, and the sickness of his wife and child, where he says he "had not then writ" in the *Champion* "for upwards of half a Year," the phrase "last Winter" evidently refers, as I have said, to the winter of 1741-2. This is supported by the fact that just after he has apologized for delay in publishing because of "the dangerous Illness of one," etc., and before he speaks of the gout and the illness of his wife and child, his expression shows that Fielding turned in mind to time considerably past; for he says, "Indeed when I look a Year or two backwards, and survey the Accidents which have befallen me, and the Distresses I have waded through whilst I have been engaged in these Works." . . . (fifth page from end of 1743 Preface).

JOHN EDWIN WELLS.

Correspondence

TO AMEND THE FEDERAL JUDICIAL CODE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of April 4, Prof. W. J. Shepard calls attention to the desirability of so amending the Federal Judicial Code as to permit appeals to the Supreme Court of the United States, from State decisions based on the Federal Constitution, where a State court declares a State law violative of Federal constitutional rights. Such a change in the Federal law is well worth while, but Professor Shepard is in error when he says that attention has not been called to this matter before. Nearly a year ago I succeeded in getting some members of Congress interested in the proposed amendment of the Judicial Code, and prepared a memorandum upon the subject, which was published in the *Illinois Law Review* for December, 1911. Prof. F. J. Goodnow has also considered the matter in his "Social Reform and the Constitution," and bills are now pending in the Senate and House of Representatives for the amendment of section 237 of the Federal Judicial Code. Hearings upon these bills have been held by both Senate and House Committees, and the hearings before the House Committee on the Judiciary have recently been printed. The American Bar Association, at its meeting in August, 1911, unanimously approved a recommendation that such legislation should be enacted.

Professor Shepard appears also to be in error as to the effect of such proposed legislation. If the Federal Judicial Code is amended in accordance with the suggestion referred to above, it will then be possible to appeal to the United States Supreme Court from State decisions declaring State statutes invalid, as violating the Federal Constitution. But most State decisions, or, at least, the most illiberal State decisions, are not based on the Federal Constitution alone. If a State court declares a State law invalid as violative either (1) of the State Constitution *alone*, or (2), *both* State and Federal Constitutions, the proposed amendment of the Federal Judicial Code would accomplish nothing, for the decisions in these cases would be sustainable without raising a Federal constitutional question. Now, it is precisely the cases not covered by this proposed legislation which make the most difficulty. Mr. Roosevelt's proposal for the "recall of judicial decisions" is, in reality, directed, not so much to the overcoming of State decisions based on the Federal Constitution (as to which the proposal itself would be unconstitutional), but aims primarily at the difficulty occasioned by illiberal State decisions based on State constitutional grounds. It may be well to call attention to the fact that a plan in many respects similar to Mr. Roosevelt's has been in operation in many States, and that State constitutional amendments have, in effect, in a number of cases, reversed State judicial decisions.

Mr. Roosevelt's proposal seeks to accomplish an end which cannot be effected by Federal legislation, and the purpose sought to be accomplished is in no sense revolutionary. The people of New York cannot be said to be revolutionary when they seek to overcome by constitutional amendment the decision of the New York Court of Appeals in Ives vs. South Buffalo Railway Company, in so far as it is based on the New York Constitution. For here it should be suggested that the New York Court expressly said that it should interpret the "due process of law" clause of the State Constitution so as to annul the compulsory workmen's compensation law, even if the identical clause in the Federal Constitution were interpreted by the United States Supreme Court so as to sustain such legislation.

The end which Mr. Roosevelt seeks to accomplish is a desirable one, and the end to be accomplished by the proposed amendment of the Federal Judicial Code is also desirable; but the relation between the two is not so close as Mr. Shepard seems to think. My own view is, however, that, if the Federal Judicial Code be amended, the States will be enabled to control their own courts by a method which appears less radical than that of Mr. Roosevelt. If the Federal Judicial Code were amended so as to allow appeals to the United States Supreme Court from all State decisions on Federal Constitutional questions; and, if the States removed from their Constitutions the "due process of law" clauses, "due process" decisions of State courts would then have to be based on the Fourteenth Amendment, and such decisions would be reviewable by the Supreme Court of the United States. And in this manner would be accomplished the purpose aimed at of restraining illiberal and often irresponsible declarations by State courts that State laws are invalid as depriving of "due process of law" under the State Constitutions. These suggestions were embodied in an article in the *Michigan Law Review* for December, 1911, before Mr. Roosevelt's declaration in favor of the "recall of judicial decisions." Any one who has studied the subject carefully will probably agree that Mr. Roosevelt's aim is not so radical as it has been made to appear.

Whether the purpose aimed at shall be accomplished in part by Federal legislation and in part by State Constitutional amendment, or by the "recall of judicial decisions" (which, in Mr. Roosevelt's plan, is in effect but an easier method of amending State Constitutions), is a question upon which there may be a good deal of difference of opinion. W. F. DODD.

University of Illinois, April 17.

FRANCIS DAVIS MILLET.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A well-known gentleman who fortunately saved his life by keeping up in the sea and being picked up in time by one of the boats, has told us that he saw our friend, Frank Millet, very shortly before the Titanic went down, standing quietly on the deck while he waited placidly for the ship's inevitable sinking. He tells us that the smile that always played over his face had not altogether left him, and we know that he met his end like the brave man he was, no doubt regretting while he thought of his wife and children, that he was powerless in that hour of calamity to save others as well as himself. For it was one of Millet's fine qualities that no matter how much he might be beset with the troubles and difficulties that were a part of the never-ending activity of his life, he always somehow found time to give effective help to others. He did this, too, very often without being asked, for to his sympathetic nature was joined the quality of divination in such cases, his intuition being keen and his impulse to act a habit. I have often heard him say: "When you have a good idea, put it into execution at once"; and this was a rule of his own life, as well as his advice to others. If it had not been so, he could not have accomplished so much as he did in his useful and brilliant career, nor would a score of undertakings which came to success through his efforts, have remained to testify, as they do to-day, to his fine executive ability, his tact, and his knowledge of men and how to bring definite results out of suggestions, tentative plans, and, very often, complications of authority.

While Millet's mural decorations, which were his chief occupation as a painter in late years, are more in mind at the present moment than his easel pictures, it is worth while to speak particularly of his work as a painter of English *genre*. Born in Massachusetts of English stock, he remained absolutely American in his English surroundings in Worcestershire, but in his art he entered into the spirit of the Elizabethan age as completely, for instance, as did Abbey. At Broadway he bought an ancient ruined abbey which stood on ground adjoining Russell House, his residence in that now celebrated village, and at a time when I visited him there, early in 1895, he was restoring the building, both with stone and timber. One of his London friends, an architect, came there for a day or two at the same time, and he told me that though he thought his own knowledge in restoration was pretty thorough, he found Millet had made no mistakes whatever, and had, by his study at odd times, made himself perfectly competent to carry out the restoration unaided by professional counsel. It was in one of the ground-floor rooms of this old abbey that Millet posed his models and painted such pictures as Rook and Pigeon, The Black Hat, Between Two Fires, and others equally well known. This series of pictures, which must comprise as many as two score that may be called "important compositions," are of excellent technical quality. Pushed to a marked degree of finish, they recall in a way the work of the Dutch and Flemish masters, but they are quite different in their color schemes and lighting. All, or nearly all, of them are painted in a high key of light. Millet studied in Antwerp, but the style and conception of his work are distinctly his own. He could never have been satisfied with anything but painstaking endeavor, though he had a fine sense of ensemble and achieved that quality in his pictures.

His occupations and the missions he undertook for various public enterprises, not all of them connected with art, but at times more or less allied with it, took Millet pretty much all over the world. His life began early, first as a drummer-boy with a Massachusetts regiment in the Civil War, and he was correspondent for a great London newspaper in the Russian-Turkish war no more than eight years after he graduated at Harvard. His acquaintance was very wide and embraced many prominent men in official life, both at home and abroad. He was American, however, wherever he went, and preserved his American speech. It was indeed remarkable that he did so during his long residence with his family in England, participating intimately as they did in the life of the county people. He rarely made use of a foreign word or phrase in conversation, though he spoke at least two European languages besides his English, and could make himself perfectly well understood in several others. The clean, straightforward style of his English is shown in his literary work, most of which was ephemeral.

Coming to town from the country a few days ago, I have heard Millet's name on every lip, even before I could myself speak of him, asking information, and I am sure that no man on the Titanic is more keenly regretted than he. This regret and sense of loss is not at all confined to friends in what we call "the art world," whether we mean it here in New York or in London or Paris. His friends were legion in many spheres, and wherever he was known he was as much esteemed as he was loved. His place cannot really be filled by any one man that we can think of, for he was capable of filling a number of responsible positions at the same time, and filling them all rather better than anybody else could do.

WILLIAM A. COFFIN.

New York, April 22.

COLLEGE SLANG.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your comment, March 28, upon the reported movement in the English department of the University of Kansas for the abolition of slang, moves me to subjoin a few headlines from "the official paper of the University of Kansas," the *University Daily Kansan*, for March 25, 26, and 27:

The Toot Manifesto is Effective To-day. (That is, the new regulation for signal-whistles goes into effect.)

Earth Cut Corner, but Kansas Didn't Hold Tight, and Slipped Up North a Ways. (Referring to the cold weather following the equinox.)

N. G. Sign Hung on Old Superstitions—Storms Give Traditions the Go-by.

Juniors Need Not Lure of the Prom.—"Shorty" Would Fain Have Them Achieve Their Tickets—Are the Third Year Men Slow Sports?

They Won't Kick Susie and Jennie Aroun' Now.

He Sir Walter Raleighs and Gets Box of Fudge.

What's Wrong with Orthographicals?

Would Not Tax Dad's Check.

Andrew (*sc.* Carnegie) Digs Up Again.

Radcliffe Licks Harvard.

That Baldwin Team Still Eating 'Em Up.

Jayhawker Hopes on the Toboggan.

Test Heart Action of Bubbie Wagons.

Chemicals Will Take an Inspection Jaunt.

Not a Sob-squad Incubator.

This last, be it explained, refers to the report that women will not be enrolled by the new Pulitzer School of Journalism.

N.

April 16.

THE INDIANA STATE LIBRARY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: With reference to your editorial of April 18 regarding a State Library in Indiana, permit me to say that the agitation for such a building has been going on for years, centring largely in this office. The General Assembly of 1911 approved a bill appointing a Centennial Commission, of which the undersigned is secretary, whose duty it is to procure a site and approve plans for a State Educational Building in which shall be placed the State Library, State Museum, and Educational offices. This building will be dedicated as a Centennial Memorial in 1916.

DEMARCHUS C. BROWN,
Librarian.

Indianapolis, April 20.

A VEGETARIAN TO THE RESCUE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: You ask what possible explanation can be offered by the devotees of a vegetable diet for the failure of the vegetarian rats to equal the exploits of the meat-eaters. I have no explanation to offer, until I learn the conditions of the experiment. I presume they made the foolish creatures run round in squirrel cages. I cannot think of any other way. If so, the solution is plain. The stupid meat-eater, like other carnivorous creatures, had the brute energy to keep going without sense enough to realize the futility and folly of the performance. The vegetarian may have had quite as much energy as his meat-eating competitor, but he had not addled his little brain with beefsteak, and had sense enough in his little head to leave off when he had got enough exercise to put his muscles in proper trim. There is nothing discouraging to the vegetarian, and the results of the experiment are as little disconcerting as the one that Herbert Spencer records in his autobiography, where he says that he found it necessary to rewrite the flabby paragraphs composed on a fortnight's experiment with vegetable diet. Doubtless the philosopher's stomach was upset with the abrupt change of habit. He should

have persisted longer before drawing his conclusions. B. R.

Halifax, N. S., April 17.

"WHITE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: To find how long a white man has meant a good man, B. S. M. will have to go back further than Layamon's "Brut." He might take a look at Horace, Sat. I, v, 40-42:

Plotius et Varius Sinuessæ Vergiliusque
Occurrunt, animæ quales neque candidiores
Terra tulit neque quis me sit devinctior alter.

Or, for the other side of the case, Sat. I, iv, 85:

Hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto.

J. D. R.

Richmond, Ind., April 20.

Literature

SOCIALISM AND DEMOCRACY.

Essentials of Socialism. By Ira B. Cross, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.

Elements of Socialism. By John Spargo and George Louis Arner, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Pay-Day. By C. Hanford Henderson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

Democratic England. By Percy Alden, M.P. With an Introduction by Charles F. G. Masterman. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Syndicalism and Labor. By Sir Arthur Clay, Bart. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.25.

The New Democracy. By Walter E. Weyl, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.

The Cult of Incompetence. By Emile Faguet, of the Académie Française. Translated by Beatrice Barstow. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

Socialism and Character. By Vida D. Scudder. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

Dr. Cross has produced in "The Essentials of Socialism" a compact and readable summary of the Socialist theory and teachings which is well adapted to the end for which the author designed it, namely, as a "handbook for the busy reader or as a textbook for the classroom." The matter is arranged in orderly fashion and the bibliographical references at the end of each chapter are a valuable feature of the work. So also is the bibliography at the end of the book, which, although not intended to be complete, yet contains most of the really important works available, at all events in English. In view of the open antagonism between the Roman Catholic Church and Socialism, the author would do well to include in this bibliography the writings of Bishop Stang, Father Ming, S. J., Lorenzo Dardano, Charles S. Devas, and Father Rickaby, S.J.

John Spargo has long been known as one of the more popular Socialist writers, and now in collaboration with Dr. George Louis Arner, late of Dartmouth College, he has published a new textbook of the Socialist case. It is a frankly partisan presentation, made, however, in good orderly fashion, with a convenient summary and a few bibliographical references at the end of each chapter. Presumably, it is intended for use in Socialist circles: it could hardly claim to be a textbook for general or educational use, for it is in essence an argument rather than an investigation. There is nothing new in the matter presented, and the criticism may fairly be passed on the authors that they do not seem to appreciate sufficiently the ravages that time and experience (together with the Revisionists) have wrought in the gospel and prophecies according to Marx and Engels. There is in the presentation of the Socialist case a good deal of what may be called dry scholasticism, especially in the consideration of objections. The bibliographical references do not seem to include the names of anti-Socialist writers.

C. Hanford Henderson's book is a disappointment. The thesis of his earlier chapters is that education and industry should be brought into a new partnership in place of their mutually exclusive attitude of to-day, as a result of which the "formal process of culture" is confined virtually to those who can look forward to economic leisure, while those destined to work are debarred from it. For the "line of functional cleavage between individuals in the same society" Mr. Henderson wishes to substitute a similar line "between the passing years of the same individual." He would have come to every man in his day "a time for formal education, for industry, for pleasure, for research, for wise counsels, for exercise, for loving, for begetting children, for folding the hands in the presence of death." Only in this way can the complete man—or as he quite unnecessarily terms him, the "Beyond-Man"—be fashioned. The idea is attractive. The disappointment comes when we learn the means whereby the Utopian idea is to be realized. Although to the best of the reviewer's recollection neither Marx nor Socialism is mentioned by Mr. Henderson, all the old familiar faces appear before the curtain. Mr. Henderson at the close of his book sums up his argument (in his own italics) by saying that "*Social regeneration can only be brought about through the elimination of profit.*" He may therefore be classed with certainty as a thoroughly orthodox Socialist. For his book it may be said that it ought to be welcome to those Socialists who are weary of the rigid scholasticism of the Socialist fathers and the stereotyped perfervid rhetoric of the modern propagandists. It certainly is written in better style and with more persuasiveness than most of the missionary works in use by the party to-day, but it adds nothing whatever to the sum of knowledge in other respects. And why does not Mr. Henderson make open acknowledgement of his indebtedness to Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels?

As an exhibition of what has been actually attempted in England by way of social reform, Mr. Alden's book is very interesting. It is curious that in a country where theoretical Socialism has never formally taken hold of more than a small part of the community, so many ideas which are part and parcel of the Socialists' demands by way of immediate reforms should have received actual application on a large scale. Mr. Alden does not appear to have been consciously indoctrinated with orthodox Socialism to any appreciable extent, but the chapters on The Child and the State, The Problem of the Unemployed, Housing the Poor, and Municipal Ownership, show the influence of the Socialistic leaven upon modern English thought.

Sir Arthur Clay's account of "Syndicalism" in Europe is readable and, so far as the reviewer has been able to discover, as accurate as is possible considering that the author is bitterly opposed to the movement. His book is designed as an alarm-call to his countrymen. He believes that the Socialists have captured the trade unions in England, and he regards it as "of importance that the community should realize the fact that the control of the formidable voting power of organized labor has now passed from the hands of those who used it to further the legitimate aims of trade unionism into the hands of a party who are using it to destroy the existing economical organization based upon private ownership and individual enterprise, with the object of establishing Collectivism in its place." Read in connection with Mr. Alden's book, this statement seems extreme; it is rather the *ad viaticum* measures of the Socialists that are backed by the trade unions and not their main end, the Coöperative Commonwealth. The fact that Sir Arthur Clay writes as an adherent of the Manchester school warrants one in discounting somewhat the gloom of his views on this point. In Chapter vi there is a shrewd characterization of the "class-conscience" that has grown up in the economically dominant class, on which Benjamin Kidd in England and Friedrich Wilhelm Förster in Germany have laid so much stress. Sir Arthur points out that, conscience being a function of the intellect and not an emotion, popular understanding of social problems has lagged behind in growth as compared with the generous emotions, so that many good people are

voting for Socialism without knowing just what they are voting for—which is probably true the world over.

"The New Democracy" is a noteworthy contribution to the literature of "social unrest," or, rather, half of the book is. The reader will do well either to take for granted or to hurry through as fast and forget as soon as possible Mr. Weyl's first ten dithyrambic chapters on "The Evolution of the Plutocracy"; he should begin at page 156 the series of chapters which deal with "the beginnings of a democracy." Mr. Weyl's thesis is, he says, in part borrowed from Simon Patten's theory of an "Economy of Pleasure" as contrasted with the old "Economy of Pain," but he has made it his own by the attractive originality of his treatment. He sees that both the Manchester school and Marxian Socialism—its antithesis—are dead, the one killed by socialization of production and the other by the appearance of a "social surplus" which, for the first time in history, makes democracy possible. But it is a complete democracy which he envisages, one which concerns itself with the economic liberties of humanity without which its political liberties are worthless. "To-day the chief restrictions upon liberty are economic, not legal, and the chief prerogatives desired are economic not political" (p. 164). Now to create this democracy—which is only made possible, not assured, by the existence of a "social surplus"—the people must rise above certain minimum economic, intellectual, and political levels. The minimum economic level is above the "poverty line" and the minimum intellectual level is above the mere "literacy line"; so also the minimum political level is above the mere "suffrage line." These conditions are substantially satisfied in America and Mr. Weyl sees in the present "social unrest" the evolution of his new democracy. His chapter xv, describing the composition and alignment of the multifarious forces coöperating in this evolution, is admirably done; so also is chapter xvi on the tactics of the democracy. Both show the fruits of keen observation and sound common sense

The three aims of the "New Democracy" are socialization of industry, democratization of government, and civilization of the citizen by "democratization of the advantages and opportunities of life." The first is to be attained through (partial) "government ownership of industry; through government regulation; through tax reform; through a moral realization and reorganization of business in the interest of the industrially weak." Efficiency will determine the question as between government operation and government regulation and he looks for a great increase in the extent of regulation (p. 291), but also has hope from publicity. Through taxation a means will be found for restricting "anti-social" accumulations of wealth and for "socializing" wealth. Democratization of government, the second aim of the democracy, will proceed by increased control of parties, elections, and elected representatives, and by direct legislation by the people, of course including the initiative, referendum, and recall. Mr. Weyl is at some pains to make clear that he favors these measures less because of a belief in the advantages of direct over representative government than because "the fundamental issue in America is in reality . . . between a *misrepresentative* plutocratic government and a democratic government, whether representative, direct, or mixed" (p. 308). The third aim of the democracy, the civilization of the citizen, is to be attained "through conservation of life and health, through a democratization of education, a socialization of consumption, a raising of the lowest elements of the population to the levels of the mass" (p. 321). This includes compulsory insurance of all kinds, rectification or destruction of parasitic trades, and a system of education that will "exalt social obligations above mere competitive egoisms."

The main fault to be found with Mr. Weyl is that he has allowed himself to become too much obsessed by the spectre of a highly organized, class-conscious, malignant plutocracy poisoning the wells of law and government. This spectre has at times beclouded and hampered the operations of what on the whole must be regarded as a keen intellect actuated by a transparently honest desire to find out and state the truth. It is perhaps characteristic of the times that, while his index contains nineteen references under the word "education," neither "ethics" nor "religion" is to be found therein.

Emile Faguet's "Cult of Incompetence" is a mordant and timely criticism of pure democracy which fits with most uncomfortable closeness the tendencies perhaps best represented by Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy to-day. Written mainly, if not entirely, of conditions existing in France, it is nevertheless of universal application. His contention is that pure democracy means incompetent and inefficient government, because it is opposed to nature. Nature does her work by means of highly specialized organs, whereas Democracy (pure) wants to perform as far as possible all functions itself and instinctively shrinks from entrusting such functions to specially trained or specially qualified representatives. It wants to make laws itself, enforce them itself, interpret them itself, although utterly unfitted for the purpose, and, not being able to do this directly, it chooses as its agents those who are most like itself, preventing them from becoming efficient as specialists by exercising over them continuous control of the most jealous kind. "This is why Demos hates a permanent civil service. An irremovable magistrate or functionary is a man whom the Constitution sets free from the grip of the populace" (p. 56). But perhaps the most searching criticism of democracy is to be found in his consideration of law as opposed to the "emergency decree," which latter, he insists, is the inevitable form of legislation in direct democracy. "Law is an aristocratic thing; only the emergency law, the decree, is democratic" (p. 89). And he says:

> The law, therefore, to a certain extent should correct national tendencies, it should be loved a little, because it is felt to be just, feared a little, because it is severe, hated a little because it is to a certain degree out of sympathy with the prevalent temper of the day, and respected because it is felt to be necessary. (P. 69.)

How, he asks, can such laws be expected from a democracy making fresh decrees every day? Chapter v on this point is one of the strongest and most convincing in the book.

His thesis is mainly negative, but his positive beliefs may be gleaned from his closing chapter, where there are the following remarks:

> It is clear that the passion for sovereignty, for equality, for incompetence, is not sufficient to give to a government a life which is at once complete and strong. It is necessary to give competence its part—or, rather, it is necessary to give competence one part, for I do not wish to argue that there is any question of right involved; I only affirm that it is a social necessity. It is necessary that competence, technical, intellectual, moral competence, should be assigned its part to play, even though the sovereignty of the people should be limited and the principle of equality should be somewhat abridged thereby. A democratic element is essentially necessary to a people, an aristocratic element is also necessary to a people. (Pp. 227-8.)

It is not necessary to follow M. Faguet in his conclusions at all times, for his satire has frequently led him to over-statement for the sake of an epigram, but the biting truth of most of his pages cannot be denied, and they are so full of brilliant characterizations as to make the temptation to quote almost irresistible. Vigorous repudiation of the postulate of *equality* (in all things), which postulate he regards as the foundation of democracy, is apparently the keynote of his work. Whatever else be skipped in reading the book, page 190 to the end of chaper xi should by no means be slighted, but it will not be found easy to skip anything.

In "Socialism and Character" Miss Vida D. Scudder has attempted what, in her preface, she terms a "reconciliation" of the "categories" of "conservative Christian and revolutionary Socialist" thought. In such reconciliation she sees "the only hope for democracy." Writing as a convinced Socialist, view-

ing mankind inevitably and irresistibly marching to the Coöperative Commonwealth, she sees in this Commonwealth the potentiality of something like the kingdom of God upon earth. It looms out from her pages as a city built indeed upon the earth, but with its ramparts and minarets reaching into the heavens suffused with the unearthly light of a new and reborn "Christianity." She draws her picture in apocalyptic fashion and with evident sincerity.

The book has much in it to stimulate thought and evoke emotion, yet the reader lays it down with the feeling that it misses its mark, and that neither thoroughgoing Socialist nor thoroughgoing Christian will accept the eirenicon that Miss Scudder offers.

Let us take the case of the Socialist. The Socialism that she offers is in a sense that of the "scientific school," but she has so softened its harsh features and illumined them with the roseate light of the most idealistic Utopians that much of the likeness has gone. In a sense, the teachings are those of Marx and Engel, but the voice is that of Mazzini or Ruskin. And in the effort to idealize the crude materialism of the early Socialistic patrology and infuse new life into the latter-day Socialist scholastics, she has gravely imperilled the dogmatic system of the scientific faith at important points. In several passages she pins her faith in the ultimate triumph of Socialism to ideas which not merely form no part of the Marxian deposit of faith, but are opposed to its entire spirit. To choose but one instance: "The truth is that we are forced to agree with our tedious friends who insist that we must alter human nature if Socialism is to be a success" (p. 188). Compare this with the concluding sentence in Spargo and Arner's work noticed above: "So far from admitting that Socialism depends upon change in human nature, the Socialist contends that Socialism must come unless the fundamental passions which we call human nature are changed" ("Elements of Socialism," p. 368). The latter view is the "orthodox" one beyond question. It would be easy to multiply examples of similar divergences, and the anti-Socialist reader will find many passages in Miss Scudder's book that will help to fortify his convictions.

As for the "conservative Christian" reader, his view of the argument will depend very much upon the kind of "Christianity" that he holds. Throughout her book, and especially in the chapter on Socialism and Christianity (despite a certain irritating vagueness of phraseology), Miss Scudder makes it clear that her appeal is to a "Christianity" which has forgotten original sin, teaches that faith is little and works are much, and bids us look on its Founder as the greatest moral teacher the world has known—and no more. In this system Francis of Assisi is more than Augustine, and much more than Thomas of Aquin, if indeed there be room for Thomas at all. Doubtless there are many such "Christians," but the quarrel between Socialism and Christianity is not of their making. It is with that body of Christian thought the oldest and still the most numerous of all existing Christian bodies whose opposition to Socialism has been and still is continuous, ubiquitous, and uncompromising that a treaty must be struck if there is to be peace, and the terms that Miss Scudder proposes will not be acceptable to that body. How deeply she has misapprehended its position is apparent from many passages in her book. It is hardly too much to say that it is to the "Modernists" she looks for the soul of the Catholic Church. Now, whatever may be the rights and wrongs of the case, it is a clear fact that "Modernist" and "Catholic" are mutually exclusive terms, nor is the Catholic Church likely to accept William James on the Trinity (p. 351) any more readily than Miss Scudder's own view of the Atonement (p. 365). It is not necessary to insist upon these matters at length; the point is that the Catholic Church as it exists to-day will assuredly be no party to Miss Scudder's peace proposals. This may or may not be important from the Socialistic point of view, but it is important that there should be no confusion of thought upon the matter—and in Miss Scudder's book there *is* confusion.

CURRENT FICTION.

Julia France and Her Times. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Mrs. Atherton is never without something to say, but her voice grows a trifle strident as time passes. Julia France is the modern woman, and her times are the present—or, it may be, a few years in the future; for it is given us to understand that under Julia's leadership, the cause of suffrage is virtually won in England. Born and brought up in St. Kitts, she is married at eighteen to a dissolute British naval officer. Her mother is a dabbler in the occult, has cast her daughter's horoscope, and firmly believes that she is destined to be a great lady in England. The naval officer arrives at the predicted time, and as he is the heir-presumptive of a ducal title, the mother, though warned of his character, gives her daughter to him without hesitation. Young Julia, thanks to her innocence, merely dislikes instead of loathing him, and sets forth cheerfully enough for England, on her way to being a duchess. There she presently discovers the wickedness of the world in general and her husband in particular. When she finally makes her escape from him (not legally), it is to ally herself with the suffrage movement, and eventually to become its leader.

But with all her ardor of service for the new womanhood, she remains at heart in the bondage of her sex. In the end an American, a hustling Californian, is too much for her with his masculine claims, and, after due struggle, she abandons her great work to become a mere partner in his. Mrs. Atherton apparently thinks this a sad come-down, a typical instance of that instability which blocks the path of woman. "It is," she says, "a far cry from the primigenious female, or even the Sabines, to the women that compose the advance guard of their sex to-day." But there is still a great deal of inherited weakness for them to contend with, however strongly they may wish for independence, and however firmly that wish may be intrenched in reason. The book, nevertheless, is not unhopeful: already there are a goodly number of "women that are approaching closer and closer to that exact balance of masculine and feminine attributes which, when attained, will give them the one perfect happiness, setting them free, as it must, from the present curse of the race, the longing for completion." Julia France is not a willing victim. She succumbs to love as "a splendid disease induced by Nature to further her one end; accompanied by moments of humiliation called happiness, but which in the last analysis are but the prelude to a lifetime of every variety of sorrow and disillusion." She looks back with chagrin to her loss of comradeship with the women of a stronger type, "the women that steered safely clear of the smiling island with a thousand jagged teeth beneath the rippling waters, and elected to stand alone, were free to accept the other great gifts of life, to attain to a form of serenity and content beside which love and its delusions were the earthly hell."

This is all very interesting no doubt, but the fact remains that the one thing which makes Julia France worth while, from our gross point of view as novel-readers, is that she does give in, that we know from the outset she is going to give in, to the baleful dictates of nature. The superwoman is not yet an accredited heroine.

The Garden of Indra. By Michael White. New York: Duffield & Co.

To say that these stories could not be what they are if Kipling had never written the "Plain Tales from the Hills" is to range them with nearly all recent fiction dealing with India. As they were written for the American "Associated Sunday Magazines," it is safe to guess that their source, or model, may not have been suspected by the audience

at which they were aimed. And it is chiefly on the surface that the resemblance exists. Words like yogi, memsahib, rani, and chuprassy (it seems almost irreverent in Mr. White to spell it with a *y*) sprinklo the pages; and the style has that air of brisk omniscience which attached the undergraduate to the Kipling of twenty years ago. There is strong similiarity in the treatment of the nativo character. One tale, "His Caste," might really almost have been written by Kipling himself. But there is a striking and rather amusing difference between master and pupil. Kipling's stories are told from the point of view of tho Anglo-Indian, and his heroes are the gentry of the British Imperial service, civil or military. The hero of these tales, on the other hand—or of a large proportion of them—is the American tourist or business man. Now he is a physician from San Francisco—now a motor-car agent from New York, now a civil engineer. His occupation does not matter; he is young, conquering, the undying hero of romance—and an American into the bargain. His adventures are chronicled not without skill, but they are, as a whole, adventures of a trumped-up sort, mere ingenious inventions on the part of the author. The complaisance with which happy-ever-after matches are arranged between young America and the native princess or heiress would make Kipling turn in his grave, if fortune had as yet given him one.

It, and Other Stories. By Gouverneur Morris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Morris pursues so even a path in the production of short stories that he leaves the critic little to say when a new volume appears. The title story of the collection now published seems to one reader at least by no means in the author's best vein. The grewsomeness of the adventure somehow fails to impress. In such tales as that of the consumptive poet and the rich girl, or of the young couple who take their honeymoon on a vessel carrying wild animals and are wrecked on a small desert island with their variegated cargo, Mr. Morris is in his true vein. He can tweak the nose of the goddess Probability and come off with high-handed victory. He can do something more difficult artistically than that: he can write slang like a gentleman.

Naomi of the Island. By Lucy Thurston Abbott. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Here is a variation on the old story of the foundling and her locket. It was a good story in the beginning and its possibilities are not even now to be scoffed at. Moreover, the author in this case has been somewhat ingenious in her variations. The difficulty is, she was not able, apparently, to resist the temptation to load upon her tale all the odds and ends of local color collected from a visit to, say, Nantucket, and another to Porto Rico; while, to make matters worse, she has piled on also the impedimenta of a private fancy for dabbling in fascinating Oriental cults.

The foundling begins in tragic circumstances by being a very appealing and attractive little girl; she keeps on being attractive as a household drudge, as a laundry worker, as a rich young woman's governess, as a rich old woman's companion. She is not wholly bad (though the author is a little ill at ease with her there), as a beautiful lady receiving the devotion of a handsome gentleman and being rescued by him from a watery grave. But why should she be made to preach a funeral sermon?

A Man and his Money. By Frederic S. Isham. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Written in patent emulation of the "best sellers," Mr. Isham's latest novel reveals the skill of a practiced hand. The reader's curiosity is aroused by the opening episode on Fourteenth Street, New York. He is kept in suspense until the final scene in a Moscow café. He is thrilled by a succession of breathless pursuits, hair-breadth escapes, fierce midnight encounters, and the other familiar devices for stimulating the appetite of a jaded public. Of course, it is entirely unnecessary to add that the book contains not a single character. The hero is a bankrupt young millionaire, devoted and submissive. The heroine is a sylph-like heiress, cold and scornful. The villain is Boris Strogaroff, for the part nowadays almost has to be a Russian prince with a powerful steam yacht. The villain's assistant must, every one knows, be named Sonia.

PLURALISM AND THEISM.

The Realm of Ends, or Pluralism and Theism. By James Ward. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.25 net.

In his former series of Gifford Lectures, which make up the much discussed and twice reprinted volumes entitled "Naturalism and Agnosticism" (1899), Professor Ward addressed himself chiefly to the relatively easy task of exhibiting the incoherencies or the inconclusiveness of the two philosophies from which the book took its name. In the present series he assumes the more arduous responsibilities of the system-maker. In his case those responsibilities are further complicated by the special difficulties which confront the maker of philosophical compromises, the mediator between extreme views. For the nature of his undertaking is indicated rather by the subsidiary than by the principal title of the book. He has essayed a reconciliation and synthesis of a fairly radical and new-fashioned "pluralism" with a rather conservative and old-fashioned theism. In broad outline, the volume consists of an exposition and defence of pluralistic idealism; of a presentation of reasons why mere pluralism should be regarded as unsatisfactory, and theism be added thereto; and of an examination, on the one hand, into the "modifications" which such theism must demand of pluralism, and, on the other hand, into the degree in which the retention of a measure of pluralism must clip the wings of theism.

Few words ending in *-ism*, unfortunately, are of unequivocal meaning. Certainly neither "theism" nor "pluralism" is such a word. The latter, even if qualified by "idealistic," has (among others) two senses which are worth distinguishing, if only for the sake of making it clear that Professor Ward sets out to be a pluralist in both of those senses. He adheres, first of all, to the kind of pluralism that is peculiarly associated with the name of Leibniz, the kind that has recently been represented among us by the late Thomas Davidson (whose cosmic republic could "in its Constitution acknowledge no God"), by Professor Howison (who is at least no theist in Ward's sense), and by F. C. S. Schiller, whose newly reprinted "Riddles of the Sphinx" presents a combination of pluralism with theism partially analogous to Ward's. In other words, Professor Ward rejects both the premises and the conclusions of "absolute" or monistic idealism, for which he proposes the more expressive name of "singularism." There exist, he maintains, many distinct and independent selves which are contained in no single unity of experience, a multiplicity of free spirits, each unique, each possessing some unsharable inner life of its own external to the being of any other self, even though that other be called the Absolute. But the pluralism of "The Realm of Ends" does not stop with the setting up of a monadology; it goes on to the outlining of "a pluralistic universe" in something approaching William James's sense of that phrase. Two essential traits of such a universe are that it is irreducibly temporal, that in it, as James put it, "time is as real as anything, and nothing is great or static or eternal enough not to have some history"; and that the temporal process which characterizes it is a process of true becoming, in which "spontaneous" new beginnings occur, and thus a genuine, unpredictable creation of fresh reality takes place. In the earlier part of his book Professor Ward explicitly enough adopts this kind of pluralism as well as the other. Tho world is for him essentially an "historical" world; and its history is that of a truly "creative" evolution. In words

which recall Bergson he writes: "Evolution for the pluralist is always synthesis, and all real synthesis is creative synthesis." Even "natural laws" themselves are contingent products of evolution; they relate to that portion of the primal cosmic spontaneity which has (like Bergson's "matter") grown tame and domesticated, and settled down into regular habits.

Now, at just this time, there could scarcely be a graver or more opportune theme for the philosopher's consideration than the question whether, or in what sense, these two sorts of pluralism are reconcilable with a belief in God. The "singularism" of most of the absolute idealists—of Green, of the Cairds, of Royce—has been a theistic philosophy, at least by profession. Though it has been only through a cloudy and misleading use of language that that metaphysical doctrine has been made to seem consoling and edifying and inspiring, it has none the less, as a matter of fact, given philosophical form to the theistic beliefs of many thoughtful and religiously-minded persons. But singularism shows conspicuous signs of decline. Pluralism, in more senses than two, promises to be the dominant tendency in the reflective thought of the immediate future. But both of the kinds of pluralism mentioned have seemed to some of their most conspicuous representatives inconsistent with the sort of theism which has provided the framework of the usual religious conception of the universe. For example, Professor Howison's "multipersonal idealism," while, unlike Davidson's "religion of democracy," it finds room for a God (of a sort), finds no room for a Creator; if finite selves derived their being from another, their freedom, it declares, would become inconceivable—and their sin and suffering would be imputable only to the God that made them and enmeshed them with predestined evil round. James, again, finds in his pluralistic universe, "the strongest reasons for admitting the possibility," and even the probability, of "a superhuman co-consciousness." But this consciousness, "however vast it be, has itself an external environment, and consequently is finite." It is not complete, but is a being still struggling to fulfil its will; greater than we, it is not omnipotent. And, "though *primus inter pares*, in the midst of all the shapers of the great world's fate," even God cannot "absolutely guarantee the world's salvation." Bergson's *élan vital* seems still more remote from both the God of religious tradition and the Absolute of idealistic theology.

With only so much of a theism Professor Ward is not content; to so drastic an "either-or" he cannot reconcile himself. His God still keeps most of what James used to call "the monistic perfections." Thus, though temporal and progressive, "God's life is always perfect. Unchangeableness can be attributed to God as it can to none else beside." Again, God is *not* merely *primus inter pares;* the relation of God to other spirits "is not comparable to the interaction of one finite subject with another." He is transcendent, and yet, in some mystical and ineffable manner, immanent. And though finite selves are free, they owe their being and (presumably) their fundamental natures to a continuous divine act of creation.

To analyze and criticise Professor Ward's manner of achieving this ambitious synthesis is impossible within the limits of a review. That, in intellectual seriousness and philosophical and scientific learning, he rises to the height of the great argument, his readers cannot doubt. That he brings to it also entire logical intrepidity and a keen sense of consistency is not so clear. To many it must seem that his theism recants a great part of all that his pluralism affirmed—or *vice versa.* Certainly, he often appears oblivious of the presuppositions of his pluralism, in his theistic arguments. For the second sort of pluralism implies the abandonment of "the principle of sufficient reason" as a philosophical axiom. It involves the admission of a non-rational (though not necessarily irrational) element in reality, the possibility of disconnected "brute facts" which have no reason of conceptual necessity behind them. But for one who has apparently accepted this "radical empiricism," with its recognition of an indeterminate amount of contingency and logical discontinuity in things, Professor Ward in his later chapters makes an extraordinarily free use of the "principle of continuity," and of a form of the old cosmological argument *a contingentia mundi*, as premises of his reasoning.

The Connexion between Ancient and Modern Romance. By W. J. Courthope. (From the Proceedings of the British Academy, Vol. V.) New York: Henry Frowde.

The present Warton Lecture corrects the views of Thomas Warton regarding mediæval romance. This was not always purely fictitious, as Warton believed, but was in origin professedly historical, dealing, in some *langue romane*, with the matter of France, of Britain, or of Rome the Great. Thus it was not imported into Europe by the Arabians; nor was it free of influence from Greek and Roman literature. On the contrary, the change from its earlier historic and ethnic interests to its later interest in the fictitious love-adventures of individuals was due not only to the Celtic revolt from "the despotism of fact," but also, and largely, to the example of Greek fiction. Such, in outline, is the connection between ancient and mediæval romance.

Though these views are not wholly novel, it would be interesting to know whether Mr. Courthope has found any direct external evidence of the influence of Greek romance upon mediæval. There is enough indirect evidence, certainly, to raise such a presumption. The crusaders were in contact with Byzantine civilization, which had preserved the earlier Greek romances and was producing new ones as late as the twelfth century. The change from quasi-historical to fictitious and amatory plots was consummated by Chrétien de Troyes while in known contact with a crusading society. Specific internal evidence is furnished by similarity in themes—the theme, for example, found in "Cligés," and derived by Mr. Courthope from Xenophon of Ephesus, of the heroine who, by simulating death, escapes an odious marriage. But specific transmissions like this are doubtful. This theme may perfectly well have reached "Cligés," not by way of Xenophon's "Ephesiaca," but by way of popular story, which often did come from the Arabs, and another mark of whose popular origin is that it issued in ballads and fabliaux. In fact, the theme in question occurs in the "Arabian Nights" (Story of Ganem Ben Ayoub), in the ballad of "The Gay Goshawk" (Child, No. 96), and in Sermini's *novella* about the bourgeois, "Vannino e la Montanina." Despite, however, the uncertainty of any one case, or of any number of single cases, the bulk of such evidence of Greek influence—extending even to Saints' Legends, *e. g.*, that of St. Ursula—is so large that we may well retain the positive presumption while waiting for further research. Some knowledge of the distribution of the MSS. of Greek romances during the Middle Ages, some acknowledgment by mediæval writers of indebtedness to Greek fiction—of this kind are the *desiderata.*

Mr. Courthope's connection of ancient and mediæval romance with the romance of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is less sure of hand. He omits all mention of Boccaccio, the prime transmitter of romance material from the Middle Ages to the Renaissance. This function Boccaccio performed both in his romance "Filocolo," which relates anew the tale of Flore and Blanchefleur, and, in *novella* form, in numerous tales of the "Decameron." To English fiction of the Renaissance, more particularly, Boccaccio thus made very generous contributions from his own store of Greek and mediæval romance. Again, Mr. Courthope is definitely in error in asserting (pp. 3, 13) that the Greek novels and Sidney's "Arcadia" are little or not at all dependent upon supernatural machinery. Indeed, the elaborate structure of these romances, and of

much related literature (*e. g.*, the "Pastor Fido"), is essentially due to the employment of the epic-tragic legacy of oracles and dreams. These invert and complicate the plot, give it irony, suspense, and amplitude, and serve as an organic frame for its reverses and recognitions. Moreover, these same organic complications, originally involved in the use of "machinery," survive in modern story, still often built upon the epic convention *in medias res*.

Excellent once more are Mr. Courthope's remarks on modern fiction. He sees very truly that our realism is the reverse of a shield that is blazoned with the "cloudy symbols of a high romance." The filiation of the "realist" Richardson runs, not to the *picaro*, but to Sir Philip Sidney; and Mr. Courthope does not hesitate to speak of Richardson's romanticism (p. 14). The "romantic" Scott, on the other hand, presents a quasi-historical or ethnic background, involves in it the fictitious and personal love-affairs of a chivalrous hero, and, by way of humbler personages and incidents, adds the tang of realism. So that he is well said to have united "the principle of the *roman* with that of the *fabliau*."

The Eve of Catholic Emancipation. By the Right Rev. Monsignor Bernard Ward. In three volumes. Vols. I-II. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $6 net.

Son of that friend of Newman famous in the Oxford Movement as "Ideal" Ward, brother of Wilfrid Ward, and brother-in-law of the brilliant authoress of "Out of Due Time," Canon Ward belongs to a notable Catholic family in England. He is one of those intellectual English Catholics, who, believing with Fogazzaro that "la modernità è buona ma l'eterno è migliore," just avoid condemnation as Modernists. His volumes bear the *Imprimatur*. He wastes no words in vain declamation against the iniquitous oppression of Protestants in the past; for he is a modest, temperate, and well-trained historical scholar, proud of his membership in the Royal Historical Society. Though busy as president of St. Edmund's College, he is finding time to write a history of English Catholics since 1781. His earlier work, "The Dawn of the Catholic Revival in England," told the story up to 1803. The two volumes before us, when completed by a third to be published shortly, will continue the story down to the Emancipation Act of 1829. His material is drawn largely from manuscripts in the Catholic Westminster Archives.

Catholic Emancipation, as the author correctly insists, was primarily an Irish, not an English, question. In Ireland it affected some five million persons, in England not more than two hundred thousand. But in spite of this fact, the chief steps to obtain it during the years covered by these two volumes (1803-20) were taken by Englishmen, partly because the English Catholics were on the spot and partly because they included men of Parliamentary influence. The English Catholics were willing to allow the king a "veto" on the appointment of Catholic bishops—and there were many good precedents for such a negative control by the state over the church. But the Irish, who had more reason for fearing and hating Protestant control, vehemently objected to giving the King any such chance of interfering with the Catholic hierarchy. They agitated for "unconditional emancipation," and their policy was the one which triumphed in the end. When the English Catholics had failed year after year to get through both houses of Parliament an act of "emancipation with securities," it was left for the growing force of Daniel O'Connell and Irish agitation to obtain the unconditional act of 1829.

The greater part of these volumes, however, and the most valuable part, is not devoted to this often-told story, but to the less known activities of the English Catholics in their general work—their organization, colleges, Bible society, writings, and the dissensions within the Catholic fold. These dissensions, as the author frankly admits, were frequent and due in part to the domineering character and harsh language of Dr. Milner. This prelate, who began his career as Apostolic Vicar of the Midland Division, tried to supplant Dr. Poynter in the succession to the Southern Division which had its headquarters in London. When this intrigue failed, he got himself appointed agent in England of the bishops in Ireland, and as such found excuse for spending much of his time in London, where he came into frequent conflict with Dr. Poynter.

When Dr. Poynter and others in England founded a Catholic Bible Society and proposed to adopt the Protestant practice of distributing to the laity inexpensive Bibles in the vernacular (based, of course, on the Vulgate and provided with a proper preface and notes to guard the ignorant from error), Milner strenuously opposed the "Bibliomaniacs." Fortunately for his side of the case, the Pope just at this time condemned a somewhat similar Bible Society in Poland as "a most crafty device, by which the very foundations of religion are undermined." The Papal pronouncement led Dr. Poynter to change the name and modify the plans of the English Society, but not to cease altogether in the distribution of inexpensive Bibles. It is an important chapter in an age-long controversy.

Not least interesting are the pages dealing with the faithful Catholics who fled to England during the French Revolution. After the Concordat had been established in France, the Pope called upon all these former priests and bishops to resign the offices which they had once held in France. Fourteen of the bishops and many of the lower clergy in England refused to do so. They were supported by the active pen of Abbé Blanchard. Thus arose the new and troublesome schism of Blanchardism. Dr. Milner fulminated against the schismatics. One of their sympathizers tried to frighten him into silence by pretending to have authority from the Pope to summon him to Rome; but Dr. Milner neatly called his bluff by threatening him in turn with the penalties of *Præmunire*, for asserting in England a summons from a foreign potentate; the Blanchardite sympathizer promptly took to his heels and disappeared from the kingdom.

In the closing chapters on the literary activities of the English Catholics Mr. Ward has some interesting things to say about the author of the great Catholic history of England, Dr. Lingard. Lingard told a friend that he hoped to write a history which should be read by Protestants, for the more his work was read the less would that of Hume be in vogue. Dr. Milner harshly criticised Lingard's impartial and unimpassioned style, declaring that Lingard had failed to "display the beauty of holiness irradiating the doctrine and the heroes of Catholicity," and in so far had betrayed a golden opportunity for enforcing the Roman Catholic aspect of English history. The judgment of time has justified Lingard's, not Milner's, conception of history.

Explorations in the Island of Mochlos. By Richard B. Seager. Boston: American School of Classical Studies at Athens. $6.

Excavations in Crete have given the world many surprises. For archæologists who were accustomed to regard the civilization of classical Greece as the only period of true culture in Hellenic lands, it was an unexpected revelation to find that long before that time Crete was inhabited by a people of a highly artistic nature, surrounded by comforts and even luxuries, possessing a written language, and in active communication with the outside world. Gradually we have become accustomed to the fact that the Cretans had reached a high level of civilization as far back even as the end of the third millennium B. C. But before that time, *i. e.*, in the so-called Early Minoan period, we have hitherto supposed the Cretans to have been in an elementary stage. This supposition was chiefly based on the fact that the pottery of the period, was simple in character, being chiefly decorated with painted geometric designs such as we are accustomed to find with most primitive people.

The excavations at Mochlos, a small island off the coast of Eastern Crete, conducted by Mr. Seager in the spring and summer of 1908, shed new light on this question and make us revise our theories. A cemetery belonging chiefly to the Early Minoan period on that site yielded objects which were astonishingly advanced both in technique and artistic feeling. Foremost among these is a rich harvest of stone vases carved with wonderful accuracy out of hard materials, such as veined marble, breccia, steatite, and limestone. "At first glance," Mr. Seager writes, "one would suppose that these vases were the work of a skilled lapidary, but on examination it appears that they were not turned on a wheel, but were roughly shaped into the required form and then ground down by hand. How such a task was accomplished is, in these days of machinery, difficult to conceive, as each vase must represent weeks of patient labor." A curious feature about the vases is that they come to light as finished products, without apparently any previous stage of development, such as we should expect in so difficult a process. This circumstance the author explains by the theory that Minoan sailors had communications with Egypt, where they saw similar stone vases, and brought the technique into their own country. But that the Cretan vases are not merely imported from Egypt, but actually made in Crete, is shown by their shapes, the majority of which are essentially non-Egyptian. When compared with their Egyptian models they are perhaps not as accurately cut, but are more beautiful in shape and coloring.

Besides the stone vases, nearly one hundred and fifty gold ornaments were found, some of extremely delicate workmanship, which again show a surprising state of prosperity at this early period. The love of naturalism, which was to become such a dominant feature in Late Minoan art, already made its appearance, for there are hairpins in the shape of daisies and crocuses.

The Early Minoan pottery which was brought to light in this cemetery is of the primitive kind already familiar at other sites, so that we must deduce that, while the stone-cutter and goldsmith had made great advance in their arts, the pottery had not. In addition to Early Minoan material, the cemetery at Mochlos yielded some fine examples of Middle Minoan and Late Minoan I pottery. But foremost among these later finds must be mentioned a gold signet ring from a Late Minoan I burial, perhaps the most important object turned up by Mr. Seager's excavations. Its significance is due to the scene engraved on the bezel, which appears to represent the advent of the Mother Goddess to the land of Crete. This ring has gained further notoriety through its mysterious disappearance from the Candia Museum, where it had been placed with the other Mochlos finds. It has not yet been traced, and it is fortunate that a careful drawing of it had been made previous to its loss.

The book is an excellent record of these excavations, for not only are the finds carefully described and illustrated, partly in good color plates, but the conditions in which they were discovered are conscientiously set forth in every case. In fact, as we read between the lines which describe these ancient tombs, often washed away by rains or disturbed by pillagers in later ages, we realize that the work of excavation is one requiring extensive knowledge and infinite patience, one that can safely be entrusted only to carefully trained and experienced workers. We may congratulate ourselves that Mr. Seager is an excavator of that type and that therefore the excavation at Mochlos has been conducted and the material from it published in a manner to yield most to scientific research. There is one adverse comment to make on the arrangement of the illustrations. Though the objects from each tomb are all described together, they are depicted often on different plates according to their periods and materials. This arrangement necessitates a continuous turning of pages which becomes distinctly burdensome. Moreover, owing to the entire absence of descriptive titles accompanying the illustrations, it is impossible to get a clear idea of the material found without in each case consulting the text, which is sometimes 20 or 30 pages away from the picture.

Notes

Thomas Medwin's "Life of Shelley," originally published in 1847, will be issued by Frowde in a new and revised edition. Buxton Forman, who has been at great pains to decipher and arrange Medwin's manuscript alterations and corrections, has long been engaged upon the work.

Among the books promised for this month by Sturgis & Walton Co. are "My Memoirs," by Madame Steinheil, and "The Genetic Philosophy of Education," by G. E. Partridge, with an introduction by G. Stanley Hall.

Moffat, Yard & Co. announce a new series for children entitled When Mother Lets Us Travel, the first volume of which —"When Mother Lets Us Travel in Italy," by Mrs. Charlotte M. Martin—will be out this spring.

The Century Company has in press "The Citadel," a new novel by Samuel Merwin.

Books which will be issued shortly by Putnam include: "Pitching in a Pinch, and Other Stories of the Big League," by Christy Mathewson; "The Devil's Wind," by Patricia Wentworth; "My Friendship with Prince Hohenlohe," by Baroness von Hedemann; "Personal Recollections of the War of the Rebellion: Addresses Delivered before the Commandery of the State of New York, Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States," edited by A. Noel Blakeman, Vol. IV; "Edward Fitzgerald Beale: A Pioneer in the Path of Empire, 1822—1903," by Stephen Bonsal; "The Historic Jesus," by Charles Stanley Lester, and "The Promise of the Christ Age in Recent Literature," by William Eugene Mosher.

The same house, as representatives of the Cambridge University Press, announces: "The Ballad in Literature," by T. F. Henderson; "Cæsar in Britain and Belgium," simplified text, with introduction, notes, exercises, and vocabulary, by J. H. Sleeman; "A First-Year Latin Book," by John Thompson, and "A Revised English Grammar," being a new edition of "The Elements of English Grammar," by Alfred S. West.

Recent and forthcoming books in the list of Fleming H. Revell Co. include: "American-Japanese Relations," by Kiyoshi K. Kawakami; "The Chinese at Home," by J. Dyer Ball; "The Battle of Principles," by Newell Dwight Hillis; "Towards a Perfect Man," by Henry W. Clark; "The Call of the Christ," by Herbert L. Willett; "The Cross: The Report of a Misgiving," by G. A. Johnston Ross; "How the Cross Saves," by Robert F. Horton; "The Owl's Nest: A Vacation among 'Isms,'" by Anne Gilbert; "In Bethany House," by Mary Elizabeth Smith; "Jonah of Gath-Hepher," by Rev. Edward A. Marshall; "Sunrise: Behold He Cometh," by G. Campbell Morgan; "The Land of Your Sojournings," by Rev. Wilfred S. Hackett; "Twice-Born Men," by Harold Begbie; "The Personal Touch," by J. Wilbur Chapman; "The Church and Her Children," by Henry W. Hulbert; "Spiritual Culture and Social Service," by Charles S. MacFarland; "The Law of the Tithe," by Arthur V. Babbs; "Christian and Mohammedan," by George F. Herrick; "Character Building in China," by Robert McCheyne Mateer, and "A Glimpse of the Heart of China," by Edward C. Perkins.

Dodd, Mead & Co. bring out this week George Barr McCutcheon's novel, "Her Weight in Gold," and "Midnight at Mears House," a detective story by Harrison Jewell Holt.

A. A. Jack's "Poetry and Prose," which came to us from London, and was reviewed at considerable length, November 16, 1911, is now regularly issued in this country under the imprint of E. P. Dutton & Co.

In the introduction of a new edition of David Pryde's "What Books to Read and How to Read" (Funk & Wagnalls), Francis W. Halsey gives interesting figures concerning the annual output of books in several countries. About ten years ago the number of books published annually in the United States reached 5,000, in Great Britain 7,000; the estimate for the present year will probably be close to 10,000 for each country. Of this 20,000, an allowance of 5,000 may be made for books counted twice, that is, those which are issued both here and in England. Ten years ago, in Italy, the total was 9,500; in France, 13,000; in Germany, 23,000, and the grand

total for the whole world at that time was estimated by *Le Droit d'Auteur* to be 70,500. The magnitude of the increase can be known from the fact that Germany's present annual output has been placed at 30,000. The contrast between the present and the century or two subsequent to the invention of printing, as to the number of books in existence, is, of course, tremendous:

In 1650, at one of the book fairs which it was then the custom to hold every twenty-five years in Germany, the books shown numbered only 950, and no marked increase occurred thereafter for seventy-five or a hundred years. In 1725 the total shown at the fair was only 1,032, and in 1750 only 1,290. With the opening of the next century came the great increase, the number shown in 1800 being 4,012, while fifty years later (1846) its number was 10,536. In the United States for a period of 136 years (1640-1776) the total output, including almanacs, sermons, and law books, was only 8,000. . . . In 1900 "The American Catalog" was able to record, as then in print in the United States, 170,000 books.

There must be much of omission or compression, or both, in a small book of recollections of eighty active years. Both of these qualities mark the "Reminiscences" of James Burrill Angell (Longmans); moreover, the 258 pages are oddly proportioned, little more than one-seventh of them being devoted to President Angell's thirty-eight years as head of the University of Michigan. More strangely still, the section given over to this period of his career is the most colorless part of the volume, consisting merely of a series of characterizations of "the more prominent of the professors who are no longer living," and of a rapid survey of the history of the University. The best portion of the book is its first two chapters, in which Dr. Angell gives some account of life in New England two generations ago, and a narrative of a journey through the South just ten years before the war. The writer is naturally interested in changes in educational methods, and the description of his early school days, in which he studied English by parsing Pope's "Essay on Man" and "that dolorous book," Pollock's "Course of Time," is both entertaining and informing. It seems almost incredible that there should be living a man who went to Brown University when the faculty numbered seven. The chapter on the Southern Journey is a vivid picture of what Angell and a companion encountered on a horseback, train, coach, and steamer tour. They arrived at Columbia in time to attend commencement at the University of South Carolina in the autumn of 1850. The president's address to the students "was solely an appeal to them to abide by the State in the dissolution of the Union which he regarded as inevitable." The accounts of President Angell's diplomatic missions to China and Turkey contain pictures of Li Hung-Chang and Abdul Hamid. Elsewhere there are glimpses of Robert Browning, Matthew Arnold, Grover Cleveland, and others. In these pages especially, but throughout the book in only less degree, there is a naïveté that is unusual in one who has so long been a public figure.

William H. Rideing, who publishes his reminiscences as "Many Celebrities and a Few Others" (Doubleday, Page), passed his boyhood in Liverpool, where "those staggering voyages to Boston and New York" brought the Civil War so near, it "might have been at our doors and the Mersey running red with the carnage." His literary ambitions, when "all light literature had a Dickens flavor," brought him to New York in the early seventies and apprenticed him, at the age of seventeen, to Samuel Bowles of the Springfield *Republican*. Later he served on the New York *Tribune* during the exposure and defeat of the Tweed Ring and the Liberal Republican nomination of Horace Greeley for the Presidency. The story of his early years and his memories of Bohemian life in New York, which mingle living names with names now half forgotten, gain color and interest from the personal point of view. But when the author becomes an editor of the *Youth's Companion* and the *North American Review*, he discreetly retires, and the rest of the book contains unrelated chapters on celebrated writers, actors, statesmen, and men of affairs with whom the editor has had professional and social relations.

Mr. Rideing shows considerable power of characterization, and many of his portraits —Aldrich, Stedman, Hardy, Harold Frederic, John Watson, Archibald Forbes, Lady St. Helier, Sir Henry Lucy, H. G. Wells, R. D. Blackmore, Gladstone—are drawn with a happy and pregnant pen. The anecdotes vary in merit; some are told with verve, others come more lamely off. John Watson, we are told, "milked the cow of human kindness until it tottered." A visit to Moor Park calls forth half a page of Macaulay's account of Swift and Stella. "If you had remained in England," Aldrich tells our author, "you would never have learned to write such good English." And thus certain grave questions of usage—the split infinitive, "I would like," "as mention of themselves go," "unworth his notice," "vividity," the meaning of *Qui* [sic] *bono?*—become matters of international importance. Two prophecies, one political, one literary, in which Mr. Rideing indulges, are not without interest. Howells's "An Ambitious Woman," now neglected, "may turn up in the time to come when revolution has thrown this republic into the hands of a dictator, and the excesses of the dictator have led to a constitutional monarchy." "I admire Mr. Wells for both the trenchant simplicity of his style, its ease and grace, its honesty, its unlabored and tranquil movement—'Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full'—and for the profundity of his insight into human nature, and I predict that his works will long outlast those of most of his contemporaries in fiction."

"Roughing It in Southern India," by Mrs. M. A. Handley (Longmans), embodies the unusual experiences of the wife of a British forest officer, whose duties take him from the ordinary stations at any time into dense jungles, along the margins of malarial swamps, and past villages decimated by smallpox or cholera. The life had its fascinations, as these pages amply testify. It would be difficult to find elsewhere so graphic an account of the sports peculiar to the region, and, viewed merely as a contribution to the chapter of animal intelligence, the author's observations of the behavior of tigers, elephants, bisons, and snakes were well worth communicating. She more than confirms all that other travellers have told us about the skill of the elephant in a timber-yard and as a feller of trees, and says much that is pertinent as to the futile measures of the British Government for the capture of the man-eating tiger. The gradual increase of the reward for the slaying of a particularly vicious monster has, it seems, only the effect of making the natives postpone their efforts at capture until the highest offer has been reached. In her opinion, the danger to Europeans from snake-bites has been much exaggerated. "In all the years I spent in India," she says, "never, to my remembrance, did I hear of an authenticated case of death from snake-bite among Europeans." Good judgment and a little skill easily avert danger. Among the weirdest experiences is the hair-breadth escape of the population of an entire district from inoculation, owing to the mistake of an official, with lymph taken from the most leprous village in southern India. A messenger arrived in breathless haste just as Mrs. Handley and her husband were preparing for the operation. Of the more peaceful aspects of a forest officer's life in India, less is told than would have been useful, considering that his duties include the planting of new tracts, the conserving of forests, the supplying of timber for the trades, and the collecting of spices, silk, cotton, turpentine, etc.; nor are the cities visited—Calicut, Coimbatore, and others—more than mentioned. True to its title, the book is concerned mainly with adventures, and supplies them in abundant measure and with considerable literary skill.

The Minnesota Historical Society has always been greatly interested in the archæology and ethnology of the State. This has been largely due to the prominence in its councils of three men, Alfred J. Hill, T. H. Lewis and J. V. Brower. These three men collected, during the course of many years, material for a survey of the Indian remains of the region. They themselves never published a complete account of their researches, but their results are now published by the Historical Society in a volume entitled, "The Aborigines of Minnesota," which is edited by N. H. Winchell. The volume is illustrated with thirty-six half-tone page prints, innumerable folded maps, and figures inserted in the text. Its 761 pages are replete with information upon the natives of Minnesota, and contain without doubt the most exhaustive study that has ever been made of the Dakota and Ojibwa Indians. Here are found elaborate accounts and maps of the various Indian mounds, and a full discussion of Indian life with illustrations of the implements and utensils. The volume sets a high standard in this line of investigation for other Western societies.

"Social Historians" (Badger), by Harry A. Toulmin, jr., is an enthusiastic consideration of the Southern novelists, Page, Cable, Craddock, Allen, and Harris. Why the word social is used in the title doth not appear from the treatment. No analysis of the society depicted in the fiction of those writers gives the book unity. No divination of the distinctive qualities of Southern civilization or of its "historians" disturbs the eclectic process of the author's thought. Nor does any fastidious regard for logic preside over the elaboration of his phrases or his choice of figures of speech.

The publication of "The Classical Pa-

pers of Mortimer Lamson Earle" (Columbia University Press) reminds us of the loss to the cause of classical learning in this country when Professor Earle died in 1905 at the age of forty. His scholarship was of a type that has always been rare in America. Though his first love was archæology, and he seemed always most at home in Greece, his chief work was done in textual criticism and the interpretation of obscure words and phrases, and, as those who knew him will remember, his mind was usually intent on some question of this sort, as a mathematician's is absorbed by some delicate problem. He would probably have found an English University, where such questions are constantly under discussion, more congenial than our academic atmosphere where the science of emendation has been rather neglected; and if one were to look for his like in our day, one would find him most akin to an English scholar, the late Walter Headlam of Cambridge. Euripides was his favorite, and one of the best of these studies is devoted to tracing echoes of the "Medea" in the "Trachiniæ" of Sophocles. His editions of the "Alcestis" and "Medea" are admirable pieces of work. Some of these papers are written in Latin, which Mr. Earle preferred to English in the discussions in his Seminar at Columbia, and always recommended for dissertations. He made no concessions to the modern tendency to take the drudgery of the classics for granted as having been done for us, or as being done, by the Germans, leaving us free to discuss what is "literary" and "interesting." For him the study of the classics was an exact science, and he neglected no branch of philology or archæology that might contribute to his equipment. The papers before us range over a wide field and are a lasting monument of which any scholar might be proud. The Introduction, by the late Professor Ashmore, is a well-written appreciation of Mr. Earle's personality and scholarship. The frontispiece is an excellent portrait of Mr. Earle, and there is a good reproduction of the statue, probably of Dionysus, which he discovered at Sicyon when he was only twenty-five. In an Appendix is a bibliography of Mr. Earle's editions and contributions to the classical journals and a few original poems and translations. The marginal notes in his books were usually written in modern Greek, and a specimen is given here of his Greek script, which has been justly called "more beautiful than Porson's." The whole volume will be read with the mixture of admiration and regret with which one contemplates the too brief career of one who is best described in the old-fashioned phrase "scholar and gentleman."

For many years the late Philip Schaff's "Creeds of Christendom," in three volumes, has been a standard work. The Rev. Dr. William A. Curtis of the University of Aberdeen is the author of "A History of Creeds and Confessions of Faith" (Scribner), which, in one volume, supplies the text of the ancient ecumenical symbols, summarizes the teaching of the later and less important creeds, and recites the history and fortunes of all official statements of doctrinal belief. The volume is comprehensive, including the articles of religion of the Mormons, the Salvation Army, and the Christian Scientists, with a chapter on religious formulas of non-Christian bodies. Such a work demands painstaking scholarship, in which Dr. Curtis is not lacking. He is judicial and fair, and in philosophic insight excels his predecessor, Dr. Schaff. It may be said that disproportionate space is allowed to the dogmas of the smaller and less significant religious bodies, but, on the other hand, one valuable feature of the volume is the ready information it offers regarding the beliefs of religious organizations whose authoritative utterances are not usually accessible. The concluding chapter, on Subscription and Its Ethics, is written with generous appreciation, both of the right of a church to maintain a creed, and the difficult duty of the individual to be loyal at the same time to the institution he has pledged to serve, and to his reverence for truth in a progressive age. One lays down a survey of the creeds of the Christian centuries with a feeling of regret at their necessity, like that ascribed to Hilary of Poitiers:

> Faithful souls would be contented with the word of God, which bids us "Go, teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." But also we are drawn by the faults of our heretical opponents to do things unlawful, to scale heights inaccessible, to speak out what is unspeakable, to presume where we ought not.

The Insel-Verlag of Leipzig has just issued what will be recognized by scholars as the definitive edition of the famous correspondence between Schiller and Goethe ("Der Briefwechsel zwischen Schiller und Goethe," 3 vols.). The first two volumes contain the text of the letters, published from the original manuscripts, so far as these were accessible, most of them being in the Goethe and Schiller Archives in Weimar. The revision of the text is the work of Prof. Hans Gerhard Gräf, whose careful comparison of the original letters with the printed editions resulted in the discovery of a large number of incorrect readings in the latter. To be sure, the new readings are not of far-reaching significance, but it was hardly to be expected that at this late date an editor would find his predecessors guilty of so many small oversights. Most of the errors were discovered in the printed text of Schiller's letters. The third volume, the work of Prof. Albert Leitzmann of the University of Jena, is devoted to a full commentary and a comprehensive index. Leitzmann's notes, embodying, as they do, a large number of gleanings from his own researches, together with the results of other scholars' investigations, make this annotated edition by far the most useful on the market. Now that the Weimar edition of Goethe is virtually completed, we may expect new and better editions of the other important Goethe correspondences.

A History of Inland Transport and Communication in England (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.), by Edwin A. Pratt, is the introductory volume in a series of books on the national industries of England. It is a detailed story of the development of transportation in its relation to industrial life and progress. No phase of the subject is neglected. Consideration is given to roads, rivers, canals, turnpikes, railways, tramways, and railless electric traction. Facilities for communication include pack-horses, wagons, stage-coaches, "flying" and mail-coaches, private carriages, posting, hackney coaches, cabs, omnibuses, cycles, motors, motor buses, and aeroplanes. The story is elaborately and at the same time entertainingly told. Mr. Pratt finds that, as in the United States, the turnpike system was defective, badly administered, and burdensome to the taxpayers, and yet that it brought about some improvement in the roads. The last of the turnpikes on public roads disappeared in England in 1896. With reference to the resuscitation of the English canals, the author takes the sound view that it would be an unprofitable expenditure of public funds which might better be used in lightening the burden of taxation on the railways and permitting them the more efficiently to serve the public. There is no defence for the policy, advocated in this country as well as in England, of constructing waterways that have little prospect of becoming highways of traffic, merely for the purpose of keeping railway rates down. Regulation can be accomplished in other ways more economically. Railway rates are high in England, but when the necessary investment is considered—the enormous cost of rights of way, which must be procured by private purchase, with no eminent domain privileges, the Parliamentary costs of procuring charters, and other expenses incidental to construction—the wonder from Mr. Pratt's point of view is that they are as low as they are. While in the future there will be developments in all rival methods of transportation, the author expects no formidable rivalry for the railway from either waterways, motor transport, or aerial locomotion. Electricity as a motive power may supersede steam to a considerable extent, especially for suburban traffic, but the railway will remain.

The death is reported from Santa Barbara, Cal., of Robert Cameron Rogers, at the age of fifty-two. He graduated from Yale in 1883, and was the author of "Wind in the Clearing, and Other Poems," "Will o' the Wasp," "Old Dorset," "Chronicles of a New York Country Side," "For the King, and Other Poems," and "The Rosary, and Other Poems."

Among those who perished in the wreck of the Titanic was William Thomas Stead, who is, perhaps, best known as the editor of the London *Review of Reviews*, and as the founder of an American journal of that name. He was born in 1849, and received only a rudimentary schooling. Mr. Stead was long active in the cause of peace. He founded and edited the weekly *War Against War*, attended the Hague Conference, and strongly opposed the war with the Transvaal. He was also the author of a long list of books, among them "Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon," "The Truth About Russia," "If Christ Came to Chicago," "The Labour War in the United States," "A Study of Despairing Democracy," "The United States of Europe," "The Americanisation of the World," "and "The Last Will and Testament of Cecil John Rhodes."

Another victim of the Titanic disaster was Jacques Futrelle, whose life was cut off at the age of thirty-seven. After a brief education in the schools of Georgia, where he was born, he engaged in newspaper work, and, for a time, was a theatrical manager. Among the stories which bear his name are "The Chase of the Golden Plate," "The Thinking Machine," "The Simple Case of

Susan," "Elusive Isabel," and "The Diamond-Master."

Dr. Yung Wing, scholar, statesman, and a pioneer in the movement which has resulted in a new China, is dead in Hartford, Conn. He was born in 1828 and graduated from Yale in 1854. In 1872-4 he brought 120 Chinese youths to the United States to be educated. In the *coup d'état* of 1898, by which the Empress Dowager got control of the Government, Yung Wing became allied with the reform party. Yale bestowed upon him in 1876 the degree of doctor of laws.

Bram (Abraham) Stoker, whose death is reported from London, was born in Dublin in 1858. He followed his father into civil service in Ireland, serving meanwhile as literary, art, and dramatic critic on several daily newspapers. In 1878 he became the business adviser of Henry Irving, when the latter took over the Lyceum Theatre, and enjoyed a close friendship with him for many years. Later he joined the literary staff of the London *Daily Telegraph*. He was a medallist of the Royal Humane Society. Besides "The Duties of Clerks of Petty Sessions in Ireland" and "Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving," he wrote a number of novels which had a considerable vogue, among them "Under the Sunset," "The Snakes' Pass," "The Watter's Mou'," "Dracula," and "The Jewel of Seven Stars."

Science

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

WASHINGTON, April 18.

The annual spring meeting of the Academy was held at the National Museum on April 16, 17, and 18. The meeting, though well attended, showed an unusual dearth of papers by members of the Academy, only three being read out of six announced. This was compensated by a remarkably successful innovation: three addresses of about an hour each were delivered in Wednesday's public session by non-members, at the invitation of the Council.

In Tuesday's session, Prof. George E. Hale, director of the Mount Wilson Solar Observatory, described the new tower telescope of that observatory. The usual types of telescopes have been the refractor, consisting of a lens set in a tube mounted equatorially, that is, carried upon an axis parallel to that of the earth, and forming an image of the heavenly body that moves about, as the earth revolves, and, secondly, of a reflecting concave mirror similarly mounted, and forming likewise a moving image. In recent years fixed telescopes have been used, into which the light of the heavenly body is thrown by one or two mirrors, constituting a siderostat or coelostat, the latter of which is so ingeniously arranged that the image of the heavens not only stands still, but does not revolve as the earth turns. Of this sort is the horizontal telescope at Mount Wilson. There are also occasionally used fixed telescopes, by means of which a very brief event, like a solar eclipse, may be observed without disturbance due to the earth's rotation. But in order to do away with difficulties due to the rising of currents of heated air, the most satisfactory form of telescope is that designed by Mr. Hale, and consisting of a vertical tower, upon the top of which is carried the coelostat and the object lens, while the image is formed at the bottom near the ground, the rays travelling vertically downwards.

The new tower telescope, the second one built, is on a steel tower 165 feet high, of openwork construction, so devised that there is an inner tower which carries the optical parts, and is itself protected from the wind and heat and cold by an outer tower, carried on a totally independent foundation. Although the wind can blow through the whole structure, the telescope is remarkably steady. But the tower is not the only novelty. The work of the Solar Observatory is indicated by Mr. Hale's half-serious definition of a telescope as an instrument for forming an image of the sun or a star on the slit of a spectroscope. In other words, it is the latter instrument which gives the chief information regarding the structure of the heavenly body. In the present case the spectroscope is in a deep well below the tower, at the bottom of which is placed the grating for forming the spectrum, while the photographic plate upon which it is fixed is again at the surface of the ground. With this apparatus sun-spots may be as well photographed on any ordinary day as might have been done formerly during a solar eclipse, a rare and eagerly awaited event. Thus the remarkable magnetic effect of the solar vortices discovered by Mr. Hale, as well as the many characteristic features of the sun's surface, may be studied in great perfection.

California is a favored region for astronomy. While the Mount Wilson Observatory is chiefly interested in a particular star of the greatest importance, namely, our sun, the Lick Observatory has dealt with large numbers of other stars, and its director, W. W. Campbell, presented the results of his investigations of many years under the three titles: Radial velocities of 213 brighter Class A stars, radial velocities of 190 brighter Class F stars, and Some characteristics of stellar motions. By radial velocity is meant motion towards or away from us, and this well illustrates the difference between the old astronomy of position and the new astro-physics: the old astronomy cannot detect radial motion, as a star coming directly towards us does not seem to change its position in the heavens, and the telescope shows it as fixed. What the telescope can detect is the so-called proper motion, sidewise or up and down, that is, the relative motions of the stars with respect to one another. All that we can find in this way is the angular velocity of a star, as its actual velocity through space would depend on its distance away, which is unknown to us. The radial velocity is determined by the spectroscope, by means of the principle of Doppler, that a luminous body approaching us has the lines of its spectra displaced towards the blue, while one receding has them oppositely displaced towards the red. So great is the possible accuracy of measurement of the spectrum lines that the velocity of the star may be ascertained to one part in one hundred and fifty thousand. One of the most beautiful applications of this method is the determination of the orbits of stars that the spectroscope shows to be double, moving about their common centre of gravity, the motions being indicated by the periodic displacement of the spectral lines. Previous to 1900 only one in thirty-six of all catalogued stars was known to be double, but now by the aid of the spectroscope we know that one in every four is double. Professor Campbell shows how the radial velocities vary with the stage of evolution of the stars, and concludes that as the stars grow older their velocity increases, at first slowly, and later rapidly. He also believes that he has confirmed the theories of Poincaré and George Darwin on the generation of double stars by fission and subsequent separation.

W. J. Humphreys of the United States Weather Bureau presented a paper on the timely subject of "Holes in the Air," a term introduced by the aviator, who sometimes falls into them with disastrous results. These he classified as aerial fountains, or uprushes of air above a heated hill, like the hot air rising from a chimney; aerial cataracts or cascades, where the air, blowing against a mountain flows over it and falls rapidly on the farther side; aerial strata, with billows at the surface of discontinuity in the current, and aerial torrents of cold air flowing down valleys. Inasmuch as the support of an aeroplane depends solely on the relative velocity of the plane and the air, an aviator flying in a certain stratum may descend into one where the motion of the air is the same as his own motion, he thus loses his means of sustention and falls. In the other forms described he may be upset.

On Wednesday the members of the Academy and the public were entertained and instructed by three discourses of some length by non-members invited by the Council. Dr. Harvey Cushing of the Johns Hopkins Hospital presented in a most lucid manner some observations on the functions of the pituitary body. This is a small gland of about the size of a pea, situated in almost the centre of the head, just behind the

nasal cavity, and very difficult of access. It may be seen on X-ray photographs, and some idea obtained of whether or not it is of the proper size. Dr. Cushing has shown that this, like other ductless glands of the body (that is, glands discharging not externally, but into the circulation), produces chemical results that affect the general organization, so that no one of them can be removed without upsetting the whole chemical balance. If the secretion of this gland is insufficient, or if it is removed, the subject shows loss of temperature, slow pulse, and a state of almost coma. He refuses to develop, and remains infantile, while nourished to a state of obesity. At the same time the field of vision is greatly narrowed, owing to pressure exerted on the optic nerve. In the case of glandular overactivity, the opposite symptoms are found, namely, overgrowth, so that a state of gigantism, which may be found in a whole family, may supervene. All these facts were demonstrated by many most interesting and hideous lantern-slides. Dr. Cushing's remarkable clinical and experimental skill was highly complimented.

Dr. J. A. Holmes of the United States Bureau of Mines read a paper on "The National Phases of the Mining Industry," in which he pointed out the tardy action of the States, and showed the peril which we risk of the exhaustion of our coal.

Dr. C. G. Abbot, director of the Astrophysical Observatory of the Smithsonian Institution, delivered a most interesting lecture on the "Solar Radiation," describing the work of that Observatory, first under Langley and then under himself, in determining the value of the solar constant, that is, the amount of heat received by us from the sun. This involves a study of the distribution of heat in the different parts of the spectrum, by means of Langley's wonderfully sensitive bolometer, an electric thermometer which is passed successively through the spectrum. As an important by-product of this investigation we find how nearly the sun acts like a hot *black* body, that is, one that radiates all colors equally well, and also find the temperature of the sun to be about 6,000 degrees centigrade. The main part of the work, however, consists in measuring the heat that falls on a given area of surface by means of the pyrheliometer, which in Abbot's form consists of a disk of silver of the size of a dollar, suitably screened, and containing a thermometer, whose rate of rise measures the heat received. This must be done not only at sea-level, but at various altitudes, and has been carried out on the summit of Mount Whitney, three miles high, the highest point in the United States; on the top of Mount Wilson, one mile high, and finally in Algeria. All this is necessary in order to find out how much heat is absorbed by the atmosphere before reaching us. The most remarkable result of the observations, which have occupied above ten years, is that the heat received from the sun is not constant, but varies from year to year or from month to month; in other words, the sun is a variable star. Abbot's result is that we receive per minute enough heat to warm two grammes of water one degree centigrade on each square centimetre of area. For these researches Abbot last year was awarded the Barnard medal.

At the business session on Thursday the following were elected members of the Academy: Robert Williams Wood, professor of physics, Johns Hopkins; Roland Thaxter, professor of botany, Harvard; Charles Benedict Davenport, director of the Station for Experimental Evolution, Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y.; William Morton Wheeler, professor of entomology, Harvard; Samuel James Meltzer, physiologist, Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, New York; Harry Fielding Reid, professor of geophysics, Johns Hopkins; David White, palæobotanist, United States Geological Survey; John Jacob Abel, professor of pharmacology, Johns Hopkins.

The Academy now consists of 124 members, including these.

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.

Science books in Putnam's list include: "The Fine Points of Auction Bridge, together with an Exposition of the New Count," by Florence Irwin; "Astronomy in a Nutshell," by Garrett P. Serviss; in the Cambridge County Geographies series, "West London," "Oxfordshire," and "Breconshire'; "A Beginner's Star-Book," by Kelvin McKready; "Microbes and Toxins," by Dr. Etienne Burnet of the Pasteur Institute, with an introduction by Elie Metchnikoff, and the following volumes of the Cambridge University Press: "Principia Mathematica," by Alfred North Whitehead. Vol. II; "Differential Geometry of Curves and Surfaces," by A. R. Forsyth, and "Physical Geogaphy for South Africa," by Alexander L. Du Toit.

In "A Practical Handbook of Trees, Shrubs, Vines, and Herbaceous Perennials" (Ballard Co.), by John Kirkgaard, more than 100 pages of the 400 are given to fine illustrations of selected plants and to sketches of plans for planting. These are excellent both in artistic effect and in mechanical execution. The last fifty pages contain sensible directions in regard to the management of garden plants and their defence from insect pests. The entire body of the book between these two valuable parts is given up to a catalogue of plants adapted to our northern conditions. The nomenclature is correct and the information, such as it is, is trustworthy, but we fail to see what advantage this section of the volume possesses over any of the first-class catalogues which now flood the market. In fact, some of the catalogues give more detailed and more specific instructions regarding the cultivation of the different species. Therefore our commendation of this book must be confined to the pictures and the elementary hints. The improved photographic processes for engraving have revolutionized horticultural illustrations, and charming plates now replace everywhere the crude and yet costly wood-engravings of a few years ago. Some of the engravings in this volume are among the most effective which we have yet seen.

A vivid idea of the mental and physical energy which is expended in the preparation of cinematographic films is given by Frederick A. Talbot in "Moving Pictures, How They Are Made and Worked" (Lippincott). Every side of life is graphically caught and no one in a public place can be sure that later he will not see himself thrown upon the screen as a part of a plot designed by some enterprising picture man. The most interesting part of the book explains the devices by which moving pictures produce illusion. That dummies are freely used is, of course, well known, yet even so, there is need of the utmost ingenuity. A man is run over by a taxicab—apparently—has both his legs cut off, and in a moment is seen to hop to his feet as sound as ever; a woman swims like a true mermaid below the surface of the sea among the fishes; a ski runner flies through the air, collides with and demolishes a chimney, and proceeds unruffled; the spirit of nicotine jumps out a tobacco jar in the form of tiny fairy, etc. To produce all these effects, not only dummies are necessary, but often double exposure of the film, mirrors, and ingenious tricks in focussing. Many extraordinary pictures are worked out in theatres, specially constructed, but when possible, scenes from real life are preferred, and as a result, machines have been set up in every corner of the globe. While a lion charges or a sandstorm comes in from the desert, the operator is supposed to turn the crank unmoved. By means of the microscope or the X-ray, often both, in conjunction with the camera, pictures have been obtained of the digestive processes in human beings, of the habits of insects, besides a great variety of seeming magic. Precisely what will be limits of the moving picture show, as time goes on, Mr. Talbot does not venture to state, but the reader gathers that its tremendous vogue just now, together with the enormous amount of thought devoted to it by experts the world over, may lead to as yet unimaginable achievements. Its inroads into the popularity of ordinary drama, the author believes, can be demonstrated, and he cites the fact that many former playwrights have taken to furnishing plots exclusively to picture-show managers.

Felix Benedict Herzog, inventor and artist, died on Sunday in New York at the age of fifty-two. For his inventions, among which were improvements in telephone switchboards and police and fire calls, he received medals at several international expositions. His work as a painter was not so well known.

Dr. Paul Caspar Freer, director of the United States Government Scientific Bureau in the Philippines, died in Beguio, P. I., a week ago. He was born in Chicago in 1862, and after graduating from Rush Medical College of that city, he studied in Germany and England; later he taught general chemistry at Tufts College and the University of Michigan. He

received an appointment to the Philippines in 1901, and assumed his latest position in 1905. He was the author of two books and many treatises on chemistry.

Drama

Three Comedies. By Ludvig Holberg. Translated from the Danish by Lieut.-Col. H. W. L. Hime. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25 net.

In these three comedies, Col. Hime gives us the first approach to respectable English versions of any of Holberg's plays. In view of recent English and American interest in modern Scandinavian literature, the complete neglect of the most popular of Danish writers is a bit extraordinary. He has doubtless seemed hitherto too distinctively national to deserve translation. Yet Germany adopted his comedies early in the eighteenth century, and to-day he remains one of the lesser German classics. Modern readers of English ought to enjoy no less his hearty wholesome humor.

Col. Hime's work, unhappily, is not in all particulars a thoroughly good introduction to Holberg. His selection of plays is unfortunate. As he hints in his preface, he has not chosen to translate three of Holberg's best. "Captain Bombastes Thunderton" ("Diderich Menschenskraek") is one of his least original comedies, being a rather faithful copy of the Latin play "Pseudolus." It contains, therefore, little of Holberg's comic invention. "Henry and Pernilla" ("Henrich og Pernille") gives only a little better idea of his peculiar comic skill. It is a conscious imitation of French comedies of intrigue and is definitely related to Le Grand's "L'Epreuve réciproque." The third play, "Scatterbrains"—an unhappy translation of the title, "Den Stundeslöse"—represents Holberg's work best. It is at least a comedy of character, the form in which he achieved his greatest success. But even it gives few of those realistic pictures of Danish peasant and bourgeois life which make "Jeppe of the Hill" ("Jeppe paa Bjerget"), "Erasmus Montanus," and "The Political Tinker" ("Den Politiske Kandestöber"), acknowledged as Holberg's best plays.

Furthermore, the translator's misconception of certain of the characters leads him badly astray. Of the petulant perfunctory anger of Leonora, Holberg's colorless equivalent of the Amorosa of the Commedia dell' Arte, Col. Hime says (p. 37, note), "The spirit of the heroines of the Völsunga Saga breathes in these lines." A more completely misleading critical remark could hardly have been made. He might with more truth have called Congreve's Millamants and Fainalls strayed Valkyrie. Because of the same failure to comprehend the comic values of characters, he makes many unsuccessful translations. Arv, who is nothing but Pierrot turned Danish chore boy and barnyard lout, is made to talk as follows, "I knew not that you were other than honest" (p. 5). Pernille, the saucy maid servant, who says in Danish, "Mit Hierte staar i min Hals," says in English, "The beating of my heart forbids me to say more" (p. 16). Translations of this sort occur frequently. The characters all talk in the translator's dignified English idiom. In this way, they lose their native individuality; and the comedies themselves are deprived of half of their point and fun. For these reasons, it is unfortunate that Holberg's plays could not have been introduced to English readers by a more competent critic and a more skilful literary artist.

The delegates of the Clarendon Press have done good service to the cause of Shakespearean studies in authorizing the preparation and issue of "The Oxford Shakespeare Glossary" (Frowde), by C. T. Onions. The work is based primarily on the materials for the study of the poet's language which are offered by the "Oxford English Dictionary," now approaching completion, but the author has been on the editorial staff of that great enterprise for fifteen years, so that the Glossary is not a mere compilation as it might otherwise have been. Besides, he has, of course, availed himself of all outside aids. The result is the best Shakespeare glossary of moderate compass, we believe, now on the market. One may observe especially the careful noting of meanings of words that are peculiar to Shakespeare, as compared with his contemporaries, as also of those that are first exemplified in his writings or the Elizabethans generally, and the attention which the author gives to the question of the relation of Shakespeare's vocabulary to the dialects, especially the dialect of Warwickshire, the poet's native country—still further, the inclusion of obsolete or technical terms that occur only in stage directions. A considerable number of the articles constitute new contributions of value to Shakespearean interpretation. Altogether, Mr. Onions's book is full of instruction, not only for the general reader, but for the professional scholar.

"The Heralds of the Dawn" (Lane), a play in eight scenes, by William Watson, is a charming bit of dramatic fancy, although unfortunately it is not well suited to actual stage representation. Ascribed to "the morrow of antiquity," it is a poetic romance with modern applications. The King of Ideonia, fearful for his dynasty, is anxiously awaiting the return of his General Volmar, who has been warring against a neighboring monarch, Othgar. His subjects burdened by taxation are stirring in revolt. Presently Volmar appears in triumph, laden with spoils, and it is announced that the most grievous taxes will be remitted. But the victorious Volmar is assassinated by a stranger, Abbo, on the palace steps, and all public rejoicings are forbidden. Again discontent prevails, and Brasidas, the leader of the mob, is meditating an attack upon the prison, when he is warned by a sceress, Zoraya, to wait. "Let time work," she says, "slowly the spirit of the world itself is bringing to the birth all thou didst dream, and with thee or without thee shall thy cause prevail." Then Abbo is brought to trial, and is defended by the King's son, Hesperus, who argues that the prisoner, a subject of Othgar, was justified in killing Volmar, who had violated his daughter, as peace had not been formally declared between the two nations. But neither the judge nor the King will admit the validity of the plea, the latter invoking the curse of the gods upon himself if he should pardon the man. Then Hesperus tells how Abbo had saved his life long ago, and he had pledged his honor to serve him in his need. Here Zoraya calls upon the King to abdicate and make way for a successor, "who hath not yet pledged him to cast out mercy." Thereupon the conscience-stricken King swallows poison, and Hesperus succeeding sets the prisoner free. The tale is naught, the telling everything. Mr. Watson's blank verse is exquisite. Occasionally it is finely pictorial, as in the King's description of a coming storm, but the distinctive character is the compact smoothness of its pregnant phrasing. His prose has the robust Elizabethan quality with point and humor. The relation is rapid, the personages vital, and such political references as bear a present moral are charged with the spirit of broad and enlightened humanity.

Marie Tempest has begun her season at the London Prince of Wales's in "At the Barn," a sentimental comedy by Anthony P. Wharton. She also has a new four-act play by Jerome K. Jerome, a comedy by Harold Chapin, a play by Mrs. George Norman, and a light comedy by Eilie Norwood.

"Improper Peter" is the title of a new three-act comedy by Monckton Hoffe, which Arthur Bourchier has just produced in London. It is intimated that the character of the play is not to be judged hastily by the title.

The Association of Spanish Dramatists, which includes also composers, makes public the royalties received by its various members. It is shown that in 1911 the amount received by the twenty-eight most popular dramatists and composers in Spain ranged from 8,000 to 116,000 pesetas ($3,240 to $20,880), and that the aggregate received by these twenty-eight was 1,081,000 pesetas ($194,580). Taking into consideration the small royalties paid and the relatively small number of theatres in Spain as compared with the United States, the popularity of some of the pieces that brought their authors more than $20,000 a year may be estimated.

It is the setting, rather than the acting, according to a London journal, which renders Sir Herbert Tree's revival of "Othello" memorable:

> The fifteenth-century costumes, fabrics, and armor; the glimpses of Venetian waterways; the effects of a storm and sunshine at sea in the first Cyprus scene; the gleam of stars as they show through the entrance of Desdemona's bedroom—these impress the spectator with a sense of their beauty and fitness. But his feelings are not harrowed to the extent they should be by the tragedy he witnesses.

Sir Herbert Tree, it appears, has taken his usual liberties with the text, curtailing and transposing at will.

Music

Organ Playing: Its Technique and Expression. By A. Eaglefield Hull. Boston Music Co. $2 net.

The Organ Accompaniment of the Church Services. By H. W. Richards. Boston Music Co. $1.50.

Sound in Its Relation to Music. By Clarence G. Hamilton. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.25.

Is the organ a relic of mediævalism, or is it destined in the future to play as important a part as it did before the last century? That it lost ground during that century is not to be denied; that this decadence, however, cannot but be transient is the firm opinion of A. Eaglefield Hull. He is an Oxford doctor of music, and, judged by his book, one of the most expert and best-informed organists in England. Already, he declares, the tide has turned; we are on the eve of a great renaissance, which has been heralded by many delightful modern works in England as well as on the Continent. His book is a trumpet call to organists the world over to gird up their loins and recover lost ground. It is very much more than that, too; a book like this, which deals briefly and yet thoroughly, with the principal technical as well as æsthetic problems of organ playing, has long been a desideratum. A glance at the past and at the probable future is followed by chapters on the construction of the organ, on touch, on fingering, pedalling, phrasing, tone-color, application of tone-color, ornaments, style, methods in study—all of which cannot be commended too highly to organists, be they professional or amateur, beginners or veterans. Nothing, apparently, has escaped the author's eye; there are more than 180 musical illustrations, from the works of the earliest composers for the organ through Bach, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Guilmant, Widor, Smart, Stainer, to Max Reger, Karg-Elert, Paul Ertel, Joseph Bonnet, and some English composers of the day who are presenting entirely new phases of organ music. Points of rest for the reader are provided by a number of full-page pictures of famous English organs.

Brilliant executants and charming colorists are plentiful among organists of our time, but the number is not so large of those who have acquired the art of appealing to the understanding and feelings at the same time by means of intelligent and artistic phrasing. A great deal of damage has been done to the organ by those who persist in regarding the "treacly" style as the *haute école* of playing, a style which brings it dangerously near that of the barrel-organ grinder. These musicians are largely responsible for the decadence referred to, for their method produces "dead-level" tones which soon pall on the ear, as does the performance of an actor or orator who pays no heed to sense, stops, or scansion. Of particular value are the author's remarks on what is the greatest difficulty the organist has to contend with—that of attaining rhythmic incisiveness. He also grapples successfully with the problem of coloring, incidentally cautioning players against the common mistake of applying modern color to antique scores. On rubato he discourses sensibly, but ends with a false note by repeating the absurd old maxim that "any accelerando must be followed in its proper place by a slight retardation." In discussing touch he does not share the opinion of those who hold that organists should avoid the piano. On the contrary, he thinks that the greater part of an organist's keyboard technique should be acquired at the pianoforte. "All the finest organists, both of the past and present times, have been and are almost equally good as pianists."

One of the most valuable features of the book is a classified list of pieces, from the easiest to the most difficult; another, a collection of recital programmes. One is glad to see the names of two Americans in the list of composers from whom illustrations are borrowed—Buck, who is represented by a sonata, and MacDowell, by Humiston's effective arrangement of the dirge from the Indian Suite. Lizst, also, has at last been discovered in England! Dr. Hull cites several of his works for organ, which he calls "important" and commends for the allurements of their improvisational form, which does not prevent them from being "thoroughly consistent."

In Dr. Richards's volume on "The Organ Accompaniment of the Church Services," the diverse accomplishments required of an organist are described in turn—such as Reading at Sight, Score-Reading, Reading from a Figured Bass, and Transposition. The rest of the book is concerned with rules for the accompanying of hymns, psalms, responses, oratorios, etc. Of particular value is an appendix containing a short analysis of the psalms, with hints as to the sentiments the player should contrast. Another appendix is concerned with marriage, funeral, and other services. The author has great faith in the educational efficacy of an organist who knows how to accompany properly: "A carefully trained choir, with a sympathetic accompanist, will have a wonderful influence on a mass of people. They will soon learn to sing, the choir leading, and in course of time will even pay regard to pace and expression." He recommends "dogged persistence" to the organist in case of misunderstandings between him and the singers, who, in the end, "will generally give way."

In view of the great vogue music has always enjoyed in religious as well as secular life, it is strange that the men of science were so slow in explaining the phenomena of hearing. It was not till 1862 that Helmholtz published his "Sensations of Tone." Much has been done since, and there was need of a text-book summing up the results achieved to the present day. Such a book has been provided by Prof. Clarence G. Hamilton of Wellesley College. Its title indicates that the properties of sound are considered in it chiefly in their relation to music, and that it therefore appeals to organists, pianists, and other musicians who realize that they cannot be complete masters of their art unless they know something about fundamentals. The author has shown remarkable skill in condensing the main facts into 150 pages; and his style is so clear, his illustrations, both literary and pictorial, so well chosen, that nothing remains obscure. Among the topics discussed are the origin and transmission of sound; velocity, reflection, refraction, and diffraction; pitch, loudness, interference, and resultant tones; quality; resonance; scales, intervals, and chords; the ear and the voice; musical instruments. Among the many things explained are the echo, the phonograph, the telephone, the anatomy and physiology of the ear. Particular attention must be called to pages 104-105, on which Professor Hamilton makes some remarks on the adequacy of equal temperament which it would be well for those to ponder who would place mathematics above both æsthetics and convenience in the practice of music:

> Unquestionably the opening of the door to unrestricted shifting of tonality has been the cause of the wonderful advance in musical expression during the past two centuries; and in view of this development the slight deviation, scarcely perceptible even to expert ears, of the equally tempered scale from the theoretical tones seems almost negligible.

A book of interest to all music students has just been issued by Arthur P. Schmidt; it contains the lectures delivered by America's foremost composer, Edward MacDowell, at Columbia University, and appears under the title "Critical and Historical Essays."

In response to inquiries and requests from cities throughout the country, the Russell Sage Foundation of New York is now giving out a pamphlet containing practical suggestions for formulating celebrations. This brochure, "Suggestions for Celebrations of the Fourth of July by Means of Pageantry," has been written and prepared by William Chauncey Langdon of the Sage Foundation, who composed and directed the Thetford (Vt.) pageant last summer. Mr. Langdon has covered as thoroughly as possible the pageantry and dramatic ideas, and has formulated two ideas for celebrations, a "ceremony" and a pageant. He has laid strong emphasis on

music, and at his request Arthur Farwell has contributed an article on the musical possibilities of the celebrations. This book will go out very broadly to mayors of cities, Fourth of July committees, clubs, and all who are interested.

Now that Gustav Mahler is dead, the Germans are beginning to play his symphonies. One can hardly pick up a musical journal without noting a performance of one of them somewhere. While these symphonies are not as inspired as those of Tchaikovsky and Dvorák, they are quite as good as the oft-heard works of Brahms and Richard Strauss. Mahler's songs also are coming into vogue. Edyth Walker, for instance, sang at a recent recital in Berlin Mahler's "Ich atmete einen Linden Duft," "Ich bin der Welt," "Liebst auch um Schönheit," "Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht." The Gustav Mahler Endowment Fund for Needy Musicians has already reached the sum of 60,000 kronen. The widow of the composer, Dr. Richard Strauss, and Ferruccio Busoni, belong to the Board of Trustees. In a Frankfurt performance of Mahler's Eighth Symphony, 2,000 persons will participate.

The London Opera House will open its doors for a twelve weeks' summer season on April 22. The operas announced for the first week are "Romeo et Juliette," "La Favorita," and "Mignon." Other operas to be produced are Massenet's "Don Quichotte," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," by Nicolai, and Joseph Holbrook's "Children of Don." Among the additional artists engaged are: Jeanne Kerlor, soprano, from the Biarritz Opera; Augusta Doria, contralto, from the Paris Grand Opera; Jean Buyson, tenor, form the Moscow Imperial Opera; Jeanette Cornelli, soprano, and M. La Font, baritone. Felice Lyne and Orville Harold will be heard in the opening performance of "Romeo et Juliette." As chief conductor, Oscar Hammerstein has engaged Signor Ernaldi.

Henry Trotter (or Trotère), whose death is reported from England, was the composer of the songs, "The Deathless Army," "Asthore," and "Love Can Wait."

Art

Wood Sculpture. By Alfred Maskell, F.S.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $7.50 net.

The bigness of this book, its letterpress containing more than 400 pages, should daunt neither the general reader nor the craftsman. It is stimulating reading. The scope is wide enough to give a conspectus of European art during three centuries of intense artistic activity. Though limiting himself to the single craft of carving the human figure in wood, Mr. Maskell has traced connections and relationships so broadly as to bring out the unity of all the arts of design in the Middle Ages and early Renaissance. Specialization had not gone far. The wood carver was also painter, engraver, or metal worker. The master builder was competent with mallet and chisel to show his head sculptor how a figure of Christ should be executed in oak or walnut. The painter followed the statue maker closely, coloring or tinting each piece to suit the conditions of an interior where, as M. Conrajod has said, the paintings were often painted sculpture, the sculptures sculptured paintings. That the results of this unification were almost supremely good is, of course, a convention of the history of fine arts. Mr. Maskell quotes Ruskin, in a recently published letter as saying: "Neither Gilbert Scott nor anybody else can build Gothic or Italian. All real work in these styles depends primarily on mastery of figure sculpture." He also approves Rodin's dictum: "The aim of the Gothic artist was to fashion something that should have its full meaning and produce its full effect only in the place where it was to stand. They carved for the architecture, not for themselves." The reason for the author's own Gothic enthusiasm is expressed in such sentiments as this: "It is impossible to imagine that mediæval artists could tolerate the white marble statuary which forms such glaring contrasts with its surroundings in the Abbey Church of Westminster, or the chill regularity of the Madeleine in Paris."

Starting from this interest in Gothic polychrome statuary—a characteristic material of which was wood, though stone, ivory, and bronze were also used—Mr. Maskell tells a good story of the growth of the wood sculptor's art. It is mainly desirable that both sides of disputed questions shall be carefully summarized; this Mr. Maskell has done. In some instances he challenges all existing attributions. A particularly interesting case is that of two busts of Adam and Eve in the Victoria and Albert Museum, which half a century ago were attributed to Albert Dürer (who may or may not have been a wood sculptor), and which later scholarship has assigned to Tilman Riemenschneider, despite the fact that pear wood was not used in any work definitely known to be by this artist. Mr. Maskell accepts neither of these theories, contending that the busts "belong to a different age; to a movement, at least, with which there is no evidence to show that Riemenschneider was connected or even sympathetic." His instinct in general is unlike that of Dr. Bode, who unhesitatingly connects names and works of art.

The least satisfactory part of Mr. Maskell's book is the concluding chapter in which he tries to cover briefly and suggestively other developments of wood sculpture than those occurring in the three centuries which he has specifically investigated. Here was a chance to focus the reader's attention upon the very significant problem of the present relationship of wood-carving to architecture, at a time when a few craftsmen, trained mostly after German traditions, are filling churches and private houses with sculpture that technically, and to a certain extent in spirit, bears comparison with the average best workmanship of Nürcmberg and Würzburg. This modern wood sculpture is necessarily eclectic. If patron and architect order Veit Stoss, the sculptor must be prepared to follow the methods of the carver of the vast retable at Cracow; if the Chicago millionaire admires Grinling Gibbons, the obedient craftsman studies plates and photographs of English work whose sculptural merits Mr. Maskell has rather inadequately characterized. During the present vogue of Japanese wood-carving, enthusiasm has grown among connoisseurs for the kind of carving, ancient or modern, in which an artist has consciously sought to retain the qualities of the wood itself, repudiating the former practice of painting and gilding every surface within reach of a brush. The difference between these two fundamental conceptions of wood sculpture Mr. Maskell indicates casually here and there; it has perhaps not impressed him as vital.

Esther Singleton will publish shortly, through Dodd, Mead & Co., "How to Visit the English Cathedrals."

Paul Elder & Co. have in the press "The Heritage of Hiroshige, a Glimpse at Japanese Landscape Art," by Dora Amsden in collaboration with John Stewart Happer.

"Les Artistes Lyonnais des origines jusqu' à nos jours," with 200 illustrations (Lyons: H. Lardanchet, 30 fr.), by Alphonse Germain, is limited to the city of Lyons, the second in France, not only in point of population, but in point of literary and artistic importance. Here art had already reached a high point in the eighteenth century; throughout the nineteenth its traditions were kept up, and nothing indicates that the twentieth will see a decline. The author, a Lyonese himself, has a first-hand knowledge of his subject. The moderation of his views and the numerous specimens adduced to support his comments seem sufficient evidence of his impartiality where living artists are concerned. All the names quoted are of artists formed at Lyons and impregnated with the local atmosphere and traditions. In many respects the work will be a revelation to art students. For if it is true that the fame of the sculptor Chinard, dear to Napoleon the First, has of late gained a new lustre; that the painter Ravier has come to his own by being admitted to the Louvre; that Carrand and Vernay are becoming familiar names to frequenters of exhibitions, as is also Francis Guiguet, recently added to a New York Collection, still, few people outside of Lyons are acquainted with Berjon, Grobon, Ponthus-Cinier or Dufraine, while Guichard, de Janmot, and Pézieux, all of whom are represented in some great Paris collections, have been virtually forgotten. Yet all of these artists have talent of a superior order, and some even a strongly pronounced individuality. Germain comments on their art with taste, knowledge, and an abundant documentation, drawn from the best sources.

His clear, vivid style makes the reading of this book a delight even to the uninitiated. The numerous plates, some never published before, are executed with extreme care.

We are glad to print under Correspondence an appreciation by William A. Coffin of the artist, Francis Davis Millet, who died in the wreck of the Titanic. Mr. Millet was born in Mattapoisett, Mass., in 1846. After serving as a drummer and as an assistant contract surgeon in the Civil War, he entered Harvard and took his B.A. degree in 1869. He studied painting abroad and meanwhile served as correspondent for several newspapers, foreign as well as American. At one time or another he was secretary of the American Academy at Rome, of the American Federation of Arts, and Commissioner-General to the Tokio Exposition. He also received decorations from several countries. As an author he is remembered for three books: "Capillary Crime and Other Stories," "The Danube," and "Expedition to the Philippines."

Finance

A MEMORABLE WEEK.

Among all the varying aspects of last week's memorable ocean tragedy, not the least impressive and unusual incident connected with it was the virtual suspension of business, in a great part of the community, during the week when the details of the news were slowly coming in. There are calamities (such, for instance, as the San Francisco earthquake) which of themselves excite the Stock Exchange into great activity; but the unusual fact about the Titanic disaster, so far as regards the markets, was that it so completely concentrated all attention on one topic that it was impossible for the community even to give its attention to the ordinary routine of business.

To all practical intents, the Stock Exchange might have closed on Monday, April 15, and not have reopened until the present week. Before the information of that Monday morning was received, there had been two predictions on the Stock Exchange—one, that the exciting rise in prices would be promptly resumed, and the other, that the break of the preceding week would be continued. But the response of the market to the wireless messages was to stop in its tracks and give up its mind to news which had nothing to do with markets, but which so far superseded financial considerations as to make them repulsive even to the men in the customers' chairs of Wall Street commission houses. The same story came from all parts of the country; no one had heart, last week, to engage in his ordinary business activities. It was a not unimpressive illustration of the truth, frequently overlooked, that the making of money is sometimes not only the smallest of all considerations, but painfully out of touch with the real things of life, and of the further fact that there are some events which a stock market, the traditional mirror of a community's feelings and emotions, cannot pretend to reflect.

This instinctive and spontaneous attitude of the business community was possibly the most convincing witness of all to the magnitude of last week's calamity. It is often hard to judge events of this sort properly at close range, or to realize that the action which each of us, as a part of the community, pursues as a matter of course, is destined to be part of the history of the period. Nothing quite like the mood of the country and the mood of Wall Street, during the three days when the Carpathia was hurrying to New York, when the first false news that the Titanic was safe had circulated for one full day, when, after that had been denied, no definite information could be elicited by the wireless, and when the wildest rumors circulated from no determinable source—to be supplemented by the series of mad inventions which were sent out from responsible news agencies on Thursday night, in the two hours after the Carpathia had docked—has ever been witnessed in New York. It was altogether natural that the business world and the Stock Exchange should have ceased to concern themselves over what was happening in the affairs which ordinarily interest them. In doing so, they embodied the feeling of the community at large. They could not have done this in any other way.

This part of the episode will be remembered, like last week's calamity itself, as a distinctive chapter in the history of the period. It is more tnan half a century since such a response has been possible to the news of the day. Ocean tragedies have been numerous and sensational in the intervening decades, but the news of them has come almost invariably in one startling and comprehensive announcement, which became the talk of a day and was then laid aside for something else.

To parallel last week's story of four successive days when the atmosphere of dismay, suspense, uncertainty, and deepening horror hung over the entire business community, with all other news of the day forgotten in ordinary conversation and ignored even on the Stock Exchange, one would have to go back to the story of the ill-fated Arctic in 1854—an episode in which the final authentic news was received in New York city, fifteen days after the disaster, not only by half-masted flags and buildings draped in crape, but by the adjournment of courts and legislative bodies, the closing of the exchanges, the thronging of the people to the churches, and the general suspension of business. "The astounding calamity," wrote the newspapers of the day, "absorbed attention to the exclusion of every other consideration; business was neglected; the whole town bore on its outward features the evidence of mourning."

The Arctic, like the Titanic, was the newest ship of the translatlanic fleet. The Collins Line, to which the White Star subsequently succeeded, had already broken the ocean speed record, and the Arctic was bent on cutting it down still further. She sailed from Liverpool for New York on September 20, 1854, with 226 passengers on board, including on her list a host of names well known in the circles of New York and Europe—merchants, financiers, distinguished lawyers, and foreign diplomats. On September 27, off Cape Race, running at high speed in a fog, she struck an outbound vessel, and in four and a half hours went down. Of the passengers, only twenty-two were saved.

As in the episode of last week, the consternation of the New York community was heightened, not only by the magnitude of the disaster, nor even by the harrowing circumstances which turned out to have surrounded it, but by the slowness with which its full details came to public knowledge, the long uncertainty as to whether the last survivor had been heard from, the reassuring reports which presently proved to be unfounded, and the final discovery that the worst that had been rumored was true. In all these respects, nothing has happened on the sea in the fifty-eight ensuing years to match the tragedy of the Arctic or its effects on the people of New York, until last week.

So profound a stirring of the emotions of the public is never possible without some real and useful results. The loss of the Arctic, which, as the New York *Times* of 1854 declared, "has created a deeper sensation throughout the country than has ever before been witnessed," led the way to some necessary reforms. The newspapers and the public Legislatures drew their morals, then as now. One was "the necessity of better crews and more rigid discipline on board our ocean steamers," and that has certainly been attained since 1854. Another was that "this disaster comes from bullying fogs and waves for the pastime of seeing a steamer arrive in 9 days 37 minutes and 23 seconds from Liverpool." The Titanic has proved that this lesson, if it was a lesson of the Arctic disaster, has not yet been learned.

In that earlier calamity, the question of 50,000-ton ships, cabin lists of 2,000, and insufficient lifeboats had not yet been raised; and no one had been so bold as to assert the existence of "nonsinkable ships." The sequel was less far-reaching, therefore, in its effect on marine architecture, ocean steamship company management, and the whole problem of navigation under the auspices of immensely capitalized corporations, than it is certain to be in sequence to the story of the Titanic.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, Avery. Captalu Martha Mary. Century Co. $1 net.
Ardagh, W. M. The Knightly Years. Lane. $1.25 net.
Bangs, M. R. High Bradford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.20 net.
Barker, Elsa. The Book of Love. Duffield.
Bertram, Paul. The Shadow of Power. Lane. $1.25 net.
Blok, P. J. History of the People of the Netherlands. Part V, 18th and 19th Centuries, trans. by O. A. Bierstadt. Putnam. $2.50.
Boyd, I. E. When Mother Lets Us Cut Pictures. Moffat, Yard. 75 cents net.
Brownell, H. H. Lines of Battle and Other Poems. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $5 net.
Burrage, Champlin. Early English Dissenters—1550-1641. Two volumes. Putnam. $6.50 net.
Clark, B. M. General Science. American Book Co. 80 cents.
Coffey, George. New Grange and Other Incised Tumuli in Ireland. Dublin, Ireland: Hodges, Figgis & Co.
Colquhoun, A. R. China in Transformation. (Revised and enlarged ed.) Harper. $1.50 net.
Conrad, Joseph. Almayer's Folly. (Reprint.) Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Corcoran, Brewer. The Bantam. Harper. $1 net.
Coulevain, Pierre de. Eve Triumphant. Translated by A. Hallard. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Delage, Y., and Goldsmith, M. The Theories of Evolution. Trans. by A. Tridon. Huebsch. $2 net.
Descartes. Philosophical Works, rendered into English by E. S. Haldane and G. R. T. Ross. Vol. I. Putnam. $3.50 net.
Edward, Earl of Clarendon. War-Pictures from Clarendon. Selections, edited and arranged by R. J. Mackenzie. Frowde.
Elliott, S. B. Important Timber Trees of the United States. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2.50 net.
Eucken, Rudolf. Religion and Life. Putnam.
Flag Day: Its History as Related in Song and Story; Independence Day. Edited by R. H. Schauffler. Moffat, Yard. $1 net, each.
Foakes-Jackson, F. J. A Biblical History for Junior Forms (Old Testament). Cambridge, England: Heffer & Sons.
Gillmore, Rufus. The Mystery of the Second Shot. D. Appleton. $1.25 net.
Harrison, Mrs. J. W. F. (Seranus). In Northern Skies, and Other Poems. Toronto: The Author.
Jones, C. E. Sources of Interest in High School English. American Book Co. 80 cents net.
Jones, E. E. C. A New Law of Thought and Its Logical Bearings. Putnam. 65 cents net.
Kennedy, E. R. The Contest for California in 1861. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2.25 net.
Kennedy-Noble. White Ashes. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Le Morte Arthur. Edited by S. B. Hemingway. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 40 cents.
Lovett, R. W. Lateral Curvature of the Spine and Round Shoulders. Second edition, revised. Philadelphia: Blakiston. $1.75 net.
McKready, Kelvin. A Beginner's Star-Book. Putnam.
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The Nation

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The Week

Tuesday's struggle in Massachusetts ended in very much of a drawn battle. The result will be nearly an equal division of the State's thirty-six delegates between Taft and Roosevelt. On the preference vote, pure and simple, Taft has a clear plurality over Roosevelt of about 4,000 votes. Owing to a confusion about the form of the ballot, however, which led to large numbers of Taft votes for delegates-at-large being invalidated as having been cast for nine delegates when only eight should have been marked on the ballot, it appears that Roosevelt gets all eight. Describing the outcome of the contest as a drawn battle is yet to describe it as a serious setback for President Taft. It is not so severe a blow to his prestige as that dealt in Illinois and Pennsylvania, but it is sufficiently damaging. That he could hold only half of the chief Republican State in New England, and that only after a tremendous fight, shows how slight is his hold upon the affection and confidence of his party, how widespread is the belief that he cannot be reëlected even if he is nominated, and also how much hard work is before his managers if they are to compass his nomination. The scene of the fighting will now be transferred to Maryland, where it will be as bitter and personal as it was in Massachusetts. Afterwards New Jersey will be hotly contested, and the final result may hinge on Ohio, where there is every reason to think that Mr. Roosevelt will fight the President ruthlessly, regardless of the fact that it is Taft's own State.

Mr. Taft dwelt little on questions of public policy, in his speech in Boston last Thursday night, but made a terrific exposure of Roosevelt's personal character. The story which he recited was one long account of insincerity and actual falsity. The meanest of Roosevelt's misrepresentations are those which he has made about Mr. Taft's relations to Lorimer. Not only in Illinois, but again and again in his speeches throughout the country, he has pictured the President as in alliance with Lorimer, as wanting to have the government in the hands of such men as he, and all the rest of it. This was a wicked thing to do without any evidence to go upon, but how shall the act be characterized when Roosevelt had in his own hands all the time overwhelming evidence to the contrary of what he alleged? President Taft had written him personally that the testimony in the Lorimer case showed that his election to the Senate was attained by "a mess and mass of corruption," and that everything possible ought to be done to remove the taint from the Senate.

So it was another "memory illusion," if we may use the scientific term employed by Professor Münsterberg to describe the Colonel's weakness in the matter of dates and facts. When Mr. Roosevelt recalled the highly pertinent circumstance that it was Secretary Taft himself who in the summer of 1907 at a full Cabinet meeting advocated the suspension of hostilities against the Harvester Trust, he overlooked the other highly pertinent circumstance that from June to December, 1907, Mr. Taft spent one day at Oyster Bay and four days in Washington, and the rest of the time in Canada, the Western States, and Japan. And it is on record that there were no Cabinet meetings at Oyster Bay on that one day in the second half of 1907 when Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt met. Even before reading the President's reply people must have wondered why it should have been the Secretary of War that brought forward a motion dealing with a question concerning the Department of Commerce and Labor and the Department of Justice. But such is the habit of memory illusions.

Amid the political excitements of the past week, but little attention was paid to an event in Congress of real importance. This was the announcement that the House and the Senate had come to an agreement on the form of the Constitutional amendment providing for the direct election of United States Senators. The question has been long in conference. As the bill passed the Senate, it gave a certain amount of Federal control over the new way of electing Senators, such as now exists in connection with the election of Representatives. That is to say, it reserved to Congress the right to inquire whether elections had been held in compliance with the law, whether any class of citizens had been disfranchised, etc. Against all this, it will be remembered, some of the Southern Senators protested strongly, alleging the fear of a new Force Bill, or something of the kind. This position was also taken, substantially, by the majority in the House. But Representative Rucker announced last week that the committee of conference, of which he is a member, had decided to recede from the House view, and to accept the bill as it passed the Senate. It is expected that the formal report will be made this week and final action taken. There thus appears to be no doubt that the new Constitutional amendment will soon be submitted to the States for ratification, and that, in due time, we shall have the direct election of Senators established as the law of the land.

Publicity in the matter of campaign contributions is coming all along the line. The law now makes it necessary to file an itemized account of gifts and of expenses in carrying elections, and soon will require the same thing as affects the winning of nominations. The bill which the House has passed, and which is now pending in the Senate, is thoroughgoing. It embraces specifically the contests for Presidential and Vice-Presidential nominations, and requires the officials in charge of any bureau or headquarters to file with the Secretary of the Senate a complete list of subscribers to campaign funds in sums greater than $100. The first filing must be within thirty days after fixing the date of a National Convention or primary elections, and a similar itemized account must also be filed every fifteen days until the nomination is made. Any one violating the act "shall, upon conviction, be fined not more than $5,000, or imprisoned not more than three years, or both." The chief interest in the enactment of this measure was displayed by Democrats, who did not conceal their curiosity to know how Mr. Roosevelt's campaign accounts would look in print. But it will be necessary for

Democratic candidates to take a dose of the same medicine.

The effort to obtain a retrial for the four West Point cadets who were dismissed last year for hazing and maltreating some of their fellows is creditable to nobody, least of all those members of Congress who have yielded to persuasion and voted for the special bill of relief. This bill, which has passed the House, has been favorably reported by the Senate Committee on Military Affairs. If it passes, the President alone will stand between discipline and an attack upon it that, if successful, will be a great encouragement to the continuance of a most demoralizing custom. What kind of training in obeying orders is it that is held up before the eyes of future officers by these appeals over the head of the Superintendent to the political arm of the Government?

Advocates of reform in judicial procedure will find a crumb of comfort in one bill that passed the New York Legisure, and is now Chapter 380 of the Laws of 1912. It amends the code of civil procedure in relation to appeals, introducing important improvements. Much broader powers are conferred upon the Appellate Division. It may, for example, instead of being compelled as now simply to affirm or set aside the judgment of the lower court, or to order a new trial, itself render "final judgment upon the right of any or all of the parties, or judgment of modification." Further, we have the new provision that, "after hearing the appeal, the Court must give judgment without regard to technical errors or defects or to exceptions which do not affect the substantial rights of the parties." This is the new doctrine—or, rather, the restoration of the ancient rule that harmless error is no ground of appeal—which is making headway in State after State. When it is everywhere fully accepted and acted upon, appeals to higher courts will look more like an effort to get at the merits of the case, and less than they do now like a trial of wits or a game which consists in setting legal traps for the unwary.

That we have displayed more zeal than knowledge in the erection of memorials in this country, and nowhere more glaringly than at Washington, is becoming so generally recognized as to give ground for hope of a change of policy. Mr. Gutzon Borglum told the House Committee on Foreign Affairs the other day, in advocating the resolution providing for a celebration of the signing of the Treaty of Ghent, that he hoped that any monument built in commemoration of the victims of the Titanic would be artistic. He might have gone further. Any memorial hereafter erected by this nation, or by any official body in it, that does not satisfy good æsthetic taste, as well as patriotic feeling or the emotion of sympathy or of gratitude or of admiration, will not rightly honor the dead. It is not always possible to find such fitness of commemoration as Lincoln's words at the field of Gettysburg, but it is possible to do without a material expression of the local or the national sentiment until one is found that is not discreditable. Haste is the last element of a thing of this kind. Not, how long was this memorial in building? but, what a noble monument! is the utterance of the visitor who looks upon the Washington obelisk.

The old idea that a university president could take the place of any member of his faculty in the lecture-room at a moment's notice has been in danger of being supplanted by the notion that in mere knowledge a bright sophomore could put him to shame, owing to the modern president's immersion in questions of endowment and material equipment and administration. It is somewhat reassuring, therefore, to learn that President Lowell is throwing himself into the breach created by the temporary absence of the professor of government at Harvard, and will actually deliver lectures to the classes threatened with a fortnight's unexpected vacation. President Harper of the University of Chicago always insisted upon being provided with a class or two in a favorite subject, no matter how busy he might be in the work of building up a great institution; and many college presidents follow the same course. But the emphasis laid upon the executive side of men in this position tends to obscure the fact that increase of learning rather than of resources is the real aim of their work. For one of them to leave his office and mount the platform must be a powerful reminder of this aim to his audience as well as to himself.

Mr. Balfour's speech against the Irish Home Rule bill had the intellectual distinction which marks all his public utterances, and it was dialectically adroit. He could see nothing but lions in the path. With a great array of logical dilemmas, he undertook to show that the plan of government for Ireland could never be made to work. His predictions of disaster, both to the Irish people and the British Empire, if the proposals of the Government were carried out, lacked nothing in solemn emphasis. Their force, however, was somewhat broken by the reply of a Minister who showed that Mr. Balfour had made the same dire prophecies when it was proposed to grant self-government and a Constitution to South Africa. One of the most effective and witty speeches on the first reading of the bill was made by Mr. Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland. Often interrupted and baited by the Unionists, he kept his poise and his temper admirably. His calm good humor was most happily displayed towards the end of his speech, when he referred to Capt. Craig, a Unionist swashbuckler from County Down, as "the honorable and gallant gentleman for whom I have a great personal respect." Capt. Craig at once jumped up and shouted: "I do not want it!" But Mr. Birrell instantly resumed: "The honorable and gallant gentleman cannot help it; I do respect him."

Anarchists usually have been classifiable into philosophical anarchists and anarchists who believe in "propaganda by deed." But of late years there has been a development within the ranks of the anarchist movement, especially in France, which makes this classification partly obsolete. The philosophical anarchists are still philosophical, but the men of action who formerly advocated dynamite against heads of government and parliaments have for the most part gone over to less irregular modes of warfare. In France the anarchists have in large measure entered the labor movement, a form of action which they formerly despised. They have influence in the Confederation General of Labor, and their ideas have helped to shape the new proletarian movement that goes by the name of Syndicalism. Isolated instances of the old-fashioned outrage, like the recent attempt on the life of the King of Italy, will, of course, recur, but

the main trend of anarchist propaganda is away from individual warfare towards class warfare against society. To speak of the automobile bandits at Paris as anarchists, in spite of their own claims, is, of course, true in neither sense of the term.

The uproar in the Reichstag over the Prussian War Minister's defence of the duel in which his own nephew was killed is not an isolated instance of protest against this barbarous practice. Its unusual warmth shows, however, how the feeling against the whole military code of "honor" is growing. Usually the opposition to duelling has come from Radicals and Social-Democrats. This time it was the Catholic Centre which took the lead in criticising both the army and the Kaiser. At this instance of lèse-majesté the War Minister was, of course, horrified. But the German public will not be. It knows that the military code of honor is an anomaly from Frederick the Great's time, that almost presupposes looseness of living among subalterns, and has on occasion justified officers in shooting or stabbing civilians for fancied insults to the service. Duelling is, of course, contrary to the German law. Hence the officers who connive at it and defend it are in much the same position as our navy officers who encourage prize-fighting on their ships. Even more significant than the Reichstag's protests was the defeat of the Government on a subsidiary issue of the new defence bills and the fifty Socialist meetings in Berlin to demand that "no more millions be poured into the insatiable maw of the Moloch of militarism."

The dedication of the new Campanile of St. Mark's at Venice is undeniably an act which the eyes of the outside world will observe with more full-hearted sympathy than has attended the campaign in Tripoli. To the outside world Italy is still the land of visible beauty, an historic ground on which the drama of the ancient world attained its climax and the spirit of the modern world was reborn. The new generation in Italy is rather impatient of this classic tradition. It resents the conception of the native land as an archæological burrowing ground and a museum. It takes pride in Italy's material growth, in her swelling manufactures, in the extraordinary skill with which her engineers have harnessed the waterpower of the Apennines to the needs of modern industry, in Milan's sanitation, and Rome's trolley cars. A commendable attitude enough, and one that the world will sympathize with because the older spirit has not yet died out in Italy. So far it is the Futurists alone who have advocated pitching all the palaces and art works of Venice's past into the sea. The erection of a new and useless Campanile is a sufficient reply to their manifesto.

The recent rapid fall in the price of French Government 3 per cents, to the lowest price in more than twenty years, attracted attention again to certain economic influences bearing adversely on the market for high-grade securities the world over. In France, however, as had previously been the case in England, it also started active discussion as to what measures should be taken to avert such continuous decline. In England, where the prolonged fall in consols had awakened uneasiness, numerous expedients were suggested, such as selling Government "bearer securities" in small denominations so as to widen the market for them. It was recognized, however, that aside from the broader economic causes, the price of consols was prejudiced, first by the uncertainty as to the British Government's redemption of its debt through the sinking fund, and, secondly, by the increasing income tax rate, which is applied invariably to the interest yield on consols. The English authorities got nowhere in the discussion; the Ministry has even suspended sinking-fund purchases in its recent budget. But the French, through the medium of a legislative commission, have at once proposed that, in the income tax law now pending in that country, income from "French rentes" shall be expressly exempted.

This proposal, which seems likely to be adopted, calls up an interesting controversy. In the United States, government bonds are by law exempt from tax, on the old and familiar ground that for a State to deduct by legislation any part of the annual interest pledged to the public creditor is an indirect form of confiscation. This is not only applied in the matter of Federal taxation, but national bonds are exempt by law from State and municipal taxation, and, under the Supreme Court decision of 1895, State and municipal bonds are exempt from a Federal tax. The British Exchequer, on the contrary, deducts the income tax before sending out the interest remittances on British consols, and it deducts it, moreover, from payments to foreign as well as to domestic holders. There can be no doubt that this drastic policy has had a hand in the depression of British consols; it was at any rate bound to prevent support from investors of other countries. If the French, who are very practical financiers and who rarely allow the general principles of economics and finance to interfere with a policy of manifest expediency, decide to follow the American practice, it will be interesting to see how English discussion will be affected.

The first message of the first President of China has a double interest for the non-Chinese world. It is of a sort to confirm the confidence that has been generally reposed in Yuan Shih-Kai, and in particular it reverses the traditional attitude of the Chinese Government towards foreigners. It is for the Chinese, says their President, to learn to understand foreigners, and to treat them with candor. He might with justification have presented the other side of the matter, and called upon the Powers to make an effort to understand the Chinese, and to treat them with the fairness which the Powers exact from one another. The burden of the message, however, is not political, but economic. This accounts for its Western tone. Customs duties, export taxes, railway loans, Government bonds, currency, weights and measures, mining laws: what is there essentially Oriental about these? Nevertheless, it is only our sudden devotion to scientific management that makes President Yuan's recommendation for the employment of financial experts seem like a leaf out of our own book. For China such a thing is but the application of age-long tradition. And what must the European Powers think of the instruction to the Ministry of War to reduce the number of troops in China? Here, at least, is an unmistakably Oriental touch. Every Westerner knows that the first thing for an infant nation to do is to pass a comprehensive conscription law, and borrow money to the hilt for a first-class army and navy.

"THE NEW STYLE."

Political controversy in England, too, has been taking on an unaccustomed tone of personal bitterness and even brutality. In a speech in Belfast, not long ago, the Leader of the Opposition declared that the Prime Minister was selling his convictions, in the matter of Irish Home Rule. Mr. Asquith took the matter up in the House of Commons. He called upon Mr. Bonar Law to say there whether he really believed that the Premier was capable of selling his convictions. "You haven't any to sell," was Bonar Law's rough rejoinder. Mr. Asquith did not lose his temper. He merely said with biting emphasis: "This is the new style. We are getting on."

Americans have been having a taste of the new style, and we are very sure that the great majority of them do not like it. The spectacle of an ex-President of the United States engaging in a rough-and-tumble fight with the President, is certainly not one in which we have any reason to take national pride. It has some amusing aspects, undoubtedly, and it may appeal temporarily to the sporting instinct. The yelling crowd cries out delightedly: "Hit him again, Teddy," or, "Soak him one more, Bill"; but that is simply a passing humor, even with the multitude. The great mass of sober and self-respecting Americans feel humiliated by such an undignified controversy. It was bad enough when only the Taft chairman was hurling billingsgate at the Roosevelt managers, and Senator Dixon was calling the President a receiver of stolen goods. The general opinion of this was well expressed by the *Outlook*, when it rebuked Dixon, and said that the President of the United States ought to be treated with respect. But what has the *Outlook* to say of Roosevelt for his railing at the President on Friday night? Nothing of the kind has ever been known in this country. Blaine fought Harrison's renomination, but neither of them descended to the language or the attitude of the prize-ring. Angry words and stinging epithets have been common in American politics from the beginning; but they usually come from minor actors, and not till now have we seen the protagonists falling foul of each other as Roosevelt and Taft are doing.

If President Taft is to be blamed, as some are blaming him, for setting about the exposure of Roosevelt's dishonesty, it is not on the score of lack of provocation. Roosevelt had gone on from bad to worse. In the first of his speeches, he did not refer to Mr. Taft by name. His Carnegie Hall address contained, as printed, many direct allusions to the President which he thought it wise to omit in the delivery. But as the campaign went on, he became more and more violent, and more and more insulting in his remarks about the President. He was as one feeling his ground, and apparently, after he had persuaded himself that the President would make no personal reply, he was emboldened to go all lengths. Then, when he had finally goaded Mr. Taft into coming out to defend himself, and to show up the insincerity and fraud on the public of which Roosevelt had been guilty, the latter had no recourse except the flood of abuse which he poured out in Worcester. The President's main charges he did not meet at all. He could not. There were the letters. All that Roosevelt could say was that it was "unpardonable" to publish private letters without permission—this from the man who has himself printed more private letters than any one ever in public life in this country! In one case, he even published a private letter from a woman.

It is perfectly obvious where this new and disgusting style of political controversy came from. We are all now shocked at its latest developments, but its beginnings were stealing upon us, unperceived by many, during the years of Mr. Roosevelt's Presidency. For anybody who looks back at it can see how often the note of brutal unfairness and even of ferocity in dispute was struck by him. The most unscrupulous antagonist that ever lived, he hesitated at the use of no weapon, availed himself of a thousand tricks and devices against his opponents, and, as he became more and more drunk with power, acquired an arrogance of manner and a ruthlessness of expression that had never been known in a high official in America. For him to come out on the steps of the White House and call a man a liar became almost a daily event. Public man after public man he denounced in the language of the pot-house. People had partly forgotten all this, in the period of Roosevelt's comparative silence from March 4, 1909, up to the summer of 1910, but then he burst forth with more vehemence and more disregard of the proprieties than ever before.

Whether the final collision with Mr. Taft was avoidable or not, whether the President should have gone on permitting Roosevelt to lie about him, without a retort, or should have delegated somebody else to present the evidence which covered Roosevelt with confusion, are questions which it is now, of course, idle to discuss. The thing has happened. We are in the thick of the new style. Two former friends, two men who have had the highest honors which the people can bestow, have engaged in a public quarrel and are using about each other the strongest words at their command. Politics aside, party consequences out of it, the common feeling of intelligent Americans is that this is a most disheartening event. In a large public way, it carries a sense of disgrace for the nation.

REFORM BY STEADY LABOR.

That the Titanic disaster is certain to be followed by radical changes in the equipment of ships and procedure at sea, is now plain. Much good of a far-reaching kind may confidently be counted upon from the international conferences already planned. Safer routes and better systems of communication are assured. Just as in the case of the Slocum disaster and the fire in the Triangle Company's quarters, important reforms have been purchased at a frightful cost in human lives. It is the American way, people are saying, for much of the blame for the Titanic disaster rests on our own Government, despite the nationality of the ship and the international agreement to accept the British Board of Trade's ruling as to the number of lifeboats needed. But there is already the danger that, as some betterments are assured, the public will speedily lose interest in the whole subject, and that half-way reforms will result. This was the case after the Slocum horror. There was then an overhauling of the steamboat inspection service, and, therefore, the public assumed that all was well with all ships. The pleadings of the newspapers that the question of the lifeboat equipment should be taken up were ignored by the public, the shipowners, and Congress alike. Even our army transports have regularly gone to sea with a shocking lack of equipment.

What was needed then, precisely as it is needed to-day, is a steady, continuous effort until conditions are entirely satisfactory. Spasmodic progress, following a disaster, is in the long run a poor way to do away with abuses either on land or on sea. That there are many fields in which there can be no sudden catastrophe to horrify the nation or the world is perfectly obvious. Thus Richard Watson Gilder's tenement-house committee, which did such great work for this city, was not due to some terrible conflagration or costly epidemic. It did its work quietly without the slightest public excitement, and its achievements rank high in the list of patriotic civil services. Not that this work was final. Many eager workers have to devote themselves more or less to safeguarding what has been won, to preventing reactionary legislation, and to seeing that the needed remodelling of the old tenements is properly done. It seems as if in this field there would never be a time when it would not be necessary to oppose human greed and avarice by the vigilance of unselfish volunteer workers.

The wrong way to progress has recently been clearly illustrated in Nebraska. There, five murders in the State Penitentiary and three killings by a sheriff's posse within forty-eight days have furnished the sensation needed to centre public attention upon the horrible conditions in this prison. Fortunately, a former judge, Mr. Lincoln Frost, had been quietly investigating conditions in the penitentiary and was able to set forth his discoveries in the middle of the tragedies which aroused the State. According to the *Survey*, Mr. Frost's report "furnishes conclusive evidence of the grossest corruption and the most extraordinary lack of discipline, notwithstanding that some of the worst allegations were not included, but were reserved for later use if denials force further publicity." In brief, it is the same old story: drunkenness and profanity among the guards, a well-established trade in drugs, liquor, and food, excessive punishments, permitting the "trusties" to abuse other prisoners, and gross immorality. Mr. Frost himself saw an ex-convict deliver a bottle of morphine to a "trusty" and receive prison articles in return. The prison pharmacy was actually given over to the care of a life prisoner, sentenced for killing his wife by administering poison of his own compounding. Three escaping convicts on March 14 "shot and blew their way out of the prison with four revolvers and nitro-glycerine caps" obtained with the connivance of some of the guards.

Now all of this is not wholly new to the State where there have been occasional sensational exposures with promise of reforms, "but," says the *Survey*, "the spasmodic agitations which have sprung up and died away with but little to show in achievements are now likely to take more permanently organized form and pursue more progressive plans." Plainly, persistent, continuous reform efforts are what will count. In New York State, Mr. William Church Osborn's commission has reported grave prison abuses of all kinds, despite the fact that we have had a Prison Association that has long done good work within the limits of its means. Moreover, if we are correctly informed, Mr. Osborn's report, valuable as it is, has left a number of points uncovered, notably such matters as the use of morphine in the jails. In recent issues of the *American Magazine*, Mr. Julian Leavitt has published articles about "The Man in the Cage" that are sickening reading, and make it plain that conditions in Nebraska are by no means exceptional. To wait for newspaper revelations of the sensational variety before acting would obviously be folly. The price of decency and progress in this matter and in so many others is eternal vigilance, sturdy labor, and the finding of some way to fix public attention upon the need.

STRANGLING THE MAGAZINES.

The fact, of course, is established. We have known for some time that Wall Street has laid its fell clutch on the windpipe of public opinion, and the people is being deprived of its monthly budget of truth. Just how the thing is done has not been quite determined. Sometimes we are told that the Interests have muzzled the magazines by buying up control of the corporate stock. Sometimes the iron hand works in a paper glove—the White Paper Trust, namely. Sometimes it is through the banks, which refuse loans to harassed publishers. Sometimes it is through indirect pressure, the Money Power squeezing the banker, who squeezes the merchant and manufacturer, who then squeezes the advertising columns. All but the first view commend themselves to George French, who has made a study of the Masters of the Magazine for the *Twentieth Century*. The Interests do not need to own a controlling share in the stock of any magazine to be its master:

> The owners of the popular magazines have ceased to be the masters of them in the wholesome sense that they were their masters a few years ago. To-day it is the paper-maker that is the master of this magazine, the big advertisers of that one, a financial house of the others, and in the last analysis this control comes down to a control in the interests of money, whether the root of the matter is a big unpaid paper bill, an "accommodation note" at some bank, or a veiled subscription to stock or bond issue.

The upshot of it all is that the Money Power "affects" the policy of the magazine, though the latter may not be "entangled" with that power in any direct way.

And now for just a glance at the dire effects of Money Power control upon free speech in the magazines. You first pick up one of the more staid and circumspect magazines, one which has always been moderately conservative, and is now, of course, headed under full sail for reaction. You open the pages to an article entitled "The Worldwide Sweep of Socialism," and you read:

> Socialism is a ferment that is slowly but surely disintegrating the three hierarchies upon which the present-day European civilization rests, the hierarchy of privileged government, the hierarchy of standing armies, and the hierarchy of private property.

The hierarchy of private property disintegrating? Who was the wicked financier who paid for the insertion of such a reactionary sentiment in the magazine? You throw down this mercenary publication and pick up another. This magazine calls attention to an article on the Lawrence strike by means of a poster which represents a pathetic horde of workingmen held in defiance by a giant in policeman's uniform denominated "Law and Order." Behind the giant's left leg skulks Capitalism in a silk hat, and underneath is this sentiment:

> The movement in Lawrence was a singing movement. The strikers wrote their own songs and sang them with something of the grim menace of the French Revolution.

Rockefeller paid for *that* article, obviously, and you turn, sick at heart, to a leading article in a leading magazine

describing the forces that are behind Mr. Taft's campaign for renomination:

> Smoot, as the representative of the Mormon Church; Penrose, the representative of the powerful Corporation control of Pennsylvania; and Crane, the sagacious and restless representative of the Corporation interests of New England, are all actually, openly at work for Mr. Taft.

Evidently a statement forced upon the editors of this magazine by the Steel Trust and Wool Trust. You turn, as a last resort, to the magazine that was the pioneer in the good old days when the magazines did speak out against the Money Power, and you find that clarion voice of the people reduced to this mild and traitorous piping:

> Read "Big Business and the Bench." . . . Here, presented in the simplest way in the world, is a most tremendous indictment levelled against our business methods as applied to our judiciary.

Et tu, Lawson! Thou, too, brutally bought up by the Interests? Then die free speech!

There must be in this country, however, a small minority, composed of fossilized reactionaries no doubt, to whom the clamor of the magazines against the Wall Street highwaymen is not utterly convincing. In the first place, they catch little difference in volume between the free utterance of 1906 against the System and the stifled utterance of 1912 against the Money Power; between the widely advertised Shame of the Senate and the suppressed Shame of the Bench; between the iniquity of Aldrich ten years ago and the iniquity of Aldrich's man, Taft, to-day. The magazines are as vocal in the defence of the people to-day as they were five years ago, and if in the interval there was a time when the voice from the tribunes subsided somewhat and advertisements fell off, it was probably because the people turned and not the Money Devil. Also the mathematical law that 2 and 2 make 4 and that you can't take away something from nothing seems to have come into play.

On this point Mr. George French's aforementioned article is highly instructive:

> Inimical forces, more potent than the displeasure of the people or parties touched, were at work [against the freedom of the magazines]. The cost of getting subscribers for the new magazines proved to be very great. They were compelled to pay half, three-quarters of the subscription price. . . . The net profit on circulation receipts dwindled as the lists mounted; and the subscribers had to be won anew every year. . . . The problem of maintaining the advertising patronage also became more and more acute, and more and more costly, involving large forces of solicitors and corps of artists and advertisement writers. . . . When to it was added the great expense of getting and keeping readers, and the very lavish expense of the editorial departments, a condition was created which meant to some of the magazines that their struggle was turned into a fight for financial independence, or even existence.

In other words, there were flush times when money went like water, and the flush times came to an end. Then the Money Devil did what he always does, he got the business man who doesn't watch out. Now that the magazines have learned the lesson of thrift and commonsense, there are really signs that the Money Devil is relaxing his hold. He has no false sensitiveness, the Money Devil. Pay him his interest on the mortgage and you may call him what you please.

HARNESSING OUR WATER POWERS.

If the day ever comes in which this generation is accused of lacking imagination, some refutation of the charge will be found in our response to so prosaic a battle-cry as "Conservation." A more colorless watchword it would be difficult to choose. "Free silver" and "gold standard," "protection" and "free trade," all have an appeal of themselves, apart from the things for which they stand. But who would have believed that we could be made to care anything about a term that sounds like a piece of scientific nomenclature—that we should have elevated an abstraction into a political issue? Yet this is just what we have done. Stirred by a vision of untouched but menaced natural wealth of unknown extent, we have taken the word that happened to be near, and, regardless of its poverty of suggestion, have made it a touchstone of statesmanship. It is still a lumbering polysyllable, but woe to the man in public life who presumes to trifle with it. Ungainly it undoubtedly is, but there is lightning in it.

Our attention, however, has been so occupied with the political aspects of our new interest that its industrial features have received less than their due. And yet it is these that are really of primary importance. This fact gives especial value to the series of articles on "Water and Power in Industry," in *Scribner's*. While all the argument has been going on about it, there has been in quiet process of development a multitude of water-power systems the country over. The need of such enterprises is indicated by David B. Rushmore's statements concerning the tremendous increase in the consumption of coal. Prefacing his figures with the remarks that we are rapidly passing from an agricultural country to an industrial one, and that this transition is accompanied by a large growth in the use of power and consequently by an enormous drain on our fuel resources, he points out the startling circumstance that the amount of coal mined in the United States went up from 270,000,000 tons in 1900 to 500,000,000 tons in 1910, an increase of 85 per cent. The population during the same period increased but 20 per cent. At this rate the end of our coal deposits is in sight. Here is the significance in the possibilities of our water-power. With suitable storage facilities, the minimum available flow of 36,000,000 horsepower can be increased five or six times. The hugeness of these figures is realized when we read the estimate of the Commissioner of Corporations that the total development of waterpower in this country for electrical and other industrial purposes is only about 6,000,000 horsepower.

It was the harnessing, however partial, of Niagara that focussed the thought of the nation upon what might be done in the way of utilizing waste power. That event was dramatic. But the region that looks towards the Golden Gate really carried these developments farthest. The high cost of fuel was responsible for their beginnings in that part of the country, and for a long time "the history of electric power transmission in the United States was largely made up of that of the companies centring around San Francisco." The water storage of the plants of a single great company for both power and irrigation would be sufficient to supply that city with water for two years. Yet California is not alone in this. The dimensions of "the deepest siphon tunnel in the world" and of the vast reservoir which it will fill, are such as to satisfy the pride of the proudest citizen of the Empire State. The siphon, dipping under the Hudson at Storm King Mountain to the depth of a quarter of a mile, and emerging in the shadow of Breakneck opposite, is capable of belching forth in one day a stream sufficient to

fill two and a third million miles of one-inch hose, while the Ashokan reservoir will hold 130,000,000,000 gallons, enough, it is stated, to flood the entire area of Manhattan Island to the upper window-sills of a three-story flat.

Not the least interesting feature of the tale that is unfolded by the development of waterpower is its emphasis upon our closeness to the ancients. Their use of it was one of the first steps in civilization, and we, marching in the foremost files of time, have not outgrown it. The differences are merely those of method. Theirs were crude and for a day; ours are as highly wrought as we can make them, and for generations. And yet, even with reference to these aspects, the boast is checked upon our lips at the memory of the Roman art that also built aqueducts for the ages. It is difficult for us to dream of an epoch when strange peoples will wander with curious eyes over the remains of our civilization. But one cannot avoid the reflection that if such a time should come, we should in no small measure be judged by just such mighty works as those we have been considering.

KINDNESS TO PARENTS.

A tradition has been growing up that the rising generation is pretty hard on the one that lags superfluous. We long since, of course, got away from the command to children to obey their parents. No fathers and mothers, except those moving about in a world half realized, any longer expect that. But there have been many rumors of darker things. It is said that the young of to-day are not kind to the old. The suggestion has even been made that there is need of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Parents. Such is the result of the changed attitude into which we moderns have fallen. The posture which most parents assume towards their children is now distinctly apologetic. "Be as patient as you can with us, for we are doing our best." The old patriarchal spirit is gone, and if anything is inconceivable to our youth it is a religion founded on the worship of ancestors.

While in all this there is a measure of truth, we are convinced that the charge of deliberate unkindness cannot fairly be brought against the young in relation to their elders. Boys and girls pity their fathers and mothers, but are not cruel to them. They are often frank and even critical with them; that is their duty; but they are not unnecessarily severe. They make earnest efforts to understand them, to get their strange point of view, and never withhold sympathy when they find a parent hopelessly struggling with obsolete ideas. There is much evidence, we believe, that the young are really sorry for the old. As they know that to comprehend is the first step towards pardoning, they give a great deal of thought to the task of "making out" their parents. The latter naturally suffer in the process. An English mother recently told about her daughter of sixteen bringing home a school friend. After a few days of trying to get on well with the two girls, the lady was surprised to have her daughter say one morning: "Dorothy has been telling me she can't make you out. She doesn't somehow get any further with you. And she doesn't know whether it is that she can't get at you or whether there's nothing to get at. I tell her there really isn't much to get at. What do you think?"

Such experiences are inevitably disconcerting to parents, but they do not argue unkindness on the part of children. They show, rather, how sincerely the young folks endeavor to understand what their parents really think and what is their attitude towards a world which is rapidly slipping away from them. This kind of friendly interest and surveillance is frequently displayed in regard to the reading and literary preferences of parents. Their children do not, of course, read the same books. That would be asking too much. But they strive honestly to put themselves in touch with the queer parental taste. They cannot share it; they are secretly astonished at it; but they do not openly rail at it. "You used to like Browning? How strange and far away that seems! You thought him obscure? How funny! Clear enough, but hardly worth while, I should say."

If careless parents are tempted to resent this kind of cross-examination by their children, they should stop to think what it means. But for the thoughtfulness of our children in enlightening us, we should scarcely know what ideas in literature and standards in art and forces in society and in government are regnant to-day. When the young respectfully differ with us, it is their forbearing way of helping us to understand the new age. Did we use to be emotional in our youth? Well, we ought to know that that has gone out. The thing to-day is to be passionate—to have great fervors and burning determinations. What about? Why, that is the very point; it doesn't much matter what about. Only, do not expect the young to warm over old enthusiasms. They must strike out for themselves. And it is the duty of the aging to understand—their children are all the time striving to make them—that writers once famous must not be prescribed to youth to-day. "Ah!" cried a French student the other day, "how that *faux bonhomme Renan* bores us."

A French review recently published the results of an *enquête* concerning the ideas and tendencies of young men and women A great variety of them were reported, mostly notable for their audacity in straining to be different from what had gone before in literature, in art, in life. But the permanent significance of such opinions may be doubted. For youth, too, has to face the oncoming years and fated change. Thirty-five does not always think as it did at twenty; and that is one reason why you cannot tell exactly what is going to happen fifteen years from now by asking twenty what it would like to have happen. It has been justly said that if you want to know what the *jeunesse* of 1912 is really going to signify in the world's history, you cannot form a sound judgment until about 1930. And then there will be another *jeunesse* coming along, seeking to be kind to the one that will by that time have passed into sedate parenthood.

THE VULGATE REVISION.

ROME, April 17.

The nomination by Pius X, in May, 1907, of a commission for the revision of the Latin Vulgate, with Abbot Gasquet at its head, was announced in the *Nation*, June 6, 1907. This is, as was said at that time, the most important result as yet of the Biblical Commission which was appointed towards the end of the Pontificate of Leo XIII. The learned world has been informed from time to time of the substantial progress that has been made, especially in two reports that have been printed in the Latin and two or three modern languages, the first in 1909 and the second towards the end of 1911.

To refresh the recollections of those interested in this great work, I begin with a brief statement of the exact end the Vulgate Commission has in view, and of the means by which it proposes to attain this end. The text of the Vulgate now authorized by the Roman Church is the recension of Clement VIII which dates back to the year 1592; and although it was a good piece of work for the time, its mere antiquity is sufficient proof to any one familiar with literary and textual criticism that it ought to be revised in the light of present knowledge.

It is important to emphasize the fact that the Commission has no intention of criticising the work of St. Jerome himself, who in the last decades of the fourth century, under the authority of Pope Damasus, constituted on the basis of his own researches a text which took the place of the many others then extant. Not only is it universally recognized that his qualifications for this great task, in the way of learning and ability, were preëminent, but he had manuscripts in the Greek and other languages, and other sources of information, that have for centuries been lost. There is no question, for example, that the manuscript traditions accessible to him antedated any of our Greek manuscripts, none of which are older than the middle of the third century. Therefore, I repeat, the present Commission's sole object is to reconstruct as far as possible Jerome's own text. No doubt others will afterwards take it upon themselves critically to examine this version itself.

In fact, Professor Rahlfs of Göttingen, in his "Septuaginta-Studien," Vol. II, pp. 111-122 and 128-132, shows conclusively that Jerome's text, even after the best possible restoration and in spite of the manuscripts and authorities to which he had access, is in great need of emendation, and even goes so far as to accuse him of levity and carelessness.

The Commission at its first sitting decided to establish its headquarters in Rome at the great monastery of St. Anselm on the Aventine, which was founded and endowed by Leo XIII. Here they are assembling all the collations that have been made or procured by their members. To facilitate the preparation of a complete collation the full Clementine text has been printed in large folio volumes, without capital letters, paragraphing, or word divisions, so that, resembling a manuscript as nearly as a printed text can, it may the more easily be compared by revisers with actual manuscripts, and two-thirds of every page have been left blank to be filled in with variants and annotations. As Jerome made three versions of the Psalms at different times, two on the basis of the old Latin translation called the Itala, which he corrected with the help of the Septuagint, and the third translated directly from the Hebrew, a special plan has been adopted in printing the Psalms in the folio volumes aforesaid. The text common to the two former is printed in the middle of the page, the variant readings to the right and left with a vertical line between. The third version has been printed separately.

One of the Commission's first labors has been to prepare a catalogue of all the Latin manuscripts of the Bible now extant in the libraries of Europe, which will be of the greatest utility, not only to the present revisers, but to all scholars at work on the sacred texts. Many libraries have already been searched for their biblical codices, and the contents of these described or collated. About fifteen collaborators in various parts of Europe are now busy with the manuscripts and other documents that are of service in the constitution of an authentic text. For determining the provenance of some codices and the influences to which they were subjected, the importance of the Capitulæ, or tables of contents, is now generally conceded. Notable progress has been made in collecting and comparing these Capitulæ, and for the basis of a collation an exemplar has been compiled that comprises their most noteworthy and typical specimens.

The significance of this revision for the criticism of the New Testament, and also of the Old Testament in both Greek and Hebrew, especially the Psalter, is quite obvious. The Psalter from the first has been the most used and therefore the most frequently published, both before and after the invention of printing, of all the books of the Bible. More than a hundred manuscripts of it were used by Holmes and Parsons for their great Oxford edition of the Septuagint (1795-1823), and now several hundred in all are known. It is interesting to observe that in manuscript form the Psalter usually appears alone, being found with the whole Bible or with the New Testament in relatively few instances. And as it is generally agreed that the translations are of the greatest utility in the criticism of the Septuagint as a whole, some of them being older than the oldest Greek manuscripts and the place of their origin being nearly always ascertainable, this is all the more true of the Septuagint Psalter on account of the aforesaid large number of manuscripts. In Latin it is only of the Psalms that we have a considerable series of pre-Hieronyman or non-Hieronyman texts, but Jerome's own version is very important for the text of the Septuagint, since, according to his own statement, his version was only a hasty revision on the basis of the Septuagint of the Latin translation already in general use.

It only remains to remark that the Revision of the Vulgate, as is usually true of such enterprises, is proving to be much more expensive than was expected, and that funds are urgently needed. H. E.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

A most intimate and most interesting Hawthorne Association item, heretofore unknown, and inaccessible, apparently, to any of his editors, has recently been acquired by S. H. Wakeman. This is Hawthorne's private and personal pocket diary kept by him through the year 1859. It is a small French diary, size of leaf 4¾x2⅞ inches, two days to a page, bound in brown roan and with printed tables and lists at the end. It contains an entry for every day, without a single exception, for the entire year. These entries generally fill the greater part of the space (a half-page) allotted for each day's record. In a very few cases, towards the end of the year, the entries occupy three or four lines only.

At this time Hawthorne and his family had spent nearly a year in Italy. They had been in Rome during the first months of 1858 and had returned there in October, intending to spend a few weeks, then to return early in 1859 to the United States. The serious and protracted illness of Una, Hawthorne's elder daughter, detained them in Rome until May 28, 1859. When this record begins, January, 1859, Una was still suffering from Roman fever and receiving daily visits from Dr. Franco, and the state of her health is the subject of a line or two of each entry for the first part of the year. In the printed "French and Italian Note-Books," extracts from Hawthorne's Journals selected by Mrs. Hawthorne, there are no entries from November 2, 1858, to February 27, 1859, but instead there is this note by the editor: "During four months of the illness of his daughter, Mr. Hawthorne wrote no word of journal." Nevertheless, he kept up his daily entries in his pocket diary, as this little volume shows.

They finally left Rome on May 28. At the top of the page containing the entry for May 29, Hawthorne has written boldly "France." He had already written "Rome" at the top of the first page. "Switzerland" is written over June 10, "France" again over June 16, and "England" over June 24. After a short stay in London, on July 22 the family removed to Redcar, on the east coast of England. On October 5 they removed to Leamington, and this diary for 1859 closes with the Hawthornes still there and the father and Julian taking almost daily walks.

While the first line of each of the 365 entries mentioned the state of the weather, there is something of interest in almost every one. He tells of his walks and visits to museums and galleries of friends upon whom he called or who called upon him (and among these during the Roman stay were Browning, Motley, Story, ex-President Pierce, C. P. Cranch, and others), of letters received, of the health of himself and family, etc.

The first rough draft of "The Marble Faun" was written in Italy, mainly at the Villa Monaüto, near Florence. It was finished in Rome, the author's intention being to revise and rewrite it after his return to Concord. A part of the entry for January 30 in this little diary is: "I finished today the rough draft of my Romance intend-

ing to write it over after getting back to the Wayside."

The manuscript seems to have remained undisturbed until July 24, two days after the Hawthornes were settled in their lodgings in Redcar. In the entry for that date we read: "To-day I looked at the rough draft of the Romance, and prepared for the writing of it." The next day, July 25: "Prepared to begin writing my Romance all the morning." And the next, July 26: "At about 10 o'clock, began the Romance in very earnest, and wrote till 3." The story was finished on November 8, under which date Hawthorne records: "Wrote till 5 minutes of 12 & finished the last page of my Romance. 508 manuscript pages."

Between these two dates, July 24 and November 8, he wrote regularly; there are entries referring to his writing on every day, excepting only August 2 and 16, September 6, October 5, 6, 7, and 8 (when he was moving and getting settled at Leamington), and October 23.

Many of these entries are short, as: "Wrote till 3 o'clock." "Wrote till nearly 3." "Wrote from 9 o'clock till 3." "Wrote till after 2."

Others are more interesting, as: "Scribbled till 2, with many idle pauses & no good result." "I began to write soon after 9, but made slow & poor progress." "Wrote till 3 with middling success." "Wrote till dinner, at 2, & again about an hour, after dinner." "Wrote till 3, a little more satisfactorily than heretofore." "Wrote till after 3, no great progress, but more interested as I get on." "Tried to write but could write out nothing; discouraged and depressed & not very well." "Wrote till 3. Gave Mamma the finished portion (rather more than half, I should think) of my Romance to read." "Wrote till 3. . . . Sent Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. the manuscript of my Romance as far as page 429, by express; also letter by post."

In all, the writing of the Romance is referred to in 110 entries. Several of the later entries refer to proof-sheets. On November 11, he records "A letter from Smith, Elder & Co., dissenting from the title of my book," and, two days later: "Wrote a Note to Smith, Elder & Co. suggesting various Titles for the Romance." Again, on December 12, "Wrote to Smith, Elder & Co. proposing 'Marble Faun' as a title."

Throughout this period, from Hawthorne's arrival in England until the completion of the novel, there are no entries whatever in the published "Note-Books." Instead, there is a note by the editor, in part as follows: "More than four months were now taken up in writing 'The Marble Faun' in great part at the seaside town of Redcar, Yorkshire, Mr. Hawthorne having concluded to remain another year in England, chiefly to accomplish that romance. In Redcar, where he remained till September or October, he wrote no journal only the book." Five days after the completion of the novel we find recorded in the little diary, "Wrote in my Journal." This entry of November 14 is the only English entry of 1859 in the "Note-Books." In fact, the total number of entries in the printed "Note-Books" for the year 1859 is only twenty, while in our little pocket-diary there are 365, as stated.

Did Hawthorne keep day-by-day records in this form for other years than 1859? If so they seem to have been lost or destroyed. The longer and more elaborate "Journals," giving fuller accounts of his movements, his impressions of people he met and things he saw, were written out leisurely at home, in small quarto blank books, too large for the pocket. The autograph manuscripts of these journals, so far as they have been preserved, are in Mr. Morgan's library. They contain much unprinted matter and form the largest body of Hawthorne manuscript extant.

L. S. L.

Correspondence

THE EXORBITANT PRICE OF BOOKS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial in a December issue on "Forming Private Libraries" recalls a topic already discussed in your columns, and one which will presently call for some action on the part of writers and teachers in this country, if not also in England. You mention the moderate price of the modern reprints of the standard literary works, and this is indeed a gratifying fact. But a great deterrent to the formation of private libraries remains in the further fact that such reprints of somewhat seasoned classics and semi-classics are the only serious books which are at all cheap. Books of a more strictly contemporaneous interest, and this is a matter of moment in works which are remotely of a scientific nature, are now habitually published at an unduly high price, a price which for many persons prohibits the formation of anything that could be called a library. As a consequence, college students of moderate means (the wealthier students, of course, read not at all) at once give up the idea of owning, aside from the few prescribed textbooks, those volumes from which their minds are most largely stored.

Nothing could be said against this if the prices at which modern serious works are issued were based on their necessary cost of production. But any one who has got out a book knows that this is not the case. Regarding anything but a prospective "best seller" or a school textbook, the publisher argues that not more than, say, three thousand copies would be sold, however low the price, whereas there are at least eight hundred municipal and collegiate libraries which "must have" a copy at whatsoever price; and it will be better business, in his opinion, to sell eight hundred copies at five dollars each, than three thousand copies at the still very profitable price of one dollar and a quarter. And then, Presto! the size of type, page, and margins, the thickness of paper, the binding, and so forth, are fixed such that the book shall look to the public like a book that is worth five dollars. For, be it known, fifteen or twenty cents added to the cost of a volume which could profitably be sold for a dollar will give it the pleasing disguise of a "five-dollar book, net." In this way the publishers are deliberately "holding up" all the university and city libraries, discouraging the formation of small private libraries, circumventing the aims of education, and (short-sightedly enough) destroying the general market for books of a serious nature.

The German publishers, who in their sophistication are even more benighted, carry this game still further. They require the author to sign an agreement to provide a "revised edition" whenever *in the opinion of the publisher* such an edition is called for. The institutional libraries think it necessary to add each such "neue sorgfältig durchgearbeitete sehr vermehrte und verbesserte Auflage" to their earlier and now (by decree of publisher) superannuated editions. Such revisions are often issued without a shadow of legitimate excuse; and an amusing consequence of this practice may be seen by inspecting any German catalogue of second-hand books. It is fair to both sides to say that the German author is sometimes not altogether innocent of collusion with the publisher. But for publisher and author alike this form of guile is gradually killing the golden goose, and it is only a question of time when, in Germany, England, and America, the institutional libraries themselves will have to turn on their persecutors. I believe that this short-sighted policy dictates the price of virtually all new serious works other than textbooks. Nor is the wealthy amateur who is "completing" his collection on a certain topic, forgotten in the publisher's calculation of what and how to publish.

Now, it would be idle to call attention to this situation, were the remedy not at hand. An author who wishes to have his work bought by the public as well as by libraries can publish at his own expense and determine his own retail price; and this, unless his book is a downright failure, with as gratifying financial returns, if not with very much larger returns, than he would get from his publisher-entrepreneur's magnificent allowance of 10 or possibly 15 per cent. And if his book is a failure, he can scarcely wish that he had got a publisher to bear the losses. If, now, the author will put up with linotype work, a printer-publisher who has his fame yet to establish, and certain other frugalities—all abhorrent to the elegant taste of the "trade," but in no wise repugnant to the earnest aims of science and education—he can, I am credibly informed, have printed for four hundred dollars the first thousand copies of a book which the sophisticated trade, with eyes asquint at the ever-absorbent libraries, would rig up into a three-dollar or four-dollar volume. Each subsequent thousand will cost some seventy or eighty dollars, and the retail price, with due allowance for the expense of judicious advertising, could clearly be set at less than one dollar. Of course, this plan is not for those who believe that a cheap price makes a cheap book. But with Plutarch, Bacon, and Darwin selling for thirty-five cents, I should personally feel no shame if my work were knocked down to sixty-nine and a half cents, or so. And as for the trade's standard of taste in the get-up of a book, it is as germane to the matter as the undertaker's discriminating eye in "caskets."

Edwin B. Holt.

Harvard University, April 25.

THE HONOR SYSTEM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In view of the quite opposite views of the so-called honor system in examinations, which have been in the past expressed in your columns, it should seem of interest to make known the results of an

investigation into the actual extent and working of this system in the colleges of the United States. A *questionnaire* was addressed to the president or dean of each of 350 colleges and universities. I wish to give briefly the information gleaned from the 280 replies received, and the deductions to be derived therefrom.

The investigation as regards extent showed that 29 per cent. of American colleges use some sort of honor system, that is, some system which dispenses with invigilation or supervision, and relies on the honesty of the students, whether they have bound themselves by pledge or not. Of these honor-system colleges, 44 per cent. are situated east of the Mississippi and south of the Mason and Dixon line, and only 11 per cent. are in New England. Further, 66 per cent. of these honor-system colleges are exclusively for men, only 17 per cent. exclusively for women, and only 17 per cent. co-educational. The conditions which give birth to the honor system, and which support it, are thus sharply defined as regards geographical position and sex, and the reasons are obvious. The system began at the University of Virginia and spread from there, and its success depends upon the closeness of touch between the student committee who have it in charge and the actual conditions in the examination room. Such a condition as the last cannot exist in a co-educational college in the same degree as it does at Princeton and Williams.

The investigation as to the working of five years ago, Prof. E. S. Joynes states that merely in practice, but in the conception of its foundation. In some colleges—roughly speaking, about one-third of the colleges which have adopted this plan—the very idea of requiring a student to bind himself to a certain line of moral conduct by means of a pledge is repugnant. In a second third—the best example is Princeton—the very foundation of the honor system is a pledge signed by each student at the end of every examination book, to the effect that he has neither given nor received assistance. Lastly, in the colleges which make up the final third the principle is carried still further, and the student must sign a pledge guaranteeing not only that he will be honest himself, but also that he will report any dishonesty that he sees. The report is made sometimes directly to the President, sometimes to the faculty, but more frequently to a committee of students.

In a letter to the *Nation*, written some five years ago, Prof. E. S. Joynes states that "no college (North or South) has ever tried this system in good faith without satisfaction with the results." What ground there was for making this statement without exhaustive inquiry, is not clear. Four colleges have tried the honor system and discontinued it in favor of the supervision system; and in regard to those colleges which pledge their students, there has been a marked reluctance in recent years to bind a man both to be honest himself and to report dishonesty in others. For such a pledge says in effect, "We expect *you* to be honest, but watch that man on your left!" This requirement to report, which seems to strike at the first and finest instinct of the schoolboy—loyalty to his fellows—was what stuck in the throats of Yale men. The president of a New York college writes, "To report dishonesty in others staggers up-State New York. The State regents require the pledge of honesty, but do not require the pledge to report." Presidents of other colleges characterize it as "abhorrent to high principle," and "un-American"; but the chief reason for its abandonment has been the practical one "that students will not report their fellows." If this be true, then the conclusion is inevitable that unreported dishonesty exists at those colleges which have abandoned the second pledge because they found it could not be enforced. But the enormous differences made by local conditions is shown by reports from Southern colleges, to the effect that student invigilation and reporting have worked well for years. One such report states that a system has worked successfully which requires students to report to the faculty "all acts of dishonor on the athletic field, in the examination room, and in the recitation room as well."

The general conclusions arrived at in the course of this investigation may now be stated.

In the first place, honesty in examinations is not dependent on any system, but on the morale of the institution. This truism is constantly obscured. It is often said—and Professor Joynes accepts the sentiment as a personal one—that a student will regard cheating as a venial offence when such means as invigilation are taken to prevent it. This calumny on college men cannot stand for a moment in the face of the unanimous evidence of all the great universities of England and Scotland, where the strictest supervision prevails, that dishonesty is universally regarded as base and ungentlemanly.

In the second place, the danger, often pointed out, that the honor system may tend to a distortion and confusion of moral values, seems to be a real one. It is hard to teach in a school or college that cheating is always and everywhere wrong, if the practice of the school or college teaches by implication that the wrongdoing is inherent in the breaking of a signed pledge. The typical result in the case of weak students is the not infrequent practice of signing the pledge "with a mental reservation," or of signing it *before* the examination is written. And the grotesque reply to such manœuvring of easy consciences has been, in the case of one college at least, the exaction of still another pledge, which requires the student to declare that what he has already declared about the honesty of his examination work is the truth.

In the third place, the worst system is the lack of system. In those cases in which the honor system had broken down, it has failed because the student sentiment upon which it must always rely, was unsystematized and unstable. On the other hand, the greatest and most flagrant dishonesty has probably existed at those institutions which had a supervision system, but no effective supervision.

JOHN A. LESTER.

The Hill School, Pottstown, Pa., April 24.

WASHINGTON AND THE CHERRY TREE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The suggestion made by Mr. Joseph de Perott in your issue of March 21, that the legend of Washington and the cherry tree had its ultimate origin in "The Seven Sages of Rome"—in the story known as "Tentamina"—seems to me to be extremely improbable. It is not very likely that "Parson Weems" ever saw a copy of "The Seven Sages"—although a chap-book edition of it appeared at Boston as late as 1794. Nor is it likely that he knew the story "Tentamina" in any derivative version, either oral or literary; for the story, though it must have flourished as oral tradition in the time of Chaucer, can scarcely have lived on in that form past the time of Shakespeare; and the number of literary derivatives known to students of "The Seven Sages" is very small—not above half a dozen at most, none of which is in English.

My chief reason, however, for doubting the theory proposed by Mr. de Perott is found in the content and purport of the stories themselves. In *motif* and in upshot the two stories differ radically. The wife in "Tentamina" cuts down her husband's favorite tree, not in order to try out a new hatchet, but with a view to testing the patience of her husband. When overtaken in her fault, she does indeed confess to having cut down the tree, but at the same time she urges in defence of her course a fictitious plea, and one that her husband recognizes as fictitious; namely, that she needed fuel wherewith to warm his "old bones" on his return from the hunt. Finally, the husband in "Tentamina" does not forgive his wife (Mr. de Perott's summary is in error at this point), but visits upon her a severe and most effective punishment.

KILLIS CAMPBELL.

University of Texas, April 21.

Literature

THE CAMBRIDGE MEDIÆVAL HISTORY.

The Cambridge Mediæval History. Planned by J. B. Bury, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History. Edited by H. M. Gwatkin, M.A., J. P. Whitney, B.D. Volume I: The Christian Roman Empire and the Foundation of the Teutonic Kingdoms. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5 net.

That a systematic history of the Middle Ages on a great scale should appear after a similar history of the modern world on an even greater scale had been completed, may at first seem surprising. Why not have begun at the beginning of the Middle Ages and worked down the stream of time, letting each century lead on to and into the next in natural chronological order? The explanation is, however, very simple. The idea of having a large-scale mediæval history published under the auspices of the University of Cambridge is due to the success of the Cambridge "Modern History," and that the scheme did not begin with the earlier period, as the French "Histoire Universelle" of Lavisse and Rambaud, and the various German Weltgeschichten have done, may be ascribed to the fact that the original designer of the Cambridge "Modern His-

tory," the late Lord Acton, was much more familiar with and much more interested in the history of the last four centuries than in that of earlier times. Without his vast erudition and capacious mind it is probable that so great an undertaking as the "Modern History" would not have been attempted in our time. The present book, a continuation backwards, so to speak, of Lord Acton's scheme, is fortunate in having found its planning mind in his successor in the Regius professorship of modern history at Cambridge, England. Professor Bury is well known to all students not only as an accomplished classical scholar, but as a learned and judicious historian, imbued with the true scientific spirit. The names of those to whom the general editorship and composition of the chapters of this first volume have been entrusted are less familiar, but among them we find some known on both sides of the Atlantic, such as those of Professors Gwatkin and Reid of Cambridge University, Professors Haverfield and Vinogradoff of Oxford University, Principal Lindsay of Glasgow, and Dom Butler, Abbott of Downside Abbey.

To fix the point at which ancient history passes into mediæval history is even less easy than to determine that at which mediæval history passes into modern. In the latter case the fact that four such great events as the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, the discovery of America, the opening up of a sea route round Africa to India and the Further East, and the beginning of the great religious revolt against Papal power, all fall within sixty-seven years —years which also saw the invention of printing and the diffusion of a knowledge of Greek—this fact marks an epoch of general change in which a new phase of the human mind may be said to begin. But in the transition from the world of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius to the world of Charlemagne and Alcuin there is no point and no generation which can be said to be critical. If any one event were to be selected as most evidently marking the entrance of a new factor, it would be the rise of Islam, but in Western Europe the ancient order of things had largely perished before A. D. 622. For the purposes of the volume now before us the era of Constantine has been selected. It is recommended not only as being that of the recognition of Christianity by the state, but also by the facts that Constantinople was then made the capital for the eastern half of the Roman Empire, and that a momentous change was passing in the character of that imperial government itself. We find no fault with the selection, because, although there are persons such as Boethius and Justinian, living a century and a half after Constantine, who are far more ancient than modern, still it is much better to begin too early than too late. As the Christian church was the dominant factor in European affairs all through the Middle Ages, it is indispensable to a comprehension of their character that her growth in organization and discipline should be traced (at least in outline) back to its origin. That origin belongs to the first post-apostolic age, and the ecclesiastical part of the story has to be carried back to days certainly not later than those of Constantine.

The process by which the ancient world was changed into the mediæval world was, first and foremost, the substitution of the church, and in particular of the Roman Church, for the Empire as a ruling power. The second step in the process was the creation of new nations by the mixture of Teutonic barbarians with the civilized subjects of Rome. The third step was the localization of authority in a large number of landowners who were, for a long time, virtually independent of the sovereigns within whose kingdoms they lived. The fourth was the diffusion over Western Asia and North Africa of a conquering religion. As the first of these four steps had begun to be taken even before Constantine's recognition of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and as the second begins not later than the crossing of the Goths into the Roman Empire in A. D. 376, these considerations also show that no date subsequent to Constantine's reign could safely be taken.

This volume contains twenty-one chapters, which are the work of twenty writers, some of whom have, however, contributed half-chapters only. Among these writers there are four Germans and two Frenchmen, the rest British. Six of the chapters are devoted to the Church, being the following: The Triumph of Christianity; Arianism; The Organization of the Church; Religious Disunion in the Fifth Century; Monasticism; Early Christian Art, while another, entitled Thoughts and Ideas of the Period, is virtually a comparison of Neo-Platonism and Christian doctrines. This is no undue amount of space to devote to ecclesiastical matters, and it is a convenience to those historical students who do not possess a complete set of works on ecclesiastical history to have in these chapters a concise and careful summary of the process by which the hierarchical system was developed down to and in the fifth century.

Another feature in the planning of this volume deserves to be commended. It is the effort made to present a view of the peoples who lay outside the Roman Empire and who were to become factors in the history of the centuries that followed its first break-up in the fifth century. This is done with much erudition and in an interesting way by Dr. Peisker of Gratz, in a chapter entitled The Asiatic Background. He describes briefly, but with Teutonic thoroughness, the soil and climate of Central Asia, and the life and customs of the nomads that have inhabited it since the beginnings of history, and he examines their ethnographic affinities and their religion. His interesting account would have been still more complete if he had brought into it some of the Greek accounts of the nomad tribes of the north, beginning with the well-known passage in the sixteenth book of the Iliad, and including the remarkable description in the fourth book of Herodotus of the various tribes in Scythia.

The same excellent idea which has treated the northeast Asiatic background and which has given us a chapter on the early history of the Teutonic tribes might profitably be applied on a smaller scale to three other backgrounds also, the West African in Numidia and Mauretania, the northwest European in Caledonia and Hibernia, and the Arabian to the east of Egypt and to the south of Mesopotamia. It may be that such a treatment of the environing non-Romanized peoples has been reserved for the next volume, in which we shall doubtless find an account of a still more important neighboring region, the empire of the Sassanid kings of Persia, whose strife with Rome was to be so potent a factor during the sixth century.

Turning from the plan of the work to its execution, it is a satisfaction to find that this volume is in point of literary quality fully equal to the average of the twelve volumes of the "Cambridge Modern History." In the first few volumes of that great work there were some chapters which reached exceptional excellence. In this mediæval volume the workmanship is good throughout, and if none of it is so good as the very best chapters of the "Modern History," none of it is so flat and tame as were some parts of that book. The general tone and quality are much the same. The writers know their business. They set forth the facts in a plain, clear way, with no ornament, and little indication of any moral or political judgment. This is the now accepted way of composing history, and it is better, take it all in all, than the eighteenth-century way, in which the personality of the historian, with his own views and predilections, was too frequently present, and in which the desire to produce an animated or picturesque narrative often raised suspicions as to the exactness of the statements made. However, among the present writers there are, of course, certain differences. Some hardly try to work up their matter into a connected narrative or systematic description. Mr. Lethaby, for instance, in his useful chapter on Early Christian Art, gives us what is little more than the contents of a carefully compiled notebook of facts, quite serviceable, but not very readable. It is rather an encyclo-

pædia article than part of a history. Professor Gwatkin, on the other hand, welds his material together into a story which sometimes becomes almost dramatic, and makes us follow the career of Constantine with a personal interest. The same praise may be given to Principal Lindsay's chapter, to Mr. Bayne's portrait of the Emperor Julian, to Ernest Barker's excellent account of the later phases of the collapse of the Empire in the West from the death of Alaric to the deposition of Romulus Augustulus by Odovacar, and to Miss Alice Gardner's lucid treatment of a difficult theme in the chapter entitled Religious Disunion in the Fifth Century, which traces the tangled history of the controversies that centred in three great councils, those which we call the First of Constantinople, Ephesus, and Chalcedon. Professor Haverfield's description of Roman Britain has less human interest, but it is a model summary, clear and concise, giving in the briefest form the facts most necessary to be known.

The method of writing history by allotting different topics to different writers and piecing their work together into a connected whole, which is followed here as it was in the Cambridge "Modern History," has two conspicuous advantages, balanced by two corresponding demerits. The first advantage is that of assigning a particular topic to a man of special attainments in that particular line of learning. This has become far more needful now than it was fifty years ago, owing not only to the immense growth of literature dealing with historical subjects, but also to the higher standard of accuracy we have become accustomed to expect. The other advantage is that a more complete view of any age or epoch, its events, its prominent personages, its leading and determinative tendencies, can be presented to the student if it is approached by a number of different writers from different points of view. Although there has been allotted to each of such writers what has been deemed a separate department of the phenomena which belong to the epoch, still, as all the phenomena of a time are organically related to one another, the knowledge and thoughts of the different writers converging on the epoch throw upon it a fuller light than could be expected from any one mind. Each sees some things more clearly or in greater detail than others do, and thus each contributes to a better comprehension of the whole. This is eminently true of the reciprocal bearings on one another of secular and ecclesiastical history. One gets in this volume a view of their relations all the more complete because some of the authors see the secular events from the ecclesiastical side, and others see the ecclesiastical events from the secular side.

The two corresponding demerits are the following: In the first place it may happen that the spheres assigned to two writers overlap; so that the same topic is dealt with twice over by different minds, whose views of it may not coincide. An instance may be seen in the present volume, where the years and events covered by the concluding part of Ernest Barker's article (chapter xiv) on Italy and the West are dealt with afresh in Maurice Dumoulin's article (chapter xv) entitled The Kingdom of Italy under Odovacar and Theodoric. Such overlappings, however, may be avoided by careful editing. In the case we have mentioned, no harm is done, and it is better that there should be a little redundancy or repetition than that any material fact or aspect should be omitted.

The other demerit or drawback to this scheme of a mosaic history is that it may fail to furnish a broad general view of an epoch, as a whole, of the general trend of events in it, of its dominant tendencies, of the leading figures as embodiments of those tendencies. This defect was occasionally visible in the Cambridge "Modern History." It arises naturally from a scheme which has to regard the parts rather than the whole; and it can hardly help arising even under the best editing because no one of the chapters, taken by itself, may be the proper place for setting forth such a general view as we are contemplating, not to add that the several writers may not agree in their conception of what such a general view ought to be. In the present volume what seems needed, and what is not altogether supplied by the several chapters, all taken together, is a view of the relations of paganism to Christianity in all their aspects and also of the changes which were passing on the Christian Church. On both subjects a great deal is to be found in the book, and what we do find is extremely valuable, whether we agree or disagree with it. But there seems to be still room for such a general chapter of the kind we have sought to indicate.

The maps at the end of the volume will be found, despite their necessarily small scale, very helpful to an elucidation of the narrative. The Chronological Table of leading events might with advantage be somewhat fuller, especially as comparatively few dates and no marginal headings are given in the text of the chapters. The Bibliographies are well done, but would be still more useful to the student if notes were occasionally added briefly indicating the respective values of the authorities mentioned, or giving some such hints regarding them as the student who is not a specialist requires. A few such are given (*e. g.*, Bibliographies of chapter xii B and chapter xiii B); and more notes of the like character would have their value.

CURRENT FICTION.

Zuleika Dobson, or an Oxford Love Story. By Max Beerbohm. New York: John Lane Co.

Mr. Beerbohm's first novel (not his first book) few will relish chiefly for its story. Yet the plot goes not one, but two, better than the most romantic of modern romances. The hero, the undisputed aristocrat among Oxford undergraduates, the inheritor of fabulous estates, not only is a paragon of perfection in all accomplishments, but has on one occasion, after sauntering into the House of Lords by mere accident, delivered a speech against a socialistic Liberal measure, in which so utterly destructive was his criticism, "so lofty and so irresistible the flights of his eloquence, that, when he resumed his seat, there was only one course left to the leader of the House. He rose and, in a few husky phrases, moved that the bill 'be read this day six months.'" The hero, however, "did not reappear in the Upper Chamber, and was heard to speak in slighting terms of its architecture as well as of its upholstery."

This admirable Crichton, the Duke of Dorset, falls in love, for the first time in his life, of course. The object of his sudden but undying passion is Zuleika Dobson, an English virgin, who has fascinated two continents as a conjurer on the vaudeville stage. On returning from an engagement at Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre, New York City, she spends a few days at Oxford before entering upon her season at the Folies Bergère, Paris. She falls in love with the duke—falls in love twice in as many days—but repents as capriciously on divining that the passion is mutual. What else can a heroine do who knows the best traditions of her rôle? But this is no ordinary heroine. So potent is the fascination she exercises that every undergraduate in Oxford drowns himself for love of her. Intoxicating bliss for the heroine except for a single flaw. The aura that surrounds her person by reason of this romantic homage is wellnigh dissipated by the duke's malevolently confiding to a servant girl that he is not perishing for Zuleika. There is only one thing left to do. She packs up for Cambridge.

Obviously it is not the lure of coming events that draws the reader forward from page to page. It is Mr. Beerbohm's keen and subtle *flair* for the incongruous, which endows even the openly burlesque passages with a delicate humor. The duke once murmurs to Zuleika, "Your way of speech has what is called 'the literary flavor.'" She replies, "Ah, that is an unfortunate trick

which I caught from a writer, a Mr. Beerbohm, who once sat next me at dinner." The literary flavor, indeed, permeates the book, even when a Rhodes scholar is supposed to indulge in American slang. Appropriately enough for an Oxford story, there are quotations from the Greek, the Roman emperors occupy a grotesque position, "the cold classicism" of the Duke's face is at one moment "routed by the new romantic movement which had swept over his soul," and recent literary motives and mannerisms are parodied in a variety of amusing forms.

Yet clever, and even brilliant at times, as are the irony and burlesque, the novel lacks something of richness. The caricature and exaggeration want the whimsical appeal of Mr. Locke. They are amusing largely because they contain some remote or obvious satire of literary foibles and fashions.

The Night of Fires. By Anatole le Braz. Put into English by Frances M. Gostling. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Some books are so full of the nature and feeling of a place that they seem to have been written by its very *genius.* Such is this little volume of Breton studies; each one might be called a fragment of the autobiography of Brittany. The author is himself a Breton of the Bretons. Occasionally in these stories there is a slightly jarring note of the enthusiasm of the folk-lore seeker; but in the main M. le Braz has reproduced with wonderful success the grave charm, the "veiled and exquisite sobriety," the "adorable delicacy, as Renan has called it, of the Breton spirit.

Only one of the five narratives is a story in the usual sense of the word. The others are rather studies of religious customs, especially those that concern the dead. The preoccupation of the Breton imagination with death is not morbid; it is quiet, natural, matter-of-course; it is an attitude of reverent familiarity. As midnight approaches, the watchers at the Feast of the Dead draw away from the fire, to make room for the spirits.

> "Come!" sighed a peasant, "we have used the fire long enough. Now let us make way for our ancestors. You know the saying, 'Death is cold! and the Dead are cold!'" As she rose and arranged her skirts Nann added, "May the warmth of the hearth be pleasant to them!" and each one answered, "So be it!" as at the end of a prayer.

"The Night of the Dead" is the richest in folk-lore, as it is perhaps the most impressive, of the five studies. The most delicate and finished is "The Child of the Yeun," a Christmas tale quaintly summarized in the Breton proverb which is its motto: "Between the old man and the child there is only life; and life is so little." For simplicity, pathos, and delicate reserve of style it would not be easy to match this little story. Throughout the volume the translator has done her work with exceptional skill; the English is idiomatic, yet has the flavor of strangeness which is appropriate to the subject-matter. The book is illustrated by a number of photographs.

The Mystery of the Second Shot. By Rufus Gillmore. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A ruffianly promoter and banker of Boston takes a method of revenge so strange that the mystery of his own death is not solved until the end of the book. The dramatic interest of the solution is enhanced by the fact that the detective is a reporter in rivalry not only with the stupid police force—that device begins to pall—but also with the star reporter of his own paper. Mr. Gillmore handles his plot well, but somehow for part of the book fails to excite the reader; perhaps through lack of imaginative power to visualize the scenes of horror and suspicion. The end in the courtroom is well told, and the climax comes naturally and powerfully, with no trailing descent after it.

In Search of Arcady. By Nina Wilcox Putnam. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

We have lately noticed that a new hybrid is being put on the literary market by the enterprising horticulturists of fiction. It has not been formally christened, but it might appropriately be called in florist's jargon the Fancy Idyl Decorative-Paradoxical. Stories of this type owe a good deal to the novels of W. J. Locke; they differ from Mr. Locke's books in containing a much larger proportion of the decorative and sentimental elements, and a *reductio ad absurdum* of his clever waywardness. They entirely discard possibility, with reference to both characters and action.

"In Search of Arcady" has for idyllic setting the Berkshire countryside. In it the adventurous reader may meet an impecunious English lord in search of a rich American wife, whom he finds by falling in love with a gypsy and posing first as an actor, then as a chair-peddler; a Rhodes scholar turned Socialist; a gypsy villain seven feet tall; an English suffragette of high rank and American birth; a pair of retired vaudeville actors living in an Arcadian cottage; a rich society girl who has a habit of running away from New York and in gypsy disguise peddling millinery in the Berkshire hills. If novelty of incident is desired, it is not every hero of a novel who gets his first glimpse of the heroine by playing Actæon and beholding her beside a sylvan lake, "her beautiful nude body silhouetted against the dark bank behind her"; nor who finally wins her by literally "following the Romany patteran" through night and forests; nor who, after twice thrashing the gigantic villain, discovers that the said villain is her father. All these absurdities are presented in a mellifluous Arcadian style, as if the author were telling a tale of Daphnis and Chloe. The combination is at least momentarily amusing.

MARITIME STRATEGY.

Some Principles of Maritime Strategy. By Julian S. Corbett, LL.M. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Naval Strategy. By Capt. A. T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.50 net.

It is the contention of these authors—the two leading naval historians and critics in the two great Anglo-Saxon countries—that the study of naval theory can have very real practical value in assisting a capable commander to acquire a broad outlook, whereby he may be sure that his plans will cover all the ground, and whereby he may with greater rapidity and certainty seize upon all the factors of a sudden situation. Theory, and study of the experience of the past, may at least save an officer from great blunders if it cannot assure him certain success in actual battle. If Rozhestvensky, for instance, had had any clear conception of the theory of war and of the essential importance of exclusiveness of purpose, he would not so incons'derately have stuffed his vessels with coal on the coast of China before his final run to Vladivostok; by so doing he increased his danger from fire, submerged his armor-belts (already too low), lessened his potential speed, which was all-important under the circumstances, and hampered his power to manœuvre in an almost certain battle. Naval theory has also another use, not often thought of, but of undeniable value. It helps those who command and those who execute to see eye to eye. "How often," exclaims Corbett, who writes from an unrivalled knowledge of English naval history:

> How often have officers dumbly acquiesced in ill-advised operations simply from lack of the mental power and verbal apparatus to convince an impatient Minister where the errors of his plan lay? How often, moreover, have statesmen and officers, even in the most harmonious conference, been unable to decide on a coherent plan of war from inability to analyze scientifically the situation which they had to face, and to recognize the general character of the struggle in which they were about to engage?

Admitting the usefulness of naval theory, whence are we to deduce it? From two sources, answer both these authors. There is, first, of course, the experience of history and the correspondence of naval officers and admiralty

boards; such material is abundant, but it is raw material, undigested, which needs working up, and until logically and systematically put together, it no more constitutes an art of war than any number of bricks constitute a house. A second source is found in the transference to warfare on the sea of so much of the general theory of warfare on land as is applicable. Mr. Corbett, for instance, devotes the first third of his volume to an admirable exposition of the general theory of war as worked out by the greatest of all military theorists—Clausewitz. This we commend especially to readers in America, where military conceptions are generally so crude. Capt. Mahan ignores Clausewitz, but seeks in Jomini's "Art of War" and in the Archduke Charles's work on campaigns on the Danube, proper analogies for naval warfare. As an example of the applicability of military theory to naval conditions he aptly relates an anecdote of Gen. Sherman. After months of time, millions of dollars, and hundreds of lives had been uselessly wasted by the navy in a frontal attack on Charleston, Gen. Sherman, in the pleasant style of banter with which he was accustomed to talk to naval officers, said to Admiral Luce: "You navy fellows have been hammering away at Charleston for the past three years, but just wait till I get into South Carolina; I will cut her communications, and Charleston will fall into your hands like a ripe pear." And that is just what actually came to pass. Here was a fundamental military principle which the navy had failed to recognize.

Of the two volumes before us that of Mr. Corbett is more clear and concise, and more logically developed in a formal way. After his exposition of Clausewitz's theory of war in general, he analyzes in detail the three-fold aim of naval strategy: the obtaining, the disputing, and the exercising of the command over the sea. He gives but few illustrative examples and demands close attention from his reader; but close attention is well rewarded. We regret that space forbids a discussion of his many interesting contentions—that it was not Napoleon, but Cromwell and Blake, who first illustrated the importance of "concentration"; that Tourville's famous fifty-day cruise in the Channel in the summer of 1691 has been greatly overrated; that the maxim, "The first duty of the fleet is to seek out the enemy's fleet and destroy it," has had so strong a hold upon the English imagination as to have left little consideration for the possible advantages obtainable by "a fleet in being," that is, by a fleet which is inferior in numbers to that of the enemy and cannot therefore destroy it, but which is nevertheless strong enough to maintain itself in being as a means of naval defence or as a means of assisting commerce and supporting other military movements. Capt. Mahan, on the contrary, looking at the very different course of American naval history, quite naturally thinks that Americans, in the past and even at present, have too often regarded the fleet primarily as a "fleet in being," have undervalued the importance of coast fortifications, and have not sufficiently adopted the English maxim of seeking out and destroying the enemy's fleet.

Capt. Mahan, whose able advocacy of the importance of sea-power makes him a bugbear of promoters of peace, has adopted a form of presentation less formal and orderly than that of Mr. Corbett, but enriched with a greater wealth of historical examples. In an introductory chapter he explains how his volume grew out of lectures which he has been giving at the Naval War College at Newport since 1887, and how, within a quarter of a century, great changes have taken place in the conditions of naval warfare. In succeeding chapters he deals with the writings of Jomini and the Archduke Charles, in the manner referred to above; here his examples are taken largely from the naval history of the seventeenth century, and more specifically from Corbett's excellent volumes on "England in the Mediterranean." Then he discusses general "Foundations and Principles" and applies them to conditions in the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea. He closes with a couple of interesting but somewhat repetitious chapters on the naval lessons of the Russo-Japanese war and a chapter on coast fortifications and their relation to naval strategy.

From the foregoing it will be seen that these two volumes, though similar in general plan, do not at all duplicate each other. They are complementary. Mr. Corbett's logically developed theory finds illustration in Capt. Mahan's wealth of practical examples. Mr. Corbett's point of view is English, while Capt. Mahan never forgets that the potential Nelsons and Farraguts on the benches before him at the Naval College are to be instructed in those points which are of especial value for American citizens. He continually reiterates, for example, that the United States must not make the mistake of dividing her fleet between the Atlantic and the Pacific; she must have some adequate fortifications on both coasts, and then maintain a strong united fleet which, by enjoying a central or "interior" position near Panama, may be able to strike a superior blow in either the Atlantic or the Pacific, or even in both successively though not simultaneously.

Irish Recollections. By Justin McCarthy. George H. Doran Co. $3 net.

It is difficult to review a book of reminiscences from the pen of one known and loved, at a moment when the wires have scarcely ceased vibrating after the record of his death; especially when the book is so instinct with the gentle geniality which was characteristic of the living man that each page and sentence is in itself a poignant memory. Yet the fact that these recollections of the historian of "Our Own Times," written in extreme old age, deal with events which occurred before the birth of the majority of his readers, helps one to realize that his passing could not in the natural order of things be long delayed, and that he has gone to his death as full of years and honor as those who loved him best could have desired.

Truth to tell, these reminiscences of early life in Ireland are more valuable in their personal than in their historical or literary aspect, and as such it is doubtful whether they can appeal as forcibly to the general reader as to one who, like the present reviewer, feels towards the writer a debt of personal gratitude and affection. On the other hand, few in reading them could be altogether blind to their self-revelation of lovableness. Showing much of the discursiveness that comes with old age, the volume is composed of almost casual memories. They deal alike with public and private affairs, with incidents of family life, and considerations of *Weltpolitik*, with the literary aspirations of ambitious young Irishmen and the probable destinies of the British Empire.

Throughout they are instinct with the individual charm which shows itself in all McCarthy's writings, historical, political, or romantic. Thus he endows with real tragedy the sad story of Dash, the spaniel, a trusted childhood's friend, who disappeared mysteriously, never to be seen again. Equally convincing—and alive—are the sketches of society and life in Victorian Cork, giving, it must be admitted, a somewhat unexpected picture of a rather prim, puritanical community—almost suggesting a small New England town. There was nothing of the Leveresque, hard-drinking, quick-tempered convention we might have expected: the good folk of Cork were, on the contrary, eminently "respectable," greatly addicted to self-improvement, slaves to Shakespeare and the musical glasses. Also they kept very sharp eyes upon their neighbors' morals.

As was to be expected, many good stories are sprinkled about the volume, like that of the tailor who, having obtained the entrée to a Dublin castle levée, found himself confronted by a gorgeous official demanding what name he should announce. To whom the Knight of the Scissors, much abashed, replied confusedly: "Don't you know me, sir? I made your riding breeches," and was at once announced, in stentorian tones, as "Major Rideing Bridges"! Another story, dating from an earlier period, of the forcible abduc-

tion of a Quaker heiress by a hard-living baronet, shows that not all of Lever's characters were as remote from real life as Mr. McCarthy elsewhere suggests.

In other chapters, of graver cast, the historian deals with questions of especial interest in view of the present juncture in Irish affairs, with absenteeism, secret societies, and especially the general attitude of the Irish people towards the "predominant partner." Had a youthful scheme which he details of laying the cause of Ireland before the British people by a personal rather than a political propaganda, come to fruition, much of the history of our own times might have been written differently. As it is, it is pleasant to remember that the patriot-historian lived to see the dawn of brighter days for the country he loved and served so well.

The Fair Land of Central America. By Maurice de Waleffe. Translated by Violette M. Montagu, with a preface by Sir A. Conan Doyle. London: John Long.

"The United States have made up their mind to conquer South America, Washington aspires to become the capital of an enormous empire, comprising, with the exception of Canada, the whole of the New World" (p. 13). With this startling pronunciamento, M. de Waleffe opens his book. Like a "monologue artist" on the vaudeville stage, he seizes the attention of his audience by an unexpected shot at the beginning and holds it throughout by his daring cleverness. He is not in the least convincing—few mountebanks are. The pity is that in English travel literature we are not accustomed to make allowances for effervescent exaggeration; and some readers may be inclined to take seriously such outbursts as the following: "Central Americans never talk of anything but politics" (p. 85). "The Yankee politician's electoral device is: 'Cheat, but don't break each other's heads!'" (p. 91). Although at first the constant exaggeration and slashing criticism are rather startling, they soon become highly diverting. "If the Japanese navy ever beats the American navy, the United States will fall to pieces" (p. 197). "The American States' absolute indifference to one another will ruin any attempt at Pan-Iberianism, which Latin America might otherwise have found a powerful weapon against the masses of Anglo-Saxons from the United States" (p. 255). At Panama "the American engineers' wives and families have a hard life of it, for they are scorched by the sun, soaked by diluvial rains, stung by mosquitoes, and obliged to live on tinned food. . . . They live very lonely lives, eat salted food, drink lukewarm water, and yawn all day long" (p. 110). It seems almost incredible that any one who has actually been on the Isthmus should propound such nonsense, unless he is simply striving to amuse his audience without any thought of the consequences.

When the French original was published three years ago it attracted no little attention abroad, not only on account of its rabid anti-Americanism, but also because it was extremely clever. Of necessity much of the charm has been lost in the rather clumsy translation. Nevertheless there is not a dull page in the volume. The title, "The Fair Land of Central America," is misleading. Central America proper is only represented by a single chapter on Costa Rica, less than one-sixth of the book. Trinidad, Jamaica, Cuba, Panama, and Mexico take up the rest. The chapter on Costa Rica has a few passing references to the other four Central American republics, but it is a distinct disappointment to find that the author did not attempt to visit them. He did wish to see Yucatan, but admits he was frightened away by the stories of tropical insects. He was equally ready to be frightened off from the Sonora mining districts by stories of bears and highwaymen! The book is thoroughly and delightfully French, although one would hardly recommend it to the serious student, or the intending traveller.

Notes

Professor Lounsbury's anthology, "The Yale Book of American Verse," is promised by the Yale University Press in the autumn.

Hodder & Stoughton are bringing out for the Eighty Club "The New Irish Constitution: An Exposition and Some Arguments." The book is edited by Professor Morgan.

William Miller Collier, late Minister to Spain, is publishing, through A. C. McClurg & Co., a volume of reminiscences, entitled "At the Court of His Catholic Majesty."

Among the books to be brought out by Putnam this month is "The Latin Works and the Correspondence of Huldreich Zwingli," together with selections from his German works in English translation, by Henry Preble, Walter Lichtenstein, Lawrence A. McLouth, and George W. Gilmore, edited by Samuel Macauley Jackson.

Henry Holt & Co. announce a reëditing by Prof. Martin W. Sampson, for young readers, of his volume, "Lyric and Dramatic Poems of Milton," and "Phoebe, Ernest, and Cupid," by Inez Haynes Gillmore.

Sixth in succession to Francis Jeffrey, Harold Cox has just assumed the editorship of the *Edinburgh Review*.

The annual meeting of the American Philological Association will be held in Washington, D. C., next December 30 and 31, and January 1. The meetings of the Archæological Institute will begin December 27 in the same place. As each organization will thus have about two days for its own sessions alone, it is hoped that all unfortunate conflicts of programme will be avoided, while two days in common will preserve the obvious benefits of meeting together, as in the past.

Henry Frowde has lately added to the cloth-bound Oxford edition of Standard Authors Scott's "Anne of Geierstein, or The Maiden of the Mist," "The Betrothed," and "The Highland Widow."

The wonderful ruins of Angkor, the ancient capital of Cambodia in French Indo-China, are described by Jacob E. Conner in the *National Geographic Magazine* for March. The sixty-three illustrations show the amazing number and variety of the decorative designs carved in stone. Some of the work is as delicate and graceful as fine embroidery. At the seventh annual banquet of the National Geographic Society, the president, Dr. Henry Gannett, made the surprising announcement that it has 107,000 members. Dr. Alexander G. Bell, one of its founders, gave a sketch of its history, while the British Ambassador, Mr. Bryce, especially commended the work done by our Agricultural Department, and Miss Mabel Boardman told of the world work of the Red Cross Society. Major-Gen. Greely shows very convincingly that the true discovery of the Antarctic continent was made in 1821, by Capt. N. B. Palmer of Connecticut, and he also emphasizes the great importance of the exploration work done by Commodore Wilkes in 1840, both of which facts are generally ignored by English writers on the subject.

If there are still any of the old-fashioned Kiplingites, such as swore by their master some fifteen or twenty years ago, they will receive with extravagant joy the "Dictionary of the Characters and Scenes in the Stories and Poems of Rudyard Kipling, 1886-1911," compiled by W. Arthur Young. The book is published by Dutton in style uniform with the Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Meredith, and Hardy Dictionaries, which have already been noticed in these columns.

A useful manual for librarians and bibliophiles has been prepared by Frank Keller Walter, and published by the Boston Book Company. Its title, "Abbreviations and Technical Terms Used in Book Catalogues and in Bibliographies," tells pretty well its design. These alphabetical lists, in English, French, German, Danish-Norwegian, Dutch, Italian, Latin, Spanish, and Swedish, are followed by a glossary of Honorary Titles and a list of Places of Publication.

The Right Hon. George W. E. Russell is perhaps more amusing when he is collecting and recollecting the witty sayings of others than when he is writing his own memoirs. Nevertheless, his "One Look Back" (Doubleday, Page) is full of entertainment. The portrait of his ancestor, John Russell, first Earl of Bedford and Knight of the Garter, furnishes the frontispiece, and the first page of the book gives the precise number of generations between the writer and William Lord Russell, the martyr of 1683. These facts are not superfluous. Mr. Russell was brought up in the society and traditions of the great Whig families, and the chief value of the book, apart from its gentlemanlike ease of writing, is the picture it gives of such a life. The story opens in the home at Woburn, in a house on the estate of the Duke of Bedford, the

writer's grandfather. It passes to Harrow, then to Oxford, then to London, and journalism and Parliament. At Harrow the young Duke of Genoa, nephew of Victor Emmanuel, and at that time destined to be King of Spain, was living with Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Arnold. "He was quite a popular boy, and no one had the slightest grudge against him; but, for all that, every one made a point of kicking him, in the hope of being able to say in after-life that they had kicked the King of Spain." It is a bit hard that the youth should have got this good British treatment without ever getting the crown. At Oxford the religious interest enters, the tone being of a kind which might be described as a high ritualism engrafted on a radical evangelicalism. Mr. Russell gives as the "Secret" of Oxford the words of Burke, who was not, but ought to have been, an Oxonian:

> It is our business . . . to bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the commonwealth; so to be patriots as not to forget we are gentlemen; to cultivate friendships and to incur enmities; to have both strong, but both selected—in the one to be placable, in the other immovable.

Mr. Russell's serious consideration of politics is not the most interesting part of his book, and the introduction bodily of his long speech on "The Irish Murders" is likely to be resented or skipped, if not both, by most readers. There are in this part of the book, however, a few good anecdotes and sketches, notably this portrait of Parnell, quoted from the letter of a lady:

> I cannot exaggerate the impression he made on me. I never before felt such power and magnetic force in any man. As for his eyes, if he looks at you, you can't look away, and, if he doesn't, you are wondering how soon he will look at you again. I'm afraid I have very little trust in his goodness—I should think it a very minus quantity; but I believe absolutely in his strength and his power of influence. I should be sorry if he were my enemy, for I think he would stop at nothing.

Prof. Emerson D. Fite has followed up his recent book on "The North During the Civil War" by another on "The Presidential Campaign of 1860" (Macmillan). The particular contribution of the work is mainly its intelligent use of the newspapers of the period, and of the Congressional debates, the other literature of the subject being scantily noticed. Of the eight narrative chapters, four are given to the John Brown raid, Helper's "Impending Crisis" and the Speakership contest, anti-slavery in the House and Senate, and the popular discussion of slavery. The chapter on John Brown needs revision: the story of the kissing of a negro child by Brown on his way to the scaffold is pure fiction, and the "thousands" of soldiers on guard must be reduced to fifteen hundred (p. 5). The account of the attempted arrest of Frank Sanborn (p. 53) will be news to that veteran reformer. On the other hand, the effect of the raid and the trial on public opinion is well brought out, as is the reception of Helper's book in the South, and the persecution of individuals who were found to possess copies or were thought to sympathize with its sentiments. The most valuable chapter is the one which summarizes the arguments of the campaign. Appendices, comprising about one-third of the volume, give the party platforms and speeches by Carl Schurz, Douglas, Yancey, and "Parson" Brownlow in support of the Republican, Democratic, and Constitutional Union candidates, respectively.

There seems to be a revival of interest in Talleyrand, which it is difficult to explain, except on the basis that his extraordinary career, so interwoven with the destinies of France and of Europe for half a century, gives his biographer an unrivalled opportunity to tell once more the whole history of those exciting times. We reviewed at some length in these columns (October 12, 1911), a translation of Bernard de Lacombe's "Talleyrand the Man." That work dealt only with certain detached phases of the subject, in especial with the much mooted question of Talleyrand's conversion, which the author attempted to settle, once and for all, on the authority of the Abbé Dupanloup. The present work, "Prince Talleyrand and His Times," by Frederic Loliée, which has just come to us in an English translation by Bryan O'Donnell (Brentano's), is of altogether different scope and aim, since it proposes to give an "ensemble picture, representing him [Talleyrand] both in his individual and multiple capacities, as he witnessed and took part in the various social transformations that occurred during his long life." M. Loliée quotes Bulwer-Lytton, to the effect that "it is not articles that should be written about Talleyrand, but a whole book, a weighty volume." But even a whole volume, running to four hundred pages, does not suffice for his needs, so that he has been obliged to treat his subject in two parts, the first only of which, carrying the story of Talleyrand down to the fall of the Empire, is here presented. There is, however, nothing in M. Loliée's biographical method which would seem to justify this lengthy exposition. Those episodes where he traverses the more scholarly work of M. Lacombe, he does not cover with anything like the latter's logical clarity or fulness of detail.

The bulk of M. Loliée's volume on Talleyrand is due almost entirely to the elaborate attempt to paint a picture of society successively under the monarchy, the Directoire, the Consulate, and the Empire. The assiduous chronicler of frivolities under the Second Empire doubtless felt himself especially drawn to this phase of his subject, but, in truth, he has acquitted himself but ill of the task. For, although he has collected stores of sprightly gossip and spicy scandal, he has not the skill to group his material coherently, or with the cumulative effect required to evoke the spirit of a period from the sum of its personalities. He is particularly deficient in the art of portraiture, and there is not a single figure among those whom he has essayed to sketch in these pages that stands forth with saliency and relief—least of whom Talleyrand himself, who, whatever else he may have been, was too brilliant a creature to be "cribbed, cabined, and confined" in M. Loliée's commonplace conceptions and appraisals of his character and conduct. The author's lack of order, his repetitions and long-winded commentaries, make the book dull reading, in spite of its fascinating theme. But it is a little difficult to judge the author's work fairly on the literary side, in view of the shocking translation in which it is presented to English readers. Mr. Bryan O'Donnell winds a tortuous way amid the idiosyncrasies of French idiom, and succeeds in almost never finding a proper English equivalent. His gross disregard for the elements of syntax and diction is almost incredible. The proof-reader has done his best to aid and abet this *traducteur* in his nefarious labor, and the pages are sprinkled with the most palpable errors. Neither, however, is responsible for the reference to Louis XVI as the grandson of Louis XIV.

"American Prisoners of the Revolution," by Danske Dandridge, published by the Michie Company, Charlottesville, Va., is a compilation of some 500 pages of material extracted from such contemporary sources as the "Adventures of Ebenezer Fox," Thomas Dring's "Recollections of the Jersey Prison Ship," and the "Memoirs of Andrew Sherburne." The author has done little more than furnish the comments necessary for connecting the long extracts from these books which make the substance of the work. "The accounts could have been given in the compiler's own words," she says in the preface, "but they would only, thereby, have lost in strength. The original narratives are all out of print, very scarce, and hard to obtain, and the author feels justified in reprinting them in this collection, for the sake of the general reader interested in the subject." The work is devoted mainly to the prisons and prison ships in and about New York. No effort has been made to establish the trustworthiness of the sources; and the extracts selected are those which best support the assertion that the prisoners "suffered terribly and died grimly, . . . without betraying the cause of that country which was dearer to them than their lives." The mitigating circumstances, if there were any, have been passed over in silence.

Of those who visit Palestine for more than a two weeks' glimpse, it should seem that at least 50 per cent. publish their experiences. E. P. Dutton & Co. have just added one more to the innumerable list ("Palestine Depicted and Described," G. E. Franklin). The author is quite unknown to us, but from his preface we judge that he is a lecturer-guide for Palestine tours. In this rather bulky and most profusely illustrated work, he takes us over the conventional tourists' route, to Jaffa, Jerusalem and its environs, through Samaria and Nazareth to the northern end of the Sea of Tiberias, and thence to Damascus, Baalbek, and Beirut. The half-tone photographs, some 350 in all, are almost without exception admirably reproduced and constitute an interesting memorial for any who have made that now quite common trip. Of the text, the less said the better. In general tone and style it is calculated for the intelligence of extremely simple-minded tourists; but it is so full of inaccuracies and misinformation that we cannot commend it even to these.

Sir Edward H. Seymour, Admiral of the Fleet, gives in "My Naval Career and Travels" (Dutton) a plain-spoken sailor's story. He is no writer, and he has little grace as a narrator. But the recollections of a hard-headed officer, who entered the British Navy in 1852 at the age of twelve and served in all parts of the world until 1910, when he retired as Admiral of the Fleet, could hardly fail to be of interest. Seymour saw service in the Black Sea during

the Crimean War; at the Taku Forts, and again in Chinese waters at the time of the Boxer rising. The main part of his book, however, has to do with ordinary service, and it is particularly valuable as showing the changes that have taken place from tho days when screw corvettes were the pride of the British Navy to our day of superdreadnoughts. One is struck by the haphazard career of even a markedly successful officer like Seymour, and by the determining power of social and political influence on promotions. During the Boer War we heard it often said that, although the army, in which favoritism prevailed, was incompetent, the navy, ruled by merit, was sound to the core. After reading Admiral Seymour's book, we wonder whether a sea war might not disclose some ominous defects in the British Navy. His own unconscious assumption that anything English, because it is English, must be best, is not reassuring. But in general there is little polemic in his pages. He is uniformly courteous. He has a good many pleasant stories, and frequent mention of the celebrities with whom he was officially concerned. Best of all are his *obiter dicta* on naval problems. His remarks on flogging, for instance, furnish food for thought (p. 99). A seaman used to be flogged "for an offence not really disgraceful," for which he may now suffer five years penal servitude, with the resultant ruin for life of himself and family; formerly, having been flogged, he was ready for duty in a day, and the fact would not have been known outside of the ship. His family would have continued to receive his pay, and there was "nothing to prevent his rising to warrant rank."

Under the title "Charles Dickens as Editor" (Sturgis & Walton), R. C. Lehmann has selected and edited, with running comment and a good index, the letters written by Dickens to W. H. Wills, sub-editor of *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*. The correspondence extends, with interruptions, from the year 1837 until the death of Dickens in 1870. The letters are surprisingly varied and frank, dealing with almost every phase of the novelist's restless life. Yet it is Dickens the editor that holds the dominant place in the book; it is his critical attitude towards himself and his collaborators—Sala, Wilkie Collins, Miss Martineau, Mrs. Gaskell, Charles Reade, Leigh Hunt, Henry Morley, and others—that will yield the most curious interest. *Household Words* has become so much a part of him that he writes about it in quite a solemn strain, and expects from his subordinates a corresponding loyalty. His own contributions are usually regarded with impersonal admiration—"I think what I have done is exceedingly droll and new." The contributions of others are often ungrudgingly praised; but the temptation to touch them up is not seldom irresistible—"Trollope's story is *exceedingly good;* . . . But he mars the end by over-anticipating it, and I have changed it there, a good deal"—"If he [Wilkie Collins] should break down, I would go on with his story, so that nobody would be any the wiser." Other characteristics of the painstaking and enthusiastic editor appear on every page: his power of concentration—"I sat at it nine hours without stirring"; his versatility; his abhorrence of slovenly work, of slang, of twaddle; his uneasiness about poetry—"Pray, pray, *pray*, don't have poems unless they are good"; his concern for punctuation and the best title; his dislike of those who imitated Carlyle, or Tennyson, or himself. Many of the later letters recount with unabashed delight the triumphs of his reading tours in England and America.

A series of biographical addresses on various leaders of the slavery agitation and the Civil War is offered by Newell Dwight Hillis, under the title, "The Battle of Principles" (Fleming H. Revell Co.). Intended to inspire very young men, the book naturally consists of interesting information easily accessible elsewhere, edifying generalities, and well-established opinions concerning Calhoun and Lincoln and other figures whose importance is agreed upon by historians. The addresses are perfectly safe reading. The death-bed utterances of Webster and the devout lives of Lee and Stonewall Jackson are discussed with the most impeccable reverence. The heroism of the heroes of that heroic age is duly praised. The hand of God guiding the nation along its perilous course is appropriately made clear. A very young man might become impatient while marching through this same battle of the principles of right and wrong, freedom and slavery, etc., recurring in a dozen successive chapters of biography, especially as he catches only glimpses of the conflict and sees few signs of its drawing to a close. But he would possibly find compensation in the vividness of descriptive passages and the oratorical swing of the sentences.

The sixth volume of the revised edition of "Der junge Goethe," by Max Morris (see *Nation*, January 6, 1910), has just appeared, marking the completion of this scholarly work. The five volumes of text contain every authenticated word, apart from "Dichtung und Wahrheit," that has come down to us from Goethe before his removal to Weimar, together with all known utterances of contemporaries bearing on his life and character in that period, so far as they are based on actual observation and not hearsay. A comparison of Morris's text of Goethe's writings with that of former publications, including even the Weimar edition, reveals a host of new readings, some of which are of consequence. The changes are quietly incorporated with only a single remark in the preface to call attention to them. The sixth volume is devoted wholly to a commentary and an index, with due consideration of items of doubtful authorship and lost compositions. The commentary, the first to embrace the whole of young Goethe's work, is a notable contribution to our knowledge of the poet, and will often be consulted with profit by mature scholars, while for the oncoming generation of specialists it is indispensable. There is no better known Goethe scholar than Morris, and this series of six volumes will make his fame even more secure. The work contains sixty-eight pages of illustrations.

George Borup, who accompanied Peary on the successful expedition to the North Pole, and who published, after his return, "A Tenderfoot with Peary," was drowned on Sunday in Long Island Sound by the upsetting of a power canoe. He graduated from Yale in 1907.

The Rev. George William Knox, professor of religion in the Union Theological Seminary, died on Friday in the Philippines, after a short illness. He was born at Rome, N. Y., in 1853. In 1874 he graduated from Hamilton College, and three years later from the Auburn Theological Seminary. Soon after being ordained, he went as a missionary to Japan, and for the efficiency of his work there during the fifteen years of his stay, received from the Emperor the Order of the Rising Sun. Among his many works, mostly on religious subjects, are "The Direct and Fundamental Proofs of the Christian Religion," "Japanese Life in Town and Country," "The Spirit of the Orient," and "The Religion of Jesus."

The death of Justin McCarthy, which occurred in England on Wednesday of last week, marks the passing of one of the most notable Irishmen of his time. By his long association with the various leaders in the Irish battle for Home Rule he has been widely known to the public, but he achieved distinction also as a parliamentarian, journalist, essayist, novelist, popular lecturer, and very readable historian. He was the son of Michael Francis McCarthy, and was born in Cork in 1830. His education was fairly liberal, but he did not enter Dublin University because, at that time, degrees were not conferred upon Roman Catholics. In 1860 he found a place in the reporters' gallery of the House of Commons, and from this moment may be dated the beginning of his active political career. Before long he attracted the attention of John Bright, who made him the editor of his London organ, the *Star*, which, in those days, exercised a powerful influence. This post he occupied until Mr. Bright accepted office, and the *Star* passed into other hands. Coming to America in 1868, he obtained a position as leader writer on the New York *Tribune*. He remained here at that time for five years, during which he travelled extensively about the country, visiting no less than thirty-five States, and laying a solid foundation for that intimate acquaintance with American political affairs, and especially with the conditions and ambitions of the Irish, which he exhibited in later life. During this period he contributed freely to the American and English press, including the reviews, and published several novels.

On his return to England he assumed the direction of the London *Daily News*, and in 1879 was elected member of Parliament for Longford, Ireland. It is unnecessary to follow his Parliamentary career in detail. He figured conspicuously and constantly among the most enthusiastic champions of Home Rule, was second in authority to Parnell up to the time of that remarkable man's political shipwreck, and for a while succeeded him in the leadership. He resigned the chairmanship of the Irish Parliamentary party in 1896. Yet his influence remained active, through both his journal and his public lectures. His literary output was enormous. In addition to his miscellaneous writings on social, political, and ephemeral topics, and his copious magazine work on both sides of the Atlantic, he published many novels, including "Dear Lady Disdain," "Miss Misanthrope," "Donna Quixote," "Maid of Athens," "Red Diamonds," and "Mononia." He wrote also a critical volume on Prohibition in the United

States, a "History of the Four Georges and William IV," a "Life of Sir Robert Peel, "The Epoch of Reform," "The Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria," a "Life of Leo XIII," and various minor historical pieces. But his most important and best-known work is "A History of Our Own Times."

Science

THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

PHILADELPHIA, April 24.

The session of the Society at Philadelphia this year, April 18, 19, and 20, was exceptionally interesting and successful. The opening address was by the president, Dr. W. W. Keen, who, with Vice-Presidents W. B. Scott and E. C. Pickering, presided at the various sessions. The fame of the Society from some of its former members was set forth in a paper by Thomas Willing Balch, who mentioned Washington, Jefferson, Cleveland, De Witt Clinton, Thomas Francis Bayard, Carl Schurz, Benjamin West, John Jay, Joseph Bonaparte, King of Spain; Louis Philippe, King of the French; George G. Meade, Commodore Wilkes, the Rev. John Witherspoon, John Stuart Mill, Noah Webster, De Tocqueville, Henry C. Lea, and Michel Chevalier.

An analysis of "The Diary of a Voyage to the United States," by Moreau de Saint Méry, was presented by S. L. Mims of Yale University, who had the good fortune to discover it in the Colonial Archives at Paris, where it had lain forgotten for three generations. Among other interesting facts treated in the diary the speaker called attention to the very intimate relations existing between Talleyrand and Moreau, stating that the diary contained no less than seventeen unpublished letters from the hand of Talleyrand.

Dr. E. A. Spitzka of the Jefferson Medical College presented the results of his study of the weight and morphologic appearances of the human brain and its several parts, resulting from a series of studies upon specimens of various races and notable individuals, including those of Andamanse, Nicobarese, Chinese, Eskimos, and negroes, as well as of eminent scholars from civilized nations. Particular attention was called to the relative redundancy of certain association areas of the cerebral cortex in eminent men and women, and also to the relatively larger callosum, or great commissure, associating the hemispheres of the brain.

A series of papers on the various phases of heredity by Henry H. Goddard of Vineland, N. J., Dr. David F. Weeks of Skillman, N. J., and Prof. Charles R. Stockard of Cornell University attracted much attention. The last speaker contends that even the control of embryonic development is a practical problem. Abnormal individuals may be artificially produced at will, and the provoking cause is proved to be an unfavorable chemical environment acting on the germ cells of the parents or directly upon the embryo. The proposition of reversing the experiments thus presents itself, and some mode of treatment or control should be devised by which parents may be put into the proper state to produce as nearly as possible a normally vigorous offspring. Enough is known at present to make the control of development possible, to a slight degree at least.

Prof. V. C. Vaughan of the University of Michigan made the somewhat startling assertion, in the discussion of his paper on the preparation and nature of protein poison, that in his opinion the poison at work in all such diseases as scarlet fever, typhoid fever, pneumonia, smallpox, and the like, is identical; that the difference in symptoms is due to the different locations in the body where the poison finds lodgment.

The Friday afternoon session was especially devoted to botany, geology, and archæology. Prof. William Trelease of St. Louis stated in a paper on "The Classification of the Black Oaks" that attention to bud and fruit characters has led to a classification of these trees quite different from their usual arrangement, according to leaf-form. In this way he makes five groups of species, three of the Eastern States, one of the Southwest, and one of the Pacific States.

Prof. William H. Hobbs of the University of Michigan, in his paper on "Some Considerations Bearing upon the Origin of Lava," called attention to the fact that the ideas generally held concerning the origin of lava have all supposed a liquid interior to the earth. It has, however, been shown in recent years that the earth cannot have a fluid interior, but, on the other hand, must be as rigid as a ball of glass of the same size. There must, however, be local, and probably temporary, reservoirs which supply the lava which exudes or is rejected from volcanoes. The position of active volcanoes, particularly about the Pacific, suggests that the local reservoirs which supply their lava have been due to reliefs from pressure beneath arches of strong formations developed in the process of mountain-making.

The Saturday afternoon session was set aside for a special symposium on the use of the spectroscope in astronomy, Prof. W. W. Campbell of the Lick Observatory, Prof. E. C. Pickering of the Harvard Observatory, Prof. F. Schlesinger of the University of Pittsburgh, and Prof. H. N. Russell of Princeton University taking part. In illustration of the systematic photographic work in progress at the Harvard Observatory, Professor Pickering explained how easy it had been for him immediately to verify the discovery by Ennebo in Norway of the sudden development of a new star like our sun on the night of March 11. The star was plainly visible on the Harvard negatives of March 10 and 11, but not on that of March 9. This star has been studied with great interest since, and is found to be rapidly changing in character. It must be remembered that whatever is *now observed* to be going on must have actually occurred many years ago, the light having been on the way from the star during all this time.

On Friday evening a reception was held at the hall of the College of Physicians, when Prof. R. W. Wood of Johns Hopkins University gave an illustrated lecture on "The Study of Nature by Invisible Light, with Especial Reference to Astronomy and Physics."

On Saturday evening the usual banquet at the Bellevue-Stratford was attended by about seventy members and a few guests. An important feature of the dinner was the presentation of the Henry M. Phillips prize of $2,000 to the author of the crowned essay on "The Treaty-Making Power of the United States and the Methods of its Enforcement as Affecting the Police Powers of the States." This was awarded to Charles H. Burr of Philadelphia, the judges of award being Joseph Choate, Judge John C. Gray, Dean Henry Wade Rogers, J. M. Dickinson, former Secretary of War, and Joseph Brown Scott of the Department of State in Washington.

ARTHUR WILLIS GOODSPEED.

The scientific papers of Sir William Herschel, which have appeared in various publications, are to be issued in two volumes by the Royal Society and the Royal Astronomical Society of London. The work will also contain autobiographical notes never before published.

"Sir John Burdon Sanderson" (Clarendon Press) in a very attractive memoir prepared in part by his widow, and revised and completed after her death by a nephew and a niece. A more formal obituary notice of Sanderson's scientific career was written several years ago by Gotch for the Royal Society of London, and is printed in its Proceedings for 1907. In the book before us more attention is paid to the man himself, and many interesting details of his life (1828-1905) and work are given. Sanderson began his public activities in 1853 in London, where he had hospital appointments and lectureships, and presently became a useful health officer, taking part in many investigations of important problems concerning sanitation. In a limited way he was also a practitioner of medicine. It was not until 1870 that he turned to purely scientific investigation, opening a small private laboratory, which did much to attract Brunton, Ferrier, and Schaefer, not to name others, to scientific research. Soon afterwards he became the first director of the Brown Institution, just then newly established. He was concerned with

many pathological problems, although his chief interest was physiology. To him and to Foster, whom he followed at University College, may be said to be due the revival of physiological research in England. At the end of 1882, when about fifty-five, he was called to Oxford as the Waynflete professor of physiology, and established a laboratory there. A dozen years later he became the Regius professor of medicine at Oxford, and was influential in much improving the teaching of medical students at this University, resigning the chair a year before his death. The detailed account of such a life, nowhere unduly expanded, makes a charming story, and not the least valuable part of it is the light which it incidentally throws upon the circumstances that shape the career of scientific men in England. In a considerable appendix are reprinted seven papers and addresses, ranging from 1882 to 1901, and giving the reader a very good idea of Sanderson's attitude towards certain larger questions of general interest, as well as of his power as a writer, which appears to have much exceeded his ability as a speaker. There are pictures showing the bust of Sanderson in the University Museum and reproducing photographs of him in middle life, and also when far along in years. The last, by Miss Acland, seems to us decidedly less pleasing than one taken by her eight or ten years earlier and printed by Gotch in his obituary notice.

As a starting-point, Edwin Sharpe Grew, author of "The Growth of a Planet" (Macmillan), takes the nebulæ which may be observed among the fixed stars. He shows their connection with the several hypotheses most trusted in later years and brings out much that will prove of interest to the general reader. From the nebulæ he passes to the development of satellites and their relations to their parent bodies, giving special treatment to the earth and the moon. The face of the moon, with its peculiar craters, is of much significance. The writings of several recent students of the subject are passed in review, although some significant studies of G. K. Gilbert of Washington seem to have been overlooked. Attention is then directed to the analogies of the earth with the other planets of the solar system, to discussions of their atmospheres, and to the Martian canals and the general parallels between Mars and the earth. The remainder of the book is devoted to the earth. The physics and condition of its interior, its store of heat, its shape, and its volcanoes are topics all closely akin. While necessarily demanding excursions into the realms of speculation, the subjects are fundamental and are well reviewed. When the surface phenomena are attacked the author is on the solider ground of observed phenomena. His subsequent pages are a summary of historical geology, with special reference to the beginnings of life, its organic development, and at the close to the appearance of man and his ancestors. From this outline it will be apparent that Mr. Grew has presented a summary of the results obtained by both astronomers and geologists in their study of the planet on which we live. He has discussed the theme in an interesting and attractive manner and has brought the treatment within the range of the reader who has elementary preparation in science.

Dr. Francis Bacon, surgeon, alienist, and a recognized authority on yellow fever, died at his home in New Haven on Friday, in his eighty-first year. After serving in the Civil War, he was appointed professor of surgery at Yale, holding the position until 1877.

Drama

Three Plays. By Granville Barker. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50.

The Madras House: A Comedy. The same. $1 net.

The dominant impression after reading these four plays—"The Marriage of Ann Leete," "The Voysey Inheritance," "Waste," and "The Madras House"—is one of regret that a writer so capable, so observant, and so earnest, should not have known how to infuse into his work the necessary element of popular appeal. This does not at all mean that in themselves they are unsuitable for representation—although good taste would insist upon the modification of unnecessarily plain-spoken passages—but that they are written for a special audience, lack the spirit of broad humanity, are overcharged with flippant cynicism, and while often fiercely and justly satirical, sound no encouraging note of inspiration. The message with which they are charged is often true, if somewhat hackneyed, but the views of life are narrow, sordid, and particular, while the illustration of them is that of the heated tractarian rather than that of the wide-visioned dramatist.

"The Marriage of Ann Leete" is the least important of the series, because it has to do with the days of Queen Anne, a long gone-by era. There is not, perhaps, much illusion of atmosphere about it, but that is not a matter of present importance. The humor is artificial, with an odor of the lamp, and is flavored with a bitter tang. Neither incidents nor characters are natural, although they are, in a sense, realistic. They have a plausible air, but are clearly manufactured to serve a special purpose. Carnaby, the cynical, shameless trimmer, is a clever copy of a model familiar on the stage and in the fiction of the eighteenth century, but has no vestige of the human in him and is never credible. Ann's marriage is not the logical consequence of character, or conditions, but appears only as a bit of theatrical surprise, devised to fill a dramatic emergency, and therefore carries no special significance. And it is crudely stage-managed. The play leaves the reader amused by its satirical strokes and tickled by its smart phrases, but uncertain as to its intended drift and wholly unmoved.

"The Voysey Inheritance" is richer in the vitality of its characters. In many respects it is a veracious reflection of certain phases of middle-class suburban English life. Voysey himself—who has brought up a family in luxurious respectability by perpetuating his father's system of robbing his clients—is a realistic study of a jovial social brigand, who gradually has come to regard his successful iniquity as a credit to his intelligence. And the portrayal of the spiritual conflicts in the breast of his innocent son and heir, Edward, who finds himself virtually compelled to continue the imposition as the sole means of averting instant and irremediable ruin, show psychological insight and vivid imagination. There is humor of a genuine, if purely conventional, kind in the "booming" Major Voysey, a faithful reproduction of a familiar type of Victorian soldier, all pretence and pipe-clay. Booth, the confiding, selfish, genial, mean-spirited old capitalist, whose invested thousands have been the main-stay of Voysey's frauds, is also faithfully drawn. The female characters also are sketched with admirable variety and verisimilitude. But they are an ordinary and unattractive lot. Even in Alice, the heroine, the freshest and most engaging spirit of them all, who rallies to Edward in his trials and volunteers to share his fortunes, the moral sense seems to be defective. The taint of cynicism is over all. At best the play is a sordid and unprofitable page from the great book of life, in spite of the truth and artistry in the delineation of character and the indisputable dramatic value in some of the situations. At the very last there is a refreshing dash of virile sentiment in Edward's resolve to do his best unselfishly, without fear of consequences.

"Waste," the most brilliant of the series, recalls the narrow, bitter pessimism of Ibsen, and the sparkling and specious superficiality of Shaw. Thoroughgoing in its radical philosophy, dexterous in its analysis of character, and outspoken in its contempt for the cherished hypocrisies of modern society, it furnishes much entertaining and suggestive reading, and—although much more profuse in speech than action—some poignant drama. It discusses, moreover, with almost passionate earnestness, some of the most intimate relations and mutual responsibilities of the sexes, which lie at the root of the social fabric. Therefore it commands respect both by its motive and its constructive and literary ability. Yet it is equally futile in its exposition and its catastrophe because of its attempt to treat from the standpoint of pure intellect a problem whose solution must be largely dependent upon religious or moral conviction. Doubtless social and religious conventions are responsible for many flagrant wrongs and evils, but only inconceivable chaos and ruin could result from the subordination of moral and social law to the instincts and im-

pulses of nature. In the imaginary case of Henry Trebell—clearly founded upon those of Parnell and Charles Dilke—there was, beyond question, a pitiable waste of invaluable public material as well as of private opportunity, but it is a childish philosophy that would hold a social system responsible for the mischief done by individual acts of weakness or folly. Trebell, knowing the penalty, took his pleasure and his risk. Moreover, his egotistical and inhuman behavior to his accomplice, deprives him of sympathy, while his suicide is a confession of weakness wholly inconsistent with his supposed self-sufficiency and indomitable will. Here again the besetting weakness of Mr. Barker as a dramatist is revealed in his failure to give living reality to puppets. They are frequently amazingly clever creations, but are too often simply mouthpieces for the delivery of his iconoclastic utterances.

"The Madras House" is a study of the sex-problem from different angles, much more brilliant in its denunciation and ridicule of the slavish condition of many women in the family and the shop than it is helpful in its suggestion of constructive remedies. Like its companions, it is an illustrated discussion rather than a play.

"Fifty Years in Theatrical Management" is the title of a portentous volume of nearly 800 pages (Broadway Publishing Co.), in which M. B. Leavitt records his theatrical, operatic, and other adventures during his half-century of active connection with the footlights on this and other continents. To these he has added biographical notices of all his acquaintances and most of the prominent personages in public, private, or artistic life whom he has ever seen or heard of. Moreover, he has enriched his pages with memoranda of hosts of theatrical hangers-on, whose very existence might otherwise have been unsuspected. There are nearly forty columns of names in the index. Naturally there is an enormous amount of information, of a sort, in the book, but only a very small part of it is of any consequence. The opinions expressed, of course, whether original or adopted, carry no more weight than those of the ordinary press agent. Mr. Leavitt distributes his encomiums with generous impartiality. There are some interesting notes about theatres in different parts of the world, but the work contains little or nothing for the general reader. By the population of the amusement world, however, it will be sought eagerly, if only for the sake of its personal references and its countless photographs of ancient and modern show folk.

Harold Brighouse, who attracted critical attention in London not long ago with his one-act play, "The Price of Coal," is the author of a three-act comedy, called "The Odd Man Out," which has just been tried at the London Royalty. It is said to be full of humorous writing and situation, and to be a caustic satire upon Victorian manners and morals; but the story it tells is extravagantly farcical and it is difficult to understand how the piece can have much serious value of any sort.

The new comedy, "Jelf's," by Horace Annesley Vachell, seems to have made a pleasant impression at Wyndham's Theatre, in London. But it tells a conventional story. There is an old-fashioned bank with a new-fashioned president, a young colonel. He is in love with Lady Fenella, and when he discovers, or thinks he discovers, that she has a tenderness for Jim Palliser, a rival banker, who is in a very bad way financially, he nobly announces that his bank will back him. So Jim is saved, but presently "Jelf's" is in no end of trouble. Lady Fanella, however, comes to the rescue, and the gallant—but very unbusinesslike—colonel is made perfectly happy. The little piece is capitally acted by Gerald du Maurier, Alfred Bishop, Cyril Keightley, Rosalie Toller, and others.

Music

Having previously given to the world two books entitled "The Rise of Music" and "The Deeper Sources of the Beauty and Expression in Music," Joseph Goddard now adds a volume concerned with "The Rise and Development of Opera" (Scribner), in which he presents a comparative view of the art in Italy, Germany, France, and England. In an unconventional manner as far removed as possible from the textbook style he shows how, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the state of music in England was not much inferior to that of the other three countries named. But thenceforward England lagged behind so far as the opera is concerned. The causes of this falling back are considered, as well as the compensation which, in the author's opinion, that falling back involved. English church music was carried on by no unworthy hands, and finally in Elgar "the English school raises its head." To his dramatic oratorios, accordingly, a chapter is devoted, in which, as in the other sections, illustrations in musical type frequently help to elucidate the remarks of the author, whose language and aims are not always as perspicuous as might be desired.

Twenty-three years ago W. J. Henderson's "The Story of Music" was issued as an attempt to present the history of the art apart from the careers of the composers. The plan adopted evidently pleased music-lovers; a number of reprints were made and now, for the twelfth time the book has been issued by Longmans, Green & Co., with additions and with a new chapter devoted to the Italians up to Puccini, and to Wagner and his influence on operatic composers of Germany, France, and Italy. The latest advances in the field of orchestral composition are also discussed with special reference to Strauss and Debussy. A chronological table aids in impressing the most important facts on the reader's mind.

Florence May, who a few years ago wrote a "Life of Brahms," the value of which the Germans acknowledged by translating it, has now by her book, "The Girlhood of Clara Schumann" (Longmans, Green & Co.), made it possible for those who do not read German to familiarize themselves with the substance of Litzmann's "Life of Clara Schumann," a book which tells in detail the story of one of the most romantic courtships on record. Miss May's book is not a translation, but an independent volume based, necessarily, on that of Litzmann, who exhausted the particulars of biographic interest. She has, however, given her book a special reason for existence by including in it an account of the part Clara Schumann played in the development of both the creative and the executive sides of music. It is going too far to contend that this woman was "the first pianist to lead her musical public to the appreciation of the masterpieces of Bach and Beethoven, Schumann and Chopin," as well as Brahms; but she had a large share in this missionary work. One of the leading pianists of her time she certainly was, and perhaps the best composer of her sex of all time. Incidentally a good deal of intimate information is given regarding Schumann's early piano pieces, which were also his best. Without attempting to whitewash Clara's father, Frederick Wieck, who worked so fiercely to prevent her marriage to the composer, Miss May represents him, at the same time, as an enlightened musician of that day. Clara herself once wrote: "I must say with pain that my father has never been recognized as he deserved."

The Philharmonic Society of New York, in a prospectus just issued, announces a preliminary list of soloists and the dates of concerts to be given the coming season in Carnegie Hall, under Josef Stransky. It includes the first orchestral performance of the season by Ysaye and Mischa Elman, as well as by a number of other eminent artists. The series of sixteen Thursday evening concerts will take place as follows: November 14, 21, and 28; December 12, 19, and 26; January 2, 16, 23, and 30; February 6, 13, and 27; March 6, 13, and 27. The Friday afternoon series of sixteen concerts will fall on November 15, 22, and 29; December 13, 20, and 27; January 3, 17, 24, and 31; February 7, 14, and 28; March 7, 14, and 28. There will again be given eight Sunday afternoon concerts, the dates being November 17, December 1, 22, and 29; January 5 and 26; February 2 and 9.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch was one of the leading pianists of the time when he married the daughter of Mark Twain. He is now rapidly becoming one of the leading conductors. At a recent concert in Manchester, England, he made the Hallé Orchestra play "with something of its old precision," as the Yorkshire *Observer* remarked. According to the Leeds *Mercury*, it was in Liszt's "Les Préludes" that he "scored his greatest triumph. His treatment was essentially lyrical and his handling masterly." In this piece, according to the London *Musical Times*, Gabrilowitsch "obtained a sublimity of effect that even Richter might have envied"; and not even Nikisch "surpasses him in rhythmical strength and beauty." Evidently, in this case, as in that of Hans von Bülow, the piano was a good preparation for orchestral conductorship.

Among the twenty-six operas produced by Mr. Russell during the past season in Boston, there were fourteen in Italian: "Aïda" had six performances; "Tosca," five; "La Bohême," "Pagliacci," "Rigoletto," "The Girl of the Golden West," four each; "Madama Butterfly," "Lucia," "Germania," three each; "Otello," "Cavalleria," "Tra-

viata," two each; "Barber of Seville" and "Trovatore," one. Nine operas were in French; "Carmen" and "Faust," seven times each; "Samson and Delilah," six times; "Thaïs" and "Pelléas et Mélisande," five times each; "Werther," "Manon," "The Prodigal Son," and "Habanera," twice each. There were two in German, "Tristan and Isolde" and "Hänsel and Gretel," sung four times each.

Next season Toronto will not enjoy the blessings of its wonderful Mendelssohn Choir, which recently delighted New York. Its great leader, Dr. Vogt, is going abroad for a year. He goes first to Paris, where he will attend the international competition to be held in May under the auspices of the French Government, in which one hundred and eighty of the best choirs of Europe will participate. It is his intention to spend some time hearing festivals in Holland, Belgium, Austria, France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Russia, Norway and Sweden, and Great Britain. The Mendelssohn Choir will be reorganized by Dr. Vogt on his return to Toronto in the spring of 1913.

Art

THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY.

That patriotic American who should express a pious desire for the destruction of most of the 272 water-colors and pastels included in the forty-fifth annual exhibition of the American Water-Color Society, in Fifty-seventh Street, would lay himself open to serious misconception. Nor would he better his position if he went on to explain that his wish was prompted by their general level of excellence. Yet that is perhaps the most serious fault to be found with the pictures—very much more serious than it might seem at first sight. Not more than twenty could truthfully be labelled unworthy; not more than three or four are really execrable daubs. I can understand my supposititious patriot declaring that these last alone show any promise for the future of American art.

Nothing is more inimical to progress than a dead average level of technical achievement. The canal with fewest locks is the most stagnant; the man who can do all that he attempts does not attempt more than he can do. The older British school of water-colorists, once unrivalled elsewhere in the world, is a case in point. It rested on the shoulders of perhaps a dozen men—with many others seeking, unsuccessfully, to rival them. There are to-day a thousand of high technical achievement to one in the times of David Cox, Cotman, Prout, or Peter de Windt. Yet visit one of the exhibitions of the R. W. S. in Pall Mall—and keep awake if you can.

Just so in the present—as in former—shows of the A. W. S., we find high technical achievement, little individuality, no definite ideals at all. Every European school and ideal and clique and -ism is represented—very few American. The imitations are in most cases excellent, but they are only the more imitative. You will find here a hint of Corot and there of Turner, here Velasquez and there Aubrey Beardsley and Hokusai and Constable and Manet, and, unless I am very much mistaken, Matisse. The artistic ideals—and fads—of only one people are conspicuously wanting in all these eight wallfuls of pictures—the American. So with regard to choice of subject. We see Cornwall and Normandy, French cathedrals and Venetian palaces, but when we get a glimpse of the Cinderella among continents, be sure that it has been "arranged" to look as European as possible. Consider Andrew Schwartz's very effective New England Hills, for instance. Mr. Schwartz must at least have *heard* of Arnold Böcklin. Arthur Schneider's luminous Sawmill, again, may be an American sawmill, but its atmosphere is decidedly European. Or Alexander Schilling's Showery Weather—one of the most attractive of the works shown—did those showers fall in Europe or America?

I have spoken hitherto only of paintings that are subtly derivative; this does not imply that none are unashamedly imitative. Admire, for instance—and you may without shame, for it is, in its way, quite admirable—Dugald Stewart Walker's quaint little Dew Bearers. It bears no such acknowledgment as "By courtesy of the Yellow Book." And rightly, seeing that the Yellow Book is long since extinct. But that its influence still lives, Dew Bearers bears witness. Consider again Edith M. Magonicle's Love Among the Artists. It shows us what I take to be a large man-artist professing to welcome a small woman-artist with one hand, what time he makes ready to stab her in the back with a knife held in the other. With the socio-political aspect of this work of art we have nothing to do; it is permitted to remark that in her determination to express her suffragist message Miss Magonicle has quite overlooked any artistic message that may await expression within her, preferring the frank imitation of a Japanese color-print. So it is with Wilfred J. Jone's neatly decorative little Poteen, showing us a Nipponese-Irishman struggling in the alluring folds of the Demon Drink. And so with very many others of the works shown.

It would be a waste of words to insist overmuch upon the need of an American ideal in painting—still more to uphold the choice of American subjects. It is, no doubt, pleasanter—and easier—to paint a Normandy haystack than the view of Manhattan from Jersey City; and it is not theoretically necessary to paint it after the manner of Cézanne or his latest successor of the moment. Yet it is a curious fact, not, perhaps, impossible of explanation, that the artists, in the present exhibition, who have dared to "see their own country first," have produced some of the most virile work shown. Henry Reuterdahl's Spring in Weehawken is an excellent case in point. I should not like to say that the artist found his ideals on this side of the Atlantic; at least, he has achieved a cis-Atlantic individuality in his work. Harriet Sartain's Showery Day in Philadelphia is similarly commendable—note that showery days are always increasing in artistic popularity, for obvious reasons, of course. Hopeful also is Alice R. Hugher Smith's Spanish Moss against the Sky, and Mary Trask's Indian Harvest Dance. I would not be understood to maintain that these reach the highest artistic level of all the works shown; at least they have individuality, the one thing lacking to "American" art as generally understood. As a matter of personal preference, had I the choice of any picture to live with from among those shown, I think I should select Charles Warren Eaton's brilliant little After the Rain—were I not a martyr to chronic rheumatism, that is to say.

In general the figure-work is curiously inferior to the landscape in technique. Perhaps fortunately, little is shown, and that little poor. The landscapes, on the other hand, are overwhelmingly neat, nice, and lady-like, such as might be described by an auctioneer as of "high finish." If they hold out little promise of the dawn of an American artistic ideal, at least they show that the American acquarellist is a docile pupil. And that is always something. O. M. H.

The Architecture of the Renaissance in France: A History of the Evolution of the Arts of Building, Decoration, and Garden Design under Classical Influence from 1495 to 1830. Two volumes. By W. H. Ward, M.A., Architect, Associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects, author of "French Châteaux and Gardens in the Sixteenth Century." New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $12.

It is an interesting, and indeed a somewhat remarkable fact, that within twelve months there should have appeared from the pens of English writers three important works on the architecture of the Renaissance outside of England. Two of these (Reginald Blomfield's "A History of Renaissance Architecture in France, 1494-1661," in two volumes, and the third volume of F. M. Simpson's "A History of Architectural Development," devoted to the Renaissance in Italy, France, and England) have already been reviewed in the *Nation*. The third of these works, the one under review, is published, like Mr. Blomfield's, in two volumes, but covers, as the title indicates, a much more

extended field, since it brings the record down to the days of the so-called Néo-Grec development. This the author looks upon as marking the extinction of that continuous life of the classical tradition derived from Italy, which began in the reign of Charles VIII.

Mr. Ward's study differs entirely, both in plan and purpose, from Professor Blomfield's. It is more consistently and technically a history, dealing primarily with periods and schools and developments and the buildings which they produced, and only secondarily with individual designers and their works. The difference of purpose and treatment might be emphasized by calling Professor Blomfield's treatise a series of historically related essays on the architects of the French Renaissance, and Mr. Ward's a student's manual of the historic development of French Renaissance architecture. But it is the advanced student, not the beginner, whom the author has evidently had in mind, and every page bears witness to painstaking study both of the buildings and documents. The controversial element has, however, been kept as much as possible in the background, and the emphasis has been placed on facts and data rather than on personal opinions. The historical environment, the social and political movements which influenced the art of building, the parallels or contrasts between the architecture and the literature of a period, are all adequately though concisely set forth, presenting, throughout, the position and relations of architecture with reference to the civilization of each reign or period.

Mr. Ward follows the traditional division into styles bearing the names of the French kings, and gives his reasons for so doing. Each chapter begins with a table of the kings and queens of France and of England whose reigns covered the phase or style under discussion, and is followed by an historical sketch of the period and a summary of the characteristics of its architecture. The discussion of the monuments, to which this summary forms the introduction, is divided in each case into two sections, respectively devoted to secular and to ecclesiastical buildings, the mention of individual architects being subordinated to the critical analysis of their works. A part of each chapter contains a discussion of particular topics or features, such as roofs, chimney-pieces, decoration, garden design, and the like. The number of buildings mentioned is remarkable: virtually every really important monument erected in France during the three hundred and thirty-six years included in the survey finds mention in the text, and the great majority of them are represented in the illustrations.

The illustrations, of which there are 259 in the first volume and 206 in the second, are extremely well selected and excellent in quality. Photographic prints of existing buildings and reproductions of engravings from Du Cerceau, Marot, and Pérelle are supplemented by plans and details, and by a number of charming drawings by Hepworth, Wornum, Gotch, Rees, and the author. The plans, which are numerous and each accompanied by a scale, are specially worthy of mention; those of Blois, Fontainebleau, the Louvre and Tuileries, and Versailles are tinted or lined in such manner as to show clearly the chronological development of the structure. By this means a mass of historical and chronological detail which would be tedious at best when set forth in words, is graphically presented in the most effective manner possible. The full-page photographic plates, like those of the Louvre, the Luxembourg Palace, Versailles, and the Château of Maisons, are exceptionally attractive.

The first volume carries the history of French Renaissance architecture through the style of Louis XIII, that is, well into the reign of Louis XIV. It is divided into four chapters, treating, respectively, of the styles of Louis XII, Francis I, Henry II, and Henry IV and Louis XIII. The second volume in like manner treats in four chapters the styles of Louis XIV, Louis XV, Louis XVI, and the Empire. Each chapter bears a sub-title characterizing the style it discusses, and these give a clear insight into the author's attitude towards his subject. Thus in chapter iv, the styles of Henry IV and Louis XII are described in the sub-title "Utilitarian Architecture and Rival Tendencies of Netherlands Barocco and Roman Classicism," while in chapter v we read, under the style of Louis XIV, "Barocco-Palladian Compromise—'The Grand Manner.'" In general, the critical views expressed are sane and sound. Mr. Ward writes in manifest sympathy with neo-classic art, and with full appreciation of the monumental quality, the stateliness and impressive dignity of the architecture produced between 1650 and 1780. This, indeed, is the attitude of all three of the books to which reference was made at the beginning of this review; and it is the increasing prevalence of this newer sympathy, hitherto so rare in England, that makes these three works so significant.

There is, however, one aspect of the historical development of this art in France which Mr. Ward alone of the three authors seems even to have glimpsed, and that but faintly in the sub-title quoted above of chapter iv. "Rival tendencies" indeed there were in French architecture, but not only under Henry IV and Louis XIII. The entire history of architecture in France from 1495 to 1912 has been marked by a continuous struggle of rival tendencies, the one classical and Latin or Italian, the other anti-classical and Gothic, Gallic, Celtic, Rococo, or anything else one pleases to call it. Under Louis XIII and XIV the classical tendency won a temporary and brilliant supremacy, but before Louis XIV had passed away artists like Boule in furniture, like Boffrand, Oppenord, de Cotte, and others in interior decoration, had broken away from classical restraint, and the *genre rocaille* and the Louis XV Rococo were the results and expression of the protest of this anti-classical tendency: they constituted the *art nouveau* of the eighteenth century. The mixture of Gothic and Italian forms under Francis I finds its parallel in the hesitancy and vagaries of style under Henry IV; the classical victory of Louis XIV's reign is repeated under Napoleon I; the style of protest under Louis XV, confined chiefly to the interiors of buildings, has appeared in a new dress in the *art nouveau* of our own time, in exterior as well as interior design. No historian of the French Renaissance has thus far given adequate attention to this remarkable to-and-fro movement of the pendulum of tendencies in the architectural style of France; but no one can say that he understands those styles thoroughly who has not noticed the varied episodes of this struggle. To it has been due, in no small measure, the vitality and animation of French architecture even in periods when elsewhere in Europe architecture has sunk into dull copying or complete inanition.

The didactic purpose of Mr. Ward's book, the quasi-textbook form into which it is cast, with marginal topic-titles throughout, hampers somewhat the freedom of its literary style. But it is well and carefully written, and while less agreeable for consecutive reading than a less mechanical arrangement would have permitted it to be, it is nowhere dull, and for reference and for the purposes of the student it is unusually convenient. So far as the reviewer has observed, it is accurate in all its dates and historical data, and its careful proofreading is worthy of all praise. The index at the end is devoted solely to names of architects, places, and buildings, but within this limitation is very complete. The detailed table of contents at the beginning of the first volume partly makes up for the lack of an alphabetical index of topics.

"The Painters of the School of Ferrara" (Scribner), by Edmund G. Gardner, is a readable and scholarly compilation from approved sources. Besides the Ferrarese school, which is traced from its beginnings in the early fifteenth century to its decadence in the late sixteenth, the allied school of Bologna is fully treated. But the larger problem of the origins of these Romagna schools is barely touched, and what is more surprising, no adequate account of the patronage which for generations the House of Este extended to outside artists

is given. In short, Mr. Gardner, who is most competent to write on the artistic civilization of Ferrara in the broadest spirit, has disappointingly limited his interest to that of the ordinary art handbook. Having very little of its own to contribute, the value of the book lies merely in its assembling of scattered data. In this regard it may appeal to readers of scholarly temper and limited leisure for study. The book is accompanied by selective lists of paintings by the chief masters from Cosimo Tura to Scarsellino. As usual the fine examples in America are ignored. For Tura, Costa, and Ercole Grandi the Johnson collection would furnish desirable entries. Lorenzo Costa is also well represented in the Andrew Carnegie collection; Timoteo Viti in that of D. F. Platt.

Finance

PSYCHOLOGY OF A MARKET.

A certain psychological influence is often exerted, in the progress of events in financial markets, by so extraordinary an interruption to the usual lines of thought and conversation as occurred in the week when the Titanic disaster superseded all other considerations in the public mind. This is particularly true of a "bull movement" on the Stock Exchange, in which the general public has been participating. Such a movement begins with confident bidding-up of prices by professional operators, who see either an "oversold" speculative condition in the markets or a tendency in the financial situation towards better things. It is sustained and promoted through purchases, made at the lower prices, by large investing interests. It attracts the outside public through the mere spectacle of persistently rising prices, and in the end, if successful, it whips this outside constituency into a condition of excitement where nothing but "bullish news" receives attention, where all sense of proportion is lost, and where prices go to senseless heights in the fury of outside buying.

The later stages of such a movement had not been reached at the close of the second week in April. Whether, all other things remaining equal, we should by this time have been witnessing an outburst of the sort, is a matter of opinion. The market had been moving somewhat uncertainly ever since this month began; it was a subject of remark that the public appetite was being fed by general prediction rather than by definite fact or even concrete rumor. But whether this view of the matter was correct or not, the complete diversion of interest to other things was reasonably sure to break the spell.

The fortnight since the week of the ocean tragedy has had precisely such effect. The "outside public," which was so handsomely in evidence a month ago, apparently left the stock market to itself for the time being, and that was no doubt the wisest thing that it could do. There are too many visible uncertainties, immediately surrounding the financial situation, to make any other action advisable. But that the professional speculators should do the same, after last month's incidents, was not to be expected. When the ideas of that group of performers are stimulated by such a run of popular approval as the market had very recently allowed them, experience teaches that they continue to go through their parts with even greater enthusiasm after the audience is gone and the lights are out. Sometimes, no doubt, the fickle audience comes back when it learns that something is still going on; but whether it does or not, the professionals continue to act as if the play were still in progress. Not infrequently —as in this week's use of the somewhat notorious speculative football, Reading stock—they bring out their most startling "features" when there is no one to act to but one another.

When the factors now bearing on the financial situation are surveyed anew, they will be seen to involve more or less readjustment of ideas. This is more evidently the case in the crop outlook and in politics; for when the stock market was moving at high pressure, four or five weeks ago, the financial community was under the firm belief, first that the wheat crop's prospect, as a result of the winter snows and the abundant moisture, was extremely favorable, and secondly, that President Taft's renomination was assured. In both regards there has been a change in the situation, since that time, which may fairly be called sensational. It is now rather generally believed that the winter wheat crop will fall at least 50,000,000 bushels short of 1911, and will be the smallest since the very short crop of 1904. In politics, the present position is one of complete bewilderment, and the Steel Trust's report, last Tuesday, of only $17,800,000 net earnings for the March quarter (as against Pittsburgh's prediction of $23,000,000), leaving a deficit of $6,200,000 for the quarter after paying dividends, does not help to clear matters up.

On the other hand, other elements in the situation, which were susceptible of unfavorable inference at that time, and which might easily have caused financial hesitation, have since then taken a distinctly reassuring turn. There were people despondent enough, a month ago, to predict that our coal-miners' strike would duplicate the sensational incidents of the English coal trade demonstration. There were those who believed that the manifest deadlock in the negotiations between Eastern railway managers and their employees could end in nothing but a disastrous tie-up of transportation. Very few people, even of those who refused to take the ultra-pessimistic view of these affairs, would have ventured to predict that the double menace would have been so promptly and peaceably averted.

Along with this it is wise to keep in mind the really important fact—that in the pending settlement of the coal strike and the averting of the tie-up of the Eastern railways by the locomotive engineers, the conduct of the labor unions shows that the workingmen of this country have not lost their heads. The wildness and extravagance, the general defiance of public authority and of the orderly institution of society, which powerfully marked the recent labor disturbances of England, have put in no appearance at all in these two American disputes. There was a momentary suggestion of it in the truculent ultimatums of Chief Stone of the Railway Brotherhood, but a reasonably grounded suspicion exists that the labor leaders were more frightened than the general public at what they had undertaken to do, and that the prevention of their strike order, through the Government mediation, was to them a welcome solution.

This is a frame of mind so different from what the recent European strikes have presented that it should serve as a legitimate factor of encouragement, and such inference is all the more reasonable when one recalls what used to be the rule with American labor disputes in Presidential years. The labor episode certainly indicates at least an attitude of sanity in that part of the community, and it makes one wonder the more whether the voting community as a whole can have gone quite so mad as many apprehensive people seem to think it has. Even the singular results of last Tuesday's Massachusetts primaries have not settled that.

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Altsheler, J. A. The Border Watch. D. Appleton. $1.50.

Aristotle on the Athenian Constitution. Trans., with notes, by F. G. Kenyon. New edition. Macmillan.

Arthurian Romances, Vulgate Version. Edited by H. O. Sommer. Vol. V, Le Livre de Lancelot del lac. Part III. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

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Aspinall, A. E. The British West Indies. Boston: Little, Brown. $3 net.

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Best Books. (Sonnenschein.) Part II, Classes D-E. Putnam.

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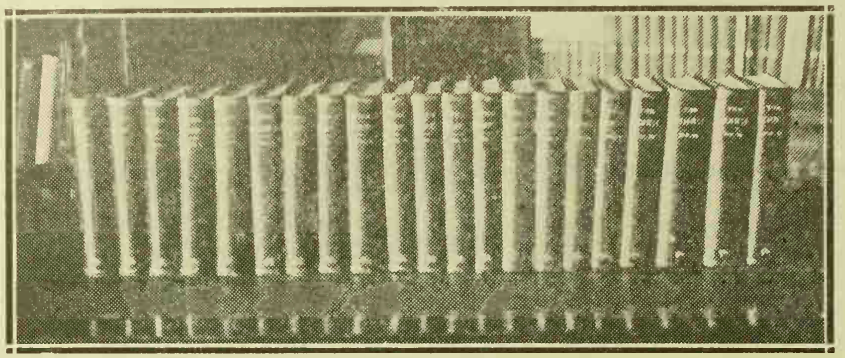

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1912.

The Week

Mr. Roosevelt's moral sense was offended, so he informs us in his attack of Sunday on President Taft, not because of Mr. Taft's successful prosecution of the Oil and Tobacco Trusts, but "because after he had got these decisions, he then permitted the Department of Justice so to shape matters that the result was a complete nullification of all the good results of his suit." Mr. Roosevelt has no doubts about the iniquity of that policy. Mr. Taft's "conduct in this respect is quite incompatible with any sincere purpose really to enforce the Anti-Trust law. As a result of his action, the stocks of the corporations in question rose greatly in value" after the dissolution. Evidently, therefore, "Wall Street has made up its mind that Mr. Taft's prosecutions are fake prosecutions, whereas the bitter hostility of Wall Street to me shows how lively is its memory of the fact that my prosecutions were really prosecutions and hurt the persons prosecuted." Such is the ex-President's arraignment of his successor—its sternness being equalled only by the modesty of its references to himself.

Yet, if we mistake not, the form of dissolution, prescribed last November for the Oil and Tobacco Trusts, was founded precisely on the well-known precedent of the Northern Securities dissolution of 1905, under the Roosevelt Administration. On that occasion, as in the Trust disintegrations of last autumn, the plan of *pro rata* dissolution into the large corporations which had existed before the illegal Trust was formed, was opposed before the court as defeating the purpose of the prosecution. In that petition for a different method of disintegration for the Northern Securities, President Roosevelt's Attorney-General refused to participate; indeed, Mr. Knox had already declared that the Government "has never claimed that the law is any broader than its language plainly indicates," and had stated the Government's purpose "not to run amuck." The corporations left in the field by the dissolution were the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern Railways. Within four months after the courts in 1905 had sustained the original plan of dissolution which the Government approved, shares of the $155,000,000 Northern Pacific had risen from 165 to 216, and shares of the $125,000,000 Great Northern had risen from 270 to 327—an enhancement, figured out on Rooseveltian methods, of $150,000,000. For ourselves, we have always held that the Roosevelt Administration was right in its attitude towards the form of dissolution, and that the Taft Administration, following the Roosevelt precedent, was also right. But what is to be said of the impudence of the head of the 1905 Administration, when he declares today that the following of that precedent by Mr. Taft was a "fake prosecution," and that its bad faith was proved by the subsequent rise in stocks of the companies left as a result of it?

The menace of Champ Clark as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency daily grows greater. Maryland has gone for him, and with her delegates Clark will have no less than 226 Convention votes. Tennessee would add 18 more. Gov. Wilson had at the beginning of the week 127 delegates. He has apparently carried both South Carolina and Texas. Should he prove successful there, these two States will add 58 delegates to his column, giving him 185 in all. Mississippi voted Tuesday with only Underwood and Wilson contesting. Plainly, the man to beat Clark is Wilson. Fifty-four delegates have been instructed for Govs. Marshall, Burke, and Baldwin, and 109 are uncommitted. Of the latter, 90 New York's Tammany-controlled delegates are openly hostile only to Wilson. Clark may get them if he pays the Tammany price. Obviously, the greater the diversity of instructions among the delegates the better it will suit Murphy and the others who have delegates to swap. It is high time for those Democrats who do not wish to concede the election to the Republicans in advance to do their utmost to check the drift to Speaker Clark—a drift due chiefly to popular ignorance of his complete unfitness for the Presidency.

Much Monroe Doctrine hath made the Senate mad. So one would infer who should read what took place when Senators received the message from President Taft, and the report from the Secretary of State, knocking the stuffing out of that delightfully horrible ogre, the Japanese at Magdalena Bay. Lodge and Bacon and Rayner and the rest admitted that this particular mare's nest had been forever disposed of, but they protested that there might be discovered any day one even more terrible. Americans owning land in Mexico, or somewhere in South America, might sell it to Japanese, and then what would become of us? Such traitors ought to be hanged in advance. And suppose a South American owning an island or a strip on the coast were to sell it to Japanese citizens—ought that not to be regarded as an act of war? The thing to do was to prevent it by an extension of the Monroe Doctrine. We ought to declare that no native on this hemisphere should be permitted to sell to any foreigner land which, in the calm judgment of a Hobson or a Lodge, might be used as a "base" against the United States. It was conceded that such a proclamation would not lie within the four corners of the Monroe Doctrine, and that, of course, it would be in violation of international law, but still we have "the power" to issue, and it may soon become our duty to do so. But we have also the power to notify the world that we have gone stark crazy, yet no steps are taken to do so—beyond such debates as this in the Senate.

In its strictly legal aspects, the question which has arisen as to the authority of the House Banking and Currency Committee to insist upon some of the preliminary questions put by it to the banks in the so-called Money Trust inquiry, is interesting. The National Bank act, it appears, provides that "no association [bank] shall be subject to any visitorial powers other than such as are authorized by this title, or are vested in the courts of justice. The powers authorized by the act are conferred on the Government's official bank examiners, whose investigations and reports are routine and confidential. It is true that an act of Congress passed this year might supersede such a provision in an

older statute; but the resolution instructing the Banking Committee to make the proposed investigation is not such a law, having been passed in only one house of Congress. In general, the contention of the bankers, so far as they have raised the question at all, is that some of the inquiries already sent out in blank by the Committee affect the ordinary private business between the banks and their individual clients, and that the institutions would not be warranted, in view of the National Bank act's stipulations, in giving out such information in a public inquiry. This objection, however, affects very few of the questions asked, and we trust that the matter may be properly adjusted. Nothing would be more unfortunate, at this juncture, than for the banks to be placed in a position which would appear like resisting the official inquiries.

Whatever may be the merits or defects of the provision added by the House to the Post Office Appropriation bill, granting subsidies of $15, $20, and $25 a mile to all highways used in rural free delivery service, it is at least some satisfaction to know the approximate amount of the expenditure it will involve. This is estimated at about $17,000,000. Such a money consideration did not trouble Representative Sims of Tennessee, who advocated an amendment to the bill, designed to create at Federal expense such improvement of the worst rural routes as to bring them under the third class for which subsidies were proposed. When Mr. Sims was asked to give the House some idea of what his proposal would cost the Government, he contented himself with pointing out the impossibility of such knowledge, and a little later replied to a repetition of the question: "I do not know. I cannot tell anything about it." This airy manner of treating the financial aspect of his amendment was too much even for a House that was determined to "do something" for its large rural constituency, and, accordingly, it is left, as it should be, to the State and local authorities to provide their rural routes with "ample side ditches, so constructed and crowned as to shed water quickly into the side ditches," etc. If they are not willing to do this in order to make their roads eligible for part of the subsidy, they are far less enterprising than we have heretofore shown ourselves to be whenever Government aid of any sort was to be obtained.

The coining of three-cent and one-half-cent pieces has been unanimously recommended by the House Committee on Coinage, and has the support of the Secretary of the Treasury. The demand for the restoration of the three-cent coin is said to have originated in those communities that enjoy a three-cent fare on the street railways. In behalf of the ha'penny, Secretary MacVeagh says that it will benefit the slot-machine manufacturers. Beyond the special interests affected, however, there is apparent in the demand for an increase in the fractional currency that new spirit of thrift which is revealed in the general movement against waste and for "conservation." The lavish days when five cents or one cent didn't make much difference are passing. In California, for instance, the cent is a rare coin. Most of San Francisco's newspapers sell for five cents, and even where the official price is a penny, it is the larger coin that usually finds its way into the newsboy's hand.

A feature of the Oregon primary ballot is the brief "platform" which each candidate is allowed to have printed along with his name. Many of the candidates at the recent election took advantage of the opportunity thus offered them to display their ingenuity in contriving laconic statements. The almost inevitable consequence was that these "platforms" read like a series of telegrams. The statements of the four candidates for the United States Senate led in literary as well as in political importance. Senator Bourne's was the longest: "Advocates substitution of general welfare for selfish interests in all governmental operations." One of his rivals was equally illuminating: "I will support the great principle, 'Justice be done to all men.'" Another made an attempt to be more specific: "Lincoln Republican. A progressive, but not a radical." Benjamin Selling, who defeated Bourne, got in three strokes: "Always a progressive. Presidential primaries. Works industriously for all Oregon." One of the Democratic candidates for delegate to the Baltimore Convention managed the feat of being specific and general, local and national, in the same breath: "First-class roads. Improved schools. Progressive moves." Such personal platforms may come to constitute another argument for the short ballot.

With industrial unrest as great as it is, and strikes and threats of strikes becoming almost epidemic, no special attention would be given to the troubles which the Chicago newspapers have been having, were it not for one vital principle involved. This is the question whether labor unions can be held to their agreements. At least a part of the Chicago newspaper workers struck in flat violation of their contracts. So notorious and flagrant was this in the case of the stereotypers that the chiefs of their organization now threaten to take away the charter of the Chicago union. All intelligent champions of organized labor must see that such repudiation of formal agreements is fatal. It cuts the root of the whole argument for collective bargaining. If the trade unions will not live up to the terms which they have negotiated or even struck to procure, they put themselves out of court. Something of the same principle is involved in the dispute about resuming work in the anthracite coal mines. The form of settlement which the authorized representatives of the men made with the operators was no sooner arrived at than upset. In such a thing it is not only the authority of the labor-union officials that is at stake, it is the entire reason for the existence of the unions at all.

Lack of continuation schools is deplored by individuals and organizations interested in education in both Chicago and Philadelphia. In the former city, Prof. George H. Mead of the University of Chicago, who has investigated conditions among school children, declares that 49 per cent. of them do not complete the instruction of the elementary schools. They seek work too early, and, unfitted for the tasks they undertake, soon become rolling stones or lose employment entirely. In Philadelphia similar conditions prevail, according to Martin G. Brumbaugh, Superintendent of Schools. Mr. Brumbaugh and the Armstrong Association have each conducted investigations which have shown that in the years from fourteen to sixteen a large percentage of children are out of school and at the same time unem-

ployed. A law by which, at fourteen, a child may receive a certificate of employment, taking him out of school, but by no means guaranteeing him steady occupation, is in part blamed for this state of things. The remedy everywhere is said by experts to lie in upbuilding a continuation-school system, whereby the educational authorities may keep in touch with scholars after the completion of elementary courses.

Teachers compete closely with clergymen for the honor of composing the worst paid profession in the country. The figures of the Commissioner of Education show that, although in the last ten years the average monthly salary of men teachers has increased 38 per cent., and that of women teachers 27 per cent., the average annual pay of teachers is still under $500. In twenty-five States the expenditure for public education is less than five dollars per capita, and in ten States it is not half of this amount. While the average number of days attended by the pupils enrolled has gone up 14 per cent., the number of public schools 70 per cent., the value of school property 75 per cent., and the income of the schools 83 per cent., we have responded only half-heartedly to the growing complaint that the work of educating our future citizenship threatens to be left largely in the hands of those who cannot find anything better to do. It is to the credit of the best of those who take up teaching that the salary is not the only attraction, but that is no reason for making it a factor that tends to eliminate them from the ranks.

Political movements are obviously behind the flurry which the English Conservatives are raising over President Taft's letter on Canadian reciprocity. Similarly in Canada, the anti-reciprocity press has seized upon his unlucky phrase about making the Dominion an "adjunct" of the United States, and is loudly proclaiming that it justifies all that was asserted last year about reciprocity being only a disguised form of annexation. In England, the violence with which the thing has been taken up by the Tories will defeat its own end. To arraign Ambassador Bryce as being privy to a "plot" to dismember the Empire is so absurd as to excite laughter. Mr. Bryce had nothing to do officially with the Canadian negotiations, except possibly to report their progress to the Foreign Office. The whole affair was left to the Canadian Government, and any interference by the British Ministry would have been deeply resented. All this is perfectly well known to the House of Commons, and it will probably take only a quiet statement of the facts by Sir Edward Grey to put an end to the matter there. Yet the fact remains that it was most indiscreet in President Taft to publish entire his private letter to Roosevelt about Canadian reciprocity. It was wholly unnecessary, and his language was certain to be misunderstood or twisted. Strictly speaking, he referred only to a commercial and financial "adjunct," but it was easy to jump at the conclusion that he meant political. The blunder was comparable to his equally gratuitious slip in speaking of Canada as being "at the parting of the ways." Explanations of such blazing indiscretions only make them worse. When we recall that the "adjunct" letter was passed upon by the full Cabinet, and by other advisers of the President, the mistake of giving it out appears the more inexplicable.

Even in the House of Commons the Home Rule debate is reported to be a dead-and-alive affair, the speeches being delivered to empty benches. Outside, the interest taken is but slight. The difference from the tense and fevered days of 1886 and 1893, when Gladstone was fighting for Home Rule for Ireland, is admitted even by those who think that the country ought to be roused and militant. Various causes are assigned. Irish government is a warmed-over question. People believe that the bill is certain to pass the Commons and to be thrown out by the Lords, so why get excited? But the same remark about the surprising lethargy of Englishmen was made during the recent coal strike. It constituted an acute and threatening crisis for England, yet the public remained quiet. The explanation was given by an Englishman that his countrymen were ready enough to yell and riot if they thought it would do any good, but if not, why heat themselves up for nothing? This may be the reason why England is "most unusual calm" about Home Rule.

German protests against the proposed increase of the army have a not unfamiliar sound. Among the proposals are the organization of two new army corps, reorganization of the military aviation troops, higher pay for the soldiers, and forty-six new companies and batteries of artillery, or battalions of infantry, railway troops, etc., as well as many new machine-gun companies, engineers, etc. The critics point out that Germany has already twenty-three army corps to France's twenty; that France's peace strength has within a year decreased from 564,910 men to 550,000—just at the time it is proposed that the German army shall be increased by 30,000 more men withdrawn from industry, from 620,000 to 650,000. In every branch of the army, Germany is far ahead of France; and her relative position improves every year as the French population decreases; but there is a desire to set up a two-nation army standard as England has a two-nation navy standard, and in both cases the taxpayers pay the piper. But another motive is plainly stated by the anti-jingo Berlin press. It is the desire on the part of the officers for swifter promotion, that same longing for personal advancement which has played so large a part in the recent army and navy legislation in this country.

Details are still too meagre to enable us to judge of the real success of the Italian dirigibles, reported last week. If, as seems probable, the Turks had only ordinary artillery, the Italian attack may mean little. The first test of field guns against aeroplanes, made several years ago, showed such artillery to be quite useless. The experimenters used anchored box-kites and balloons, but, even so, little doubt was left as to the inadequacy of the guns. Since then, however, the Krupps have devised special aerial field-guns for the German army, and many others have been at work on the same problem. In 1910 reports of British army tests of aerial guns leaked out. In October of last year it was said our army had a field-piece that was highly efficient against airships, though a naval officer, as an offset to this, had invented a vanadium-steel rifle so light that it could be carried on an aeroplane and yet of sufficiently large calibre to be "a really formidable weapon." Obviously, pitting a military dirigible against old-fashioned field-pieces is very much like testing a modern armor plate with an axe.

UNSAFE POLITICAL PROPHECIES.

The word "never" in politics, once remarked Mr. Balfour, is used only by those who are very young. Another word of the same kind is "cannot." If there is anything which a little acquaintance with our political history teaches, it is caution about making sweeping assertions or confident predictions. The land is just now filled with them. Any one of a hundred infallible authorities on politics—infallible despite Jowett's famous warning that not even the youngest of us ought so to regard himself—will tell you that the Republican party is absolutely "wrecked." As for the prophets who proclaim from the housetops that Mr. Taft "cannot possibly be elected," their name is legion. What they say may prove to be true; but what is certainly true is that many a cocksure seer in times past, many an equally positive reader of the signs of the times, went on record as to what was and would be, only to have the event leave him looking ridiculous.

As for the Republican party now being "wrecked," it has been so, on evidence of this kind, so many times in the past that it should now be quite used to the experience. In 1884 there were many to say that it could never recover from its defeat. A nearer analogy to present conditions existed in 1880. Then, too, there was a bitter fight over a third-term candidacy. The party was torn into two nearly equal and very bitter factions. As Senator Hoar remarks in his autobiography, it seemed as if the fate of the Republican party were trembling in the balance. The Democrats were confident that Conkling and Grant and their indomitable 306 would make Garfield's election impossible. Yet he won easily. Again in 1892 there were dire prognostications. The Republican party was said to be forever done for. When the news came that Cleveland had carried Wisconsin and Illinois and, virtually, Ohio, a veteran Republican said: "This is not an election; it is a revolution; and the Republican party as we have known it will never carry another Presidential election." It did, however, readily carry the next four.

It is also true that the Republican party has before had Presidents upon whom the doom had been pronounced that they could not possibly be reëlected. Even Lincoln believed for a time in 1864 that this was true of himself. It is, of course, an easy and natural gradation which takes us from Lincoln to Roosevelt, and memories are so short that it will be a surprise to many to learn that, in 1903, there was grave doubt about even the invincible hero winning the Presidential election of 1904. This was in part the basis of the strong movement then set on foot to nominate Mark Hanna. Roosevelt knew of this movement and was troubled by it; and as it was Hanna, at that time, not himself, who was the sphinx and would not say whether he would seek the nomination, the President regarded the position of the Ohio Senator as both suspicious and unfair. One day in the White House, Roosevelt—so it is stated in the recent Life of Hanna—"sprang from his chair, walked nervously to the open fire and then back to his desk, saying in his emphatic way, 'Yes, Mr. Hanna ought to make an unequivocal public statement of his position.'" Possibly, Taft may have said the same thing of Roosevelt all through 1911 and up to February of this year! Hanna, however, kept obstinately silent, and there is no telling what he might have done had he not fallen ill and died. But the effort to have him nominated instead of Roosevelt went distinctly upon the theory that the latter could not be elected. One correspondent wrote late in 1903: "I was astounded to see in that club [the Union League of New York]—presumably as representative a body of Republicans as there is in the country—that there was not one out of the whole membership whom I met—not one—who believed that Theodore Roosevelt should be nominated, or if he were nominated, that he could be elected. The reasons given were not idle or prompted by personal feeling, but were based on the calm, sober judgment of thinking men." In line with this was a letter from Senator Scott, who wrote: "To my mind it is a foregone conclusion that if we renominate Roosevelt it means defeat." How odd all this reads in the light of the crashing majorities of 1904!

We do not say for one moment that, in this respect, history will repeat itself. History has a way of tricking us all when we undertake to read it into the future. But it does teach us something in the way of warnings against being too sure of our own judgment at any given time, and mightily reinforces the old injunction, "don't prophesy onless ye know." The one thing we do know is that the American political outlook can shift with amazing rapidity. We think we are looking at fixed facts, and suddenly discover that they were only a series of kaleidoscopic changes. Our shrewdest predictions cannot really get much beyond a "perhaps." Your "if" is the great preservative of a reputation as a prophet. And the surest foresight, in a time of confusion like the present, can cast but the light of a farthing dip on what is to come. The dejected poet who confessed his failure to predict how things were coming out—particularly, to make them come out as he wished—arrived at a bit of comforting wisdom when he wrote: "Sometimes I think 'twere best to let the Lord alone."

THE MONSTER SHIP.

The loss of the Titanic has brought up no more interesting point than that of the future of the monster ship. Shall the shipbuilders continue to turn out larger and larger vessels until the thousand-foot steamer is a reality, or is it time to call a halt? This is the question which confronts builders and public alike. If the latter should now show a decided aversion to the ocean giants, two particular arguments for their construction—their advertising value and their great earning power—would lose much or all of their value. It may, for instance, appear that the title of largest ship afloat and her kinship to the Titanic will together make the Olympic unpopular hereafter, and that the Gigantic, now under way, will repel people because of her size. Already it is announced that the Gigantic's plans are to be altered because of the loss of the Titanic, at least to the extent of adding an extra bottom; but nothing has as yet been said about any diminution of her length.

Some huge German vessels are also under way, of larger size than the Titanic. Probably it is too late now to change their construction. But there are certain striking facts in connection with the Titanic's end which may have the effect of checking any further increase in length and bulk for some years to come, if not permanently. One of these is brought out by the London *Economist* to the effect that, even if the Titanic had stayed afloat and been towed to Halifax, she would have been a total loss. Her cargo might have been

saved and her machinery taken out, but she herself could not have been repaired at Halifax or anywhere else on this side of the Atlantic. To have towed her 47,000 tons back across the Atlantic to Belfast for docking would, as the *Economist* believes, probably have been a hopeless task, despite the successful towing of the drydock Dewey to Manila. For the Titanic would have been at best somewhat waterlogged and a fearful burden for a fleet of towing vessels. Indeed, she could not in her disabled condition have entered the harbor of Halifax on account of her draft. The largest drydock on the Atlantic Coast, that at Newport News, is but 804 feet long inside, or 78 feet shorter than the Titanic. The new navy drydock at the Brooklyn navy yard is to be only 700 feet long. Hence, if any serious accident should happen to the Olympic or the new Hamburg-American boats, they, too, would be beyond repair on this side the ocean. "It is indeed a curious thing," says the *Economist*, "that this vital point seems to have been largely overlooked by the shipping-world in Great Britain, and many underwriters who had written the hull at the preposterously low rate of 15s. per cent. realized only after the accident happened that a vessel of over 800 feet in length is from its nature an undesirable risk."

Evidently, there must be either a limitation to the size of steamers or a great increase in the capacity of docks. But whether giant docks will pay for themselves is another question. Obviously, they would not, save at the terminus of such a well-frequented trade route as that of the North Atlantic. Even in New York or Norfolk, however, such a dock would be of comparatively little use, save in an emergency. Unless it were placed on very deep water it might be of no avail after an accident if the ship were lying very low in the water. Even in England there is, we believe, but one drydock large enough for the Olympic, and a British naval expert, Mr. Alfred Elgar, makes the surprising statement that if, in war-time, ships of the Titanic class "came in damaged, like lame ducks, you could not get them into drydock to be repaired; and the larger the ship the greater the difficulty." Mr. Elgar even goes so far as to say that there is not an English harbor into which "an original Dreadnought, let alone a super-Dreadnought, could get, lying very low, and the same is true of a big ship like the Titanic." The Titanic's injuries are cited as a fatal argument against the big battleship, for it affords no defence whatever against under-water attack from a submarine boat. A blow underneath and the Dreadnought goes down.

The recent extension of New York's docks for the Olympic and Titanic was announced as the last because of the river's limitation in width. Hence the International Mercantile Marine Company had begun to consider seriously a new harbor at Montauk Point or docking its future ocean giants at New London, a wonderful deep-water port. Indeed, New York was made possible for the newest ships only by the timely completion of the Ambrose channel. Moreover, the collision between the Olympic and the Hawke, and the tearing of the New York from her dock at Southampton by the suction of the Titanic, have made it clear that these monsters have yet to be carefully tried out before it is certain that they can be safely handled in confined waters. A barge sunk at Southampton is reported to have been dragged 800 yards along the bottom of the harbor by the Titanic passing over her. Fresh precautions, the *Economist* insists, must be taken if such big boats are to pass close together, or a big boat and a small boat, like the Olympic and the Hawke.

Important as all these considerations are, there is still another one which may limit the size of future ships, and that is the great concentration of human beings and wealth in a single vessel. Here is where the underwriters will again make themselves felt. There is a growing feeling among them that they are taking too great chances when they are asked to underwrite such heavy risks as are involved in one of these enormous vessels. Until the ship constructor can demonstrate that he has really built an unsinkable ship, the underwriters will be quite within their rights if they fix a definite limit to the liability that they will assume. As the *Economist* puts it: "The world's reserve of ability and capital is not so great that we can neglect the prudent policy of spreading risks; . . . . hull, passengers, and cargo [of the monster ship] are together too valuable to be hazarded in the perils of a single voyage." If this seems too sweeping a dictum, it might at least be pointed out that the insurance men would certainly be justified in insisting that all ships should run at no more than half speed through fog and when amid ice, and that safer routes should be followed.

NEWSPAPERS AS COMMODITIES.

A writer in the *University Magazine*, who announces himself as a newspaper man, opens his heart upon the subject of "Why Newspapers are Unreadable." This is the last charge that we should have thought could have been brought against them, but apparently the word is used in the article as meaning not "refined." In this sense, there must be admitted to be point in its title. To understand why newspapers are unreadable, we are told that it is first necessary to consider the case of the maker of cheese. The cheese man differs from his university mates who have become physicians or clergymen or pharmacists or teachers. They received special training for their work, and possess certain privileges which protect them in the exercise of their respective professions. While they are free to go into the business of making cheese, the humble cheese man is debarred from competing with them unless he goes through such a process of preparation as theirs. On the other hand, they have obligations which do not burden him. The physician must rise from his bed at three o'clock in the morning if a human being is in peril of death; the clergyman undertakes to live a life of such godliness as shall convince all beholders that he is sustained by a more than human power; the pharmacist is bound not to take advantage of the ignorance of a patron—or, at all events, such advantage as shall be perceivably injurious to him; and even the teacher is strictly limited in the amount and kind of punishment which he may inflict upon the most unruly of his pupils.

The cheese man is troubled by none of these things. As cheese man, he owes no duty to the community beyond that of selling it the sort of cheese that it likes, and this is not a legal but only a moral obligation. Furthermore, it is one of those convenient obligations the observance of which benefits the one bound by it. He must, to be sure, obey the law, but what of that? Like the arrogant Trust magnate, he may, if he desires, engage the statute-book in a le-

gitimate boxing-match, and even win some grudging admiration if he catches his opponent off his guard and scores a point. All that is really demanded of him is that he shall shake hands with the law before and after each bout. Now, the newspaper man, it appears, is not like the physician or the clergyman, but resembles the cheese man. Both discover as speedily as they can what flavor the public likes, and give it regardless of their own personal taste.

This particular newspaper man has found that the public likes its massacres in round thousands rather than in small and exact figures, that it is interested in religions only when they are fighting, that it has a passion for murders, and that it is utterly insensible to the monstrosity of the split infinitive. He has learned by the most convincing of all demonstrations—the sale of the product—that whereas readers want the truth about the price at which a neighbor has sold a lot, they prefer lurid romance concerning the reasons why Lord Haldane went to Germany; and, in a word, that they have no interest in international politics until they become bloody, none in art until it becomes scandalous, and none in philosophy under any circumstances whatever. "We have learned how to flavor the journalistic cheese," he declares roundly. "Shall we not do it?" But lest the minority that does not like its journalistic cheese so highly flavored should draw unwarranted conclusions from this frank disavowal of responsibility on the part of the newspaper cheese man, he hastens to explain that in practice the rule has the beautiful habit of tending in just the direction that this minority would desire. The cheese man, that is, who went to an extreme of coarseness in his flavoring merely because he found that the public was not fond of real delicacy, would be as foolish as his rival who made cheese that was not coarse enough. And in the end he would find it not only possible, but most expedient, to raise the taste of the consumers of his cheese. This is exactly what a newspaper does. It is dangerous for it to lower its standard for the sake of enlarging the circle of its readers, but it is the height of wisdom to retain its readers and imperceptibly elevate their tastes.

The difficulty with this theory is that it is too good to be true. Appetite is more likely to grow than to diminish by what it feeds on. Even the innocent cheese man, striving to give his customers what they want and at the same time make them want something else, has of late had to be put under pure-food regulations. Newspapers are exempt from analogous limitations, partly because of the difficulty of devising definitions of pure and impure reading matter, but more because of the deep-seated opposition to anything resembling a hampering of liberty of speech. To argue that the absence of such shackles is a sign and endorsement of newspaper irresponsibility is a strange reversal of logic. The moral responsibility of the press is great just because the fetters that once bound it have been struck off, and moral responsibility is worth while just because the press is and must be financially independent. An endowed newspaper would deserve no more praise for holding to lofty standards than a university student who had won a European fellowship would deserve for devoting himself to research work for a year. The problem and the opportunity of the journalistic cheese man is to provide a product that he can dispose of without selling his soul along with it.

TEACHING ARGUMENTATION.

Argumentation as a subject of instruction in schools and colleges is peculiarly American. There are signs, however, that its popularity with students is not growing, and the reason may be found in the tendency of the textbooks to lose touch with realities and become academic in the wrong sense of the word. If this be a true diagnosis, argumentation will soon share the fate of formal logic, and be pointed at as another product of perverted intellect. That would be unfortunate, for argumentation has an excellent place in education as a strengthener of mental fibre and a sharpener of reasoning, with the added advantage of being immediately practical.

If a trained advocate, whose profession brings him constantly before courts and committees and other public bodies, were to go through the current textbooks on argumentation he would be impressed by three facts. First he would notice how little attention is paid to the prepossessions and the practical interests of the persons addressed. When he himself has an argument to make he thinks of the men he has to win over; in these manuals the word audience hardly appears in the table of contents. In part this uncertainty of note is due to the nature of the case, for a real argument exists only for the purpose of moving minds, and arguments written as a class exercise have no minds to move. But even granting this difficulty, a textbook can emphasize thought of the audience in its analyses of famous arguments, and can impress the necessity of taking the audience into account by giving the matter a prominent place.

In the second place, the trained advocate would observe the fine disregard in these books for considerations of space. Few undergraduate themes or forensics can run above two thousand words, yet the textbooks urge on students such subjects as reëcho through the halls of Congress for two or three hours at a stretch. In one of the most widely used manuals the following propositions, among nearly three hundred, are recommended as suitable for undergraduate effort: National party lines should be ignored in municipal elections; organized labor should keep out of politics; the Federal Government should buy and operate the telegraph systems; raw materials should be admitted to the United States free of duty; the history of trade-unions for the past twenty years shows a tendency detrimental to the best interests of the country. To set a youth to arguing out such subjects in so small a space is to invite him to vague and superficial thinking.

The third point which a professional advocate would notice in these books is that subjects recommended for argument often call for advanced training in economics or sociology or the theory of government. Here are two topics from another book: Ireland should be granted home rule; railway pooling should be legalized. Such questions can be profitably discussed by students who are just about to become voters; but not under the guidance of instructors in English or in oratory who do not know the real range of the subject, the sources from which facts are to be gathered, and the special pitfalls which beset the reasoner. Skimming a subject and cocksureness in assertion are besetting sins of American education; and to urge a young man to argue large and complex subjects under an instructor who is not competent to check his assertions is to

make him more superficial and more cocksure.

How, then, to the abstract and potential usefulness of instruction in argumentation can value in practice be assured? Chiefly, we believe, by inducing instructors to lift their eyes out of the cloisters, and see things in their due proportions in the larger world. Let them ask their students to argue questions with which the student is fitted to cope and on which the instructor's own judgment shall be serviceable. Young men are arguing with their fellows and with their elders on an infinite number of subjects, and the value of their judgment is in direct proportion to their knowledge of the facts. If an instructor in argumentation can get the coöperation of instructors in economics and government, he may do well to let his class try their teeth on small portions of some of these great subjects; but for the mental discipline and the training in sound thinking many smaller subjects are as profitable. On most of the questions which are argued out in faculties young men have a direct interest and direct experience—entrance examinations, for example, or the rules for choosing studies. In athletics undergraduate captains and managers are all the time arguing out questions that, within the subject, are of critical importance; and older men who have worked with them testify that their spirit is excellent. Outside of academic topics, many local subjects can be made available; questions of the direction of new street car lines; of waterworks, of local government. What instructors in argumentation need is to trust less to textbooks and to make themselves wiser in human nature.

In all work concerned with teaching young men to think soundly and eagerly on everyday subjects rules must be kept flexible, and models be set up as models, and not as inflexible standards. Here there can be no laws of the Medes and Persians. "This is an effective device," "That is a good way to get at one class of readers," is about the most rigid advice a teacher of argumentation can give. Instructors who reduce the subject to a set of rules that will let them do their work with three-quarters of their minds asleep will surely and not very slowly carry it into the limbo of dead pedantries.

THROUGH THE OUTLOOKING GLASS

"If you promise to keep quite still," said the Poet Laureate, "I will read you my latest poem."

"I should be delighted," said Alice, whose manners never failed her.

The Poet Laureate cleared his throat and read:

> The sun was shining in the sky,
> Though dawn was far behind
> (No stand-pat luminary, he
> Had never yet declined),
> And folk in bed were luncheoning
> Because they had not dined.

"This doesn't seem to be quite clear," said Alice.

"Of course it isn't," said the Poet Laureate. "This is just to create the proper atmosphere." And he went on:

> The Colonel and the Harvester
> Had found a shady spot.
> They sorted Issues by the piece,
> The dozen, and the lot.
> And most of them were highly spiced.
> And all were piping hot.
>
> "For seven years," the Colonel said,
> "I walked the quarter deck.
> I smote the Trusts, and in their gore
> I waded to the neck."
> "I know it," sobbed the Harvester,
> And signed another check.

"I haven't overdone the pathos, have I?" said the Poet Laureate.

"Not at all," said Alice.

> "Oh Pledges, come and walk with us,"
> The valiant Colonel cried,
> "Your numbers clearly show my views
> Upon race suicide.
> Your countless faces fill my breast
> With pardonable pride."
>
> The elder Pledges shook their heads
> And whimpered as he spoke;
> The elder Pledges couldn't move
> Because their backs were broke,
> But all the younger fry obeyed
> And waited for the joke.

"I will now skip several stanzas because they are quite intelligible," said the Poet Laureate.

"It seems to me that you can read them all the better then," said Alice.

"But if they are already intelligible, what use is there in reading them?" said the Poet Laureate impatiently, and he went on:

> "The time has come," the Colonel said,
> "To speak of many things,
> Of Presidents, of sealing wax,
> And hats inside of rings,
> And why I feel so boiling hot,
> And whether truth has wings.
>
> "A brand new deal, Oh Pledges dear,
> Is what we chiefly need,
> A double-acting memory
> Is very good indeed;
> And if you're ready, Harvester,
> We can begin to feed."
>
> "But not on us," the Pledges cried—

"Please," said Alice, "please won't you skip what happened next? I have never been able to think about it without crying. It's too cruel."

"Very well," said the Poet Laureate, "I am rather tender-hearted myself. I'll pass on to the last verse":

> "Oh Pledges dear," the Colonel said,
> "Is not this bully fun?
> I thank you for the Harvester——"
> But answer there came none,
> And this was scarcely odd, because
> He'd swallowed every one.

THE NEW HISTORY.

Being somewhat unorthodox myself, it was with a keen expectation of pleasure that I opened the collection of essays on the "New History" by such a confessed heretic as Professor Robinson.* The net result of reading the volume was a disappointment; the expected novelty was not to be found. The book can be recommended, however, to the lay reader desirous of information concerning the present point of view of the historian; but Professor Robinson's colleagues are not going to be excited over the defeat of whole armies of straw-men such as he sets up for the purpose of exhibiting his delightful method of putting them to rout.

Of the eight essays in the volume, all, except one, "Some Reflections on Intellectual History," have been previously printed, but they have all received careful revision for this publication. The general subject of the essays is the interpretation of history in general, and Professor Robinson's thought ranges over the whole field from the time when the first ape took on the erect form of man and began to use his cunning in the struggle for existence down to the events of yesterday. He will "illustrate some of the ways in which the study of man's past as now understood can be brought into relation with the great problems which the present generation is called upon to solve." In the first essay, which gives the title to the volume, there is developed the theme of the continuity of history, its content and its meaning. The idea is not particularly novel to one familiar with recent European thought, nor are the other ideas hinted at in this and more fully developed in the following essays. But this restatement of the scientific position of historians is timely and invites us to the consideration of certain activities in the special field of American history which belong to this universal movement.

I.

For a better understanding of the conditions under which the history of America is being written, a short résumé of the immediate past of the science is necessary. Within the last generation, the cultivation of the science of history has passed virtually into the control of the universities. This is the day of the professional, or rather of the professorial historian. This change is in harmony with the rapid development of the scientific spirit in America that has been so characteristic of the last few decades. The historical science is a difficult one to acquire, and hence there is need of training and apprenticeship, which can be most easily acquired in the graduate school and through the practice

**The New History.* By James Harvey Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

of teaching. The universities, therefore, oil their machinery for the purpose of turning out rapidly the proud doctors of philosophy. Only the layman with exceptional opportunities and leisure for study—and it is well there are still a few such—can hope to equal these Ph.D.s in their knowledge of the mechanics of the subject; for have not they learned how to take notes correctly, how to compile a bibliography, how to punctuate their footnotes, and how important it is to print documents with the capitalization, punctuation, and orthography exactly as found in the original? Just as in the Middle Ages the man who could write was accounted learned, so naturally the university-trained men with their knowledge of methodology have become the leaders in the science and most conspicuous members at the meetings of learned societies.

What has been the crop garnered from this sowing of doctors? Let one who well knows the genus speak. In an address delivered in October, 1910, Professor Channing of Harvard bewailed the barrenness of graduated students, who "stop with the work they do under direction. Get them out of the university, get them away from professional stimulus, make them teachers, make them librarians, and their original work stops. . . . Let any one turn the matter over in his mind and see if he cannot count the really first-class works of American historical writers within the last twenty-five years on his fingers." Professor Channing lays the fault on the commercialism of the times; and no doubt our energy as a nation has been expended in building up our great businesses and in the development of our natural resources, but I am not inclined to hold the universities themselves blameless. In most of our institutions the graduate work is but a continuation of the undergraduate. Students are forced into information courses that they may acquire by instruction a sufficient knowledge of facts to pass an examination which differs only in degree of intensity from those to which they have grown accustomed since the days of their grammar schools. The process simply intensifies in their minds that respect for "authorities" of which we all complain. This training exercises the functions of the memory, that sponge-like faculty, in which the least original minds excel, and by just so much stultifies the activities of thought. Even the boasted seminar, borrowed from Germany, has developed in many of our institutions far away from its ideal, and is only a class exercise wherein immature minds are guided in the writing of the theses, required for the doctorate, under the painstaking supervision of the professor, whose chief duty is to guard his pupils from learning anything in the harsh laboratory of experience. It is not surprising to one who knows the processes that little change in the interpretation of American history has been made since the passing of the older school of history. The universities have tenaciously clung to traditions, and thus far they have justified their leadership only by an occasional monograph of merit, and have left the work of Bancroft and Parkman almost untouched.

Unlike Professor Channing, however, I am not pessimistic about the situation, for my eyes are turned towards the future. Although the university historians have not yet produced a scholarly output commensurate with their opportunities, there has been created a guild of well-trained historians, and the demand for scholarly works has been broadened and intensified. Out of this guild there is growing the school of the future, of which certain indications are already to be seen; and, if this school fulfils its promise, the product will approach the ideals of Professor Robinson's "New History."

II.

American scholars have not been prone to discuss the methods and purpose of their science. Books like Professor Robinson's have rarely been printed by the American press. Yet the new development, here discussed, is due to a conscious effort to overcome the difficulties which lie in the very methods of the science. The fundamental question every historian must ask himself is: how can causal relations among past phenomena, upon which it is impossible to make observations, be established? The logical methods used by students of the natural sciences are not applicable to history, so that historical reasoning is fundamentally teleological. Events of the past are looked upon as purposive in character and directed towards a given end selected by the historian out of many possible ends. Now, the fault of former historians has been that they have selected as their criterion an end of too narrow a range and have in consequence concentrated their gaze on too small a stream of events to understand the forces which have been the effective means of movement. Purely political history in its narrowest sense cannot satisfy the demands of the modern man, who views the multitudinous forces, economic, social, and psychic, which are the influences underlying his own actions. The new history is but an attempt to find in the past similar forces shaping the historical ends. The teleological reasoning can only be acceptable provided the historian's view is most comprehensive. The movement I call the "new history" is seeking means of widening the vision of the past.

The first characteristic of the new form of historical research is the expansion of the sources to be investigated. The great mass of material is still unprinted and has been so little used that the rich archives of the United States and Europe are almost undiscovered countries. In spite of the examples of Bancroft and Parkman, who used the archives freely, our university-trained scholars have not sought out these depositories. The reason is obvious; the examination of archives demands both leisure and travel. The university professor's salary does not permit much of the latter, and the duties of his profession leave him little of the former. He is, therefore, obliged to rely on the printed sources, for the universities have not yet reached a stage in their development when they consider it proper to expend money on copying and photographing documents.

Within the last few years there has been a change, due primarily to the activity of two institutions, the Canadian Archives and the Historical Department of Carnegie Institution. The work of the former has so far been directed towards the collection of copies of documents, while the latter is making public through its guides a knowledge of documents in the great depositories in Europe and America, illustrative of economic, social, and political conditions. The first influence of this activity has been upon the publication of documents, for which there are many agencies in the United States; but, until recently, the ideal followed has not been high, and the so-called "collections" have made no attempt at exhaustive exploitation, but rather have given cause for the suspicion that their contents were largely fortuitous. The movement noticeable to-day in such publications looks to the methodical printing of all known documents on a given period or phase of development, so that scholars may not be limited to a partial view of the subject.

In reaching after wider and deeper information concerning our past, historical scholars are just beginning to learn the worth of newspapers and pamphlets. The pioneer work which made a large use of this ephemeral literature was McMaster's "History of the People of the United States," but much yet remains to be done in learning the methods of its use and the delimitation of its value. As recently as 1908, the American Historical Association devoted one of its conferences to the discussion of newspapers as sources of history, where it became evident that no one present had more than touched the edges of the problem. The reporter of the conference informs us that Mr. Rhodes, who has made effective use of the newspapers in his own work, held that this maligned "literature" supplied "a great amount of detail, color, and circumstantial evidence that it is difficult if not impossible to find elsewhere." The problem of the exploitation of news-

papers as historical material is no doubt difficult, but such a summary as the above is certainly inadequate; and the future historian will discover some means of interpreting the daily records of the press, which offers so much information, directly or by inference, concerning the aspirations and life of the people.

III.

All this search of archives, newspapers, and pamphlets is only an attempt to reach the life of the people of the past by a method approximating as nearly as possible that of the scientists of present-day social life, who can study the activities of the masses by means of statistics. The first successes of the new history have been naturally on the socionomic and economic side of life, where the activities of the masses may best be studied without taking account of that disconcerting element occasioned by the personal influence of the "great man"; and many historians think that through tracing the life and death of institutions and by following the development of the social-psychic life, they can establish the primary cause of movement. From this point of view the influence of any one man upon his generation is like the ripples on the surface of a lake, which gradually disappear without even changing permanently the surface. The advantages of this position are so great that it will always find adherents.

Besides these, there are found among the followers of the new history men of another turn of thought, for whom the chief interest in historical research lies on that line where the social-psychic development of the past touches the individuals of any generation, at which contact there is an ever-recurring but changing movement. Historians of the masses are compelled to trace the development of the generic, the typical man, whereas change is actually caused by those variations in each generation from the type. These variations are not due wholly to the physical and psychical environment, but come partly from the accidents of birth, which the historian cannot trace to their first cause. The forces, which are to produce historical movements, are not existent except in the souls of individuals, of which the mass average would take no account. History finds its most absorbing study, therefore, in the play of action and reaction along the frontier line where a new generation enters the contest with "the tradition of all dead generations," which, writes Karl Marx, "lies like a mountain on the brain of the living."

The chief development of this school in America does not mark it off very distinctly. There is the same expansion of source material in order to reach a broader view as is found among the institutional historians. With the search in the archives goes the systematic collection of manuscripts of all descriptions. The letters of John Jones and Jim Smith are important, as by them can be deciphered the soul of the common man. In the same way search is made for all kinds of material that may bring a clearer understanding of the "great man," and many are the "finds" that are being made and interpreted, so that the relation of the men whose heads rise above the general level to those people among whom they live may be really known. By studying the life-history of innumerable individuals whose actions are of importance, and by thus steeping himself in the life of the past, more completely than was done by his predecessors, the historian is getting behind the State law, the party platform, and similar documents, which have formed the stock in trade of the older historians, and is discovering the real purposes and desires of the people.

IV.

It is a commonplace among American scholars to-day that the older historians have neglected what is unquestionably the most important event of our history, namely: the development of the West, that great seething "melting pot," into which all the nations of the world have poured their contributions to be fused into the American people. There is a group of American historians who believe that westward expansion should be the centre of our view as we gaze back over the past generations; it must be the basis of our teleological reasoning. Naturally, the older historians interpreted our past in the light of the Civil War, that stupendous and dramatic conflict which was so titanic in its character that men living during or near such an event could not be expected to regard it as only an incident of more important developments; but, as time passes, we obtain a better perspective, and the fact of our national growth, due largely to the conquest of the West, begins to loom larger in the foreground of our mental picture. A host of problems are being investigated by these "Westerners": how is it that the West has been settled; what is the process by which new national characteristics have been developed; what has been the effect of the different environments upon our people; what is the influence of the discovered sectionalism upon national life? Prof. Frederick Turner has deliminated various economic-social areas, which do not coincide with political boundaries, and has described the influence of their physical and economic peculiarities upon man; and there have recently appeared more detailed studies which show the relation of the economic and political life within such areas. Definitive histories along this line of research may only be expected when it is possible to base a comprehensive synthesis on the studies of geologists, zoölogists, botanists, economists, sociologists, ethnologists, and their allies.

Finally the new movement in historical research has cast aside chauvinism, which has been so long a cause of the low plane of American historical writing. The conception that all history should be interpreted as a gradual development from absolutism towards democracy, and that the Government of the United States represented the culmination of the ages, the highest level reached or to be reached by humanity, was an inadequate and unscientific view for the teleological reasoner, if he desired to discover truth. Yet historians have been obliged to work under the burden of this belief. The recent action of the Legislature of California in condemning a certain monograph on pre-revolutionary conditions as "unpatriotic" proves that part of the public is not yet ready for the unprejudiced study of our past; but the recent "muck-raking" of our popular magazines and newspapers has shaken somewhat this self-complacency of the public, into whose mind there is beginning to penetrate a belief in the possible benefits of other forms of social organizations than our own. The reaction of this change in the public mind on the historian has been immediate and shows itself in a more careful examination of the sources for the purpose of discovering the truth irrespective of our national pride. Under this impulse we may expect less prejudiced views of such events as the struggle between Great Britain and her colonies, of our various wars, of the slavery contest, of the development of our educational system, and in short of the whole past of the people.

This paper can pretend to indicate only the direction of recent historical development, and no doubt some important lines of research have been omitted; but this is inevitable, for the "new history" has as yet a very meagre literature. Its actualities are small, but to one who knows the men and their work its potentialities seem to give promise of future results which will make the history of America more nearly scientific and finally justify the leadership of the universities in this field of research.

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FRENCH BOOK NOTES.

Paris, April 20.

"Mémoires du Capitan Alonso de Contreras" (H. Champion), an autobiography not easy to be had in the racy Spanish original, has been done very adequately into French, with occasional notes by Marcel Lami and Léo Rouanet,

the latter being a specialist in the popular literature of Spain in the sixteenth century. The poet of the Conquistadores, José Maria de Heredia, was intending to translate it; and the contemporary, Lope de Vega, who was a friend of the Capitan, also intended writing an heroic poem about him, wanting which the adventurer spelled out his own story "without rhetoric or discretion." The book most like it in our own literature is Hope's "Anastasius," which was so persistently attributed to Byron; but that is infinitely longer-winded and less real, because its author knew how to write and was not writing his own story. The adventures of Contreras show his rise "from a scullion to be a Commander of Malta." He was "at once a hero and a ruffian, saving people and plundering them, deserving glory and the gallows." In this judgment, his translators hardly allow enough to the relative morality of violence in the flow of ages. The sap of a keener life than ours mounts up all through this "discourse of my life since I went off at fourteen to serve the King in the year 1595 to the end of the year 1630 on the first day of October, when I began this relation." The Commander of Malta, as he had then become, kept on relating till 1633; and leaves of later date are missing from his MS. which is in the Biblioteca Nacional of Madrid. If an English translation be tried, the publisher will have to lose a few more pages in which adventures not usually spoken of in our polite society are recounted crudely. Yet the ninth chapter—"I go away to become a hermit and they put me in prison while I am a hermit"—is both edifying and obviously sincere.

"Greco ou le Secret de Tolède" (Emile-Paul), by Maurice Barrès, may profitably be read after the Commander of Malta's adventures. It lingers over the art of Greco, who, from a boy of Crete, became a great religious painter of sixteenth-century Spain; and its aim is to open into twentieth-century souls windows from that other world. They are mainly stained-glass windows, whereas artless Contreras did his deeds in the open air and along the open sea. Besides the adequacy of his style, Barrès has an advantage over most English authors; he has had, in his youth at least, some personal acquaintance with the God of the Spaniards, in whose faith they wrought religious art and prayed in Toledo and fought Turks and Moors and English on the high seas. While it may be doubted if Maurice Barrès has attained to full comprehension, it is interesting to follow him in the contemplation of the paintings of Greco—"this Cretan who makes us understand best the contemporaries of Cervantes and St. Theresa." The book ends by bringing down to the commonplace present that spiritual exaltation which made the greatness of Spain, of her bad and good alike:

> Such a state of soul does not seem compatible with great civilization, for example, with the employment of a railway station-master. But such states of soul leave in Toledo an atmosphere which more than one who does not suspect it would profit by breathing.

"D'Artagnan" (Calmann-Lévy), by Charles Samaran, gives us in turn "the veridical story of a hero of romance." The romance is of Alexandre Dumas; in history the hero was captain of the King's Musketeers. He was killed at the stirring siege of Maestricht on Sunday, the 25th of June, 1673, which was not his day to fight, since he had been at it all the preceding night. Before his body was recovered from beneath the walls, four of his musketeers were killed around it or, as the legend says, eighty. The official poet wrote, "D'Artagnan and glory in one coffin lie." The present biographer, ending the veracious account of the hero's life, adds:

> Our melancholy is weighted by something like remorse. Will not the true history of d'Artagnan seem very pale beside his exploits in romance? Will it not spoil for many readers of Dumas the unmixed joys they have felt in following through love and war the adventures of the dashing Mousquetaire? And yet, perhaps, the expressive figure of Charles de Batz-Castelmore, known as d'Artagnan, deserved to live both in the truculent lines of romance and in severer and colder history. Long indeed it might be supposed that, a personage of legend, he had come forth armed and plumed from Dumas's brain. Henceforth we shall know better what he was in flesh and blood and bone—a Cadet de Gascogne, resourceful and choice soldier of Old France, penetrated with the sense of his duties, perfect servant of his King, and ready any minute to shed his blood for him.

"Lettres du Baron de Castelnau (1728-1793" (H. Champion), edited with notes besides the complete index of proper names which makes such books valuable, by Baron de Blaÿ de Gaix, is prefaced by the veteran specialist of French "letters," Arthur Chuquet. The Baron de Castelnau was an officer of carabineers in the Seven Years' War; and these familiar letters express his opinion very frankly on his generals and other things which have become matter of history. He lived to marry and to be guillotined at the last by the Terror in Angers; his daughter was shot soon after, because she embroidered "Sacred Hearts" supposed to be for the Vendeans; his wife learned of his death as she was dragged on foot to prison, but her turn for the guillotine had not come when Robespierre fell; and a son was forgotten in yet another prison. The letters do not reach down to these tragic events, and, except for these death notices, the book is of the old régime. It is published by the Baron's grand-nephew, who adds the "counsels to his children" drawn up by Castelnau's brother, his own grandfather, in 1777—a testimony of high order to the stern moral principle of a family of that misunderstood time. From the same publisher, we may note here two other volumes of letters edited directly by Professor Chuquet, each being a first series belonging to later years of Napoleon—"Lettres de 1812" and "Lettres de 1815"—all written in the fleeting intervals of enduring wars, and all more or less significant in history as genuine documents of the time and spot.

"Les Vainqueurs de la Bastille" (H. Champion), by Joseph Durieux, is very unlike literature and yet most fascinating to those who wish to have acquaintance with the real men that made history. The main part of the book is taken up with classified and annotated lists of the combatants who actually played a part in the storming of the Bastille: the *vainqueurs brevetés*, or those whose names were put forth in the official tableau; the Guards, grenadiers, and fusiliers; the Basoches or clerks at the courts of justice; the volunteers; and various citizens, soldiers, and women. There is an introduction explaining all these classes and what was done in recognition of their deeds; appendixes, with lists of the combatants by departments or countries of birth, of the dead and wounded, and of their widows and children; and Forget's memoir on the powder dépôt at the Bastille. Then there are classified lists, five in all, of bibliography, and a complete alphabetic list of names. It is not easy to point out to the general reader, who would, however, find many things for himself in it, the singular value such a book has for one who wishes to gain something like exact acquaintanee with the men of the French Revolution and with its women—for such as they were at the beginning, such they remained to the end, the proportions varying only. We have here a glimpse (for once not indicated by the author) of at least one of the ignoble assassins of the Princesse de Lamballe, just as in the list of those assassins we find one who cropped up still later among the brigand bands under the Directory. Unfortunately, not all writers as competent as the present author have such admirable indexes, by which to trace such men. Regularly, M. Durieux gives all that is known of each hero of the Bastille, down to his last demand for a pension forty years later—and it is this which makes his work so profitable.

"Etait-ce Louis XVII évadé du Temple?" (Perrin), by Madame J. de Saint-Léger, is a collection of documents, unpublished for the most part, copied from police and judicial archives and woven into a continued narrative of the imprisonment and trial (1815-1818) of the

first of the more notorious "lost Dauphins." This was the mysterious and grotesque Mathurin Bruneau, as the judicial sentence left him, or Phelippeau, as the latest specialist, G. de Manteyer, believes him to have been, or Hervagault, and perhaps the real Louis XVII, also as Madame de Saint-Léger seems to suspect, or all of them in one reappearing later in the Pretender Baron de Richemont, as Le Normant de Varennes labored to prove. The present reviewer has tried to put together the certain facts one after the other in order of time concerning this "Charles de Navarre," as he called himself until he came out openly as the escaped Louis XVII. He enters in no way into the Naundorff claims which were made last year an actuality in a report to the French Senate. The work of Madame J. de Saint-Léger, to which G. Lenôtre gives a sympathetic preface, is of great use and an almost necessary introduction to the documentary study of this historical mystery. It has been criticised, but not in sufficient detail, by G. de Manteyer, by the Robespierrist *Annales Révolutionnaires* (October-December, 1911), and by Frédéric Masson.

"Mélanges d'histoire" (Emile-Paul), by E. Angot, opens with twenty-eight clearly written pages on six months during which the absolutely genuine Dauphin had the Simons as his keepers in the prison where he is supposed to have died considerably later. Now it is the woman Simon who accredited all escaped Dauphins by the story in which she persisted until her death, long after the Bourbons came back in the person of the Dauphin's uncle, Louis XVIII. M. Angot is all for the death in the Temple prison; but the uncertain behavior of the Dauphin's sister, when Duchesse d'Angoulême, still keeps the mystery growing. S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In "Friendship's Offering" for 1826 there is a remarkable poem which is heralded by the editor in a fashion that indicates his high appreciation of it. The editor was Thomas Kibble Hervey, a man of influence in the literary world in the earlier part of the nineteenth century, and the author of at least one poem—"The Convict Ship"—which may still be found in some anthologies. The poem and the introductory note read as follows:

TO THE OWL.

[The following splendid lines were written in reference to a murder, whose details somewhat disgustingly occupied the public mind, two years ago. We regret that we are not at liberty to attach to them the name of the author.]

Owl! that lovest the hoding sky!
In the murky air,—
What sawest thou there?—
For I heard, through the fog, thy screaming cry!
"The maple's head
Was glowing red,
And red were the wings of the autumn sky;
But a redder gleam
Rose from the stream
That dahhled my feet, as I glided by!"

Owl! that lovest the stormy sky!
Speak, oh! speak!—
What crimsoned thy beak,
And hung on the lids of the staring eye?
"'Twas hlood, 'twas hlood!
And it rose like a flood,—
And for this I screamed as I glided by!"

Owl! that lovest the midnight sky!
Again, again,
Where are the twain?
Look! while the moon is hurrying by!—
"In the thicket's shade
The one is laid;—
You may see, through the boughs, his moveless eye!"

Owl! that lovest the darkened sky!
A step beyond,
From the silent pond
There rose a low and a murmuring cry:—
"On the water's edge,
Through the trampled sedge,
A bubble burst and gurgled by;
My eyes were dim,
But I looked from the brim,
And I saw in the weeds a dead man lie!"

Owl! that lovest the moonless sky!
Where the casements hlaze
With the faggot's rays,
Look! oh, look! what seest thou there?
Owl! what's this,
That snort and hiss,
And why do thy feathers shiver and stare?
"'Tis he! 'tis he!
He sits 'mid the three,
And a breathless woman is on the stair!"

Owl! that lovest the cloudy sky!
Where clank the chains
Through the prison panes,
What there thou hearest tell to me:—
"In her midnight dream,
'Tis a woman's scream,
And she calls on one—on one of Three!"
Look in once more,
Through the grated door:—
"'Tis a soul that prays, in agony!"

Owl! that hatest the morning sky!
On thy pinions gray,
Away,—away,—
I must pray, in charity,
From midnight chime,
To morning prime,—
Miserere, Domine!

These powerful verses refer to the murder of William Weare by John Thurtell, who had as accomplices William Probert and Joseph Hunt. The murder excited a most extraordinary sensation. Weare was a notorious gambler, and among others had fleeced Thurtell, who stood on the same plane morally. To revenge himself on Weare, and to obtain money for further debauchery, was apparently Thurtell's motive. Hunt and Probert were rascals of similar type. They agreed to murder Weare, but the deed was done, unaided, by Thurtell, who first shot Weare and then finished him with the butt end of a pistol. The body was first concealed in the hedge of a lane, then in a pond in Probert's cottage garden, and then removed to another pond. This last transfer of the corpse was watched by Mrs. Probert from a bedroom window. Hence the allusions in the poem. Thurtell on his trial made an eloquent and powerful appeal to the jury, but was convicted and executed at Hertford, January 9, 1824. The murder was perpetrated October 23, 1823. That Coleridge was acquainted with the circumstances of the murder is evidenced by his reference, in "Aids to Reflection," to the skull of Thurtell, which Spurzheim found had the bump of benevolence well developed.

The poem appears anonymously, but Hervey's introduction shows that the author was a notable. Apparently there is a clue to the mystery in a letter written by William Harrison Ainsworth, who was a likely man to know the literary secrets of 1825, when the book was issued. He had been in the closest relations with Hervey, and had acted as a sort of "literary agent"—the term had not then been invented—in obtaining some of the matter used in this very volume. They were both pupils of the Manchester Grammar School. Writing to the friend for whom he had acted, Ainsworth calls attention to two notable items in "Friendship's Offering" for 1826. These are "a song by Hood commencing, 'I remember, I remember,' a simple and beautiful ballad, *and some very extraordinary lines to the Owl by Coleridge.*" In the words which I have italicized there is enough to stimulate the curiosity of the Coleridgeans. Further evidence is desirable, and I hope it may be forthcoming. That Coleridge was an occasional contributor to the annuals is, of course, well known.

In 1825 Coleridge may have shrunk from the association of his name with a topic so grewsome and so sordid as the murder of a cheating gambler by another gambling blackguard, but there is no need for this reticence to-day. The poem shows a weird power not unworthy of the author of "Christabel." WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Correspondence

NEW ENGLISH REQUIREMENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A statement of recent legislation by the general faculty of the University of Texas, enacted with a view to cultivating in students the habit of writing good English, may interest some of your iconoclastic correspondents. It should be explained that this institution now requires of every freshman the conventional American college course in composition and rhetoric, involving frequent themes and conferences between student and instructor. To this course about a dozen trained teachers devote all, or a large part, of their time. But in addition every academic or engineering sophomore must finish a second English course requiring a great deal of written work. Even after two years' college training in English, some students fail to write their mother tongue clearly and correctly, as is evidenced by essays and reports prepared for other courses. Suspicion is strong that the students' attitude is reflected in the naïve statement of one of them, who, on being reprimanded for using slovenly and incorrect language in a literary criticism, explained, "I didn't put much English into that paper because I didn't think this was a course in English composition."

There is no thought of abolishing the present requirements, but with the aim of improving such conditions the faculty has created a standing committee on students' use of English. This committee is to pass each term on the written English of every student in the university above the rank of freshman. For this purpose the committee has received authority to call for and inspect all the student's written work submitted in any course, including theses, reports, and examination papers. In effect it is supposed that the committee will not

feel obliged to examine such papers of a student whose instructors positively declare the English satisfactory; but every student will be notified that his papers are subject to inspection and may govern himself accordingly. If the student's English as exemplified in these papers is unsatisfactory to the committee, he may have extra work assigned to him, even the prescription of an additional English course. But before May 15 of his graduating year he must satisfy the committee's requirements in order to obtain the bachelor's degree in arts, engineering, or law. To assist the committee all instructors are required to report the names of students derelict in this respect.

The chief sponsors for this new plan were not English instructors, though they were, of course, favorable to it, but teachers of other subjects, notably the dean of the faculty, himself a teacher of Greek, and the dean of the law department. After prolonged consideration both in committee and in open session, the plan was approved by the general faculty without a dissenting vote.

This law is avowedly experimental legislation, and its measure of success is problematical. Two objections to which it is open are the unusually wide powers placed in the hands of a committee, and the prodigious labor required of the committee's members. These objections, it is thought, may be overcome by tactful use of the powers granted, and by administrative recognition of committee service as equivalent to so many hours of teaching. Argument that the plan involves considerable expense will be disregarded if the desired results are obtained.

ROBERT ADGER LAW.

Austin, Tex., April 30.

MR. STEAD ON THE SINKING OF THE VICTORIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At a time when the public is mourning the loss of Mr. W. T. Stead in the Titanic disaster, it may not be without interest to recall his tribute to those who perished in another tragedy of the seas, the sinking of the Victoria. In the *American Review of Reviews* for August, 1893, Mr. Stead wrote an account of the loss of the battleship Victoria, which had occurred in June of that same year. The circumstances which he recounts are not unfamiliar. The British squadron was engaged in naval manœuvres off Tripoli, when the Victoria, which was serving as the flagship for Admiral Tryon, was rammed by the Camperdown in obedience to an order given by the Admiral himself, but based upon a mistaken calculation. After the collision, the silence was such that every word of the commander could be heard on the decks. Each order was executed as if at drill. The ship was directed at full speed towards the shore only seven miles away, but only two miles could be covered. The crew were standing in perfect discipline when the end came. The ship turned completely over in the water. The screws continued to revolve, bringing a cruel death to those few who were struggling in the water. In three minutes more the boat sank, taking with her to death the Admiral and three hundred and thirty-eight seamen. The last that was seen of the Admiral, he was clinging to the bridge with his left hand, and had thrown his right arm before his eyes to shut out the sight.

In many ways the sinking of the Titanic has recalled this earlier tragedy, so that words spoken of one may be fitly applied to the other. As these are the words of one who perished in a like disaster, with the same quiet courage in which he exults, they have a peculiar right to be remembered now:

Ever and anon the sea seizes or makes opportunity to wreak a shrewd vengeance. . . . Sometimes a great storm arises, . . . but oftener, when the waves are still and danger seems afar, destruction swoops down upon the victor. . . . Britannia, while sorrowing for her sons who went out but return no more forever, sheds no unworthy tears and makes no fretful moan. She only asks if they bore themselves worthily at the supreme moment. . . . Notwithstanding the sense of loss, the sinking of the Victoria is already coming to be regarded with a feeling of pride, of gratitude and exultation, rather than melancholy. . . . With the exception of the one irreparable mistake, nothing went wrong—nothing was done that ought not to have been done; everything was tested under the breaking strain of imminent death, and everything and every one was found to be perfect and entire, wanting nothing. . . . Death is the sovereign alchemist who assays the value of the coin struck in the mint of life. Death is the supreme test. All the incidents of heroic unselfishness and a comradeship that is stronger than death—these things are a priceless addition to the heritage of our land. . . . Such things are to nations as the bread of life. . . . These were not picked souls. . . . They were taken at random out of the rank and file of life and put into the crucible. . . . So long as the chance samples of our common folk can die as did the men of the Victoria, there is not much fear but that the Empire will live.

E. G. C.

Lawrence, Kan., May 1.

MACAULAY ON ROOSEVELT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The wisdom of the ancients is daily drawn upon for warnings and precedents; I see Bacon and Blackstone commenting on the campaign in the morning paper, and here is Macaulay on the situation. In his essay on Frederick the Great, we read:

For his commercial policy, however, there is some excuse. He had on his side illustrious examples and popular prejudice. Grievously as he erred, he erred in company with his age. In other departments his meddling was altogether without apology. He interfered with the course of justice, as well as with the course of trade; and set up his own crude notions of equity against the law as expounded by the unanimous voice of the gravest magistrates. It never occurred to him that a body of men whose lives were passed in adjudicating on questions of civil rights, were more likely to form correct opinions on such questions than a prince whose attention was divided between a thousand objects, and who probably never had read a law-book through. The resistance opposed to him by the tribunals inflamed him to fury. He reviled his Chancellor. He kicked the shins of his Judges. He did not, it is true, intend to act unjustly. He firmly believed that he was doing right, and defending the poor against the wealthy. Yet this well-meant meddling probably did far more harm than all the explosions of his evil passions during the whole of his long reign.

S. M. I.

Boston, May 4.

SLANG IN KANSAS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the somewhat wide publicity recently given to the report that the department of English at the University of Kansas has entered on a crusade against slang, it may be proper to say that it has done nothing of the sort. To the best of its ability the department has always opposed such flippant slanginess as "N." illustrates so amply from recent issues of the *University Daily Kansan*, in his letter published in your issue of April 25; and I think it will continue to do so. Obviously, its efforts have been unavailing, so far as the *Kansan* is concerned. It is but fair to note that, though the *Kansan* announces itself as "the official paper of the University of Kansas," the department of English is not now allowed to sustain any relation whatever to it, not even that of occasional adviser. No doubt, it may be said that this fact affords all the better evidence of the department's failure to impress the young men and women of the University of Kansas with an abiding sense of the truth that a reasonably dignified and respectful utterance is a thing from every point of view well worth while. Perhaps that is true. But anyhow, I am sure that our young journalists at the University of Kansas look upon themselves as very practical fellows, genuine newspaper men who know a thing or two about American journalism as practiced to-day, and whose freedom to cut verbal capers that will keep such academic persons as mere professors of rhetoric in a condition of perpetual shock, is very precious to them. Without exception, the comments that I saw made by newspapers in this part of the country on the reputedly new hostility of the department of English to the use of slang, were in a flippant and semi-derisive vein; a tone evidently taken, not because the hostility was supposed to be somewhat belated, but rather because it was regarded as essentially ridiculous. One of those newspapers is a journal of wide influence, well disposed to the University of Kansas, whose own headlines are as a rule unusually free from the slanginess of yellow journalism. So long as the *Kansan* is entirely in charge of professional students of journalism, as it now is, and so long as even the most respectable and powerful of the newspapers published in this vicinity see nothing but a subject for derision in the hostility of English teachers to the slang of the moment, and to all manner of verbal flippancy and smartness, so long, I am afraid, it will be in the power of "N." to keep making additions to his list of linguistic atrocities found in the headlines of the *University Daily Kansan*.

R. D. O'LEARY.

University of Kansas, April 29.

SOCIAL ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With her (it is usually her) ingenious euphemisms and mellifluous flow of superlatives, the "society reporter" of the provincial newspapers has made large contributions to the gayety of American life. A recent example in an Arkansas paper, however, rather outdoes the ordinary run of "social notices," and deserves a wider circulation among students of English than it will get at home. The "portals" were of a

four-roomed cottage. I have merely substituted impersonal initials for the names, for in this wider publicity the "honorees" would prefer, I am sure, to remain anonymous. R. G. THWAITES.

Madison, Wis., May 2.

Very Informal Tea.

Verbally bidden a number of friends wended their way on last Saturday afternoon to the pretty cottage home of Mr. and Mrs. H., who, in her characteristic thoughtful way, arranged this social hour, to pay court to her household guests, Miss M, her great-aunt; Miss B, an aunt, and Miss S, a friend—all of Wisconsin. Guarding the portals and welcoming the incoming guest was Mrs. H. V., who in her sweet way directed them to the hostess and her trio of charming honorees. Informallty everywhere reigned; just the usual attractiveness of the home found accent in great crystals of spring blossoms. Incidentally and with a careless care, the winsome Miss N. led the way to the dining room. A rare beauty board gleamed with crystal, centred with a huge bowl of "pink pinks" about which burned pink tapers under pink shades, casting a roseate hue over the cluny lace cover and the crystal bon-bon trays. At either end of the table were seated Mrs. A. P. and Mrs. J. D., pouring a delicious tea concoction from exquisite tea urns. In this and the tempting sandwich service were Miss A. and Miss V. chattingly presiding. Much pleasure was enjoyed both by the delightful little house-party and their many guests—both gowned in the very top notch of style and beauty.

Textbooks

PEDAGOGY.

The teacher who should undertake to keep up with the literature of his profession in these days would have but scant time left for teaching, to say nothing of the distracting influence of a host of varying theories whose sole point of agreement, one is tempted to say, is the thesis that "whatever is, is wrong." In "All the Children of All the People" (Macmillan), by William Hawley Smith, the blame for all our educational woes is again heaped upon the alleged domination of public schools by "classical colleges," regardless of the fact that our young scientists can find scores of routes to their Ph.D.'s which will not take them near enough to either Greek or Latin to saddle upon their intellectual shoulders the slightest retarding weight of first-hand knowledge of the Greek and Latin terms which they are obliged to use. Mr. Smith, as so many other devotees of the "New Education" have done, butts savagely at Lowell's (misquoted) definition of a university. If he will but acquaint himself with that definition in full, with the author's own elucidation of it in the Harvard Anniversary Address, he will readily see the consummate folly of his remark that "Lowell was a great man in many ways, but he was short in his ideas as to the true purpose of educative work for the people of a democracy who have to earn a living and hoe their own rows."

"High School Education" (Scribner), edited by Charles H. Johnston, ambitiously undertakes "to treat from every angle possible the best approaches, theoretical and practical, to the genuine problems of high-school programmes of study and curriculums, and of all the special courses of study which a high school may hope to administer and teach." The editor, dean of the School of Education in the University of Kansas, contributes chapters on Current Demands upon the Programme of Studies, and the Disciplinary Basis of Courses of Study, while the remaining twenty-four chapters are written by various well-known school and college men, of whom the University of Michigan furnishes the largest number.

From Columbia University, in the Teachers College series of Contributions to Education, we have three new volumes dealing respectively with "Spinoza as Educator," "The Educational Views and Influence of DeWitt Clinton," and "The Social Composition of the Teaching Population." The author of the first, William Louis Rabenort, would have done well not to set the stumbling-block of a misshapen introductory sonnet between the reader and an inherently attractive subject. The study of Clinton's educational influence, by Edward A. Fitzpatrick, is an admirable example of the way in which such work should be done, and constitutes an important addition to New York educational history. The amount and variety of statistical material furnished in Lotus D. Coffman's study of the social make-up of the teaching population almost lead one to suggest a society for the protection of the teacher against the cruelty of the *questionnaire*. And yet many of his tables are of genuine interest and value.

Dean Briggs of Harvard and Radcliffe is the author of a readable little volume on "Girls and Education," published by Houghton Mifflin. Three chapters—to the girl who would cultivate herself, to school girls at graduation, and to college girls—are followed by an address delivered at the Bryn Mawr commencement of last June.

ENGLISH.

If American students do not read, write, and speak well, it is not for lack of textbook assistance. Twice a year there are printed "Sea-Brownie" elementary readers and "Great Speeches and How to Make Them" to a number that would suffice for our educational purposes if all the previous textbooks were destroyed. As usual, a large proportion of the recent publications are of dubious value; but a few are welcome and will prove useful. One of these few is "The Rhetorical Principles of Narration" (Houghton Mifflin), by Prof. C. L. Maxcy of Williams College. The aim of the book is a compromise between that of Professor Perry's "Types of Prose Fiction" and that of the short-cut-to-short-story-success textbooks; in other words, the book is addressed to both the student and the writer of narration. "Few courses," the author writes in the preface, "offer better material for arousing interest in good literature than does a course in narrative composition." Whoever agrees with this view will find Professor Maxcy's book extremely valuable. The style is vigorous and agreeable, the examples are apt and abundant, and the "rhetorical principles" are discussed with unusual clearness.

The problem of teaching engineers to write acceptably has become more and more perplexing; the usual freshman composition course has generally proved unsuitable, and, for want of good textbooks, a different course has been hard to plan. Prof. S. C. Earle's "The Theory and Practice of Technical Writing" (Macmillan) will go far towards removing this difficulty. Recognizing the peculiarity of the problem, and recognizing the fact that engineers are called upon to do a kind of writing different from that done by the merchant, the lawyer, and the scholar, Professor Earle has prepared a book that ought to prove serviceable in many of our engineering colleges. "Sweetness and Light" may be just the thing for the engineering student to read carefully; but he will find in "Major Squire's Multiplex Telephony System" a better model for his compositions.

"An Introduction to the English Classics" (Ginn), by Professors Trent and Brewster of Columbia University, and C. L. Hanson of Mechanic Arts High School, Boston, suggests a method for the study of the English and American classics listed in the current College Entrance Requirements in English. The authors discuss, in a concise style that is highly provocative of thought, typical novels, plays, poems, etc., to the number of sixty, from the "Iliad" to Huxley's essays, in each case dividing the material into introduction, occasion, and setting, the argument and the incident, construction and style, and other divisions appropriate to the various classics. If our teachers must prepare students for college by such a method as this, they will be wise in making use of this example of the method. What the book aims to do, it does uncommonly well.

Textbooks in English literature have been published as freely as ever. Thanks to the fluctuating college entrance requirements, and thanks to the competition among publishers, editors have been agreeably busy in preparing new editions, each of which, we are told, incorporates novel and valuable features. Shakespeare's plays have fared as well as usual. In addition to the new volumes in the Tudor series, we have received "Romeo and Juliet" (Houghton Mifflin), edited by Prof. William Strunk, jr., in the Riverside Literature Series; "King Henry the Fifth" (Silver, Burdett), edited by Edgar Coit Morris, "for use in secondary schools prior to the fourth year"; "Twelfth Night" (Ginn), in the New Hudson Shakespeare, recommended by its foot-notes instead of the customary perplexing thicket of notes at the end; and "Hamlet" (Ginn), edited by the Rev. Henry Hudson, school edition, in the Standard English Classics. In the last of these our attention is drawn equally to the serviceable notes and to the unsatisfactory introduction. We are told that Hamlet "is mad in spots and at times. . . . He *ought* to be crazy, and it were vastly to his credit, both morally and mentally, to be so"; and then the "members of the medical profession, deeply learned in the science, and of approved skill in the treatment, of insanity," are marched in to testify to Hamlet's sad derangement. We do not quarrel with the editor who has discerned the open secret of Hamlet and who pronounces him insane; but we do wince at being told that he was mad in spots and that he is therefore to be congratulated.

With the exception of "The Essential Poetry of Pope," an entirely acceptable little volume recently added to the New Universal Library (Dutton), the new textbooks of poetry are more or less miscellaneous collections avowedly designed to meet the college entrance requirements. Perhaps the most useful of these collections is "Palgrave's Golden Treasury" (Merrill), an ab-

normally attractive textbook containing, in addition to Palgrave's notes, a fourteen-page study of lyric poetry and further notes by Allan Abbott. The agreeably written introduction reviews briefly the nature of lyric poetry, of figures of speech—wisely restricted to the simile, the metaphor, and personification—of the pastoral, of rhythm, and of the commoner stanzaic forms. The notes, including those by Palgrave, will not give the student the impression that poetry is akin in difficulty to higher mathematics; they are confined to thirty-odd pages, and they present essential facts rather than æsthetic comment. At the close are two pages of suggestive and generally feasible "Topics for Study"; in particular we approve of the assignment of one poet for special study by each pupil, provided that poet is not John Wilmot or Anna Laetitia Barbauld.

CLASSICS.

Classical students have long needed a brief but comprehensive and readable history of classical philology. To meet this need Prof. H. T. Peck has published his "History of Classical Philology" (Macmillan). His catholic taste, wide study, and scholarly reputation pointed him out as especially fitted to write such a history, but his performance falls far short of expectation. This book must have been prepared or at least put through the press with great haste, for the proofreading is abominable, misspellings abound, particularly in proper names, which often appear in two or three forms, and some sentences seem to have no meaning. There are numerous wrong dates, as well as graver faults. There is a lack of proportion and inequality of treatment, which show clearly the tastes and preferences of the author, rather than his scientific judgment and method. We should expect from this book that he was a student of ancient society rather than of philology. Consequently, while the reader will find here much to interest, and not a little to amuse him, he must be prepared to check every statement of fact by reference to some more accurate treatise.

An excellent edition of Plato's "Phædo" (Frowde) is that by John Burnet, the editor of Plato in the Oxford Series of Classical Texts. No changes have been introduced into the text, but we have an elaborate introduction and a serviceable commentary. The latter is scholarly, in excellent taste, devoted principally to interpretation, not to grammatical discussion. The main interest lies in the introduction, in which Professor Burnet tries to show that Plato gives us a more accurate picture of the real Socrates than does Xenophon. Most recent commentators have followed the lead of Hegel in asserting that Xenophon's Socrates is a portrait truer to the life. But Xenophon was hardly more than twenty-five years old when he saw Socrates for the last time, and his later life was spent away from Athens, so that he had little opportunity even of coming in contact with the more intimate circle of Socrates's followers, to which Simmias and Cebes belonged. Many of the stories in the "Memorabilia" are obviously at second-hand, and some look very much as if they had been drawn from Plato himself. In further support of his contention Professor Burnet asserts that the "Theory of Ideas" was not original with Plato, but that he got it from Socrates, who in turn derived it from the Pythagoreans. These views are not new, but have been more or less discredited in recent years. Perhaps Professor Burnet's advocacy will give them a fresh interest to students of Plato.

The second edition of Prof. S. B. Platner's "Topography and Monuments of Ancient Rome" follows the first, after an interval of seven years (Allyn & Bacon). On its first appearance, this book was accepted as an authoritative treatise, and, while it met with much criticism as to details, its completeness and thoroughness were cordially acknowledged. The new edition shows changes on almost every page. The earlier criticisms have been all carefully considered, and many corrections introduced. Although comparatively little has been added to our knowledge of Ancient Rome by the excavations of recent years, the number of pages has increased from 497 to 520. Some new illustrations have been added, while others have been removed. A new map of the Forum has been taken from Baedeker. Considerable additions have been made to the bibliographies, mainly in citations from current periodicals. In its present form, the book is thoroughly trustworthy and indispensable to students and teachers of Latin.

The new "School Cicero," (American Book Company), by J. R. Bishop, F. A. King, and N. W. Helm, differs from the customary editions, by the inclusion of the "Pro Murena," as well as the "Pro Milone," the "Pro Marcello," and the "Pro Ligario," in addition to the usual six. Something similar was attempted in 1891 by Prof. H. W. Johnston, who, in his edition, substituted the "Pro Murena," the "Pro Sulla," and the "Pro Sestio" for the "De Imperio" and the "Pro Archia." This innovation did not commend itself to classical teachers, and in the recent edition of 1910, Professor Johnston returned to the recognized six. It will be interesting to observe whether this new experiment succeeds. The present edition presents the usual type of textbook. An introduction discusses Cicero's life, the Roman Body Politic, and similar matters, closing with an unusually extended bibliography. The notes are brief and not overloaded with strings of grammatical references; perhaps there is too much translation. The vocabulary also shows restraint. The illustrations are good, but not numerous. Altogether, the edition is commendable.

"Selected Letters of Pliny" (Scott, Foresman), by H. M. Kingery, is intended for freshmen and sophomores. The introduction is brief, but sympathetic and without pedantry. The notes, which are at the bottom of the page, give more translation than is necessary, and hardly enough information. The selection of letters is thoroughly representative, including, of course, those on the eruption of Vesuvius and on the Christians. Proper names are collected in an index. The book is useful.

A unique contribution to the apparatus of high-school teaching is "Two Latin Plays" (Ginn), by Susan Paxson. These two little plays, "A Roman School" and "A Roman Wedding," are interesting and amusing, as well as instructive. We find Cicero, Catiline, Antony, Cæsar, Pompey, Brutus appearing as boys in the first; while, in the second, we have the marriage of Piso and Cicero's daughter Tullia. The language is virtually a cento from Cicero's writings, put together with much skill. In some few cases the Latin is barbarous, and should be corrected. An amusing anachronism, recognized and defended by the author, is the inclusion of modern songs, such as "Mica, mica, parva stella," "Ioannes, Ioannes, tibicine natus," and "Iacobulus Horner," in the "Roman School." In the "Roman Wedding," the songs and invocations are partly taken from Catullus, partly original centos. Suggestions for music and costume are appended. This little book is significant of the new spirit which is rapidly becoming dominant in high-school teaching of Latin.

MODERN LANGUAGES.

"Le Français et sa patrie" (Sanborn), by L. R. Talbot, consists of a series of conversations and letters, in an accurate but colorless French, dealing with the experiences of two American students in France. Mr. Talbot writes chiefly of the customs and interests of modern Paris, with historical digressions and accounts of visits to the important monuments and of excursions here and there in the provinces. The material is varied in itself and is well arranged. After the text proper are printed several well-known modern poems and the words and music of five or six good songs.

There is no end to the editing of Daudet. The latest selection, "Neuf Contes choisis" (Holt), is satisfactorily prepared by Prof. V. E. François.

Professor Cloran has published a very diligent edition of "Atala" (Jenkins). The introduction contains good summaries of the other works of Chateaubriand. The notes really constitute a detailed study of Chateaubriand's many borrowings from Charlevoix and William Bartram.

W. O. Farnsworth has edited Sardou's "Les Pattes de mouche" (Heath) with a thoroughness worthy of a better piece of literature. It is an excellent acting comedy, but in book form its faults in construction and its lack of characterization are very noticeable, and many of the scenes are simply dull. The play is none the less an excellent basis for the study of idiomatic conversational French, and the precise care with which the vocabulary has been prepared will enable the text to have its due linguistic effectiveness.

"A Spanish Grammar for Schools and Colleges" (Holt), by Profs. E. W. Olmsted and Arthur Gordon, is a large and comprehensive work, containing much material that is not to be found in other books of the sort. The amount of grammatical minutiæ with which the beginner is confronted even in the earliest lessons will doubtless seem excessive to most teachers, and few will agree that the student should be made to memorize with each lesson fifty or more new words. The book is likely to render most service in work with advanced classes or as a reference grammar. The statements are clear verbally and typographically, and the examples are plenty and good.

F. W. Morrison has edited for Heath a number of "Cuentos modernos" selected by Prof. Fonger de Haan. The authorship of the stories is not indicated in any case. Few of them possess much literary merit, but they will serve well, thanks to good editing, as a basis for linguistic study and

for acquaintance with many phases of modern Spanish life.

Three excellent books have appeared in Holt's New Spanish Series, Hartzenbusch's comedy, "La Coja y el encogido," edited by Prof. J. Geddes; Ayala's "Consuelo," edited by Prof. A. M. Espinosa, and a collection of "Spanish Ballads," edited by Prof. S. G. Morley. The two plays are well worth reading and study, and these editions make them available for effective use in any course on modern Spanish literature. Professor Morley's collection of ballads is a notable piece of work. It should prove eminently successful in the classroom, for the poetry is of a type to appeal directly and strongly to the healthy undergraduate, and the admirable care and completeness with which the introduction and the notes have been prepared will make it a convenient handbook for scholars. It contains some bibliographical material that is new and valuable.

F. W. C. Lieder's edition of Schiller's "Don Carlos" (Frowde) is the first to be published with English apparatus. It is a careful and full compilation of matters of fact and opinion, including indeed, in the notes, some superfluous matter. Interpretation and illustration of details have been the editor's chief aim; there is little consideration of the drama as a whole or as a composition of parts. To the editor's mind the fault of an illogical and complicated plot is offset by eloquent language, exalted ideas, dramatic situations, and penetrating portrayal of characters. Even these qualities are rather assumed as self-evident than demonstrated; the last would be difficult to demonstrate. Since the play is significant principally as the product of a period of transition in the development of Schiller's art, Dr. Lieder has given an account, though slight, of the artistic and political constellation of this period. A bibliography of works in which Don Carlos is the hero or on which Schiller's drama had direct or indirect influence is followed by a special bibliography for Schiller. Dr. Lieder is an experienced bibliographer. Eight appendices and an index complete the comprehensive volume.

Though announced earlier, M. B. Evans's edition of Hebbel's "Agnes Bernauer" (Heath) is issued later than the edition by C. von Klenze. It is an entirely independent work which nevertheless profits, as the editor acknowledges, from its predecessor. The first impression that it gives is one of agreeable compactness; there is closer attention to minutiæ than Von Klenze everywhere gave, especially in the notes, but also in the introduction. On the larger bearings of the subject Von Klenze's introduction is, however, somewhat more satisfactory.

In the "Introduction to German" (Holt), by Eduard Prokosch, and "Beginners' German" (Scribner), by Max Walter and C. A. Krause, we have two attempts, similar and yet different one from the other, to smooth the path for those who wish, or are made, to learn grammar by observation and induction. Neither book, indeed, dispenses with a systematic formulation of the phonological and morpbological facts: Prokosch appends to his exercises a treatise; Walter and Krause are content with tables. Both volumes provide for the oral use of German at the start of the instruction. Prokosch lays most weight upon the intensive study of texts; Walter and Krause begin with instructive and easily comprehensible conversations before proceeding to texts; and this is the principal difference between the two applications of the so-called natural method. In the use of this method more depends upon the teacher than upon the book. A teacher of comparatively little experience would probably be glad of the greater fulness of Prokosch's manual, and he would find reinforcement in the sobriety of its tone—by which we do not mean dulness. But the born teacher and the clever pupil will rejoice in the vivacity and humor of Walter and Krause. True to their motto, "Mehr Freude an der Schule," they stimulate all the instincts of youth, whether these be curiosity, military solidarity, or enthusiasm that vents itself in song.

HISTORY.

Ostensibly "a complete course of study in history from the first to the eighth grades inclusive," W. F. Bliss's "History in the Elementary Schools" (American Book Co.) is in reality a pretty full outline of American history for the last two grammar grades, with very brief topical suggestions about world history preceding. An appendix contains sketches of stories and plays for the earlier grades.

The publication of historical source material for schools shows no decline. Two volumes of the American History in Literature series (Moffat, Yard), edited by Lilian M. Briggs, comprise selected speeches and messages of Washington, John Adams, Patrick Henry, and Lincoln, with short biographical introductions, but no notes. The idea of the series is excellent, and capable of considerable extension. Edgar W. Ames's "Readings in American History" (Merrill), of which two volumes have reached us, includes narrative extracts as well as speeches. The books are too brief to meet the needs of an extended course of study, but will be useful where nothing more elaborate can be had.

Alice M. Atkinson's "European Beginnings of American History" (Ginn) is a novel and interesting departure in history teaching. Following in the main the suggestions of the Committee of Eight of the American Historical Association, Miss Atkinson has prepared for sixth-grade pupils, at which stage it is supposed that the regular use of a textbook may be begun, an elementary sketch of European history, particularly of the history of England, to the end of the sixteenth century, as an introduction to the study of American history. Such a summary is a difficult task at best, and some of Miss Atkinson's pages will, we fear, prove ratber serious reading for the boys and girls to whom they are addressed; but as a whole the book shows real skill in writing for children, and is likely to prove a boon to teachers who must carry out this newest part of the historical programme.

There is so much that is attractive about the general appearance and make-up of David S. Muzzey's "An American History" (Ginn), and the text itself is so readable, that it would be a pleasure to commend the book without serious qualifications. Unfortunately, however, the author, in his effort to dwell only upon what is permanently worth while, to minimize antiquarian beginnings, and emphasize the victories of peace rather than those of war, has constructed a book whose proportions seem to us frankly exaggerated. The period of origins and colonial development is traversed with breathless haste, one-fourth of the total space sufficing for the record of events down to 1783; while another fourth carries us to 1854. Naturally, early military events are sketched in barest outline, as if it were only from disagreeable necessity that they must be told at all; while the story of the most recent happenings, agitations, and controversies is set forth at length. We do not recall a textbook of recent date in which England's treatment of the colonies is more airily condemned. The least virtue of a schoolbook is that it is accurate, yet the positive errors of detail are so numerous as to constitute a serious blemish. Doubtless it is the right of an author, even in an elementary work, to present a subject as he thinks it ought to be presented, to emphasize what he believes to be important, and to relegate to a secondary place or to the obscurity of silence what he regards as of minor consequence; but there is such a thing as a consensus of competent opinion regarding the relative significance of historical periods and events, departure from which is to be justified only upon indubitable proof that such opinion is unsound. It is much to be regretted that this latest illustration of the "new history," in spite of its many merits and undeniable literary interest, should not be as true as it is new.

Hilda Johnstone's "A Hundred Years of History" (Longmans), dealing with the period from 1216 to 1327, is made up entirely of extracts from contemporary records and chronicles, without connecting narrative, and with only a few notes explanatory of allusions or difficult terms in the text. Few American schools treat any period of English history so much in detail, but as a supplementary book for the teacher or the school library, the volume has usefulness.

Of recent textbooks of civil government, the first place should be given to William B. Guitteau's "Government and Politics in the United States" (Houghton Mifflin). Data of the more practical sort are abundant; the references include substantial treatises as well as elementary works, and there are numerous illustrations. A supplementary chapter on the government of the State of New York is contributed by Milton J. Fletcher. For schools that can devote a good deal of time to the subject, the volume may be heartily commended. Prof. James W. Garner's "Government in the United States" (American Book Co.) also emphasizes the operations rather than the organization of government. The questions for research, of which considerable point is made, are many of them rather formidable, and at best more suitable for college classes. "The American Republic" (Century), by S. E. Forman, is an abridgment of the same author's "Advanced Civics," with a really helpful equipment of notes, suggestive questions, and exercises.

"An Outline of British History" (Rivingtons), by Arthur D. Innes, is a suggestive and useful manual on a novel plan. The narrative is grouped into three sections, dividing at 1558 and 1763. Each section begins with a brief chronological outline, followed by two or more chapters of political summary, and then by chapters on industry, trade, social development, literature, and similar topics. Scotland and Ireland receive separate chapters, and im-

perial policy and colonial expansion are kept prominent. The book seems most suitable for elementary college courses, although a skilful teacher might make it serve the needs of a high school class.

R. G. Gettell's "Readings in Political Science" (Ginn), while primarily intended to accompany the same author's "Introduction to Political Science," can be used with any modern textbook or with lectures. The extracts, for the most part brief, embrace the whole broad field into which political science is now pushing its generalizations, from the physical and climatic bases of the state, through the multitudinous forms of political organization, to a concluding survey of the functions and ends of government.

SCIENCE.

Five years ago Prof. George Trumbull Ladd gave fifteen lectures on the philosophy of education to the school-teachers of Japan, Korea, and Hawaii. These now appear under the title, "The Teacher's Practical Philosophy" (Funk & Wagnalls). They defend a belief which long ago went out of style among American educators but is slowly returning to its own. It is the belief that "lack of discipline . . . is the prime source of all our national evils so far as they are connected with the educative processes now in vogue." This is a large thesis, but it has a broad basis of fact on which to build. Professor Ladd stands at the opposite extreme from the Montessori School and Dewey. He decries the present habit of allowing the student to follow his own impulses in choosing subjects and the way of learning them. To cultivate interest in the important things is the teacher's duty towards his classes, and he can discharge it only by sternly drilling the learner's attention. Reversing the prevalent rule, Professor Ladd says: "Let the pupil be disciplined in some kind of work until he takes pleasure in the work." The American custom of making school tasks easy and entertaining comes in for merciless condemnation. It is, he says, the chief cause of the all too familiar fact that most college graduates "have a host of confused ideas and unverifiable impressions on an unnecessary and absurd variety of subjects." It is less against this evil, though, than against the collapse of morals that the author inveighs. *Laissez faire* has its direct consequence in the decline of ethical instruction. It has deprived men of their sense of values. It has left them adrift in mad pleasures, brutalized them, and dulled the civic conscience. In spite of the writer's repeated assurance that he is not championing austerity, the reader's impression is quite the contrary. Indeed, Professor Ladd's censure overreaches itself. Our national ills cannot be laid in such large bundles at the poor teacher's door. The people have made the schools pretty much what they are. They have repeatedly prevented moral instruction because they stupidly feared that religious instruction might be smuggled in along with it. Again, the morality of our age is shaped by a host of economic and other circumstances which extend far beyond the school-room. Yet, when all is said and done, Professor Ladd's truths outweigh by a hundredfold his enthusiastic overestimates of the teacher's influence. The volume is spokesman for a pedagogical party whose ranks are fast filling up.

Extreme conservatives and extreme progressives will find little encouragement, but much sanity and wholesome admonition, in Prof. D. E. Smith's "The Teaching of Geometry" (Ginn). The noise and dust of agitators have not obscured Professor Smith's perception of the eternal truth that the great value of geometric study is in delight and discipline and not in utility.

The "Higher Mathematics for Chemical Students" (Van Nostrand), by J. R. Partington, should be of great advantage to mathematically inclined chemists as well as interesting to pure mathematicians. A philosophical introduction is followed by a treatment of so much of the differential and integral calculus, including the elements of differential equations, as is applicable at present to chemical problems. The reader is taught how to make the applications not only in physics but in chemistry.

J. V. Collins's "Practical Algebra" (American Book Co.), which is a second course partly reviewing the matter of a first course, contains nothing specially notable except some historical notes and the pictures of certain early mathematicians, Vieta (1540-1603), Tartaglia (1500-1559), Napier (1550-1617). Fletcher Durell's "School Algebra" (Merrill Co.) contains, besides pictures of Vieta, Descartes, Newton, and Gauss, a chapter dealing with the history of algebra. The unusual thickness of the book is due partly to long dwelling on the principles.

The third edition of Dr. J. Erskine-Murray's "Handbook of Wireless Telegraphy" (Van Nostrand) has been revised and considerably enlarged to keep up with the rapid progress of the subject. The book gives an excellent treatment, and, with the exception of the chapter on the theories of transmission, a very simple one. The tables at the end of the book are a valuable help both to the amateur and the professional.

Prof. J. A. Fleming has published his lectures on "The Propagation of Electric Currents in Telephone and Telegraph Conductors" (Van Nostrand). The lectures were originally given to a class composed chiefly of practical telegraphic and telephonic engineers and experts, and much subject-matter was discussed which has not as yet found its way into text-books. We have, as a result, an unusually valuable account of the very latest advances in both the theory and the practice of electric communication, presented in a lucid manner.

William A. Noyes's "Elements of Qualitative Analysis" (Holt), revised in collaboration with the author by G. McP. Smith, differs markedly from the earlier editions in a number of respects, the chief of which are: (1) More space is given to the discussion of the application of the ionic theory and the mass action law; (2) the analytical schemes for the metals, as well as the systematic procedure for the preparation of the solution for the metallic analysis, are essentially those of A. A. Noyes and his coworkers; and (3) the method for the acid anaylsis has been largely rewritten, which changes materially enhance the value of this book. In the directions for analysis, much explanatory matter is given in the body of the text which could be supplied to better advantage if printed in smaller type or given in footnotes. As this book is intended for university students, it should seem desirable to give more detailed references (Journal and page number) to the work of A. A. Noyes, particularly to the confirmatory experiments which are the basis of the system. In the solution of metals and alloys with nitric acid, mention should be made of the fact that a residue may also be aluminum due to the practical insolubility of this metal in nitric acid. The questions for review constitute a new and valued feature of the book.

Botanical instruction in our secondary schools is now devoted to general questions connected with the broader affinities of plants and to a study of the habits of a few illuminating kinds, instead, as used to be the case, of having pupils examine the plants around their homes. To meet the changed conditions, a host of hand-books have been issued in which botany is considered in its large scope. Among the latest additions are two manuals put out by the American Book Company, which, though convenient, possess few advantages over a good many already in the field. The first is "A Practical Course in Botany, with Especial Reference to Its Bearings on Agriculture, Economics, and Sanitation, by E. F. Andrews. The author has evidently had a good deal of experience in teaching, showing in his treatment of topics a right sense of proportion. We confess to having felt a shock at seeing "Systematic Botany" relegated to one page in an appendix, but probably the author expects every pupil to supplement this manual by assiduous study of some local flora. The second book, a "Manual of Experimental Botany," by Frank Owen Payne, is somewhat more elementary than the similar works by Ganong, Osterhout, and others, and has doubtless been prepared to meet special conditions in the High School of Commerce, in which the author is a teacher. Many of the experiments are attractive and very suggestive, but greater care ought to have been taken in the phrasing.

"Physiography for High Schools" (Heath), by Albert L. Arey, Frank L. Bryant, William W. Clendenin, and William T. Morrey of high schools of New York city, is a remarkable little book, and contains an amazing amount of information. The first hundred and eighty pages embrace astronomy, navigation, geodesy, magnetism, meteorology, and climate. The last half is mostly dynamical geology, with as much treatment of rocks and the forms of the land as is needed by a skilled teacher for explaining the living forces of the earth. It is evident throughout that the authors are interested in what Bergson calls "changes and acts" rather than in "things and states." Every page deals with movement, process, production, effect, so that, for a school-book, the reader feels that the high-water mark has been reached in making dry science interesting. The motive of the authors is to produce a book adapted to school pupils who are not going to college, and who ought to know the earth as a whole and all its processes in their relation to our country, our climate, our commerce, and ourselves. It is not narrowly American, and the influence of Suess and especially of Penck is clearly in evidence. The preface states that "the treatment of the subject here presented has been in successful use in our classrooms many years";

the reviewer can well believe it, for the completeness and balance of the work are in marked contrast to the books of physical geography which appear by the dozens in this country and are mostly crude and ephemeral. Especially noteworthy are the chapters on Latitude, Longitude, and Time, The Earth in Space, and The Solar System. The statements are condensed but accurate, and the illustrations original. The series of diagrams showing the sun's sky-paths at various latitudes, including the North Pole, are effective. Each chapter is supplemented by a number of questions for students, the answers to which are not found in the text, but require independent thinking. The nebular and planetesimal hypotheses are both concisely stated, but no preference is expressed. A chapter on Light and Electricity of the Air deals with mirage, halos, lightning, and thunder, and the information furnished on these subjects is modern and sound. Thus we find a discussion of the aurora, of protection from lightning, kinds of lightning, and the relation of lightning to rain. Weather and climate are clearly distinguished and very fully discussed, so that the pupil should be able, after studying this book, to use the publications of national weather bureaus with intelligence. The book is well illustrated with woodcuts, diagrams, maps, colored plates, and half-tones, and while the margins are ample and the type clear, the publishers have succeeded in keeping the four hundred and fifty pages down to small octavo and only seven-eighths of an inch thick—a triumph of compactness in these days of heavy clay-filled paper, mucilaginous odors, and lumpy tomes of oppressive weight. There are few subjects in the work for adverse criticism. We note on page 424 a reference to shrinkage due to "contracting of the crust" as producing folds. The contraction is commonly conceived as internal. The present reviewer quarrels with these authors in their use of "Physiography." The book ought to be called "Earth Physics." If "physiography" is to be restricted at all to geographical nomenclature, a questionable procedure, it is commonly understood to apply to geomorphology and not to geodynamics; and yet Salisbury and others have for some years been publishing books dealing almost exclusively with earth processes under the title "physiography." If dynamical geology is to be taught in the high schools, let us call it so, and not disguise it as a branch of geography.

A textbook, devoted almost exclusively to a consideration of bacteria and their effects, covers only a part of the ground indicated by the title "Microbiology: For Agricultural and Domestic Science Students" (P. Blakiston's Sons). The editor, Charles E. Marshall, need not have gone farther than Boston for a much more fitting and appropriate title; he would have found it in Sedgwick's "Sanitary Science." "Microbiology" means much more, namely, the biology of all microscopic living things. The present volume loses by comparison with the excellent treatises on bacteriology that already exist because it is not the carefully turned product of a single mind. Its seven hundred pages, written by twenty-one different contributors, give the student a distorted version of one subject, an inadequate idea of others, while the editor has admitted certain loose or contradictory statements, which are natural when so many writers are engaged. Protozoa and other forms of microscopic life that can be studied by bacteriological methods are included in all up-to-date textbooks on bacteriology, and find a place there frankly because of these methods. In the present book nothing definite is said of methods and the reader feels that moulds, yeasts, and protozoa are dragged in and disposed of in as short order as possible. This is particularly true of the protozoa which have played a most important part in the development of preventive medicine. With less than one page devoted to metabolism of protozoa, as against 103 pages on the metabolism of bacteria, one wonders why the subject was even mentioned until he reads such misstatements as: "protoplasm is a mixture of two fluids," or, amœbæ "may measure several centimetres in breadth," or that when protozoa died "their bones [*sic*] fell to the bottom and formed chalk," and sees that the writer had only a second-hand knowledge of his subject. The descriptions of the various blights, galls, rots, and wilts of plants and of the diseases of animals are also too meagre to be of much service except as a catalogue. The merits of the volume depend upon the presentation of the technical side of the subject of bacteriology. Here it is a pleasure to speak of the really excellent account of the food of bacteria, and of the mechanism and products of bacteria metabolism; these are simply, concisely, and forcibly written and may well serve as a standard of excellence for future editions. The practical side of the subject, dealing with the application of bacteria to agricultural and domestic science, should be condensed, whereas the pathogenic side should be much enlarged, if the editor would live up to the ambitious title he has chosen.

Literature

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

The Cambridge History of English Literature. Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Vol. VIII: The Age of Dryden. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

The present volume maintains, on the whole, the high level of scholarship which has marked recent volumes in the series. There is, moreover, an undeniable increase in the general interest of such a work as we advance into the later periods. The historical materials that throw light on both authors and their writings become more and more abundant, and if in the period covered by this volume there is a descent from the heights of Shakespeare and Milton in poetry, some compensation is afforded by the growing variety of prose. We observe not altogether with regret that the lion's share in the work is no longer allotted to Professor Saintsbury. A chapter on The Prosody of the Seventeenth Century is the only one from his pen. In this he displays his usual unconventional vigor in the treatment of metrical subjects and makes a just plea for catholicity of judgment in regard to the different varieties of the heroic couplet, which in the "stopped" form, the principal verse-form of this age, provoked the scorn of Keats. The advantages and weaknesses of the "stopped" couplet as illustrated by Dryden in the seventeenth century, and, with a difference, by his followers in the eighteenth, are well analyzed in Professor Saintsbury's discussion, and the same is true of the "enjambed" form which reached its climax in the seventeenth century, in Chamberlayne's "Pharonnida" and was revived in the nineteenth by Leigh Hunt and his more famous friends. The encyclopædic character of such a work necessarily involves some chapters of inferior interest—for example, that on Political and Ecclesiastical Satire, by C. W. Previté-Orton, which is infected with something of the dulness of the subject. Similarly, W. H. Hutton, in his Divines of the Church of England—Barrow, South, Tillotson, etc.—has failed to impart to his discussion of those foes of "enthusiasm" the interest of style which lightened the chapter from his pen, in an earlier volume of this history, on the religious spokesmen of a more spiritual age.

The largest place in the volume is filled by the drama, the treatment of which is divided among F. E. Schelling, Charles Whibley, and A. T. Bartholomew. It was a happy thought to engage a leading authority on the Elizabethan drama, like Professor Schelling, for this subject, inasmuch as one of the chief problems in the study of the Restoration drama is its relation to that of the earlier years of the century. The chapter is distinguished, however, by full and accurate scholarship rather than by critical power in characterizing the individual plays. A valuable feature of it is the condensed history of Spanish influences in the English drama of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, although the survey takes a somewhat wider range than the particular subject calls for. Professor Schelling adopts from Etherege's biographers 1690 as the conjectural date of the death of the dramatist. It is worth remarking, however, that Thomas Southerne in his prologue to Congreve's "Old Bachelor," first produced in 1693, speaks of him as though still alive. In rejecting all the poets of the time, except Congreve, as possible successors to Dryden, he writes:

> His eldest Wycherley, in wise retreat,
> Thought it not worth his quiet to be great.
> Loose, wandering Etherege, in wild pleasures tost
> And foreign interest to his hopes long lost:
> Poor Lee and Otway dead! Congreve appears
> The darling and last comfort of his years.

It seems strange that Southerne should not have heard of the death of his fellow-poet, if he was really dead

at this time. For the rest, Professor Schelling does justice to the gayety and brilliancy of Etherege. Perhaps more stress might have been laid on the merit of his originality in introducing into English literature a new style of comedy, which through a long line of successors from Wycherley to Sheridan was destined to exhibit an astonishing vitality. Unfortunately the peculiar profligacy of the Restoration drama originates with him also, and Steele was hardly too severe when he said of the brilliant "Sir Fopling Flutter": "I allow it to be nature, but it is nature in its utmost corruption and degeneracy." That the characters were often truthful portraits of actual persons of the time—Sir Fopling, for example, represents Beau Hewitt—does not mitigate the offence. There is less to say of the discussion of Wycherley—only we should ourselves have emphasized more strongly his striking vigor of dialogue and action, in the latter of which points particularly, when at his best, he has no equal among the Restoration dramatists. The chapter on Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar, which follows from the pen of Charles Whibley, is the best in the volume in respect to style, except the same writer's Court Poets. Here the stress is laid not so much on questions of sources and historical relations—Sheridan's great debt to Congreve is barely touched on—as on the critical appreciation of the works of these masters of the comedy of manners. Mr. Whibley's characterization of Congreve, especially, has something of the grace and finish of that author. It is a mistake, however, when he ignores the seamy side of the dramatist's work and reverts to Charles Lamb's sophistical apology for the writers of Restoration comery as dealing with a pleasant "land of cuckoldry," so plainly artificial as to give no offence. Nothing so limits the appeal of Congreve's brilliant comedies as the heartlessness of the characters, for whom it must have been impossible for any one but a man or woman of society of the author's own period ever to feel a complete sympathy. A prominent feature of this chapter is the destructive criticism of Collier's famous "Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage" (1698), in which, besides controverting Macaulay's view as to the author's polemical fairness, Mr. Whibley charges him with filching his good things from Rymer. There is only too much truth in his other contention that Collier's pamphlet did not effect the reformation of the stage with which it has been commonly credited. The facts are too plain to dispute, for much of Vanbrugh's production and all of Farquhar's falls after the date of the pamphlet, to say nothing of the constant revivals of earlier dramatists of their school; and even at a later time, one may add, when leading writers like Pope and Gay were capable of perpetrating "Three Hours after Marriage," or when "Miss Lucy in Town" could entertain Horace Walpole, the reform still wanted something of completeness.

Of the chapters which deal with other branches than the drama, that on the Court Poets—Dorset, Rochester, Sedley, etc.—by Mr. Whibley, offers the best specimen of critical skill. Particularly in the pages on Rochester the author displays an art which is only too seldom met with in these volumes—namely, that of recreating a character. It is a finished portrait that he has here given us: a vivid type of the Restoration period in its profligacy—somewhat exaggerated, to be sure, is this case by report—and at the same time in its intellectual energy, which we are too apt to forget. We have our rakes at the present day also, but what contributions do they make to literature? In connection with Rochester's escapade as a pretended astrologer, so charmingly told in the "Memoirs of Gramont," it seems worth while recording the probable influence of this incident on the fortune-telling exploits of Peregrine Pickle and Cadwallader in the episode of Smollett's novel where these two worthies assume a somewhat similar disguise. Certain, however, is the influence, which Mr. Whibley fails likewise to mention, of pseudo-Anacreon on Rochester's lyrics. "The Bowl," for instance, merely combines the *motifs* of the Fourth and Eighth Anacreontics, while giving them a true flavor of the Restoration period by allusions to contemporary political events and a character in "Hudibras."

In Dr. Ward's excellent chapter on Dryden we notice especially his remarks in regard to the preparation for satirical portraiture with which the previous dramatic experience of the poet had supplied him—also in regard to the self-control and wariness of the satirist in the political satires as of some great parliamentary orator: "Through all the force of the invective and the fervor of the praise there runs a consciousness of the possibility that the political situation may change." Totally different is the tone in Dryden's purely literary satire, when Settle and Shadwell (Doeg and Og), rivals from whom he has nothing to fear, are the objects of attack. It is a good point, moreover, in Dr. Ward's defence of Dryden from the charge of servility to royal influences in matters of religion, when he calls attention to the fact that "The Hind and the Panther," a summons to the Church of England from the Catholic side to join hands against the Protestant Nonconformists, was issued just when James II was trying to bring about an alliance between the Catholics and the latter to the detriment of the former body. He gives full credit to Dryden for his influence on the development of English prose in respect to simplicity, correctness, lucidity, and precision. Various views, however, are expressed on this subject in different parts of the volume. Mr. Hutton attributes the change to the example of Isaac Barrow and his fellow-preachers. Mr. Tilley gives prominence to the growing interest in science. No mention is made, however, of one literary influence which was surely as powerful as any—namely, the admirable dialogue of Restoration comedy.

We can only commend briefly in conclusion W. R. Sorley's chapter on Locke, a worthy addition to the able discussions of English philosophers which he has contributed to this work; W. F. Smith's on Samuel Butler—more particularly on account of the observations it contains on the sources of "Hudibras"—and E. Grubb's on early Quaker literature. Despite his great authority and unsurpassed familiarity with the subject, J. B. Mullinger's discussion of Platonists and Latitudinarians somehow does not bring closer to us this interesting group of men.

The most valuable section of the Bibliographies is that of H. B. Wheatley on Dryden, based largely on his own unique collections in this subject. We have observed no serious omissions in the lists, but the following works seem worth adding: C. Bastide's "John Locke, ses théories politiques et leur influence en Angleterre" (1907), W. Harvey-Jellie's "Les sources du théâtre anglais à l'époque de la restauration" (1906), W. Geiersbach's "Nathanial Lee's Zeittragödien und ihre Vorläufer im Englischen Drama" (1910). H. G. Paul's "John Dennis" (1911)—the best book on the subject—and H. W. Hill's "La Calprenède's Romances and the Restoration Drama" (1911), published in the University of Nevada Bulletins, probably appeared too late to be recorded.

CURRENT FICTION.

Stover at Yale. By Owen Johnson. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

[The editor of the *Nation* thinks it right to state that this review came to him unsolicited from a distinguished Yale graduate.]

The exaggerated mystery of the societies at Yale has so long been an object of ridicule at other institutions, that it may be difficult for any but a Yale graduate to do them justice; but the best writers among the Yale graduates are generally members of the societies, and, therefore, not only under the bias of the inside, but under obligations of secrecy. For this reason Owen Johnson's story is a document as well as a novel. The main subject of the book is the effect of the society system at Yale, and, in exposing this, Mr. Johnson *bene meruit de republica.*

The secrecy which characterizes Greek-

letter societies at Yale, and has virtually disappeared elsewhere, is in plain imitation of Skull and Bones. It dominates the mind of the lower classes, though all grown men know it to be humbug. The tomb-like, unhygienic, and unserviceable character of the halls has no practical use but to hide articles to which the societies' titles are sometimes questionable; and, in some cases, doings which are not even questionable.

The elections to the Yale senior societies are given out on Tap Day, when the junior class assembles on the campus, surrounded by the rest of the college, and with friends of both sexes gathered in the overlooking windows:

"If you want a sensation," said McNab, "just go over to that bunch of juniors. You can hear every one of them breathe. They're scared to death. It's a regular slaughter." . . . It was a silent mass, waiting, watch in hand, trying stoically to face down the suspense of the last awful minutes. Men he knew stared past him unseeing. . . . Stover . . . looked in a dozen faces, amazed at the physical agony he saw in those who were counted surest. . . .

A great sensation spread everywhere. The Bones list had now reached thirteen; only two more to be given, and Allison of the crew, Dudley, and Harvey, chairman of the *News*, all rated sure men, were left. Who was to be rejected? . . . Dudley and Allison, prospective captains, roommates from school days at Andover, were left, and between them balancing the fates. . . .

Allison and Dudley waited, throwing back their shoulders a little, to meet the man who came straight to them, pale with the importance of the decision that had been given him. He reached Dudley, passed, and, seizing Allison by the shoulder, almost knocked him down by the force of his slap. Pandemonium broke loose: "It's Allison!" "No!" "Yes." "What, they've left out Dudley? "Missed out." "Impossible!" "Fact." "Hi, Jack, Dudley's missed out!" "Dudley, the football captain!" "What the devil!" "For the love of heaven!" "Why, Dudley's the best in the world!" "Sure he is." "It's a shame." "An outrage." . . . "They've done it just to show they're independent."

Le Baron, holding on to Stover, was cursing in broken accents. But Dink heard him only indistinctly; he was looking at Dudley. The pallor had left his face, which was a little flushed; the head was thrown back proudly, and the lips were set in a smile that answered the torrent of sympathy and regret that was shouted to him. . . .

"I was right by him. He never flinched a second" [said Stover].

"Dink, the whole thing is terrible," said Hungerford, his sensitive face showing the pain of the emotions he had undergone. "I don't think it's right to put fellows through such a test as that." . . . "The best thing in the whole society system," said Regan, with extra warmth. . . . "If you're going through three years afraid to call your souls your own, why, you ought to stand out before every one and take what's coming to you. That's my idea." "I don't know," said Hungerford, solemnly. "It's a horror; I wish I hadn't seen it."

"I'm glad I did," said Stover, slowly. . . . "We certainly learn how to take our medicine up here, Joe. It's a good deal to learn."

Tradition hath it that years ago the elections were given out quietly at night in the men's rooms. If this is true, the change illustrates the growth of distorted ideas. The students appear to have been gradually brought to the custom by their "mystery," their grewsome pin, their black-bordered stationery, their tomb, and their actual skulls and bones over the inner doors of their living-rooms. Is it strange that such toys have so destroyed their sense of humor, not to say of decency, that, drunk with arbitrary power, they have invented such an institution as Tap Day? The juniors submit because curiosity and imitativeness are as strong in young men as in young monkeys, and when subtly appealed to, and backed by ambition, are too strong for self-respect. If there is truth in the assertion that there are more Yale fathers with Harvard sons than Harvard fathers with Yale sons, how much of the explanation lies here?

If newspaper reports are to be trusted, this familiarity with things which Nature forbids has at last led the neophytes at this shrine of modern culture back some thousands of years towards one of the customs of the Egyptians which is most repulsive to the normal modern mind. The fifteen chosen men of each senior class at Yale, and many of those who have been so chosen for many years, now feast with the mummy at the board, or at least under the roof.

Contrast some of the Skull and Bones peculiarities with those of the corresponding institutions (so far as there is correspondence) at Harvard. The Porcellian Club has a cheerful, sanitary clubhouse in use all the time, as a gentleman's club is anywhere. The Skull and Bones tomb, with a mummy in it, is used for a nocturnal meeting once a week. The Harvard Club has no secrecy and no procrustean number. It begins taking in members in their sophomore year and continues till the end of the course, and as members from a man's class are taken in, they vote on him with the rest. If a man happens to be kept out by a single enemy in a class above him, when that enemy graduates there is still a chance. The Club also elects honorary members from the professional schools, and thus to some extent remedies mistakes made in its undergraduate elections. At Yale, no man votes on his classmates; the seniors elect each year's fifteen members from the junior class, and, no matter what the mistakes and injustices, the doors are closed forever. Skull and Bones men ostentatiously wear their grewsome emblems as pins constantly, even on gymnastic, bathing, and nightshirts, and each has an actual skull-and-crossbones over the entrance-door in his room. Contrast with all this the fact that the Porcellian badges are not worn in Cambridge. Which system, not to mention Tap Day, is the more apt to turn out gentlemen; one might, perhaps, ask, more indicative of gentlemen?

Perhaps the most important consideration is yet to come. Each University is largely ruled by its alumni sentiment, and the alumni sentiment is largely shaped by the leading social organizations: these do much to hold the alumni together, not only when they return to visit the College, but during their whole lives. Which method of selecting members is more apt to keep college and alumni sentiment in the best hands?

And now for some other questions, the last of which may perhaps cast some light on the earlier ones.

Why is Yale's general explanation of any feature, "It has always been so"? Why was it the last of the great institutions to introduce the elective system? Why is it among the last to hold on to compulsory attendance at religious exercises? Why has it been so barren of literary production? Why, needing a president, did it pass over its epoch-making Gilman and take saintly but unpractical Noah Porter? Why, as men in middle life recall a time when Harvard and Yale were first and the rest nowhere, and as Harvard is still first—why was a group of Yale's graduates lately heard discussing whether Yale is sixth or seventh? Why has it outgrown the necessary mediævalism of the earlier colleges more slowly than any other great institution? Why is it the stronghold of mediæval secret societies? Why is it advertised, uncontradicted, that Yale's chief social hall is decorated by an Egyptian mummy? Why are so many of its ways those of the Egyptians? Why, in short, does Yale so long abide under the shadow of the death's-head?

Joan of the Tower. By Warwick Deeping. New York: Cassell & Co.

This writer is able to turn out pseudo-historical romance with a readiness and a regularity which would be surprising if it were not evident that he has reduced the whole business to a process. He has his formula, and finds no difficulty in laying his hands upon the right material. Give him a renegade monk or nun for a central figure, a red-haired adventuress, preferably with green eyes, some bold bad fighting men, a moated tower, a broad flat brush and a bucket of blood—and he is perfectly at his ease. In the present instance it is a runaway monk who plays the leading part. On his first interview with fair Joan of the Tower, he tries to throttle her, but it is all a mistake, and we very soon find him in the rôle of rescuer and protector. At fairly regular intervals in the subsequent course of the narrative,

it devolves upon him—he is uncommonly strong—to bear her away from pursuit in his arms. By acting in accordance with the perfectly idiotic code of honor which governs the conduct of heroines in romance, she usually manages to slip back into trouble—but he is too much for her in the end, and the curtain falls upon the proper tableau. The really distinguishing feature of Mr. Deeping's tales is his fondness for nakedness. He is forever disrobing his manikins and insisting upon their being real flesh and blood—especially flesh.

Mr. Wycherly's Wards. By L. Allen Harker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Readers with a taste for the literature of the *enfant terrible* will recall Mr. Wycherly's "Concerning Paul and Fiammetta," by the author of the present sprightly narrative. The chief persons here are two English schoolboys known to us as Edward and Montague, their guardian, a scholarly old gentleman named Wycherly, and Jane Annie, a maid of all work. The housekeeping experiments of this odd quartet are broadly amusing, and of no small variety. The good-humored, if vague, guardian is kept well occupied by the pranks and extravagances of his wards, and is enough of a philosopher to get his money's worth out of his function. The dialogue supplied by the youngsters will strike the reader as funny or merely facetious, according as he may or may not be so constituted as to respond to "Helen's Babies" or "Peck's Bad Boy." Jane Annie has her obvious affiliations with other heroines of the type, but is none the worse for that. The book, in short, is good reading if one is in the mood to laugh and is fond of the farcical. Looked at sternly and impartially, the boys are clever little nuisances, and Mr. Wycherly an impossibly complaisant old victim.

My Actor-Husband. New York: John Lane Co.

Whether this startling and rather disconcerting book is in reality an autobiography, as it pretends to be, we do not know. It is manifestly written by a woman who has large and painful acquaintance with the kind of life depicted, but beyond that admission a reader made skeptical by similar claims to authenticity, will be slow to go. The conclusion of the book, whether true or not, is not *vraisemblable*, and produces the effect of rather conventional fiction. In brief, the book tells the painful story of a girl of romantic but self-respecting instincts married to an actor, well-meaning but weak, who is gradually spoiled by the adulation of matinée admirers. The description of the fast and bohemian society into which the husband's profession naturally carries the couple is unsparing in its cynical analysis and is hideously true to life, although there is a note of falseness in the implication that this is the only society open to actors. If a frank and gloating exhibition of corruption is ever good morals, the present treatise is justified. Certainly there is nothing in it to seduce the lightest imagination; it is only revolting.

ATHENS IN DECLINE.

Hellenistic Athens. By William Scott Ferguson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4 net.

The decline and fall of Athens has never inspired an historical masterpiece, much less a masterpiece of literature. Rome went downhill with a great noise of her going, and as she lost ground or recovered herself her every vicissitude shook the civilized and barbarian world. Athens had not far to fall, and after the death of Alexander she was a mere pawn in the game, to be pushed aside or used or trampled on as best suited the policy of the warring kings of Macedon, Egypt, and Pontus, till she fell in line with the other dependencies of Rome. The truth is, she did not so much decline as come to an end. Gibbon himself could not have fascinated the reader with the tale of her provincial troubles, the ups and downs of her democratic and aristocratic factions, the entangled story of her flirtations with Oriental Powers, and her alternate submission to and revolt from the yoke of Macedon. But after all, no nation produces great men continuously, and the historian is not called upon to show why Athens had no more statesmen whose names were to become a household word, or to analyze the causes of her collapse. Whether that collapse was due in part to malaria or to the rise of commercial interests in which she could play only a small part, matters little. The real puzzle is how this "hermit-child" ever grew to the stature of her achievements in the fifth and fourth centuries.

Mr. Ferguson has not attempted to play the part of Gibbon, and he calls his book an "historical essay." He deals with a long and confused period, from 323 B. C. to the sack of Athens by Sulla in 86 B. C., an incident which, important as it was, has never seemed to the popular imagination so significant as the sack of Corinth by Mummius in 146. Contemporary historians, Greek and Roman, shirked the task that Mr. Ferguson has undertaken, and his record depends on documents that he calls "scrappy and exasperating, though reliable." He uses Diodorus of Sicily in part for the period 323-302 B. C., though Diodorus was not especially interested in Athens. Plutarch is useful in a disconnected way; but what were international politics to him, compared with the duty of illuminating the moral character of the politician by an anecdote?

For the first half of his book Mr. Ferguson quotes the fragments of the New Comedy on almost every page, and since he must have consulted the work so often it is surprising that the famous collector of those fragments is invariably referred to as "Koch." This is not an error in proof-reading, for it occurs too often, and the right form, Kock, is never used, even in the list of sources in the Appendix. But by far the greater number of Mr. Ferguson's references to sources point back to Greek inscriptions. To this is due, we think, one of the drawbacks of the work, at least for the reader who looks for a connected narrative of the affairs of Athens. Gibbon had very different materials, and his obvious course was to confine the details of Roman administration for each period to separate sections which the student could use and others could skip, and get on with his absorbing tale. The fact is that Mr. Ferguson very seldom has an absorbing tale to tell, and he falls back on minor antiquities gleaned in great numbers from inscriptions. The title of the book gives one no idea of the scope of his investigations. We think it would have been fairer to Athens, for example, since hers is the title-rôle, to reserve for an appendix or a separate work the sixty-eight pages that are here devoted to the fortunes of Delos. After the Romans allowed Athens to seize the island in 168, she became a sort of crown colony, and as she gradually fell more and more into the hands of Italian business men and financiers, she developed into a great emporium. Mr. Ferguson writes a very complete sketch of her Italianization, showing how she exchanged her sentimental reputation as the birthplace of Apollo to become the centre of a flourishing slave traffic and the meeting-place of Oriental cults. Isis was now more venerable on Delos than Leto and her son. It was as though Bethlehem had become the haunt of pirates and slave traders, outlandish priests, and strange gods. Inscriptions are the chief source for the administration of the island, and the topography has been illuminated by the excavations of recent years. If one wishes to know where it would have been wise to have a shop on Delos in 173 B. C., and how to take advantage of the boom in real estate, one can find here a full description of the best business sites, together with the conditions for holding office of the most insignificant official of Delos, to say nothing of Lemnos and Haliartus. We do not wish to depreciate the immense labor and ingenuity demanded by this reconstruction of municipal life from inscriptions. But it often gives us debatable results which would need a corps of experts to discuss fairly. Meanwhile,

though much of the evidence is consigned to footnotes, the reader inevitably feels that the story of Athens is buried under a mass of details.

As for the men of Athens, after Demetrius of Phalerum and Demetrius Poliorcetes had run their course, their successors come and go in these crowded pages and leave little impression on the mind of the reader, though doubtless they get all the consideration they deserve. Her philosophers were still the glory of Athens and more appreciated at home than they had been in the past. When she wished to cajole a foreign Power, she regularly sent as ambassador a professor of philosophy. Athens was still the home of "culture," and as such she received the homage not only of the Romans, who knew more or less what it was worth, but of the barbarians from all quarters who, like all uneducated persons, felt that they must propitiate a force that they did not understand. The Celts who invaded Greece about 280 B. C. were, however, free from this superstition, and we should have welcomed a longer account of their occupation.

Mr. Ferguson's English is often obscure. One must sometimes read a sentence twice to catch the meaning, as in the following example: "Rather, since the work of Chrysippus which he inspired was subtle rather than original, defensive rather than constructive; and, after Carneades had shown this to be the case, philosophy made, not the quest for ultimate truth, but the education of the Romans, its chief task, the new beginning was at the same time an ending" (p. 234). On page 68, "Talents of a dowry" seems to mean "a dowry of a talent." On page 19 Xenophanes occurs where Xenocrates is obviously meant, and the error is repeated on page 60. Colchis is twice spelt "Cholcis," and Megara occurs as "Magara" on page 115.

The House of Harper. By J. Henry Harper. New York: Harper & Bros. $3 net.

Copyright, Its History and Its Law. By Richard Rogers Bowker. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $5 net.

The Law of Copyright. By George Stuart Robertson, M.A. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

As long ago as 1840 Thurlow Weed found reason for comparing James, John, Joseph Wesley, and Fletcher Harper to the "Cheeryble Brothers." How well the compliment was deserved every line of Henry Harper's account of the founders of the house testifies. For long after the firm was established no separate accounts were kept for the four brothers, but each one took from the cashier's drawer what he required for his own needs, and the rest remained a common fund. It was not until the death of James Harper in 1869 that individual accounts became necessary. "Up to that time each brother was ignorant as to how much money the other three drew from the concern." These Cheeryble Brothers were not without their Tim Linkinwater in the person of the late William H. Demarest, who entered their service in 1833 and continued until 1878. Most of this time he was the cashier from whom the four brothers drew as they saw fit.

From 1817 until 1833 the title of the firm was J. & J. Harper, when it was changed to Harper & Brothers. Its founders were practical printers. Their first power plant was "a young white horse . . . harnessed to a beam which drove a perpendicular shaft operating the presses above, and here he worked at his circuitous path, creating by his progress around and around his little sphere the necessary power to keep the pressroom in a constant state of activity." After some years of faithful service he was pensioned. According to the present account:

> One morning when Father Harper went out to the field, he heard the seven o'clock whistle sounding, and to his surprise he saw the o'd horse slowly emerge from the shed and go to the centre of the pasture, where there was a solitary tree. Around this tree the horse travelled, round and round, as though he were turning his old-time shaft, until twelve o'clock sounded, when he promptly discontinued for lunch-time and went back to his shed. At the stroke of one o'clock he returned to the tree and moved round and round again until the six o'clock whistle blew, when he dropped work and sought the repose of his shed.

Mr. Harper's story is diffusive, leisurely, rambling, disconnected, elliptical, and full of abrupt transitions. Naturally, the body of the book is made up of gossip about writing men and of letters to and from authors, English and American, whose books have been published by the Harpers. In the nature of things considerable space is devoted to George William Curtis and to Nast's cartoons at the time of the great fight against the Tweed ring. When the fight was at its height an effort was made to bribe Nast. The story is told in these words:

> An officer of the Broadway Bank . . . called on Nast at his home. He talked of a number of things. Then he said:
>
> "I hear you have been made an offer to go abroad for art study?"
>
> "Yes," nodded Nast, "but I can't go. I haven't time."
>
> "But they will pay you for your time. I have reason to believe that you could get a hundred thousand dollars for this trip."
>
> "Do you think I could get two hundred thousand?"
>
> "Well, possibly. I believe from what I have heard in the bank that you might get it. You have a great talent, but you need study and you need rest. Besides, this Ring business will get you into trouble. They own all the judges and jurors, and can have you locked up for libel. My advice is to take the money and get away."
>
> Nast looked out into the street, and perhaps wondered what two hundred thousand dollars would do for him. Presently he said:
>
> "Don't you think I could get five hundred thousand dollars to make that trip?"
>
> The bank official scarcely hesitated.
>
> "You can. You can get five hundred thousand dollars in gold to drop this Ring business and get out of the country."
>
> Nast laughed a little. He had played the game far enough.
>
> "Well, I don't think I'll do it," he said. "I made up my mind long ago to put some of those fellows behind the bars, *and I'm going to put them there!*"
>
> The banker rose rather quietly.
>
> "Only be careful, Mr. Nast, that you do not put yourself in a coffin," he smiled.

It is when Mr. Harper comes to tell of the long fight for an American copyright law that his episodical and elliptical method becomes a trying defect. Unconsciously perhaps, he does not do justice or give credit to publishers other than the Harpers who were so largely instrumental in procuring copyright law. It would have been better to leave the story untold rather than attempt to tell it in an incomplete way.

Mr. Harper's omissions are more than offset by Mr. Bowker's solid volume of nearly seven hundred pages. A glance at the six parts into which it is divided gives a fair idea of its scope: Nature and Development of Copyright; Literature and General Copyright; Dramatic, Musical, and Artistic Copyright; Copyright Protection and Procedure; International and Foreign Copyright; Business Relations and Literature. An appendix gives in great detail the copyright provisions of the United States, the British Empire, International and Pan-American Union Conventions, with a chronological table of laws and cases, English and American.

Mr. Robertson's book is less ambitious and less comprehensive. He has endeavored, while rearranging the disordered provisions of the British Copyright Act, to preserve and apply so much of the sort of legal decisions as seem to be still applicable or capable of being adopted. In addition he has "ventured to express reasoned opinions" on points which are not illuminated by authority, and also to illustrate matters from his own experience of the various species of work which fall within the law of copyright.

The Fairy-Faith in Celtic Countries. By W. Y. Evans Wentz. New York: Henry Frowde. $4.15 net.

Mr. Wentz's book is noteworthy in that it approaches the subject of fairy-lore from a new, or at least from an unusual, point of view. It takes the matter up primarily as an inquiry in psychical research. The study, to be sure, is not without its forerunners in such

works as Robert Kirk's "Secret Commonwealth," written towards the end of the seventeenth century; and the method has been recently recommended by Andrew Lang. Similar material, too, has, of course, been often examined in works on demonology and witchcraft. But Celtic fairy-lore has not been ordinarily treated in this way, and the extensive literature of the subject has been occupied rather with the collection and classification of popular tales and sagas and the determination of their place in the history of fiction. Mr. Wentz, while conversant with the literary and historical problems involved, is chiefly concerned with the actual truth of his narratives and with their scientific or philosophical explanations; and it is interesting to observe that his treatise was submitted for the Oxford degree of bachelor of science. As a result of his special method and purpose he brings the fairy material to the attention of a new public, and for those readers who were already acquainted with it he organizes it afresh and puts many things in a new light.

He presents his stories as a body of evidence; first collecting, in the chapters on the Living Fairy-Faith, the testimony of numerous witnesses in all the Celtic countries, and afterwards, in the chapters on the Recorded Fairy-Faith, expounding the fairy-mythology of old Celtic sagas and romances. In other chapters he deals with various attempts to explain the phenomena. Being firmly convinced himself that the experiences described are in many cases actual, he rejects what he calls the "naturalistic theory," that the fairy apparitions are all illusions due to natural and material causes. He likewise rejects, or dismisses as inadequate, the theories which attribute the belief in fairies to the folk-memory of an ancient pygmy population or of a vanished race of magicians. In place of such explanations he argues for what he names, with doubtful appropriateness, the "psychological theory." According to this doctrine, fairyland really exists as a super-normal state into which men may enter in dreams or trances, or after death; fairies are real beings who affect the world about us; and the children popularly supposed to be fairy changelings may be actually possessed by spirits of another world. Mr. Wentz even takes up the doctrine of rebirth or preëxistence, as it appears here and there in Celtic literature and tradition, elaborates it somewhat, and defends it as a rational explanation of conscious life.

Taken as a whole, the volume is unquestionably an important contribution to the study of Celtic folk-lore. The extensive collection of testimony from living Celts is one of the best existing accounts of the different phases of fairy beliefs among any people. Though no absolutely new features may be found there, the systematic survey of the subject is in itself of much service to scholarship. The chapters on the recorded faith, also, while they show more indebtedness to earlier treatises, such as the "Voyage of Bran," by Meyer and Nutt, or "La Légende de la Mort," by Anatole le Braz, and while they now and then betray lack of first-hand mastery of Celtic learning, are nevertheless of decided value as part of the exposition of the whole subject. Nowhere else, to our knowledge, have the parallels between the old fairy mythology and the beliefs of the present day been so fully worked out.

As to the value, therefore, of Mr. Wentz's collection of facts, there will be very little difference of opinion. But his inferences and explanations will naturally be received with the varying degrees of doubt usually accorded to investigations in psychical research. Readers of one type will dismiss his testimony with the feeling that the accumulation of ciphers never makes a digit, and others will conclude that where there is so much smoke there must be some fire. Unfortunately, a more precise and scientific estimate of the value of his evidence is hard to make. For even if we grant, as we may, the possibility of experiences like those Mr. Wentz describes, the fact remains that the testimony of his "percipients" is not as impressive as he himself regards it. Very little of it was obtained with any such care and precaution as is ordinarily employed in the investigations of the Society for Psychical Research. And, furthermore, if a residuum of the experiences recorded is admitted to be valid, which is all that Mr. Wentz contends for, there will still be plenty of room for doubt about the animistic hypothesis by which he explains them. It is safe to say that very few readers will follow him the whole length of his theory. But in view of the striking analogy between many so-called fairy phenomena and other supernatural or psychic occurrences, it is surely profitable to have both classes of events subjected to the same kind of analysis.

The Yosemite. By John Muir. New York: The Century Co. $2.40 net.

Three Wonderlands of the American West. By Thomas D. Murphy. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $3 net.

Saddle and Camp in the Rockies. By Dillon Wallace. New York: Outing Publishing Co. $1.75 net.

The Wonders of the Colorado Desert. By George Wharton James. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.50 net.

Forty-four years ago John Muir made up his mind to go to the north end of South America, make his way through the woods to the headquarters of the Amazon, and float down that river to the ocean. That he would have lived to tell the story of his adventures seems unlikely. Fortunately, there was no ship at hand and little money in his pocket, so he went to California to see its wonderful flora and the famous Yosemite Valley. In this valley and the mountains of which it is the chief ornament he has since that time spent many a year, winter as well as summer, and his experiences have been recorded in more than one book, notably "The Mountains of California." Now comes another book of nearly three hundred pages, with much that is new and quite as fascinating as his earlier writings. From these it differs chiefly in being cast in a practical mould, being, in fact, a guide-book frankly and undisguisedly.

It is, however, only in its general plan a guide-book in the ordinary sense of the word. A chapter on the approach to the valley is followed by sections on its wonders. The Appendix includes tables of distances and rates of transportation. There are, besides a number of beautiful pictures, three good maps, and special advice is given to tourists as to what they had best see in case their time is limited. This alone would make the book indispensable to the thousands of sightseers who now visit the valley every summer. But beyond these practical matters this monograph is a rich storehouse of observation by one who worships nature in all her moods. Personal experiences and narratives are mingled with scientific speculation as to the origin of the valley, and with remarks, now botanical, now æsthetic, on the trees and flowers peculiar to the region. Nowhere else could be found such masterly portraits as he gives, for instance, of the characteristic snow plant, the Washington lilies, and the manzanitas; nowhere such plastic sketches as he gives of the peaks encircling the valley; nowhere such graphic descriptions of the Yosemite in winter and at other times, when it is deserted by tourists. He has witnessed, and describes, the sublime spectacle of an earthquake in the valley and its effect on the Indians and the white who were present; he has seen the valley when a flood caused the waterfalls that tumbled into it to be multiplied into hundreds; he tells of hairbreadth escapes he has had; and in two final chapters he pays tribute to two other pioneers, Lamon and Galen Clark. The descriptions of snow-banners and diverse winter scenes may induce not a few to visit the Yosemite in winter. In summer it is uncomfortably overcrowded, and it is time to make the Hetch-Hetchy Valley (which also has a chapter here) more accessible to visitors. Their attention should also be specially called to the upper Tuolumne Valley, to which there is already a good road, and which, according to Mr. Muir, is "the widest, smoothest, most serenely spacious, and in every way most de-

lightful summer pleasure-park in all the High Sierra."

The Yosemite Valley is one of the three "Wonderlands" described in Thomas D. Murphy's book, the other two being the Yellowstone Park and the Grand Cañon. In his description of the valley Mr. Murphy confines himself to those parts which the great majority of tourists alone have time for, and he also takes them to the big trees of the Mariposa Grove. The Yellowstone and the Grand Cañon are treated in the same way; the ordinary visitor is told what he is likely to come across, and information is given as to hotels, camping, etc. To the eye, this volume is made extremely attractive by the inclusion of sixteen reproductions in color of admirable paintings by Thomas Moran and thirty-two duogravures from photographs. There are also maps of these three scenic wonders, the like of which Europe has not; and a final chapter considers briefly some other attractions of the Far West.

If Europe has nothing even remotely resembling the three wonders Mr. Murphy describes, neither does it offer vacation-takers such delightful opportunities for camping as this country does. Dillon Wallace enjoyed these advantages to the full in a trip he took from Holbrook, Arizona, up to Wyoming. Camping, however, was not his only object. He is interested particularly in the problem of game preservation, and the reports in the spring of 1910 of the appalling mortality among the elks of the National Forest Reserves in Montana induced him to make a trip to study at first hand the big-game conditions and to report on them. Everywhere, from Arizona through Utah and Colorado to the Yellowstone National Park region, he found the same conditions: the former abundance of deer, wild sheep, antelopes, elk, bears, reduced to a lamentable remnant, owing to reckless slaughter by hunters, aided by the ravages of sheep and the deadly work of jaguars and timber wolves. Particularly distressing were the scenes he witnessed and the facts he gathered at Jackson's Hole, a region in which are gathered in winter some 30,000 elk, most of them from Yellowstone Park. The mortality among these, from lack of food, has been horrible; one man told him he had walked half a mile on the bodies of dead elk. Mr. Wallace explains why the Federal Government is responsible for this deplorable condition of the elk to a large degree, as well as the State of Wyoming. He urges the newspapers of the East to take up the matter. His plans for improving the situation are sensible and could be easily carried out. Among the illustrations in this volume are some depicting the woful plight of the elk.

Arizona, whence Mr. Wallace started on his camping tour, is a State only about 5 per cent. of which is said to be adapted to agriculture. In the eyes of a man like George Wharton James this is no disadvantage. To him the desert is a paradise on earth, and certainly in this volume, in which he discourses lovingly on the surprises and charms of the desert, its rivers, mountains, animals, plants, its healing air, and a thousand other things, he makes out a strong case for his belief. We need not dwell on his interesting book, as it is simply a new edition, in one volume, of a work issued in two some six years ago.

Notes

Longmans, Green, & Co. have in press: "Essays in Radical Empiricism," by William James; "Poems Old and New," by A. H. Beesly; "Selected Addresses," by James Burrill Angell; "The History of the People of Israel," by May Sarson and Mabel Addison Phillips; "Introductory Philosophy: A Textbook for Colleges and High Schools," by Charles A. Dubray, and "The Mass: A Study of the Roman Liturgy," by Adrian Fortescue.

Putnam's list of forthcoming books includes: "Abbas Effendi: His Life and Teachings," by Myron H. Phelps, revised edition; "De Orbe Novo: The Eight Decades of Peter Martyr D'Anghera," translated from the Latin with notes and introduction by Francis Augustus MacNutt.

The same house, as representatives of the Cambridge University Press, announce "John Stuart, Earl of Bute," by J. A. Lovat-Fraser.

D. B. Updike of the Merrymount Press, Boston, announces the publication of a second group of books in the Humanists' Library, under the editorship of Lewis Einstein. It includes the correspondence of Hubert Languet and Sir Philip Sidney, edited with introduction by William Aspenwall Bradley; Pico della Mirandola's "A Platonic Discourse upon Love," translated by Thomas Stanley, and edited by Edmund G. Gardner, and Giovanni della Casa's "The Galateo—of Manners and Behaviour," edited by J. E. Spingarn. The first of these will be ready in October.

Among the books which Little Brown & Co. will issue this month are: "The Lighted Way," by E. Phillips Oppenheim; "My Demon Motor Boat," by George Fitch; "A Candidate for Truth," a novel by J. D. Beresford; "The Mainspring," a story of financial problems by Charles Agnew MacLean; "The Sunken Submarine," by Captain Danrit; "The Young Crusaders," by George P. Atwater, and "Pin-Money Suggestions," by Lilian W. Babcock.

E. P. Dutton & Co. will bring out shortly: "The Last Legitimate King of France," by Phœbe Allen; "English Philosophers and School of Philosophy," by Prof. James Seth; "Woman Adrift," a statement of the case against woman's suffrage, by Harold Owen; "The Quest of Glory," an historical novel based on the career of the Marquis de Vauvenargues, by Marjorie Bowen, and "The Romance of Words," by Prof. Ernest Weekly.

A. J. Balfour has been appointed Gifford lecturer for the two years 1913-14.

In the Edinburgh Vacation Course this summer A. A. Jack will lecture on American writers.

A Gaelic Academy is forming in Scotland, its object being to preserve the Gaelic language and literature.

The second annual volume of "Canada of To-day" is in the press of Stanley Paul & Co. It is made up of special articles and many illustrations.

A London journal places the total number of women students matriculated this year in the universities and high schools of France at 3,915, of whom 1,796 were foreigners. In Paris 36 Frenchwomen were trying for a degree in law, 211 in medicine, 30 in pharmacy, 596 in letters, and 143 in the natural sciences.

For the purpose of acquainting foreigners with the culture and progress of Spain, the Spanish Government has established a holiday lecture and travel course. The course is in two parts. The first part, which is under the management of Prof. Ramón Menéndez Pidal, will deal with general ideas of Spanish life. The second part will consist of excursions to public, historical, architectural, and art monuments, under the conduct of special scholars. The course will be held from June 15 to July 24, with Madrid as the headquarters. Those who enroll are expected to have some knowledge of Spanish. The lectures will pay special attention to the Spanish epic, to the lyric as developed in various provinces, to the picaresque and regional novel, and to Cervantes.

"Nineteenth Century Essays" (Putnam), essays by Carlyle, Macaulay, Bagehot, Newman, Ruskin, Arnold, Stevenson, edited by George Sampson, is an attractive little book that ought to be more welcome in the library than in the schoolroom, though it is doubtless intended for the latter. Macaulay's "Ranke's History of the Popes" and Ruskin's "Sir Joshua and Holbein," for instance, though of dubious feasibility in American schools, are too often omitted from selections of nineteenth century literature.

Two anthologies of patriotic interest are "Independence Day" and "Flag Day" (Moffat, Yard), by Robert Haven Schauffler. They are composed of abundant prose and verse selections from well-known and unknown American authors. A fifty-page section devoted to "The New Fourth," though it contains little that is of intrinsic merit, ought to prove a source of inspiration and information to those who earnestly desire a "sane" Fourth of July. "Flag Day" is equipped with appropriate school exercises. Both books will be of use to the teacher and the general reader.

"The Rise of Democracy" (Cassell), by Joseph Clayton, is a rapid sketch of the development of democracy, mainly in England, from Anselm and Langton to John Burns and Lloyd George. The narrative is readable, and derives additional interest from its emphasis upon the work and influence of political leaders and writers, including some of the present day. Ireland is not included, for the reason, as Mr.

Clayton points out, that the Nationalist movement is not necessarily democratic. A final chapter on the strength and weakness of modern democracy condenses a good deal of the wisdom of experience, albeit hopefully and without repining.

In the third and last volume of the series "Sea Kings of Britain" (Longmans), G. A. R. Callender of the Royal Naval College at Osborne gives stirring and cleancut little pen portraits of the five great admirals who fought for England in the half-century from the victory off Quiberon in 1759 to that off Cape Trafalgar in 1805. To the first of the five, Keppel, belongs the honor of the capture of Havana, the subsequent restoration of which, in 1763, compelled Spain to yield Florida to England and receive in return from France the vast territory from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains. Keppel kept high the honor of the navy in the jobbing days of Lord Sandwich and the corrupt "King's Friends." As a youth he had showed the kind of spirit that was in him in a mission to the piratical Dey of Algiers. The Dey felt insulted that the English had sent as negotiator a beardless boy, and told Keppel so; to which the future commander at the Ushant retorted: "Had my master supposed that wisdom was measured by the length of the beard, he would have sent to you a he-goat!" To Keppel also was due the general practice of sheathing warships with copper to defy barnacles and increase sailing speed. After describing Rodney, Howe, and Duncan, Mr. Callender devotes the last two-fifths of his little volume to an admirable sketch of Nelson. In each of the biographical sketches he makes the reader see the man as well as understand and admire the admiral. His book is free from pedantry and technicalities, is interestingly written, and is sufficiently illustrated with battle plans.

In his preface to "The Wisconsin Idea" (Macmillan), Charles McCarthy confesses that he has made his book "hurriedly, without due care as to literary standards." The reader is soon convinced of the accuracy of both parts of this statement. The purpose of the volume is to give information about the legislation of Wisconsin which has for some years been attracting the attention of the country, and about the philosophy upon which it is based. This purpose the book fulfils, but in a discursive and ill-ordered way. It is not possible to find out quickly what the State has done with reference to control of railways, for instance, or campaign expenses, or direct primaries, partly because the story is interrupted by ill-timed comment, and partly because it is told too largely by means of quotations from the statute books. What ought to have been a manual turns out something between an essay and a compilation. Lucid summaries would have more than doubled the value of the book. Nevertheless, if for no other reason than that its subject is important, and that it is the only volume of its kind, it is worthy of perusal and study. Its author's position as chief of the Wisconsin Legislative Reference Department, and his free use of the language of the acts passed by the Legislature, give it the weight of authority. Indeed, it is because of its merits that it ought to be rewritten in such a way as better to deserve Mr. Roosevelt's flattering introduction.

William Bayard Hale's "Woodrow Wilson" (Doubleday, Page) is not altogether free from over-intensity. The picture of the youthful lawyer as "he clenched his hand and took a silent oath" that a certain young lady "should one day be his wife," could well be omitted, along with such phrases as "a prophet inspired by a passionate sense of the majesty of the law of social justice." It is a grim fate that permits such expressions about a man whose own style is notable for its felicity. On the whole, however, this is a well-conceived and well-written narrative. It sounds like a story, and not like a campaign document—and is therefore all the better for campaign purposes. It cannot be criticised on the score of length, for its two hundred pages make a volume that attracts by its modest bulk. Nor does it commit the error of foreshortening everything in its subject's career preceding his nomination for a political office, although almost the last third of the book is occupied with what has happened since the early summer of 1910. It is a readable and apparently accurate life.

The Elm Tree Press of Woodstock, Vt., has brought out a beautiful edition on fine paper of the "Pervigilium Veneris," with an illuminated initial and two Byzantine ornaments. The text is followed by a translation in the same metre as the original, by Elizabeth Hickman du Bois. This is a real *tour de force*, as may be judged from the opening lines:

Love to-morrow, ye who ne'er loved; ye who have loved, love again!

Spring is new: the earth has wakened: all the woods with music ring!
Spring! and lovers are united. Spring! the mating robins sing.
While the grove unbinds her tresses from the gentle-dropping shower.
On the morrow sweet Desire builds a slender leafy bower
'Neath the shade of spreading branches, hangs her ropes of myrtle green.
On the morrow Venus ruleth, throned on high behold your queen!

Prof. Edward R. Turner's "The Negro in Pennsylvania," to which was awarded the Justin Winsor prize by the American Historical Association in 1910, is a first-rate piece of monographic work. Following the lead of Dr. Ballagh, whose works on slavery in Virginia were the first to show what could be done in this direction, Professor Turner traces in detail the development of slavery in Pennsylvania as a legal and social institution, with particular reference, in the earlier years, to the transition from servitude to slavery, and then through servitude to freedom. Of the material relating to the colonial period, quite the larger part is essentially new, and forms a contribution of importance. Not until 1780 did the negro attain civil equality, and even then the suffrage was withheld until the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments assured political rights. The long struggle for social and economic advancement provoked, in the first half of the nineteenth century, much open discrimination, and even brutal treatment, with frequent riots, especially in Philadelphia. The account of the experiences of the free negroes, a phase of the negro question in this country which has not had its share of attention from historians, is admirable. Another important feature of Professor Turner's work is its sharp discrimination between the early movement for abolition and the later anti-slavery movement under Garrison; in the course of which the writer takes issue with the usual treatment of this question by previous writers, especially Professor Hart. He admits that the dispute is to some extent a matter of definition, but the contemporary use of terms to which he calls attention is significant. The volume shows the use of a great wealth of material, including manuscript records of value; but the text displays good judgment in the choice of incidents, and the narrative, though without literary pretensions, reads well. Not the least valuable feature is the bibliography, which is a mine of riches for the student.

From the hemisphere,

Ch' è contrapposto a quel che la gran secca Coperchia,

comes "The Divina Commedia, literally translated into English verse in the hendecasyllabic measure of the original Italian," by Sir Samuel Walker Griffith, Chief Justice of the High Court of Australia (Frowde). In the endeavor to imitate as exactly as possible the rhythm of Dante's line, Sir Samuel has used exclusively a line ending, as the Italian line does, with an unstressed syllable:

His mouth upraised from the repast inhuman
That sinner, wiping it upon the side-locks
O' the head that at the hack he had been wasting.

Unfortunately, English and Italian paroxytones are so different in sound value that the experiment was foredoomed to failure. The final atonic syllable, in Italian, always ends in a vowel. It is never lengthy, therefore, and serves as a pleasant descent for the voice—*loquentem cum quadam suavitate relinquit*, as Dante would say. In the English word, on the other hand, the voice, weakened for the cadence, usually finds beyond the vowel a consonant or a combination of consonants, for the enunciation of which a new effort is required. The cumulative effect of a series of such final efforts is most unpleasant. One gets the feeling that the line is strained out of balance as by a weight hung at the end. Moreover, a large proportion of the English stock of paroxytones consists of words formed with such derivative suffixes as *-ing*, *-ed*, and *-ment*, and their frequent use in verse endings results in an impression of monotony. The virtues of Sir Samuel's translation, therefore, are not metrical. In point of accuracy, his work leaves little to be desired. It is fully evident that his understanding of the text is minute and thorough, and teachers of Dante will find in his version many renderings notable for their concise clarity. Unfortunately, the best lines are too often followed by such as these:

Love, who on gentle breast hold quickly catches,
Caught him beside me by the form of beauty
They snatched from me: and still the way torments me.

The latest volume in the Original Narratives of Early American History (Scribner) contains the most important texts relating to early Pennsylvania, West New Jersey, and Delaware from 1630 to 1707. It is edited by Albert Cook Myers, in collaboration with the general editor, Dr. Jameson, and

in all that concerns the Swedish settlements on the Delaware has profited by the aid and advice of Dr. Amandus Johnson, whose recent work on New Sweden and its founders is a witness to his competency. The editorial responsibility lay, however, with Mr. Myers and he has performed his task with manifest care and thoroughness. The introductions are brief but sufficient, and the annotations full and scholarly. Few volumes of the series have presented greater difficulties in the way of obscure allusions, and none is more dependent than this on the skill and knowledge of the editor. The manner in which the difficulties have been met and the sobriety and good judgment displayed in illuminating the text by footnotes that are neither time-worn nor overlearned is worthy of all praise. The volume contains two narratives, by De Vries and Thomas Yong, of the Dutch on the Delaware; six of the Swedish settlement, by Acrelius, Printz, and Rising, and a sailor's tale, discovered by Dr. Johnson in Sweden and here printed in translation for the first time; two of West New Jersey, by Penn, Lawrie, and Lucas, and an unknown writer; and nine of Pennsylvania, among which are the account of Pennsylvania and West New Jersey by Gabriel Thomas and the accounts of Penn, Paschall, Frame, and Pastorius, and the letter of John Jones. Frame's "Short Description" is in verse, and, as the editor says, "falls far short of poetry." The letter of Jones is introduced by Dr. Jameson, but the footnotes are by Mr. Myers. It is difficult to see how this excellent selection of narratives could be bettered.

Nine new volumes in the Home University Library, numbers 30 to 38 (Holt), call for notice. What has been said in these columns concerning the merits of earlier volumes in this series still holds good. They are written by men who are plainly at ease in their subject, and who, almost without exception, write well; some of them write very well indeed. There is a free swing to the style which is pleasantly removed from the schoolmaster's tone and conveys the impression of one man discoursing without condescension to another, on a subject that he happens to know better than the second man. But the method has its dangers, too; and these are illustrated in more than one volume among the present nine. The swing at times becomes too free, the assumption of equality between the raconteur and his listener is carried to excess, and the reader finds himself longing for a little more system in treatment and a little more dogmatism in the statement of facts. When condensation must be carried to an extreme, as in these little manuals of 200-odd pages, there is no room for such overcautiousness as R. R. Marett practices in his "Anthropology," a book written with exceptional vigor and pungency of style, but a little too grown up, perhaps, for a series like the present. Of "Landmarks in French Literature," by G. L. Strachey, it may be said at once that it is a little masterpiece. Mr. Strachey wastes no time. In his first half-page he is already busy with the story of Roland and Oliver. He writes with fascinating simplicity and a fine love for his subject. His account of the age of Louis XIV, and especially of Pascal, Molière, and Racine, is admirable. At the end he has redeemed the promise of his title and given us a swift summary of the great figures in French literature, condensed and yet complete. At the other end of the scale we would put Bertrand Russell's "Problems of Philosophy," which is done in an obscure style and from altogether too arbitrary a point of view. It seems absurd in a book of this character to set one's self to the exposition of a personal philosophy, or to start out to refute Berkeley and Idealism in five pages. Mr. Russell, however, has the courage of his convictions, for in his bibliography he distinctly counsels the elementary student in philosophy to eschew the textbooks and to go directly to Plato, Descartes, Leibnitz, and Kant. W. Warde Fowler's "Rome" is clear-cut, concise, and thoroughly adequate. Excellent, too, is the "Peoples and Problems of India," by T. W. Holderness, who has succeeded in making the complicated subject of Indian caste and Indian religions intelligible by the simple means of confessing the truth that much of the subject is helplessly confused and unintelligible, and then seeing what can be saved from the wreck. A. F. Pollard, in "The History of England," writes as a modern historian of the radical-materialistic school, with a good show of scholarship. In his final chapter on English Democracy he makes no endeavor to conceal his views or to mince his words. "Canada," by A. C. Bradley, is in the accepted textbook form. The author's interest is with British Canada, and four-fifths of his book lies in the nineteenth century and after. W. R. Lethaby's "Architecture" lays perhaps disproportionate stress on the archaic phase of his subject. But his pages on the Gothic are well worth reading. J. J. Findlay's "The School," is narrower than its subject would indicate. It deals at bottom with the problems of educational policy and administration in England from the standpoint of a militant progressive. The implication against religious teachings in the schools is plain. But he has a valuable chapter on the functions of the school as the conciliator between tradition and freedom.

Miss Julia Harris May, whose death is reported from Auburn, Me., at the age of seventy-nine, was the author of "Songs from the Woods of Maine," "Looking for the Stars," and "Pictures Framed in Song."

The Bishop of Truro, the Right Rev. Charles William Stubbs, D.D., whose death was reported on Monday, was one of the most notable figures in the British Episcopacy, being distinguished as a scholar, a militant broad churchman, an historical and sociological writer, a pulpit orator, and an advocate of democratic principles. He was graduated from Cambridge in 1868. After two minor positions in the church, he was appointed in 1894 to the deanery of Ely on the recommendation of Mr. Gladstone. His love of this place is attested by his book, "Historic Memorials of Ely Cathedral." In 1883 he acted as commissioner of education in England to the Government of Siam. He became Bishop of Truro in 1906. The titles of many of his books indicate his interest in social questions: "Village Politics," "Christ and Democracy," "For Christ and City," "The Land and the Labourers," "God and the People," "Christ and Economics," "A Creed for Christian Socialists," and "The Social Teaching of the Lord's Prayer." To these must be added "Charles Kingsley and the Christian Social Movement," "In a Minster Garden," "Verba Christi," and one or two volumes of hymns and poems. In 1900, the Bishop, or, as he then was, Dean of Ely, visited this country as a lecturer, his subjects including "Shakespeare as a Religious Teacher," "Milton and the Puritans," "John Keble and the Anglican Revival," "Shelley," "Tennyson," "Mrs. Browning," "James Russell Lowell," "Frederick Maurice," "Florence Nightingale," and "Chivalry."

Science

USES OF THE DIESEL ENGINE.

Dr. Rudolf Diesel, the inventor of the internal combustion motor that bears his name, was last week made an honorary member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. This was in acknowledgment of his services in devising a successful heat-motor in which controlled combustion replaces explosions, and which far exceeds in thermal efficiency any previous engine. The official recognition will bring the Diesel type of oil engine more prominently to public attention, and is sure to result in largely increased interest in the subject of economical power production throughout the engineering profession. The Diesel engine has passed through the period of probation which every radical innovation must undergo, and today is an unquestioned success. Its development has been so unusually rapid that the world is just beginning to realize its merits and its possibilities. Until recently engineers themselves knew surprisingly little of the progress it was making, and are continually astonished at the reports of its achievements that come to their notice.

The credit for the pioneer work in the internal combustion engine lies entirely with a few large European firms, but many others have taken up its manufacture, and American concerns are now following in their lead. The comparatively slow adoption of the Diesel engine on this side of the Atlantic is only another instance of the hesitation with which most of the important mechanical and electrical improvements making for increased efficiency have been received. The multiple-expansion steam engine was developed abroad, and later was taken up by American engine-builders. The same was true of the steam turbine, the gasolene motor, high-efficiency electric lights, such as the Nernst and tungsten, high-tension alternating current transmission of power. The Diesel engine goes along with the rest. Efficiency is the prime consideration in European countries, whereas in the United States that feature has been largely lost from view, in the attention given to low first-cost. Although this statement might be thought to imply

inferior technical ability in this country, such is not necessarily the case. The question is mainly commercial and economic. The high price of fuel abroad has done much to encourage economies in operation in all directions, while with us cheap fuel, cheap construction, and rapid production have permitted wasteful operation without destroying profits. However, it is merely a question of time before the inefficient devices will be unable to compete with those of higher efficiency and will be replaced by them.

The application of the Diesel engine to the locomotive, though now in its experimental stages only, bids fair to be of the greatest importance. It is unfortunate that no account of the performances of the experimental locomotive made in Switzerland is yet available; but whatever the results from the first trials, Dr. Diesel assures us that the internal combustion locomotive will soon be an accomplished fact. He declares that the application of his engine to the locomotive is by far the most difficult problem yet met with in engine construction, due to the many exacting requirements under which it must operate, such as large power at starting, and complete speed regulation. The chief point in favor of the Diesel locomotive is, of course, its great saving in fuel: a rough estimate indicates that this may amount to three-quarters of the fuel now required by the wasteful steam locomotive.

Ships equipped with Diesel engines have attracted considerable attention of late, and have many successful voyages to their credit. The motor ship is the most sensational of the present applications of the oil engine, and allows direct comparisons to be made with steam as a motive power. The East Asiatic Company, the owners of the Diesel liner Selandia, running between Denmark and Siam, have expressed their opinion of the motor ship very forcibly by ordering ten more of the same kind, making a fleet of eleven splendid vessels, all propelled by Diesel engines. These ships, which have no funnels, are of themselves a suggestion that the marine steam boiler may become a thing of the past. A recent editorial in *Engineering News* takes the ground that, although at present engineers are considering the use of the Diesel engine for marine work chiefly for the greater profits to be realized, yet in the long run the keen competition in ocean transportation may make it impossible to operate steam vessels profitably at all.

One is naturally led to ask whether this revolution in power will extend to the fields at present occupied so completely by the gasolene engine, namely, the automobile and the motor-boat. There is no doubt that an immense saving in running expenses could be effected in the case of each, but these are instances in which fuel cost does not enter so largely, and the higher cost of a Diesel motor, even with its great efficiency and trustworthiness, would tend to prevent any rapid change to oil power. Still, where moderately large powers are concerned, it seems reasonable to expect that the gasolene engine will not be able to compete with oil engines whose fuel charges will be only from one-quarter to one-sixth as great, and with which there will be virtually no fire risk.

Science books in the list of Longmans, Green & Co. include: "Modern Science and the Illusions of Professor Bergson," by Hugh S. R. Elliott; "Primary Malignant Growths of the Lungs and Bronchi: A Pathological and Clinical Study," by I. Adler; "Text-Book of Microscopic Anatomy," by Edward Albert Schäfer; "The Life of the Plant," by C. A. Timiriazeff, translated from the corrected seventh Russian edition by Miss Anna Chéréméteff; "The Energy System of Matter: A Deduction from Terrestrial Energy Phenomena," by James Weir; "The Science of Logic: An Inquiry Into the Principles of Accurate Thought and Scientific Method," by P. Coffey, and "The Evolution of Sea-Power," by P. A. Silburn.

The attractively printed "Story of the Five Elements" (Cassell), by E. W. Edmunds and J. B. Hoblyn, is written in a lucid, fresh style, and is not lacking in either comprehensive exposition, considering the field covered, or conventionalism. There are, however, some flagrant misstatements. For example, in speaking of the manufacture of glass among the Egyptians, on page 5, the authors say: "Soda . . . had to be obtained from salt." As a matter of fact, the Egyptians employed native hydrous sodium carbonate ("nitrum" or natron) or trona, and were unfamiliar with the preparation of sodium carbonate from sodium chloride. Further, on page 37, the word "gas" is stated to have originated in the German *Geist*, whereas it is derived from the German *gäscht*. "Dephlogisticated" is used instead of *phlogisticated* on pages 70 and 80; for Rutherford termed nitrogen "phlogisticated air," even though he found it to be incombustible. The book is, on the whole, novel and interesting, and should appeal to youths interested in science and to thoughtful general readers of more mature years.

A timely little book is "Making a Lawn" (McBride, Nast & Co.), by Luke J. Doogue, superintendent of Boston Public Grounds Department. Mr. Doogue extends his information from the choice of seeds for sowing to the care of the lawn-mower.

A good deal of poetic feeling has gone into the making of "A Book on Birds" (Winston), by A. W. Bomberger. The author yields easily to the spell of bird life, and here and there cannot refrain from breaking out into verse, some of which commands respect for the precision with which observations are phrased. He is filled with his subject, and while aiming mainly to furnish the reader with convenient data to identify the commoner species of our northern latitude, he studies birds with something more than scientific instinct. The grief of a robin over the death of its mate, the discipline of a tern supervising a sand-bath of its young, the meaning of various cries, are humanly phrased, but not too fancifully, and generally with particular experiences or illustrations for confirmation. The illustrations, which have been made from photographs taken by William L. Baily, are many of them charming.

Drama and Music

Anne A. T. Craig's book, "The Dramatic Festival," which Putnam will bring out this month, gives suggestions for performing school plays.

In the preface to his "Yankee Fantasies" (Duffield) Percy Mackaye, speaking in favor of the one-act play, says that "creative experiment in that form is more practical than in longer forms." It may be doubted whether this is more than partly true. Short plays, probably, would be commoner than they are, if it were easy to write them. Special faculties of construction, condensation, and arrangement are essential to their successful composition. But they are convenient vehicles for the conveyance of an idea or the illustration of an episode. All the five little pieces which make up the sum of these Fantasies are supposed to be inspired by certain phases of New England life, which Mr. Mackaye declares to be "full of human surprises, some lovely as flowers, others exotic, pagan, humorous, grotesque." The illustrations which he offers belong chiefly to the last category. In many ways they reflect their creator's varied ability, and they make excellent reading, especially for any one familiar with the regions referred to. Local customs are faithfully represented. There is no lack of atmosphere. But, unfortunately—perhaps because Mr. Mackaye is so much more imaginative than he is humorous—the naturalism of the scene is constantly destroyed or obscured by the excess of the fantasy. For this reason, none of them is well fitted for the stage, with the possible exception of "Gettysburg." This patriotic war sketch, in which an old, paralyzed veteran recovers the long-lost use of his legs in the fervor of reminiscence, is full of vigorous descriptive writing and fine martial spirit. Here the power of the poet is displayed, as it is in "The Catboat" (a fantasy for music), in which Nico, a Mount Desert lad, who reads the Odyssey while he builds boats, conjures up a vision, and learns at last how the gold of youthful dreams oft turns to sawdust. The allegory is somewhat intricate, but the story is embellished with much poetic art. "Chuck," with its blend of joyous rural paganism and Calvinistic bitterness, is admirably veracious in many of its details, and fragrant of the soil. There is something vital and attractive about the scapegrace hero, with his woodchuck philosophy and morality; but the tale is not altogether pleasant, in spite of its sylvan surroundings. "The Antick," if lifelike in some of its personages and incidents, is often unreal, and is none the less sordid for its hint of Pan worship. "Sam Average," a silhouette of 1814, shows how the spirit of the country (Uncle Sam) inspired a wavering patriot to new sacrifices. It breathes a noble spirit, but has no other special value. On

the whole, these plays are disappointing. They are clever, fanciful, poetic, and American, but they are not good examples of one-act drama.

Winthrop Ames will make a number of productions next season. Among them will be a new drama by Edward Sheldon, and a new comedy by Arnold Bennett, "The Great Adventure," a dramatization of his whimsical "Buried Alive." Three one-act plays by Maurice Maeterlinck are also scheduled for production at the Little Theatre.

"The Five Frankforters," a play which has had much success in Europe, and of which some account has been given already in this journal, will be seen before long in the Lyric Theatre, London, in an English version by Captain Basil Hood. It deals with the early days of the Rothschild family. Norman McKinnel will superintend the London production, and the cast will include Henry Ainley, Louis Calvert, C. W. Somerset, C. M. Lowne, Dawson Milward, Leon Quartermaine, Clarence Blakiston, Carlotta Addison, and Henrietta Watson, an uncommonly strong combination.

Macdonald Hastings's play, "The New Sin," which was favorably received at some special matinée performances, is to be produced in the London Criterion for a regular run, by Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie. Mr. Hastings's new comedy, "Love—and What Then?" has just been produced in the London Playhouse.

Lillah McCarthy and Granville Barker are about to produce Maurice Baring's Russian anarchist play, "The Double Game," at the Kingsway Theatre in London.

E. Lyall Swete's comedy, "Pitch and Soap," recently played for a theatrical charity in London, seems to have opened well, and then fallen to pieces in the third act. One critic observes that the author's eagerness to escape from the rut of the commonplace landed him in the morass of the incredible.

The "Improper Peter" of Monckton Hoffe, which Arthur Bourchier has just produced, with some measure of success, at the London Garrick Theatre, tells a flagrantly impossible theatrical story, but seems to be cleverly written, and to contain some effective scenes. Peter is a rich middle-aged Britisher—with Parliamentary ambitions and a shrewish, jealous wife—who harbors on his yacht an innocent maiden, who has been lured from home by a lying young scapegrace. His wife surprises him with the fair one, and, spurning all protestations of innocence, begins divorce proceedings, creating a scandal which promptly extinguishes all hope of political advancement. So he ceases to defend himself, lets the divorce go against him by default, and then promptly marries the girl, whom he loves and who now wildly adores him. The reputation of the bride apparently is to him a matter of no moment.

"The Stories of the Russian Ballet," by Arthur Applin, is a sumptuous folio, richly illustrated, which has been issued by the John Lane Company as a souvenir of the Russian dancers, who for two years diverted the public's attention even from the great opera stars. A preface on the ballet in general is followed by the stories in detail of nine of the pantomimes danced by Anna Pavlowa and her companions, "Cléopâtre" and "Schéhérazade" being among these pieces.

The faculty of Oberlin College has passed a regulation by which all students are required to take a course in appreciation of art as a condition of graduation. They may select any course in archæology and art, appreciation of music, or æsthetics. This emphatic expression of the faculty's belief in the importance of the æsthetic element in education would have delighted Edward MacDowell, who tried to introduce such a regulation into Columbia University. One can easily imagine what it would mean for progress in the fine arts if the example of Oberlin were followed by our colleges and universities in general.

"Las Orientaciones del arte tonal moderno" is the title of a brochure of 157 pages prepared by Guillermo M. Tomás, director of the Banda Municipal in Havana. It contains not only the programmes of the concerts given by him last year, but short sketches of the careers of the composers whose works he produced. Some of the programmes are devoted to the works of one master, others to those of one nation. One of them is devoted to Inglaterra and the Estados Unidos; on this we find the names of Elgar, German, Scott, Coleridge-Taylor, Chadwick, Foote, MacDowell, De Koven, Nevin, Norris, Cadman, and Van der Stucken. Bibliographic notes following each biographic sketch add to the value of this volume.

The management of the Munich Künstlertheater—the unique establishment in the Exhibition Park—announces its plans for this year's performances, which begin this month. Encouraged by the success attending last summer's elaborate production of "La Belle Hélène," it will again pay special attention to bringing out comic operas. The first of these will be a new work by Oscar Strauss, entitled "Dichterliebe" (Artists' Love), which deals with three episodes in the life of Heinrich Heine. A ballet pantomime adapted from Gottfried Keller's "Das Tanzlegendchen" (The Little Dance Legend), with music by H. Bischoff, will be given at a series of matinées. Offenbach's fascinating opera-bouffe will, of course, again be performed, with Max Reinhardt's scenic arrangement. In all of these representations, soloists, chorus, and orchestra will be recruited from the best German and Austrian theatres.

Art

A History of French Architecture from the Reign of Charles VIII till the Death of Mazarin. By Reginald Blomfield, A.R.A., M.A., F.S.A., Honorary Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. With drawings by the author and other illustrations. 2 vols. Pp. xxxii +169, xii+176; 178 plates. New York: The Macmillan Co. $20 net.

Students of architectural history have not in the past been accustomed to look to England for adequate and sympathetic treatment of the architecture of the Renaissance outside of England. The influence of the Victorian Gothic revival, of Ruskin's critical animosities, and of Fergusson's unsympathetic attitude towards all the modern styles (which he slightingly characterized as the "imitative styles"), has long been potent to a singular degree in English architectural literature. Many in England who have written on the Renaissance have limited themselves to its British phases, with especial emphasis on its earlier developments under Elizabeth and James I, although the work of Inigo Jones and Wren has received a good deal of attention and some rather excessive laudation. Anderson's "Architecture of the Renaissance in Italy," published in 1896, was the first serious contribution of recent English scholarship to the history of the Renaissance on the Continent, and, though limited in its field, it displayed a refreshingly appreciative attitude towards its subject. During the past fifteen years there has been a noticeable broadening of outlook among English writers, one of whom, Reginald Blomfield, an architect of distinction in London, has made for himself an honorable place. His "History of the Renaissance in England," which appeared in 1897, and a little volume of spirited essays entitled "The Mistress Art," have given evidence not only of careful scholarship, but of a fine catholicity of taste and a rare breadth and sincerity of appreciation. These qualities are conspicuous in his latest work, "History of French Architecture, 1494-1661."

Mr. Blomfield is fortunate in his selection of a subject; for it is a singular fact that this book stands alone in its own field. With all the wealth of literature relating to the French Renaissance, there is no other work which covers upon an adequate scale the development of the French styles from the beginnings of the Renaissance under Louis XII and Francis I to the full culmination of the neo-classic architecture under Louis XIV. Such publications as Sauvageot's "Palais, châteaux et maisons de la France," and the "Motifs historiques" of César Daly are in no sense histories of the periods or styles to which the examples they illustrate and discuss belonged. Mr. Blomfield's work, therefore, occupies a place wholly its own; the English architect and scholar has performed an important task.

Mr. Blomfield approaches his subject mainly by way of the architects and builders. The first volume opens with a chapter on the Italians in France; discusses in the second chapter The Master Builders; then, after two chapters on the New Manner and the reign of Francis I, takes up successively the work of Philibert de l'Orme, Jean Bullant, Lescot and Goujon, the French sixteenth century sculptors, the Du Cerceau family, and neo-classic architecture in the

sixteenth century. The second volume is concerned with church building, the Jesuits, Henry IV and Marie de Médicis, Lemercier Le Muet, and François Mansart, and closes with a chapter on French architecture in 1600-1661. Thus the personal note predominates, though the builders and monarchs and architects are studied always through and for their works, and the monuments they erected are analyzed and discussed with the knowledge and experience possible only to the trained architect. Moreover, the discussions and critical judgments are based as far as possible on personal inspection, not mere literary erudition or even acquaintance through engravings and photographs: the author explains that he has "for several years endeavored to quarter the ground in France and to study on the spot the buildings referred to in the text." One may not always agree with the criticisms, but one feels always that the critic is expressing real convictions based on his own observation.

The author is a convinced admirer of neo-classic ideals in architecture. The measure of excellence in a building is, with him, the degree of its conformity to the principles, and embodiment of the qualities, of classic architecture, or rather of the revival of classic forms and of Roman ideals as exemplified in the masterpieces of Peruzzi, Vignola, and Palladio in Italy, and of the great masters who wrought for Louis XIV and XV in France. The qualities of stateliness, breadth, simplicity of composition, correct scale, refined detail, symmetry, nobility of mass and silhouette, go to make up the "grand manner" which he admires. Accordingly, he misprizes the architecture of the reign of Francis I, and refuses to its builders the credit of being architects at all. The charm of the picturesque mixture of details, of the very incoherence of the châteaux of the Loire valley, of the north wing of Blois, of the turrets and chimneys of Chambord, does not appeal to the author. Buildings before De l'Orme's day "do not show any real architectural treatment"; and "while there is much that is delightful in buildings such as the Manoir d'Angô, many of the most famous buildings of Francis I "are great agglomerations of building details, which, when sifted by critical analysis, resolve themselves into a few very commonplace motives strung together without serious thought of composition, without that anxious consideration of scale which alone justifies the claim of buildings to rank as architecture" (Vol. I, p. 26). The church of St. Eustache in Paris is treated as utterly without merit; the picturesque interior of St. Etienne du Mont, and particularly its much-admired choir-screen, fare no better, and the great court of the Louvre comes in for severe criticism and no admiration at all. In these judgments, which are so wide of the verdicts usually passed on these and many other buildings of their class, Mr. Blomfield shows courage and independence, no doubt; but one feels that his canon of appreciation is too rigid, or his application of it too narrow and unyielding, to allow of full justice. On the other hand, his treatment of the work of De l'Orme, Bullant, Goujon, Lemercier, and François Mansart deserves the fullest praise. It is appreciative but discriminating, judicial and yet sympathetic, and what he says of these men and their works ought to be read by every architect and critic of architecture. Whether he does justice to Pierre Lescot is open to question. He considers him a mere courtier-architect, all of whose work was done by proxy, largely by Jean Goujon. These assertions are not supported by very convincing evidence; indeed, it is rather the lack of evidence for Lescot's actual authorship than the existence of evidence against it, that seems to have brought him under the author's condemnation as a pretender.

The analysis of the relations of the French master-builders and masons to the Italians imported by Louis XII and Francis I, and of the real part played by the so-called "architects" who built the châteaux, palaces, and churches of those reigns, is thorough and scholarly, based on the published pay-rolls of the various building operations ascribed to them. Mr. Blomfield's conclusion is that there were no architects in France in those days; that the master-masons did not design the buildings they erected; and that the designs, so far as they had any coherence or composition at all, originated in the brains of the royal clients or of their chamberlains or stewards in charge of the operations. The reader must follow the steps of this reasoning in the original; the reviewer cannot attempt to reproduce or summarize it.

The fact that Mr. Blomfield stops on the very threshold of the period of the "grand manner" under Louis XIV and XV, encourages the hope and expectation of another volume from his pen in the near future.

In the matter of illustrations the two volumes are rich. Of the 178 plates, 42 are collotype prints from photographs, well chosen and admirably printed; 26 are reproductions of pencil sketches by the author; the remaining 110 plates are reproductions of engravings from Du Cerceau, Marot, Blondel, and other French sources. These engravings are invaluable, fully worthy of the high praise Mr. Blomfield accords them in his Introduction. They comprise plans and sections as well as elevations and perspectives, and should bring joy to every lover of good drawing as well as to every architect who can appreciate neo-classic art in any form. Mr. Blomfield's pencil sketches show the perception and touch of the artist, but it is not quite easy to understand why many of them were introduced. Several are mere summary sketches of details which hardly deserve the honor of a whole page, and do not in any degree elucidate or illustrate the text. A few are, however, quite admirable and helpful drawings, particularly plates xv, xvi, xl, xliv, cxl, and clv.

The book is always readable and often entertaining. It is unfortunate that the proof-reading should have been so negligent, particularly in the transcription of French names and quotations. Names are several times pluralized (*e. g.*, "Les Du Cerceaux") in violation of a fundamental rule of the language; "Grotes" for *grottes*, "des plusieurs" for *de plusieurs*, "La Musée" for *le Musée*, are a few of the many slips for which there is no excuse. On page 30 of Vol. I Trinqueau should evidently be substituted for Chambiges; on page 69 of Vol. II, "two" oblong bays should be *three* oblong bays; other errors of the same sort are too numerous. Yet these are minor blemishes on a work whose solid merits should earn for Mr. Blomfield the gratitude of every architect and of every lover of sound scholarship devoted to the history of art.

Art books in Putnam's list include: "South American Archæology," by T. Athol Joyce, and "Mesopotamian Archæology," by Percy S. P. Handcock.

Albrecht Dürer's "Journeys to Venice and to the Low Countries" is one of a group of books announced by D. B. Updike of the Merrymount Press, Boston.

Homer Calvin Davenport, who died a week ago at the age of forty-five, had virtually no schooling. He was once a jockey, a railway fireman, a clown in the circus. His skill as a cartoonist became evident a decade or more ago, especially in hitting off captains of industry, such as Mark Hanna in the $-suit of clothes. Two books, in addition to one containing his drawings, bear his name—"The Bell of Silverton, and Other Short Stories of Oregon" and "The Dollar or the Man?"

Finance

A STOCK MARKET REACTION.

About one month ago, Stock Exchange observers of the more conservative sort rather generally made up their minds that the rise in stocks had spent, for the time at any rate, its legitimate force. The rise in prices had begun at the end of February. It had proceeded rapidly in the face of the labor complications in England and in this country. It had been based on the visibly strong economic position of the United States, and on the belief that, with financial liquidation apparently completed, with politics shaping itself more reason-

ably, and with a satisfactory outlook for the crops, the prospect favored a year of rapid industrial recovery. On this basis, Stock Exchange prices had advanced from 10 to 20 points, and in the later stages of the movement the outside public had become an enthusiastic buyer.

As is usual under such circumstances, the pace of the advance was more rapid at the high prices than it had been around the lowest, and then—again in accordance with experience—things not expected in the market's calculation began to happen. The Titanic tragedy diverted the public's attention from the Stock Exchange. With Mr. Roosevelt's victories at several primary elections, politics took an unexpected turn. The early wheat crop, for which a highly favorable condition had been predicted as a result of the heavy winter snows, was discovered to be in a greatly impaired condition. Earnings of the Steel Corporation, for the first three months of 1912, were shown to have been below all expectations, leaving a $6,200,000 deficit after the quarter's dividends were paid. Finally, the coal miners, who had agreed to an amicable settlement of the wage dispute, suddenly rescinded their agreement and reopened the whole quarrel.

No doubt the normal response of the Stock Exchange to these new developments would have been a cautious and deliberate retreat, and the cessation of the excited rise in prices. But precisely at that time, it became apparent that a group of wealthy and reckless Wall Street operators, backed by their individual fortunes and their bank affiliations, were determined not to let the "bull movement" stop. Two active speculative stocks—shares of the Reading Railway and of the so-called Can Trust—were largely under the control of this group of people. In the teeth of the unfavorable news of the fortnight past, these stocks were put up 8 to 15 points, with a pretence of enormous buying and with plain signs of manipulation. This undertaking had in the end its natural result. People of sense at once abandoned such a market. Towards last week's close, a heavy break in prices began; it continued at this week's opening. Reading stock, which had risen 31 points in the three preceding months, fell 8½ within a week; United States Steel, which had risen 15, declined 9⅛; Union Pacific, after a rise of 15½, dropped back 8; St. Paul, having gained 9, lost 6¾. So ran the story pretty much throughout the list.

To what extent this tumultuous break in prices should be taken as a sign that the late'y favorable outlook has been changed, and to what extent it merely reflects a foolishly overdone speculation, is no doubt debatable. But whichever of these assumptions is correct, and whether the Stock Exchange reaction should properly be ascribed to the repudiation of their agreement by the coal miners, or to the week's previous accumulation of more or less disconcerting news, or to general principles, it should have served a valuable purpose. In any case, it is one of those useful intimations which serve to keep the public mind in a state of sanity and to remind those celebrities who regard the financial fortunes of the markets as under their personal charge that there are limits which they will be wise not to transgress.

The plain truth of the matter is, that for losing their heads, misreading a market, and persisting in a speculation when it ought to be plain to any observant man that the time for it has passed, the so-called "inside operator" of Wall Street is frequently almost as hopeless as the excited hundred-share speculator on a ten-point margin who sits before the blackboards. The chief difference between them seems at such times to be that the last-mentioned ornament of Wall Street employs and usually exhausts his own little stock of capital, whereas the operator who puts up Reading and "Can" their 15 points when the market's legitimate trend is visibly the other way, is apt to be backed by a bank or banking combination which will help him over the awkward places into which his rashness or foolishness leads him.

The panic of 1907 helped to rid us to some extent of this chronic nuisance of the American market. It was thought for a while that such finance as shattered confidence in American conservatism and racked the Stock Exchange and the money market, in the autumns of 1902 and 1905, would not be repeated very soon. But we had the exhibition of 1909, with the deplorable incidents in the financial policies of our largest industrial corporation, and, next, after a season of enforced and undoubtedly salutary retirement, followed the recent and very brazen attempt to resume the same sort of practices. That the conditions and circumstances surrounding the markets of two months ago were extremely favorable, every one should by this time be aware. But these people achieved the reputation, long ago, of spoiling the best of markets by their absurd experiments and complete misjudgment when a situation had changed. That is the sufficient reason for concluding that such reactions on the Stock Exchange as that of the past six days are on the whole beneficial in themselves.

People who look philosophically at the general situation—who smiled at the Wall Street oracles at the time, eight months ago, when it was fashionable to shed tears over the Anti-Trust law and to declare that the market could never rise again until the law was repealed—are entitled to suggest the wisdom of going slow at the present time. Prosperity will not necessarily be scared away permanently because Mr. Taft's campaign is being badly battered by Mr. Roosevelt, or because the Steel Corporation is paying six millions in unearned dividends for a quarter, or even because the winter-wheat acreage is heavily cut down by an inclement season and labor disturbances multiply.

Good times have persisted on other occasions, in the face of all such things. But there are unpleasant possibilities embodied in the present state of affairs. They may or may not control the industrial and financial destinies of the rest of the year. They may turn out not to have been at any time really troublesome obstacles. But they are nevertheless rocks in the course, and the prudent financial mariner will not drive his ship at full speed until he sees just how dangerous they are. The position of things just now is such that this cannot be determined immediately.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Agar, Madeline. Garden Design. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $2 net.

Athletic Handbook for the Philippine Public Schools. Manila: Bureau of Printing.

Autobiography of an ex-Colored Man. Boston: Sherman, French $1.20 net.

Bax, E. B. The Last Episode of the French Revolution: A History of Gracchus Babeuf. Boston: Small, Maynard.

Biblical and Theological Studies, by the Faculty of Princeton Theological Seminary. Scribner. $3 net.

Boswell's Life of Johnson. Selections, edited by N. H. Batchelder. Merrill Co. 25 cents.

Boyle, James. What Is Socialism? Shakespeare Press.

Brown, A. J. The Chinese Revolution. Student Volunteer Movement. 75 cents net.

Callender, Romaine. The Prison-Flower. Boston: Badger. $1.50 net.

Cameron, Charlotte. A Woman's Winter in South America. Boston: Small, Maynard.

Cavalcanti, Guido. Sonnets and Ballate. Translation and introduction by Ezra Pound. Boston: Small, Maynard.

Chambers, R. W. Widsith: A Study in Old English Heroic Legend. Putnam. $3.50 net.

Dichmann, Carl. The Basic Open-Hearth Steel Process. Translated by A. Reynolds. Van Nostrand. $3.50 net.

Dickins, Guy. Vol. I, Catalogue of the Acropolis Museum. Putnam. $3.50 net.

Dorsey, J. O., and Swanton, J. R. Dictionary of the Biloxi and Ofo Languages. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.

Fitch, G. H. Modern English Books of Power. San Francisco: Paul Elder.

French Poetry, Contemporary. Selected and translated by J. Bithell. Walter Scott Pub. Co.

Gerstenberg, Alice. Unquenched Fire: A novel. Boston: Small, Maynard.

Hale, W. B. Woodrow Wilson. Doubleday, Page.

Hall, H. M. Idylls of Fishermen. (Col. Univ.) Lemcke & Buechner. $1.50 net.

Hallock, E. B. In Those Days: Story of Child Life Long Ago. Macmillan. 40 cents net.

Hammond, H. W. Style-Book of Business English; Key to Style-Book. Isaac Pitman & Sons. 85 cents; 20 cents.

Harris, Credo. Toby: A Novel of Kentucky. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.25 net.

Hill, Marion. Georgette. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.25 net.

Hyne, C. J. C. The Marriage of Captain Kettle. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.

Lloyd, J. A. T. A Great Russian Realist (Feodor Dostoieffsky). Lane. $3.50 net.

Lummis, E. O'B. The Dear Saint Elizabeth: A Romance in Four Acts. Boston: Badger.

Martin, Geoffrey. Triumphs and Wonders of Modern Chemistry. Van Nostrand. $2 net.
Powell, F. I. The Snake: A Novel. Lane. $1.25 net.
Report on the Progress and Condition of the U. S. National Museum for the Year ending June 30, 1911. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.
Russell, C. E. Stories of the Great Railroads. Chicago: Kerr & Co. $1.
Schauffler, R. C. The Goodly Fellowship. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Shakespeare's As You Like It. Ben Greet edition, for young readers. Doubleday, Page. 60 cents net
Shakespeare, Tudor edition. King Lear, edited by V. C. Gildersleeve. Macmillan. 35 cents net.
Squire, J. C. William the Silent. Baker & Taylor.
Steinhell, Marguerite. My Memoirs. Sturgis & Walton. $3 net.
Thumb, Albert. Handbook of the Modern Greek Vernacular. Trans. from the Second German edition, by S. Angus. Scribner.
Underwood, J. C. Americans: 100 Poems of Progress. Mitchell Kennerley. $1 net.
Van Loan, C. E. The Ten-Thousand-Dollar Arm. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.25 net.
Van Vorst, Marie. The Broken Bell. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1 net.
Ward, H. F. Social Creed of the Churches. Eaton & Mains. 50 cents net.
Witherspoon, John. Lectures on Moral Philosophy. Princeton University Press.
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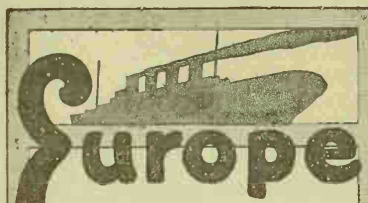

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1912.

The Week

President Taft's signing of the pension bill can be explained only as a yielding to strong political appeals. His advisers and campaign managers have no doubt pointed out to him the damaging use that would have been made of a veto in the critical Ohio primaries. It was very likely urged upon him also that the bill would be passed over his veto. Very likely it would. The log-rolling combination in Congress which favors this waste of public funds, this means of political corruption, is unquestionably powerful. But how is it even to be checked, how is it to be prevented from moving on to other successful raids upon the Treasury, unless the Executive shall make a stand against it? For the present, it has cut down its demands from $75,000,000 a year to $25,000,000 or $30,000,000—nobody knows how much money the increases of pension now granted will cost. But the next step and then the next will speedily be taken, and we shall soon have the dollar-a-day pension with charges of $100,000,000 additional.

This opportunity to do a great national service was before President Taft, but he has been dissuaded from attempting to render it. That he would have flung himself into the breach, had it not been for the exigent political situation, there is good reason for believing. He has been preaching economy and working for it, yet he consents to sign away $25,000,000 a year in needless gratuities. No one has a clearer understanding than he of the principle at stake. He knows perfectly that this huge pension fund, secretly distributed, has become the sinews of war for politicians, and that no more threatening scheme has ever been devised, not merely to bind new burdens upon the taxpayers, but to eat away political purity. President Taft's failure to rise to the occasion, however, only defers the fight which will have to be made against all this pension debauchery, and for leadership in which the American people will have to search out a man of the Grover Cleveland type, strong and unafraid.

The friends of direct primaries must take prompt action to limit the expenses attached thereto unless primaries, too, are to come into disrepute. Hard on the heels of the announcement that Roosevelt's New York managers spent $5 for every vote he received in the recent primary, come the astounding figures from Pennsylvania, where it appears that approximately $2,000,000 was paid out by the friends of Taft and Roosevelt. In Pittsburgh alone the outlay was $98,635, that stern reformer, William Flinn, who made his money out of the intimate connection between politics and city contracting, alone giving $22,700 to Roosevelt. On the Taft side we find the same old sinister corporation contributions to the Republican fund which were fully as characteristic of the campaigns in Roosevelt's day as in any other. It is serious enough that there should now be two campaigns antecedent to each election—in Louisiana there have been three in the last nine months, which have virtually exhausted all the various factions. To this disadvantage should not be added the raising and expenditure of lavish sums of money in order that the people may rule!

Senator Rayner has given an interview in regard to the approaching campaign, in which he points out that, in his opinion, the tariff must be the chief issue. In this he is wise. The Democrats ought never to forget that this has been their winning issue, and it can be made so again by a fearless, sincere demand for a tariff for revenue only. True, some of the Southern Democrats are either luke-warm in opposition to the high tariff or openly protectionists for their local industries. But this only emphasizes the more the necessity of putting this issue to the front by the party as a whole. Never was the country so ripe for a full discussion of the tariff; never have the evils it brings with it been so apparent to the public at large. The Lawrence mill-strike has once and for all exploded the argument that protection means the safeguarding of American labor from the competition of hordes of underpaid foreigners. Even in Pennsylvania they have learned that it does not do to make a fetich of the tariff. The Pennsylvania Democrats have spoken out strongly for tariff revision, and other States should follow suit.

A memorably long battle for an important change in the Federal Constitution virtually ended Monday when the Congressional deadlock of a year over the direct election of Senators was broken. Most gratifying of all is the fact that, as passed, the resolution contains Senator Bristow's amendment preserving to the Federal Government supervision of the time, place, and manner of holding Senatorial elections. This was of the utmost importance, for without it the direct mandate of the Constitution that the electoral rights of citizens shall not be abridged might have been nullified. In other words, it would virtually have insured indefinite negro disfranchisement. Recognizing this, thirty-nine of the Southern Congressmen fought violently against the Bristow amendment, which Congressman Underwood, Southerner that he is, bravely upheld, although the other members of the Alabama delegation were among the thirty-nine. We do not believe that Mr. Underwood will suffer for this display of political courage, or that there is much in the threat that the South will now refuse to ratify the amendment to the Constitution. The country's sentiment is all the other way.

It would manifestly be improper and unfair to express an opinion about the charges brought against Judge Archbald until his witnesses shall have been heard or he shall make his own defence. But it is well to point out the completeness of the remedy the country has in case it should appear that a Federal judge has been guilty of malfeasance. Impeachment has, happily, been very infrequently resorted to in our history—happily, because there has been no necessity for it. But the process can be made speedy and effective. We see this in the initial steps which have promptly been taken in this instance. A quiet investigation by the Department of Justice, then a turning over of the papers to the Judiciary Committee of the House, next an open inquiry, with full

taking of testimony and cross-examination of witnesses, then an orderly report on the matter to the House, with preparation of articles of impeachment following, if necessary. Such a procedure, long established and perfectly understood, is a much readier means of getting at judicial corruption than any haphazard system of "recall" could possibly be. In fact, the difficulties of working out any plan of recalling Federal judges by popular vote are so great that even the most enthusiastic recallites have shrunk from attacking that problem.

The action of the House in voting to abolish the Commerce Court looks more impetuous than considered. Advantage appears to have been taken of two or three decisions by that court which have given offence—and which will come for review before the Supreme Court—and also of the charges made against Judge Archbald. But the real question is whether the objects aimed at by the original establishment of the court are not still worth seeking to attain, and whether they have not in good part been already attained. They were, as all know, to bring questions affecting railway rates and so on directly before a single Federal court, so that a body of unified decisions might be built up, and also to expedite the hearing of such cases. As to the latter, we have the assertion of President Taft, based on the record, that the Court of Commerce has reduced the average delay in getting such cases to trial from nearly two years to about six months.

Honor is no monopoly of thieves—there is honor among murderers also. That sort of honor is the virtue of the citizens of Coatesville, Pa. Six of the twelve alleged leaders of the mob which last August burned the negro Zach Walker at the stake were acquitted in short order last year by Chester County juries. Last week another jury brought in a verdict of not guilty in favor of a seventh defendant, whereupon the State gave up in despair, and asked that the five remaining prisoners might be discharged.

Mr. McCormick's gift of twenty-five thousand dollars to last year's victorious football team at Princeton is a commendable step in the direction of putting athletics on a really sound commercial basis. Football finances have already enlisted some of the finest minds in our colleges, but the happy-go-lucky spirit of play has still been too prominent in the management of our leading intercollegiate interest. The elaborate system of recruiting material from the preparatory schools, the long and arduous period of training, the spirit that makes defeated teams walk weeping from the field, all these facts have gone far towards removing the silly notion that intercollegiate games are played just for the fun of the thing. Football is real, football is earnest, even if the grave sometimes lies beyond the goal. Spring practice and autumn practice, the enlistment of an army of expert coaches, the long blackboard drill in strategy, the dispatch of trained watchers for the purpose of studying the peculiarities of rival teams, all these things have happily contributed towards making football a business and not an amusement. What was needed was the prospect of a substantial money reward for the victorious team to free football contests from any intrusion of the play instinct.

Each year comes the season of one sport in which there is neither sensationalism, commercialism, nor danger. That season is upon us, and the sport is angling. The best thing about it is that it depends for complete enjoyment not upon a full creel or a record fish, but upon exercise and environment. Walton sounded this note when he wrote: "Doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant that it will prove to be, like virtue, a reward unto itself." This is not to decry the actual catching of fish nor the skill which is necessary to accomplish it. That in itself is an art, as the Compleat Angler again bears witness. "Angling is somewhat like poetry," it declares; "men are to be born so." But we know no sport in which success is so unnecessary to pleasure as in this gentle art. The close touch of nature, the dapple of sunlight on swift water or the limpid mirror of the quiet pool—these things are to be prized for themselves.

To place the lure daintily upon the stream, to watch the flashing rise of the fish, and then to play him to defeat and capture, these are the fascinations of this sport. But because of its simplicity and because it is incompatible with hurry and bustle and "push," angling is an antidote for many of the sicknesses of the present day. It cannot well be exploited. It does not gather jostling thousands in confined areas, and then raise their excitement to the point of hysteria. It offers little encouragement for individual display and modifies competition to a basis of friendly rivalry. Therefore, angling is healthy for mind as well as body, and offers at once a pleasant and a profitable escape from the feverish activity of modern business and the equally feverish whirl of modern pleasure. One of the safest hobbies for the man of to-day is that of rod and reel. Let him spend a day or a fortnight on a stream where the spotted trout lie snug and he "will find angling to be like the virtue of humility, which has a calmness of spirit and a world of other blessings attending upon it."

On February 23, 1910, Andrew Furseth, president of the International Seamen's Union of America, presented a petition to Congress. In connection therewith he made a statement to that body which contained the following prophecies, remarkable enough in the face of the Titanic disaster:

> Safety at sea! What a lot of rot has been written and spoken on this subject! Safety at sea is promoted, first, by a good vessel, stanch and well found; second, by good boats and *enough of them;* third, by a crew sufficient in number and skill to handle the vessel while she is afloat, to lower, man, and handle the boats when the vessel must be abandoned. . . . Now, let me entrust you with a very deep secret. There is not sailing to-day on any ocean *any passenger vessel* carrying the number of boats needed to take care of the passengers and crew, nor a sufficient number of skilled men to handle those boats which are carried.

Mr. Furseth added that "vessels that cannot sink and will not burn have not yet been built." If the public wished safety, it must insist, he declared, that there should be a standard of individual efficiency for the deck crew, and that there should be provided for these men "a decent place to live, eat, and sleep in." To do so, he concluded, would be to help save thousands of lives.

That the officers of steamships are underpaid and overstrained is pretty definitely understood; that the crews are in similar state, besides being improperly quartered in a place where it is

least easy to turn out in a hurry, bids fair to be proved equally true. At any rate, the Titanic's loss has made it clear that things are not going well among seamen. Despite the calmness of many of the crew, some of the facts that are coming out do not redound to the credit of the men of the sea. Like the captains of those near-by steamers that could have saved all, but refused, they have made us all ask whether the old ideal of the sailor as a man brave to rashness, ready at any time to risk his life for others, and characterized by many other noble attributes of character, has faded from the sea; whether the modern steel machine shop and hotel they call a liner has made of the crew an ignoble unseamanlike lot. If this is true even in slight degree, then let us begin at the bottom as well as at the top; let us have well-paid, well-lodged, and well-fed sailors and enough of them, trained to boats and drilled in their duties.

On all sides it is admitted now that a clean-cut victory has been won by Madero's forces in Chihuahua. The rebel army is in precipitate retreat northward, and it is doubtful whether even its intrenched positions at Rellano can hold out against the superior artillery strength of the Federalists. Apart from the principal scene of operations, Maderist successes are reported in several directions, and altogether the situation during the last week has dramatically changed. It may have been the feeling that one more defeat meant the ruin of their cause which spurred the Federalists on to desperate efforts. But there are indications also that long and careful preparations had been made for the battle and that an excellent strategist is at work in Madero's camp. The effective way in which Orozco's outflanking attempt was beaten back a few days ago, and the equally effective way in which the victory was followed up with an assault in front, show that the reported demoralization of the Federalist forces was a myth. If Orozco, instead of making an immediate attempt to retrieve his fortunes, decides to continue his retreat northward, this fact taken in conjunction with the Vasquez Gomez fiasco at Juarez will add enormously to Madero's prestige and administer a sharp check to intervention talk in this country.

The Home Rule bill passed its second reading in the House of Commons on Thursday of last week by a majority of 101, which is seven more than the majority on the first reading. Mr. Asquith in his closing speech declared that if the Irish vote in the House of Commons were eliminated, there would still be a majority of forty or fifty in favor of Home Rule, and forty is just what the actual vote indicated. If we subtract from the Government poll of 372 the 81 Irish Nationalist votes and from the Opposition poll the twenty-odd Ulster votes, the count would have stood 290 to 250. There thus exists within Great Britain a substantial majority in favor of ending the centuries-old quarrel with Ireland by rendering to the sister nation the rights she has so long and so persistently demanded. This circumstance Mr. Asquith turned to effective use in appealing to a sober, practical nation like the English. Respect for the established fact has been ingrained in the British temperament. And what more solid fact can be adduced than a people that has not ceased to clamor for self-government, year in, year out, in peaceful ways and through violence? Mr. Asquith argued that under democratic conditions this persistent claim must be satisfied. But no Government, whether democratic or not, could hope to hold out forever against such a campaign as Ireland has waged.

An amusing and somewhat instructive controversy was provoked by a remark of Lloyd George's in his speech on Welsh Disestablishment. Lord Hugh Cecil had protested that it was something like "sacrilege" to lay a hand upon the temporal possessions of the Church, and Lloyd George retorted that the Cecil family had not always objected to grants of Church property. The allusion was, of course, to gifts of priories and ecclesiastical manors to the Cecils in the sixteenth century. Both Lord Hugh and Lord Robert Cecil asserted that none of this property had descended to them, but they were promptly called to book by Professor Pollard of Oxford, with citations from the "Papers" of Henry VIII. As Lord Robert had observed that Pollard's views were "astonishing even in a professor," the professor was seemingly justified in retorting that Lord Robert's idea of evidence was "astonishing even for a lawyer." It was Lord Hugh, however, who had the last word, and displayed the family talent for controversy by declaring that it was absurd to hold that "remote descendants are precluded from censuring immoralities which resemble those by which their ancestors benefited." He wound up pungently:

> Suppose that Mr. Churchill denounced in the House of Commons some transaction as corrupt, would it be anything but childish and ill-mannered to reply that it was too late for him to talk about corruption because the great Duke of Marlborough made illicit profits on army contracts, and Lord Sunderland freely accepted bribes? I am surprised that a man in Professor Pollard's position should be so foolish. He might as well pick a pocket and then complain that the policeman who arrested him was descended from Robin Hood.

News of the sending to London of Germany's ablest diplomat in the person of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, is a clear reminder of the fact that the decadence of the ambassadorial office has been a good deal exaggerated. The telegraph and the cable have undoubtedly restricted the scope and liberty of diplomatic representatives. Great issues are now handled directly from the seats of government, or else the policy of a nation's representative abroad is guided by daily instructions from home. The principal function of an ambassador has been taken to consist in the cultivation of pleasant social relations with the Government and the people to whom he is accredited, which, of course, is an indirect way of promoting the smooth functioning of diplomatic business. But recent events have shown that it still rests with an ambassador whether he is to be merely an exalted messenger boy or a personal factor. It is now recognized everywhere that in the late negotiations between France and the German Empire in regard to Morocco and the Congo, the French ambassador at Berlin, Jules Cambon, conducted his case with extraordinary ability. The history of diplomatic negotiations between Germany and Great Britain during the same difficult period also showed that a little less Prussian rigidity on the part of the retiring ambassador in London, Count Wolff-Metternich, might have saved a great deal of misunderstanding and heartburning. After all, even a messenger boy does not help things by whistling as he enters the office and slamming the door behind him.

THE PRESIDENTIAL TERM.

Monday's report by the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, strongly favoring a six-year term for the President, with ineligibility for reëlection, is in line with the Clayton resolution now before the House. Both are plainly born of the present agitation over the question of a third term. But for that, it is safe to say that the proposal would not now have been brought forward. Constitutional amendments, however, are even less than ordinary laws devised to advantage in a flurry. If the proposed one were adopted—which it could not be finally before 1914 or 1915—it would be powerless to affect Mr. Roosevelt's ambition to break all Presidential records. If he were elected again this year he would thereafter be eligible for another term—then six years. It is plain, therefore, that so far as concerns his individual case, we shall have to depend upon the unwritten law against a third term, with his specific pledge under no circumstances to accept another nomination.

There are, of course, independent arguments for the six-year term. The disturbance and turmoil of Presidential elections would not then fall every four years. The agony would be subdivided by six. It is also urged that the longer term would enable a President to mature his policies and carry out his plans better than in four, while the temptation to play to the galleries and make an improper use of patronage in order to win another election would be removed from him. It is an engaging picture that is presented to us of a Chief Magistrate devoting himself absorbingly to the duties of his high office, in a serene atmosphere above party politics and partisan bickerings, a calm and strong leader and exponent of the popular will. All this is appealing, and the reasons given for the change have a weight that everybody can perceive; but certain practical difficulties occur to those who look into the matter carefully.

First and foremost of these is the fact that the proposed alteration of our fundamental law does not sufficiently take into account the profound change which has come over the American conception of the Presidency. The President of the United States as the people have come to know him, or to desire that he should be, is no longer merely an Executive. He is something more than commander-in-chief of the army and navy. His functions are not exhausted with the duty of enforcing the law or taking charge of our foreign relations or making appointments to office. He has become, not only a great public official, but the leader of a party. Under our system of government by party—which has developed in a way that Washington and Hamilton and even Jefferson could not foresee—the President has more and more approached the office of a Prime Minister. He is the man, that is to say, who goes before the country with a programme of legislation and official achievement, and then, if power be given him, is expected to carry out his pledges through vigorous leading of his party following. That is why the President has become more and more the great national figure, the chief national voice. The people look to him both to propose and to execute. It is a party which has carried him into office, but he is looked to by the country to make use of the power of his party and his authority to put through measures for the general good. The Presidency has now a much greater emphasis of initiative and leadership than attached to it in the earlier history of the republic. It can all be summed up in saying that we now think of the President not simply as the head of the Government but the head of a party.

Granting this, a little reflection will show that the adoption of a single six-year term—or a single term of four years—might operate to deprive the President of a good deal of his power and his efficiency. His continuous vigor as leader of his party may depend not only upon harmonious working with its members, but upon the feeling which he is able to inspire that its future hopes are tied up with his policies and his personality. To make a party work well you have got to hold out prospects of achievement to it; to show that it is winning and may keep on winning. If you take away the rewards of success, you diminish the motive to strive for success. Now the great reward in the Presidency thus far has been popular approval expressed by party support and a second nomination. It is not wise to make an end of this in a hurry.

Concrete examples leap to mind to reinforce the abstract argument. What would the nation have been advantaged if Andrew Johnson's term had been six years? He had got so hopelessly out of touch with Congress, and so out of sympathy with the country, that his Administration became futile; and two years more of it would have been intolerable. Mr. Hayes was in many respects an excellent President. But the conditions under which he came to the office, together with his explicit promise not to seek a second term, made him a nullity as a party leader. The consequence was that his years in office were nearly barren in all matters of constructive legislation. Congress passed the Silver bill over his veto. He could not command party support. In no sense was he regarded as the man to get things done for the people. The very fact that all the politicians knew that he was not to be a candidate again robbed him of a part of his official authority; and two years more in the Presidency would only have made matters worse. Even the mighty Roosevelt became almost negligible in the last year of his Presidency. Congress would not even read his messages, much less give heed to them. The authority as party leader and fated nominee which he had in 1902 and 1903, was almost stripped from him in 1907.

We do not contend that such considerations are conclusive of the question. But they are surely worth taking into the reckoning. If the movement to change the length of the Presidential term is to be seriously pursued, the subject must be studied in all its aspects. And it will never do to go upon the theory of the Presidency as it exists on paper, while overlooking the development of the office in actual fact. Nor can there be any wisdom in going ahead with a plan which might result in giving us, not an active and ambitious President for four years, but a *roi fainéant* for six.

THE RIGHT OF POLITICAL ASYLUM.

It is plain that sentiment in Washington has changed rapidly since the Senate passed the Dillingham bill to limit immigration. The country, it appears, is not yet ready to put up the bars as high as some Senators would have it. And it is by no means ready to deny the right of political asylum, which here as in England has been one of the nation's glories ever since its foundation. Mr. Root would deport alien residents

who have been found guilty of conspiring against a friendly Power. That is, in the case of Russians who might be found giving money to overthrow a blind despotism he would turn them over to the tender mercies of the Czar's minions, to be immured in the dungeons of Peter and Paul, or banished to Siberia. That even one house of the American Congress could take such action is deplorable. For the other to do so would be to announce to the world that this country is no longer to be a refuge for the victims of tyranny in other lands.

But, it will be asked, does political liberty involve the right to plot against the safety of a friendly nation? Ought we to permit foreigners to conspire against their home governments? Was that what the Puritans had in mind? Should we to-day permit the open fomenting in New York of revolutions in this or that South American republic, say, in Mexico or Guatemala? Well, that is precisely what has always been done in this country or in England. When has there been a time when the foreign revolutionist was not welcome in this country without regard to whether he had been plotting or was about to conspire against his Government? New Yorkers went wild with enthusiasm over the efforts of the Greek revolutionists to throw off the Turkish yoke, and planned to aid them with ships, recruits, and guns. When Kossuth came it was as a triumphal hero; his whole visit here was part of his plotting to free his countrymen. Indeed, it was our own Congress which in 1851 passed a joint resolution offering a vessel of the United States Mediterranean squadron to Kossuth and his fellow-exiles who had surrendered to Turkey, if they desired thus to escape the threatened extradition to Russia. It was in accepting this American offer at Broussa, on March 27, 1851, that Kossuth wrote:

> May your great example, noble Americans, be to other nations a source of social virtue; your power be the terror of all tyrants, the protector of the distressed, and your free country ever continue to be the asylum of the oppressed of all nations.

It goes without saying that the invitation to Kossuth did not include an admonition to him to refrain from plotting against the Austrians as soon as he arrived in this country. He was free to do anything he chose to advance the cause of Hungary. No one at that time, we venture to assert, would have dreamed that a Senator of New York could ever solemnly rise in his place in the Senate to limit the right of political asylum solely to those who were willing to forget their fellows in distress at home and to refrain from any activity on their behalf.

Similarly, when, in 1850, Garibaldi came to this country, he plotted against the Austrian masters of Italy. It was no more possible for him to refrain than it would have been for him to deny himself food and drink and air. Yet when the freedom of Italy came about it was a source of national pride that Garibaldi during his exile had found a home among us. What would have happened in our own time to the Cuban Junta of 1898 had Mr. Root's amendment been our law then? But the clearest case of all is that afforded by England during the long struggle for Italian unity. Indeed, to her shores came English, French, and German refugees throughout the entire liberal convulsions of the middle of the nineteenth century. Mazzini, Orsini, Blanc, our own Carl Schurz, Kinkel—but to call the roll of the revolutionists who settled in London to agitate against their home Governments, would be to call up the whole story of those struggles. The English refused to stop the activities of Mazzini and his fellow-conspirators—the exiled Italian "reds"—although Napoleon the Third urged it. Others besides the Queen were at one time anxious to do much to please Napoleon. But no consideration could alter this historic English policy, not even though every issue of Mazzini's newspaper incited his compatriots to rise and in many cases to kill.

Curiously enough, four years ago it was Secretary Root who refused to turn over to Russia Ian Pouren, the young Lettish revolutionist about whose activities at home considerable doubt existed, for Russia insisted that he was not a patriot, but a murderer. Now he would please Russia beyond anything she could wish—now when the places of refuge are steadily being circumscribed in Europe, when even Switzerland is beginning to surrender political refugees precisely as Germany has done these many years. An overturn in Turkey or in Persia might send to this country many a plotter against tyranny at home. Already there are thousands of exiled Russians here who cannot live without working for free Russia. Are they to be driven out of America because they love liberty and abhor despotism? To ask the question is surely to answer it. This country is not yet ready to turn its back on its traditions; not yet ready to deny sympathy, comfort, and aid to refugees who plot for freedom.

WHERE PRINCETON STANDS.

President Hibben made the occasion of his inauguration on Saturday especially notable by the subject which he chose for his address. Regardless of the position he intended to take with reference to the issues involved, he could not have selected a more timely or more important topic than "The Essentials of Liberal Education," and the attitude he actually assumed adds to the significance of his utterances. That attitude was really announced in the word "liberal." For the battle that has now for some time been waging in the educational world may be not unfairly defined as centring upon the question: Shall education be liberal or narrow? The answer of Princeton's new president was given in no uncertain tones. "The University," he said, "is not specifically designed for the purpose of fitting a man directly for the daily duties of his future work in life. It should attempt to develop the whole man." And again: "Make a man and he will find his work." What President Hibben desires from the four years of training is "a transformation of the schooboy into a man of the world—a man who can move more freely and familiarly in the midst of the world's varied activities, who speaks its language, who is conversant with its manners, and who can interpret its thought." The line of cleavage between this ideal and that of the man who can go directly from the exercises of his graduation to a high-salaried place in business or industry, is clear. Princeton, we understand, does not scorn the possibility or the desirability of the high salary, but she does refuse to make it the goal of her courses, or the test of their value.

The mere making of such a statement by a university president is sufficient indication of the distance we have come since learning got its second wind. What was formerly axiomatic must now be defended. The truth is that we care tremendously nowadays for some sorts of ideas, little or nothing for other sorts,

and hardly know what it is to be interested in ideas as such and for themselves; so that one would not slander us overmuch who should declare that we know things, but are willing strangers to thoughts. Sinister emphasis would be given to such a criticism by the very arguments that are put forward by many of those who suppose themselves to be standing up for liberal education. These defenders begin by replying to the charge that "liberal" is here synonymous with "loose and inexact." They insist on the fact that a liberal education is no less disciplinary than any that one gets in a laboratory.

Then they proceed to descant upon the practical value of general ideas, taking their cue from those who see in such an argument a means of slurring over the distinction between humanistic and scientific studies. "What is known in mathematics under the name of limit," says Prof. C. J. Keyser, for instance, in a recent address printed in *Science*, "is everywhere present in life in the guise of some ideal, some excellence high-dwelling among the rocks, an 'ever-flying perfect,' as Emerson calls it, unto which we may approximate nearer and nearer, but which we can never quite attain, save in aspiration." Higher, or, more accurately, the highest mathematics is thus apparently allied with ethics, if not with theology. Doubtless equal pretensions could be put forward by partisans of physics, biology, and electrical engineering. But one finally becomes doubtful over the quality of the culture that is so widely distributed, however one may admire the sureness that selects an Emersonian phrase to describe it. What one feels like asking is why the cultural quality of a great science should need to be defined in terms that are drawn from another field.

All these things that are credited to culture are good, but the striking circumstance is that those who present them omit the highest considerations entirely. President Hibben put his finger upon this lack when he spoke of coming "to delight in the tasks of the intellect." We seem actually afraid "to rejoice in the labors of the mind." No one is ashamed to spend money and time in going to see a football game, and no one pretends that the compelling attraction in it for the teams is anything but the delight of the struggle and the ambition to win, and yet we hesitate to advance as a reason for becoming familiar with the greatest books that have ever been written, the sheer pleasure of their perusal, or at least, the development of such an enjoyment. This is at the top of the list of motives for devotion to anything that makes for culture. President Hibben spoke of "training in the accurate and facile mode of giving expression to knowledge," and the ability to understand one's own language "with some appreciation of its power and beauty." Not the efficiency of a machine, but the appreciation that is human, is the final goal of liberal education. Whatever our achievements in gold and silver and brass and iron, we are but twentieth-century Goths if we fail to respond to the beauty and sublimity of great ideas, or are unable fittingly to express our own.

MEASURING THE MIND.

As a man thinketh, so much doth he also weigh. This, or something like it, is the new standard which is soon to be used in education. To state, says Prof. E. L. Thorndike, that a pupil's knowledge of German "is about equivalent to that required for passing intermediate German," is much as though one were to describe the length of an object by saying: "It is about as long as a man can jump." Education has become scientific, and apparatus is making to register ability as accurately as we weigh butter and cheese. To those who have children in school the proposal may seem startling, but that is because they have not kept up with the times. Another expert in the new science, Mr. Leonard P. Ayres, director of the division of education on the Russell Sage Foundation, speaks of the cause as virtually won. The "old guard" of conservatives have been driven (by the progressives, of course) into their "final citadel" where they are now about to capitulate. What else can they do when "they scan the history of science and remember that through the development of measurements astronomy grew out of astrology, chemistry emerged from alchemy, and physics developed from mystery?" The quotations in both instances are made from papers in the *School Review* for May.

Professor Thorndike is perfectly clear in what he proposes. The educational product must be weighed by definite units. But a unit implies a zero starting-point and zero, therefore, is the first thing to determine, that is, "just barely not any originality" in mathematics, English composition, etc. Here is the sample taken "as zero of merit for writing by young people in their teens":

> Dear Sir: I write to say that it aint a square deal Schools is I say they is I went to a school. red and gree green and brown aint it hito bit I say he don't know his business not today nor yesterday and you know it and I want Jennie to get me out.

It matters not that most persons would let this pass as crazy. Forty "experts" have expressed their judgment that it is absolute zero. Six other compositions are furnished, written by pupils of high school age. These are found by two hundred experts to differ by approximately equal steps. Agree on your units and samples, and any tyro can do the rest.

Much of the reasoning urged in behalf of this new system is by analogy. To offset the objection that the personal work of education is not in the domain of exact science, we are reminded that "mothers do not love their babies less who weigh them." Yet they would love them less if they thought of them purely in terms of pounds and ounces. "We have ceased exalting the machinery," says Mr. Ayres, "and have commenced to examine the product." And he proceeds to explain what marvels scientific management has wrought in bricklaying. But bricks is bricks! It is only within a few years, he goes on, that schools have kept a record of students who failed to complete the course. Fancy a stage-manager not knowing it if only 125 out of 1,000 in an audience remained to see the last act of a play! If properly wrenched, it is true, any analogy is useful. There is just enough truth in all this propaganda to create a following. Every teacher knows, for instance, that students can often be grouped under a few fairly definite types. Within a given type processes of thought remain pretty constant. Much truth can also be got from percentages. If half of a large class fails to pass the examination, it is right to suppose that the test is too hard, etc. Figures, however, must always wait upon common sense, which would never be the case if such a formula as Professor Thorndike's

$$Y = Pe^{\frac{-x^2}{2upq}}$$

were introduced. The game of finding a meaning for these cabalistic signs

would be fascinating if it were not so tragic. Y, we will say, represents the youngster, x his unknown capacity (for judgment is to be beautifully suspended), P the price to the taxpayer, e the exercises, n the noon-hour, p the product, and q its quality. The answer will be in dollars and cents.

This, we infer, is quite as it should be. A superintendent of schools in Massachusetts is worried because "it is costing $269.77 to put a boy and $281.63 to put a girl through the technical course." Now, he says, if by Professor Thorndike's exact measurements educational values can be fixed, what thorns will be plucked from the administrator's flesh! In one high school the cost of instruction in history per pupil is $10.20, in another $11.80. "Is the product in one school worth 15 per cent. more than that in the other?" No one can say until the product is put to the rule. Meanwhile it is perfectly clear what teachers are busied with these days. The amount of mere bookkeeping required of them is appalling. The recitations of individual pupils have to be squared to certain formulæ and elaborate percentages have to be figured. With the system upon her a teacher hesitates to hand in figures which differ from the norm. The inference drawn by the superintendent would be that she had erred in the reckoning, not that she had a number of unusual pupils. All this cannot fail to rob her teaching of life and personality, and to make her think of her wards as little sheep.

Our youth are indeed to be pitied if the fad of scientific management ever has full sway in the schools. As it is, the matter has been carried far, even in colleges. Owing to the tyranny of the grade system young men have learned to think in terms of percentage. Not what good they have got from a course, but the mark is paramount. If they are in any doubt about the progress they are making, the college records, all beautifully kept, are open for their inspection, and the authority of black and white convinces even their young rebellious minds. When the work of the professor of pedagogy has finally been reduced to the quality of ledgers and card-catalogues, then common sense will perish from our schools—unless we are saved by a sense of humor.

NATIONAL TYPES.

The large number of Americans who will set foot in Europe for the first time in the course of next summer will be the recipients of a double impression. They will find the land and the cities very much like what they expected them to be, and the people utterly different. This will hold good for every country to which chance or Mr. Cook may bring them. The photograph, the panorama, and, in later days, the picture post-card have gone far towards robbing nature and art in the Old World of the first fine flower of surprise for the transatlantic pilgrim. But Man, the oldest of mysteries, has managed to elude all the efforts of guide-book men. The Louvre, the Vatican, and the Milan Cathedral are very much like their pictures, but the men who have built these monuments or now dwell about them are not at all like the stock national types which have been foisted upon the world by unscrupulous comic artists and unobservant travellers.

If, then, those Americans who are still to discover the Old World will make up their mind to see *Homo Europæus* as he is, they will not only add to the general stock of truth, but make their journey a succession of glad surprises. They will find the Englishman in London an affable, free-spoken, hustling type of man and not a slat-like Phileas Fogg in a peaked-cap. They will see him dash across the slippery pavement of Oxford Street at the imminent risk of his life and clamber up the omnibus steps with an alacrity that is popularly supposed to be a purely American faculty. They will hear him speak with an animation, a musical coloring to the voice, and not infrequently an accompaniment of gesture, that we associate with the emotional Gaul. True, he will be often discovered in the act of drinking tea, but that is an external factor. Cross the Channel and the traveller will find that the average Parisian looks like a German and frequently has a German-sounding name. Where are the peg trousers, the tight-hipped frock coat, and narrow-brimmed silk-hat which are the inalienable prerogatives of the comic Frenchman? Where are the whiskers and the frantic play of gesture? They are rare on the Boulevard. The modern Parisian is clean-shaven, full-fed, florid, and mustachioed. Leave him and cross into Germany, and the traveller will find millions of men who do not wear spectacles.

Is there then no such thing as a national type? There is. But the casual traveller will hardly discover him. The national type is the embodiment of age-long tradition. He is the composite figure of a thousand photographs, supplemented and intensified by the pencil of the satirist. And it takes two relays of satirists fully to evolve the national type for international circulation. First comes the typical Englishman or Frenchman as the English or French satirist sees him. Then come the French artist's improvements on the English comic type and the Englishman's improvements on the French comic type. Sometimes, it must be admitted, the foreign improvements are such as to change the original beyond recognition. Sometimes there is a change in spirit rather than in the body. Good-natured Uncle Sam, as we know him, grows more angular, more hawk-like, and quite sinister. Orotund John Bull retains his figure only in the political cartoons. For social purposes the Continental mind visualizes the Englishman as an elongated human being with big teeth and accompanied by a very tall, thin daughter with large feet, a veil, and an umbrella. The sturdy and stolid Michel, whom the Germans use to describe themselves, is transformed into the equally stolid but physically quite different pot-bellied German professor with a pipe. The Frenchman has no reluctance to think of himself as Tartarin, but the malicious pencil of the foreigner makes him brother to Alphonse and Gaston.

At the present moment the French press is taking high delight in the work of the Alsatian caricaturist and satirical writer, Hansi, who single-handed has been carrying on a campaign against the German Empire. In the person of Hansi's Professor Knatschke some French commentators find a type worthy to be set by the side of Pickwick and Tartarin. But the obvious rejoinder is that Pickwick and Tartarin are creatures of a kindly, a loving imagination, whereas Knatschke is the German type as the hostile eye sees it:

> Tall, eyes flashing behind gold-rimmed spectacles, features of a pure German type, framed in a large blond beard, Professor Doctor Wilhelm Siegfried Knatschke has won the admiration of his fellow-countrymen by his masterly writings on the superiority of German culture. He was still a student at the gymnasium of

Königsberg, when he produced an historical dissertation in which he demonstrated that the frontiers of the German empire should be pushed still further to the west and that, for instance, the region of Moempelgard (now corrupted into Montbéllard) and Virten (now Verdun) belong historically and rightfully to the German Empire.

This is satire of no mean order. But it would be unsafe to form one's opinion of Germany and the spirit of its people on the basis of the adventures of Professor Knatschke and his daughter Elsa.

A REVOLUTION IN CLOTHES.

Recent telegraphic advices from Tibet, of all places, show once more that the triumph of democratic institutions goes hand in hand with the triumph of the silk hat. In the forbidden city of Lhassa, where only a little while ago reincarnated Buddhas held sway over a nation of monks and taxpayers, the after-effects of the Chinese revolution have been felt in full force, and the partisans of the republic are now wearing black frock coats and shiny headgear. The unchanging East, stirring from its immemorial sleep, has reached out with one hand for constitutional government and with the other for the stove-pipe hat. What happened in Japan when Western civilization came in is now repeated in China. Progress does not stop short with queue-cutting. Having rid themselves of the crowning glory of their hair, the men of China are now putting in its place the highly polished cylinder which has so long been the badge of Western statesmanship. The Oriental mind has puzzled much over the secret of the white man's ascendency. It could not be explained by any superiority in humanitarian ideals, or morals, or unselfishness. Hence the reason must be largely in the kind of clothes he wears.

So the world grows smaller every day, and the levelling hand of the Bond Street tailor and the milliner in the Rue de la Paix smoothes out all visible differences of race and creed. The artist may deplore the steady disappearance of local color under a pall of uniform ugliness, but the interests of civilization are above æsthetic considerations. Carlyle was by no means the first to point out that civilization is clothes and that differences in civilization are differences in clothes. If Asia's men were in the habit of wearing trousers and a starched collar, there would have been an entirely different cast to Mr. Kipling's race philosophy. The wily Oriental owes his reputation for guile chiefly to his habit of wearing felt slippers or no shoes at all. "Gum-shoe" statesmen are unpopular in every Western country. To make no noise when you walk, to be soft-spoken in conversation as Orientals are, to be deferential in manner—all this betokens a snakelike cast of soul that arouses a very natural feeling of repugnance in the European mind with its strong predilection for creaking military boots and a straightforward way of speaking out—to one who is weaker than you are. Very well, the Oriental mind has said to itself. We will also put on squeaky boots, purchase cannon and powder, speak in a loud voice to our inferiors, and in other ways demonstrate our manhood by making a noise in the world.

At heart this difference of clothes is one that the Western world subscribes to, even as far as the peoples of the East are concerned. When a magazine writer wishes to prove how rapidly China is becoming modernized, he shows us a photograph of the Chinese commander-in-chief and his staff in close-fitting military jacket, trousers, and boots, and a photograph of the provisional President and his Cabinet in frock coats and silk hats. When a nation has once grown habituated to the patent-leather shoe and the four-in-hand, it should find no trouble in mastering the intricacies of parliamentary government. There has been much ill-considered criticism of the common practice among missionaries in the Far East and Africa of putting their converts into European dress. People have indignantly contrasted the ugliness and discomfort of Manchester's shoddy cotton gowns and Brockton's footgear with the ease and the innate beauty of the discarded native costume. But such critics have wholly failed to grasp the truth which to the worker in the field is quite obvious. In no more emphatic way can the individual cut himself off from his past than by changing his clothes. At least, in no other way can the change be so emphatically and at the same time so easily indicated. To cast one's garments from one's self has always been a sign of regeneration. To put on other garments in their place, in every way as ugly and uncomfortable as the garments worn by the superior race, leaves little more to be desired.

To the unquestioned fact that it embodies within itself so completely the modern ideals of ugliness and discomfort, we must attribute the extraordinary appeal which the silk hat holds for all savage and semi-civilized peoples. Next after whiskey, it is the one gift of the white man that finds universal acceptance. It seems impossible to question the essential unity of the human race when we find the Parisian man of fashion and the Zulu chieftain exhibiting the same æsthetic standards. It is true that the African chieftain too frequently staves in the top of the hat and wears it as an ornament around his ankle, but that is only a matter of detail. To both men the silk hat is a thing that takes a high polish and creates discomfort and looks like nothing in nature, and as such it serves admirably as a symbol of civilization.

THE JUBILEE AND INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS.

ATHENS, April 16.

The celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the new University of Athens, combined with the sixteenth International Congress of Orientalists, brought a remarkably large number of distinguished scholars from all parts of the world to the city. Above a hundred universities and learned societies were represented. The line between the Jubilee and the Congress was not sharply marked, and critics were not wanting who felt that the scientific purpose of the Congress was obscured by the Jubilee. It was, in fact, a Jubilee Congress, the joyous spirit of which was further heightened by the holiday mood of Easter Week—the holiday season *par excellence* in the East. But how could even gray-bearded scholars be expected to resist the allurements of the awaking of Nature in Greece—and in Athens of all places? To wake up in the morning and see Hymettus in a purple glow, the distant sea glistening in the brilliant sunshine, and the Acropolis standing out against the bluest of skies, was surely sufficient to crowd out of one's thoughts for the time being the learned communications that had been announced in the programme.

The formal opening of the Jubilee and of the Congress took place on Easter Sunday afternoon in the Parthenon. It was a happy inspiration to select this place for the first gathering. The students of the University formed the guard of honor along the ascent to the Acropolis—saluting the delegates as they marched in their official and aca-

demic robes to the great temple. One of the old stones of the edifice was used as a *podium*—placed on almost the very spot where the famous chryselephantine statue of Athene stood. The picture of the brilliant assemblage standing within the great nave of the temple was as beautiful as it was impressive. All Athens had come to witness the ceremony.

The exercises were opened by a brief address from the Crown Prince of Greece, who, as the honorary president of the Congress, gave a welcome to the guests and emphasized the significance of the occasion. The Minister of Public Instruction, M. Alexandris, as president of the Congress, followed with a summary of the part played by the University in the history and life of the people and enlarged on the serious functions of a university. The burden of Prof. S. P. Lambros, on whom, as Rector of the University and secretary of the Congress, the main responsibility for both Jubilee and Congress rested, was an appreciation of the inspiration given to Athens University by the sympathy and direct aid of the sister institutions and of savants in all parts of the world. Responses to these addresses were made on behalf of the delegates by Prof. J. P. Mahaffy, Hans Delbrück (Leipzig), Maxime Colignon (Paris), and the Count Angelo de Gubernatis, one of the few survivors of the First International Congress of Orientalists held in 1874.

The scientific sessions of the Congress began on Tuesday and lasted till Friday. Three of the sessions were held in the aula of the University, at which papers of a more general character or such as required lantern illustrations were read before the whole Congress, while for the remaining sessions the Congress broke up into eleven sections, beginning with comparative philology and ending with Byzantine literature and archæology. Several of the sections found it more practical to combine. Thus, *e.g.*, the Greek section joined hands with the Semitic section, which also included folk-lore and mythology. Islamism, as on previous occasions, formed a section by itself, as did the Indo-Iranian languages and Egyptology. It should appear that the Semitic, the Indo-Iranian, and the Islamic sections were the most active. To give an account of these papers is manifestly impossible. Two features may, however, be mentioned, viz., the large participation of native Greek scholars, most of whom naturally read their papers in modern Greek, and in the Islamic section the preponderance in point of numbers (though not of scientific value) of the communications presented by the native Egyptian scholars of whom there was a large delegation present, headed by Prince Fu'ad Pascha, the rector of the Egyptian University at Cairo. A second feature of general interest was the considerable number of papers in various sections that, directly or indirectly, bore on the relations in antiquity between the Greek and Roman world and the more distant Orient. So Prof. Franz Boll of Heidelberg traced relations between Greece in the Hellenistic period and China, through the Greek origin of the Chinese Zodiac. Prof. Felix von Luschan's paper on the "Anthropology of Asia Minor," summarizing the results of extended investigations, pointed likewise to an ethical and cultural admixture at a still earlier period. The paper of Prof. Theophilos Boreas traced Oriental influences in the Greek doctrine of the transmigration of souls, while in my own paper on the "Historical Significance of Babylonian-Assyrian Birth-Omens" I tried to show a sphere of influence, emanating from the Euphrates Valley and extending both to the distant East up to China, and in the West through the Etruscans and Hittites to Greece and Rome.

At the closing session of the Congress various scientific projects were brought forward, including the desirability of a complete collection of the folk-lore of modern Greece, which would undoubtedly throw much light upon the myths and beliefs prevalent in antiquity and still surviving in a modified form despite Christianity.

The question of the seat of the next Congress aroused considerable discussion at this closing meeting. An invitation had been received from the Egyptian Government to meet in Cairo in 1915, but the prevailing sentiment among the delegates was to convene in a more accessible place. Leipzig, Brussels, Edinburgh, Oxford, and Cambridge were brought forward, and the question was left to an international committee appointed to consider some changes in the statutes of the Congress, with a view to obtaining a more satisfactory permanent organization.

In connection with the Jubilee, honorary degrees were conferred upon a large number of scholars, though in view of the fact that the University of Athens has no chair for Oriental languages (outside of comparative philology), it was decided not to include Orientalists among the recipients. American scholarship was recognized in the person of President Wheeler of the University of California, Prof. E. W. Hopkins of Yale, and Prof. Carl D. Buck of Chicago. The American delegation to the Jubilee consisted of representatives of Harvard, Yale, Columbia, University of Pennsylvania, University of Minnesota, Princeton, University of Illinois, the Catholic University of Washington, Smithsonian Institution, the American Philosophical Society, and the Oriental Club of Philadelphia. Among the American members who read papers, mention may be made of Prof. Paul Haupt of the Johns Hopkins University, who had no less than four papers; Professor Hopkins, and A. T Clay of Yale University, and Professor Jastrow of the University of Pennsylvania. Professor Gulick of Harvard University was chosen by the American delegates to represent American universities at the presentation of the congratulatory addresses.

A few words remain to be said of the unbounded hospitality of the Athenians and of the varied entertainment offered to the delegates and to the members of the Congress. The festivities began with a brilliant reception on Sunday evening in the great aula of the University, at which the King and Queen of Greece, the Crown Prince, and almost the entire royal family were present, as well as the members of the Cabinet, including the Prime Minister, M. Benizalos, the most popular man in Greece at present, as a result of his overwhelming victory at the recent elections. The King and Queen moved among the guests in a most informal and gracious manner.

On one of the evenings of the Jubilee week the Acropolis was illuminated with red lights, which on the whole gave to the ruins a rather weird appearance, though at times the effect was made impressive through the delusion created by the red glow of a restored Parthenon—a momentary flash of what it must have been in its full glory. Of unusual interest was a performance of "Œdipus Rex" at the Royal Theatre. A modern Greek version was used, copies of which wer generously sent to all the members. The acting was good without being particularly striking, but the chief interest centred upon the interpretation given by native actors to an ancient classic. The depth of the tragedy, with its peculiar Greek emphasis on relentless Fate, was, on the whole, well conveyed, and such characters as Tiresias and the two shepherds gave one a realizing sense of what acting must have been in ancient Greece.

Most impressive of all, however, was a ceremony which had only a loose connection with the Jubilee or the Congress programme. Through the kind hospitality of Athenian citizens, the windows and balconies around the large square in front of the cathedral were placed at the disposal of the delegates and their wives, on Saturday night, to witness the welcoming of Easter at midnight. In front of the cathedral a large stand had been erected, with an altar and the accessories of a Greek Orthodox service. Shortly before midnight the patriarch and four bishops headed a procession from the cathedral to take their places in the stand, where, after the arrival of the royal family in state carriages, the ceremony began. A short service was read, and on a given signal at about the midnight hour, the thousands of men, women, and children

gathered in the open square, lighted their candles; at the same time at all the windows and on the terraces around the place candles were also lighted, and the churches throughout the city tolled their bells to announce that "Christ had risen." One understood more clearly than ever before how close was the association of the "Resurrection" rite—as the ceremony was styled—with the old nature festival heralding the approach of the spring and the triumph of the young sun-god. As in the case of the religious rites of ancient Greece, this ceremony to which a Christian form has been given was celebrated in the open air. The lights clearly symbolize the sun that in the spring seems to celebrate a new birth and to be kindled anew; and one felt that the Eastern church has remained closer to the more primitive aspects of religion in using the candles at Easter instead of transferring them to Christmas, the old winter festival, as the Western church has done.

As the thousands of flames suddenly burst forth and the bells rang out joyously, with the stars shining overhead and the gentle spring breezes carrying the message of reawakened nature, the conviction grew upon one that the ancient Greeks must have welcomed the spring much in the same way thousands of years ago.

MORRIS JASTROW, JR.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

One of the most interesting historical mystifications which has hitherto awaited a solution is the precise origin of a group of English books published on the Continent between 1528 and 1535, purporting to come from the press of "Hans Luft at Marburg." Hans Luft was one of the leading printers at Wittenberg; for this reason and others it has long been recognized by scholars that the books in question, most, if not all, of which are by Tyndale, could have been printed neither by Hans Luft nor at Marburg, but until very recently no successful efforts have been made to ascertain the actual place in which the works were published. R. Steele has lately, on admittedly very slight evidence, endeavored to connect the books with the colony of English reformers at Antwerp. (*The Library*, VI, No. 2, 1911, and in the *Transactions of the Bibliographical Society*, 1911, pp. 189ff.) A. W. Pollard is inclined to credit Fox's statement that one of these books, Tyndale's translation of the Pentateuch, was published at Hamburg, whither he thinks the types might have been shipped from Antwerp. ("Records of the English Bible," p. 10 note). There is, I think, good reason, hitherto unnoticed, to believe that at least three of the Hans Luft books were printed at Cologne. The titles of the books are:

(1.) The obedience of a Christen man and how Christen rulers ought to governe . . . [Colophon:] At Marlborow in the lande of Hesse The seconde daye of October. Anno MC©CCC. xxvlij by me Hans luft.

(2.) An Exhortation to the diligent studye of scripture made by Erasmus Roterodamus and translated into inglissh. An Exposition in to the seventh chaptre of the first pistle to the Corinthians. [Colophon:] At Marlborow in the londe of Hesse. MDXXIX xx daye Junii. By my Hans Luft.

(3.) A pistle to the Christian reader. The Revelation of Antichrist. Antithesis wherein are compared togeder Christes actes and our holye father the Popes. [Colophon:] [At Marl]borow in the land of Hesse. xij day of Julye Anno MCCCCCxxix. Hans luft.

All of these books have a striking compartment woodcut on the title page, showing four groups of three women each, representing the three Graces, as is made plain by the word χάριτες. This work of art was produced by Anton Wönsam von Worms, who worked at Cologne from 1518 until his death in 1541. (See J. J. Merlo: *Kölnische Kunstler*, 1895, p. 1046, No. 435.) As far as known, it was first used in "Johan Dytenbergii theologi contra Martini Lutheri de votis monasticis iudicium," published by Cervicorn at Cologne in 1523. It was also used, in a slightly different form, showing that it had been recut, by an Antwerp printer in 1529. In the original form it was also used in the following works:

A Gellii. . . . Noctes Atticæ. Coloniæ. Opera et Impensa Joannis Soteris. 1526.

G. Budæi altera æditio annotationum in Pandectas. Coloniæ. J. Soter. Mense Februario. 1527.

G. Budæi Annotationes priores in Pandectas. J. Soter. Mense Aprile. 1527.

In view of these facts, it is highly probable that the books in question were printed at Cologne, and by Soter. Corroborative evidence of this opinion may be found by an examination of the contents of the second of the works in the light of contemporary history. It is a translation of two separate pamphlets, of Erasmus's "Paraclesis id est adhortatio ad christianæ philosophiæ studium," first published in 1516, and frequently reprinted, and of Luther's "Das siebend Capitel S. Pauli zu den Corinthern ausgelegt," Wittenberg, 1523. This work attracted so much attention at Cologne that in 1528 the University ordered one of its professors, Conrad Köllin, to answer it. The first part of the reply was printed by Quentel at Cologne in 1527, under the title "Eversio Lutherani Epithalamii"; the second part came out at Tübingen in 1530, as "Adversus caninas Martini Lutheri nuptias." It may have been this that called the attention of the translator to Luther's Exposition, and at the same time the hostile environment of Cologne led him to suppress the reformer's name.

Another argument for Cologne against Antwerp may be found in the consideration that at Antwerp the Reformation movement had been virtually stamped out after the Diet of Worms by the inquisitors who arrested its leaders, Probst and Grapheus; whereas at Cologne there was a strong Protestant party, preparing for the adoption of Lutheranism a few years later, and this party included several printers, as, for example, the one who began printing Tyndale's New Testament in 1525.

The three English books in question repay a closer study. The first is known to be by William Tyndale, and is so thoroughly Lutheran in its thought that it reads like a translation of the reformer's own words, though I have not been able to find the original. The third is also by Tyndale, being an adaptation of Luther's "Passional Christi et Antichristi" (1521). The translator of the second of the books commonly called on its appearance "Tyndale's Matrimony," has been sometimes identified with the English reformer's assistant, Friar Roy, on the ground of a very vague reference by Thomas More ("That work hath no name of maker, but some wene it was Friar Roy." More's "Workes," 1557, p. 342A), but internal evidence makes it far more likely that he was Tyndale himself.

If the conclusions here presented are correct, they throw much light on the dark quarter of Tyndale's life, the time he spent in Germany. It is plain that during part of the years 1528-1529 he was at Cologne, engaged in the deep study of Luther's works. Though sufficient materials for reconstructing this period of the Englishman's life do not yet exist, a nearly exhaustive study of the sources has convinced the present writer that the often repeated statement that he was ever either at Wittenberg or at Marburg, is an error. The proof of this position would, however, be beyond the scope of the present article.

PRESERVED SMITH.

Correspondence

ANALYZING ROOSEVELT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Atlantic* for May appears an article entitled "Mr. Roosevelt," and signed E. S. The standard of morality therein set up is so clearly of a kind which prevails among a large number of good and worthy people at present, that I beg room for an examination of the statements of E. S.

I quote: (a) "A man may be as helpful to his fellows by seeming to be virtuous as by being so." (b) "Details of the past are as vague to him [Mr. Roosevelt] as promises for the future." (c) "In his [Mr. Roosevelt's] ample ambition cause and personal advantage are blended into something one and indivisible." (d) "To him, truth is truth not more naturally than he is truth's exponent." (e) "His continued denial of statements attributed by reputable witnesses has made all good men his enemies."

The conclusions of E. S. are as follows: "And yet, such faults as these have not their roots in the baser depths of human nature"; and again, "He has been a mighty teacher of morals"; also, "They [our children] will read how he lived and preached a clean and wholesome life. Surely these are lessons good for boys to learn." If the statements quoted above do not spell (a) hypocrisy, (b) perfidy, (c), demagoguery, (d) egotism, (e) lying, then is there no meaning in words.

E. S., in his presentation of Mr. Roosevelt as the hero of moral action, remarks that our children's children are to "mark how, born to ease and a pleasant life, he sympathized with the unfortunate and fought their battles against prejudice and inequality." The implications in this picture are even more striking than the facts. The life of ease and pleasure sacrificed! That means experience; that means the

heights and depths of life. Battles fought for the unfortunate! That means risking one's life and fortune, daring defeat, enduring hardships and suffering sacrifices, but E. S. informs us immediately as follows: "Here it is that we come on one of the most serious of Mr. Roosevelt's limitations. In terms of the depths of human experience, his education has been but a shallow one. He has touched life at innumerable points of its surface, but he has never climbed its heights, and its depths he has never fathomed. He has never brooded in quiet, nor has his support of a cause ever been to his own hindrance. For him, every success has been the gateway of a victory. . . . Fortune would have been more just to Mr. Roosevelt had she been less generous." So this martyr to a great cause, this hero of many battles for the poor and oppressed, according to his panegyrist, has never supported a cause to his own hurt, and upon his path of sacrifice of ease and pleasure every success has been the gateway of a new victory. "He follows the great adventure with a mind as free from care and an enjoyment as irresponsible as ever marked a man whose shoulders have been weighted with the burdens of a nation." It will be seen that Mr. Roosevelt has had a pretty good time. "Irresponsible enjoyment" is not, however, the condition of "a mighty teacher of morals," and when it characterizes the discharge of a great office it is usually thought open to criticism, and by many regarded as immoral.

E. S. himself really discloses the secret of Mr. Roosevelt's marvellous activities. He is right in saying that the love of money has left him untouched. He is equally right, however, in finding in Mr. Roosevelt's indulgence of his tastes and characteristics a complete explanation of his career. He may not love money, but he loves the theatre of the world's action, its great official prizes, and still more the applause of the multitude. He may not love money, but it has always come to him. He may not love money, but out of a full indulgence of his tastes and pursuit of his pleasures he has for years reaped a prodigious reward and bids fair to do so for some time to come.

"Stains there are," E. S. says, "which history will not wash away." "The appropriation of the Panama zone which in material consequence may well outweigh any other act of his Administration is fairly typical of means which Mr. Roosevelt has felt obliged to use when, in his opinion, the end has justified them."

Has any great moral teacher ever yet successfully demonstrated that in a moral sense the end justifies the means? If the principle has been availed of, it has been either by that kind of a man who did not preach morality and who in virile honesty declined to be looked to as a moral example, or by that other kind—a species of hypocritical "mollycoddle" (to use Mr. Roosevelt's word), which has been described as a saintly character with four aces up his sleeve.

The Panama episode fairly typical of means which Mr. Roosevelt has felt obliged to use when in his opinion the end justified it! It was a brilliant stroke of statesmanship, even if it were essentially immoral. A great and signal advantage was acquired for the people of this country at the cost merely of a little moral self-respect, the loss of a small part of our moral dignity, and the injury of a very small competitor in the world of empire. But, so it is stated as to the Standard Oil Company—that its operations were a great and signal advantage to the people. What if the originators of the enterprise had sacrificed a little of self-respect and moral dignity and had accomplished the ruin of a number of obscure rivals? The people of the United States had procured the great bargain of cheap oil.

Mr. Roosevelt's advent into the political arena came at the end of that period so well designated by E. S. as the "opulent days of Mr. McKinley." We remember the legislation that created privileges, established a high tariff for protection, and held the vast home market for the exploitation of the manufacturer. We remember the unwise immigration laws that stimulated enterprise and production by supplying at one stroke an ever-increasing army of laborers and an ever-increasing army of consumers for a high-tariff market. We remember how the corporate form of enterprise and ownership grew to vast monopolies like the Standard Oil Trust, the United States Steel Company, the Northern Securities Company, etc., etc. The end came only with the discovery that the pace could not be maintained and that a day of reckoning was at hand.

Now, the truth is that responsibility for the reckless course which ended in bringing the country into the state thus described rests with the plain people. It was the people who had made the laws. It was they who set up the "golden calf" and demanded that it should be worshipped. Theirs is the responsibility alike, whether it be the result of immoral standards, indifference to political duties, or disloyalty to institutions. But alas! who shall tell them so? They are taught that, so far from being the cause of all these evils, they are the innocent victims exploited by "the classes"—the "criminal rich" and by the political bosses. Eliminate this from popular consciousness, and much of popular interest in the present movement and its chief representative expires. "The classes" and "the masses"! Where are they in this country? Who are the "criminal rich"? An examination of existing colossal fortunes will show that they were acquired by a ferryman, a vender of mouse-traps, a telegraph operator, a miner, a grocer's clerk, a butcher, a broker's clerk. Again, are the so-called bosses of "the masses" or of "the classes"? Any one familiar with American life knows that they are peculiarly of the proletariat in their origin, in their associations, and in their support. The truth is, "classes" have no existence in the United States.

Our national vice is the belief that success justifies. Our essential evil is the will and purpose to have what we want and to have it at any cost. If there were "a mighty teacher of morals" among us, this is the spirit he would rebuke. Mr. Roosevelt has not rebuked it. He has distinctly encouraged and he personifies it. "For him," says E. S., "the moral world and the world of successful men sum up the universe." A strange universe surely, and it is well that it has no existence outside of the psychology of Mr. Roosevelt.

Lastly, E. S. presents a tableau illustrating the achievements of his subject. "Some years ago," he says, "I saw him [a workingman] seated in front of me in a trolley car. The creases in his red neck and wrinkled face were soiled with sweat and dirt, and in his hand he held a newspaper close to his eyes as though the look of print puzzled them while, as his lips murmured the unaccustomed syllables, I saw him trace line by line, with a grimy forefinger, the words of one of Mr. Roosevelt's exhortations to be decent, to live clean, to play the game hard." It is possible that Boston differs in the tableaux of her trolley cars from the streets of New York, but if E. S. would come over to New York, the trolley cars, subway, and elevated trains, and all the crowded ways of life would disclose to him the workingman, not quite so dirty as E. S. paints his, engaged in reading in Hearst's papers exhortations to be decent and to live clean, etc. Yet in New York we do not necessarily point to the source of such moral emanations as "one who has sought the Grail," the bearer of "the White Shield," the "mighty teacher of morals."

I concede the striking personality and the brilliant genius and have a due appreciation of the charm of one who in the most exalted of positions is characterized by "irresponsible enjoyment," and who, at the zenith of a great career, "fears not to match with destiny for beers," but there is no reason in all this why such a one should be presented as "a mighty teacher of morals" and an exemplar for youth—no reason in all this why our moral ideas should be cast in the mud—no reason why we should not pass such a one by, waiting for and believing in a real moral leader.

CHARLES C. MARSHALL.

New York, May 10.

THE LESSON OF THE TITANIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Under date of August 31, 1773, James Boswell, in his "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," records Dr. Johnson's memorable dictum: "Being in a ship is being in a gaol, with the chance of being drowned."

That modern navigation has not invalidated the burly lexicographer's dictum, is more than evidenced in the fate of the Titanic. Having crossed the Atlantic a good many times in the Inman, Guion, Cunard, Bremen, and Hamburg Lines, I admit freely that two ideas have always been uppermost in my mind: the idea that I was in truth "jailed," and the idea that I might be in for a drowning.

Out of the mass of harrowing details in the loss of the Titanic two facts stand out with lurid significance. First, the ship was pushed at three times the speed proper in the presence of known danger. Secondly, the lookout was inadequate. How is it, then that any company can be—through its officers—guilty of such recklessness? Well, to my way of thinking, it is foolish injustice to cast the blame on any one man or any one company. Each one of us is in honor bound to lay his hand upon his heart and ejaculate: *Mea culpa!* We are all children of the age, trying to ignore the fundamental fact that a ship will always be a jail with a chance of drowning. We pick out fast boats for our money, we gamble on the day's run, we contribute our quota of silver plate in commemoration of a new "record."

We have lost sight of the inevitable seriousness of every ocean voyage, and are doing our best to turn it into a sport, a combination of auto-race and German cotillion. Comfort, of course, we all desire, even in a jail. Even the private bath, to such as can afford it, is good and legitimate. But why this parade of extravaganec, these restaurants à la carte, private decks, swimming pools, and squash courts, this dining in dress suit and evening gown, to the accompaniment of pearls and diamonds? Truly, it is high time to recognize the fact that an ocean steamship is neither the Waldorf-Astoria nor Palm Beach, but a mighty serious, even dangerous affair, and that we as passengers should lay aside the fripperies of life.

Marine danger is of two kinds. There is the danger from weather. This has been virtually eliminated for our present-day boats, with their huge bulk, water-tight compartments, double and triple screws. It is scarcely conceivable that a modern liner should succumb to mere wind and wave. The other danger, however, that from collision, whether with shore, or ice, or another ship, can never be wholly eliminated. This danger can only be avoided, and—to be avoided—it must be *seen in time.*

Here we touch the vital point at issue. Are our great passenger lines doing all in their power to procure this promptness and accuracy of vision? Granted that the eyesight of the lookouts, men and officers, has been officially tested, have those tests been exhaustive, especially have they been conducted with due regard to the difference between day vision and night vision? In my own limited experience, I have known intimately one man whose day vision was keen and true, yet whose night vision was so defective that he could not follow comfortably a country road in a clear, starlit night. Further, should not every lookout be provided with the best marine glasses that can be made? True, the sailor has usually a prejudice against glasses; he usually protests that he can see as well without as with them. Here, again, is room for wholesome skepticism. The old-fashioned binocular, we may admit, is somewhat perplexing: but the new binocular, made of Jena glass and especially adapted to marine needs, is a very different article. I am persuaded that it would distinguish an iceberg from the surrounding water in clear starlight at a distance of, say, two miles. In this matter of glasses there is nothing exclusive: one is not forced to choose between glasses and naked vision, one can employ both. Lastly, there is the searchlight. It is now part of the equipment of men-of-war, yet it has never been used in the merchant service. Even the searchlight will not do everything. Yet we need not hesitate to believe that a powerful light, fitted with the right kind of reflector and moving to and fro through an arc of twenty or thirty degrees, will—except in case of fog—reveal every object of any considerable size for several miles ahead.

As matters now stand, we are in danger of wandering from the true line of safety. Clamor has arisen for a sufficient provision of lifeboats. Far be it from me to abate in the least this popular clamor. Yet, after we have got our lifeboats, will they prevent collision? They are merely a partial and imperfect remedy for the consequences of a collision. But what we should persistently clamor for is *the prevention of collision.* And to that end we must develop far beyond our present standard the *power of vision.*

J. M. H.

Ithaca, N. Y., April 30.

AERONAUTICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Having read nothing in the *Nation* of this week in honor of Robert Browning's centenary, I send these stanzas to supply the deficiency.

See the lad in the parachute up aloft there,
His life on the wind-puff chancing?
Some day he will drop like a rotten pear
In August, a mile through the hissing air,
The zest of the "meet" enhancing
Vastly—for us who gape upward and stare.

Does he hold his life cheap? *En revanche* I enquire,
Does the steeplejack value each minute
O' the neck-risking, giddy, and danger-fringed spire
At less than the ditcher secure i' the mire?
He'd realize all there is in it—
Yon lad—in best mart, and he has to go higher.

His soul's wine is common and vapid, he knows,
Until, like a pearl, he throws death in it:
While he shoots with sheathed pinions, it shimmers and glows,
And the sweet of it, spice of it, costlier grows
Till that parasol-thing gets a breath in it,
And he pours the lees out—great God, there he goes!

. . . . . .

Admit that I'm shaken a bit? Why deny?
I prefer the hot brains i' the mazzard.
Yet the lad's quaffed his drink 'twixt the earth and the sky,
Tho' he's upset his cup, God approveth, I cry,
Not the goal, but the game and the hazard,
When men play the limit, do their damn'dest, and die.

Balaustion.

Urbana, Ill., May 11.

IN RE BABBITT VS. SAINTSBURY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Professor Babbitt's interesting essay, "Are the English Critical?" (*Nation,* March 21 and 28), has raised several questions in my mind. I am far from agreeing entirely with Professor Saintsbury, whose criticism often strikes me as erratic and confused. Professor Babbitt, however, seems to have done something less than justice to Saintsbury's defence of English criticism. The vortex of his essay is a sort of *ignoratio elenchi.* Saintsbury, as I understand him, contends not that the English as a race are especially critical, but merely that English critical writing does not deserve the reproach of inferiority to French. If we admit all of Professor Babbitt's main conclusions, the conclusion to which they point clearly that the English as a race are not fundamentally critical. It by no means necessarily follows that English criticism is not at all inferior to French criticism. Professor Babbitt, in fact, seems to me to come dangerously near begging the whole question. Assuming that English criticism is inferior he proceeds to find reasons for the supposed inferiority; but this last is the real point at issue. His reasoning is almost entirely *a priori;* he proves at most that we might expect to find English literature weak in criticism, not that it really is weak.

Aside from this general objection to Professor Babbitt's argument, two of his main points seem especially open to attack. I refer to the paragraphs in the second part of the essay, which deal with English insularity (p. 310), and with taste (p. 309). In support of the contention that English criticism is insular, Professor Babbitt quotes Dr. Johnson and an unnamed Englishman, and refers to Scott. Now Scott was not a critic, and, a caviller might add, not an Englishman. Dr. Johnson's insularity is easily shown; but surely he is not a fair representative of English criticism in this respect. Moreover, Professor Babbitt himself has told us in the first part of the essay (pp. 282-283) that "English criticism is largely a history of foreign influences." Is this consistent with the charge of insularity?

The discussion of "taste" begins with a definition from Voltaire, whose point of view is of course intensely French. Professor Babbitt's definition, based on Voltaire's, and on the analogy of physical taste, implies that literary taste is primarily the power to make fine distinctions. Here again the invaluable Dr. Johnson is invoked as a representative of English criticism, and compared unfavorably with Boileau. On Professor Babbitt's own showing, this comparison is hardly fair, because Boileau "probably made fewer mistakes in his actual verdicts than any other critic of whom we have record," whereas Johnson notoriously made more blunders than any other English critic of his rank. Furthermore, is it quite fair to judge of a critic's taste, as Professor Babbitt does, solely by his mistakes? We do not judge of a poet's or of a novelist's creative power by his failures. If we were to compare Johnson's best pieces of criticism, his "Life of Dryden," for instance, or his account of the "metaphysical" poets, or his preface to Shakespeare, with the best of Boileau, might not the result be different? And should not Johnson's greater range be taken into account?

Instead of beginning with a French definition of taste, suppose we should begin with an English one, say Hazlitt's:

> Taste is nothing but sensibility to the different kinds and degrees of excellence in the works of art and Nature. . . . The highest taste is shown in habitual sensibility to the greatest beauties; the most general taste is shown in a perception of the greatest varieties of excellence.

This puts the emphasis not upon fineness of distinction, but upon range and keenness of appreciation. If English and French criticism were to be judged by this test, what would be the result? Could French criticism, with its constant tendency to place Virgil and Horace above Homer and Pindar, lay claim to the highest taste? Unless my memory deceives me, I have heard Professor Babbitt himself say that even Sainte-Beuve "had no sense of the sublime." Could French criticism, with its constant tendency to condemn the irregular, the eccentric, the un-French, lay claim to the most general taste?

These considerations suggest that in the matter of bias there is not much to choose between Professor Babbitt and Professor Saintsbury. Professor Babbitt appears to be quite as strongly prejudiced in one di-

rection as Professor Saintsbury is in the other. HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

Colorado Springs, Col., April 28.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Most of my essay, it might be well to explain, is taken from the "general survey" chapter of a volume I am preparing on English criticism, where it will receive the abundant concrete illustration it now lacks. One must, of course, take many things for granted in a paper of this kind (the greater number of things the French critic may take for granted as compared with the critic in England or America is often cited, by the way, as proof of the critical superiority of the French). Thus I took it as self-evident that a critic may undergo foreign influence and at the same time remain insular ("the invaluable Dr. Johnson" is only one instance of many).

To rank a critic by his occasional happy hits rather than by the general correctness or incorrectness of his verdicts, is to confuse his rôle with that of the creator, a confusion encouraged by various moderns from Madame de Staël to Signor Croce. Dr. Johnson's "Preface" is admirable, yet his total judgment of Shakespeare illustrates, as does that of Dryden, what I have termed the unreconciled antinomy between the neo-classic creed and the spontaneous products of the English imagination. If Johnson decides that Shakespeare is not at home in tragedy, if he prefers Tate's rewriting of "Lear" to the original, if he is not merely wrong but grotesquely wrong in his comment on such phrases as "peep through the blanket of the dark" in "Macbeth," he is not erring casually but in consequence of neo-classic conceptions of poetic justice, "lowness," etc.

The cult of Virgil and Horace is not, of course, specifically French, but is an article of the neo-classical creed that derives from the Italian Renaissance. Perhaps the first protest of international significance against the over-estimate of Virgil was by a French critic, Saint-Evremond ("Réflexions sur nos traducteurs," 1675). "It is true," says Dryden of Saint-Evremond, "that as I am a religious admirer of Virgil, I could wish that he had not discovered our father's nakedness."

It can scarcely be claimed that the strongest point of the Frenchman is his sense of the sublime; yet even here it is needful to make distinctions. Boileau not only gave European currency to the treatise "On the Sublime," by his translation (1674), but felt more truly the sublime in the Longinian sense, I should not hesitate to affirm, than Professor Saintsbury, who lauds Longinus so extravagantly. Furthermore, at the very time Coleridge was denouncing the French as monkeys in human shape because of their supposed lack of sublimity, France had in Joubert a critic who was his equal in Platonic elevation and imaginative insight. Moreover these virtues were not obscured in Joubert as they were in Coleridge by opium and German metaphysics.

Mr. Woodbridge's quotation from Hazlitt suggests that I have failed to make clear one of the main points of my essay. "Range and keenness of appreciation" do not by themselves give taste, but merely romantic gusto or perceptiveness. In order that gusto may be elevated to taste it needs to be disciplined and selective. To this end it must come under the control of an entirely different order of intuitions, of what I have called "the back pull towards the centre." The romantic one-sidedness that is already so manifest in Hazlitt's conception of taste has, as I maintain, gone to seed in Professor Saintsbury.

IRVING BABBITT.

Cambridge, Mass., May 12.

STRINDBERG MSS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The committee in charge of the Strindberg celebration in Stockholm last January is collecting material for a memorial volume which shall contain portraits of August Strindberg at different periods of his life, reproductions of paintings by him, an extensive bibliography, etc. A special division of the work will be devoted to an account of manuscripts by Strindberg and letters from him, in private or public collections. It is not probable that many such manuscripts or letters have found their way to America; but if any one who sees this note should have such manuscripts or letters in his possession, or should know of the whereabouts of any, the undersigned would be greatly obliged for as full information concerning them as possible. AKSEL G. S. JOSEPHSON.

John Crerar Library, Chicago, May 8.

Literature

A LIFE OF PEACOCK.

Thomas Love Peacock. By Carl Van Doren. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

The Madeira-quaffing Doctor Opimian seems to have voiced a whim of his creator's when he declared himself ill-pleased at the prospect of an Atlantic cable connecting him with the Americans: "If we could apply the power of electric repulsion to preserve us from ever hearing anything more of them," said that rubicund rector, "I should think we had for once derived a benefit from science." That the first substantial biography of the author of "Gryll Grange" should have come from an American is one of the ironical revenges brought in by the whirligig of time—a revenge which the general excellence of Mr. Van Doren's work should render palatable to all concerned.

Whatever industry could do to restore the footprints of Peacock's quiet passage through his four score years and one, we imagine, has been pretty completely accomplished. Mr. Van Doren has followed him through the files of obsolete periodicals, examined his unpublished manuscript in the British Museum, investigated his relations with the India House, and enjoyed the coöperation of his granddaughter, Mrs. Clarke, in gaining access to the extant relics and reminiscences. By the correction of old errors and the addition of considerable new detail he has superseded the fragmentary sketches of his predecessors. If the account of Peacock's career is still not entirely continuous and is far from minute, we need feel no great regret. With the best will in the world and much more abundant materials than were available, it would have been difficult to make of this man's external history a highly important or very stirring narrative.

The life of Peacock is indeed so devoid of those romantic allurements which send the biographers flocking to his contemporaries that one feels grateful to the destiny which made him the friend of Shelley and the father-in-law of George Meredith. Born in 1785 on the eve of a revolution which had spent its first irresistible force before he was old enough to be affected by it, he maintained through the long subsequent era of political and social upheaval the even tenor of a very private life, and passed out of the world in 1866 without ever having attracted much attention. While other young men of his time were imbruing their souls in mediævalism and German metaphysics, he was quietly making his way into the civilizations of Greece and Rome. While they were dreaming of purple Edens and pantisocracies, he was establishing permanent connections with a great commercial house. While they in Switzerland, Italy, and the Orient were fleeing from social opprobrium, he was getting himself decently married and settling down in cheerful domestic regularity. While they were portraying their Don Juans and Thalabas, their Christabels and Prometheuses, he was portraying his Cypresses and Sackbuts, his Floskies and Scythrops. While they were exploring "the great mystery" in Italian seas or dying fever-stricken for the liberties of Greece, he was sitting in his study sipping old port and nibbling at Petronius. When at length he departed full of years, the only place that he left conspicuously vacant was his easy-chair.

It is not surprising that a contemporary so well informed as Lord Broughton should have taken this man for a mere respectable Tory with an amateur's taste for letters. The obvious temptation to the reader of the novels is loosely to identify him with the long series of smug, well-fed clergymen, old-fashioned scholars, and country-gentlemen whose joy in red trout and ripe wine he sets forth with such manifest gusto. If you read with one eye shut, it is easy enough to fall into this trap. Does he not prefer the ancients to the moderns, deny the reality of progress, scout the hope of reforming the world, detest America and machinery and science, ridicule liberal and radical poets like Byron and Shelley, pour out the vials of laughter upon Malthus and the Utilitarians, and refuse to dine any

more with Mill because the guests are always economists?

When, however, you have transferred to the canvas these outlines of a stubborn reactionary, you observe with dismay that the sitter has undergone a peculiar transformation. That person with the leonine head still confronts you, sedate, imperturbable; but he is now uttering the most unimpeachably liberal sentiments: cursing Burke for a traitor to liberty, deriding Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge as pensioned renegades, exposing the absurdities of the pocket borough system, lamenting slavery in America as a blot on democracy, and alluding in far from reverential manner to his late majesty George III. How to make a coherent portrait of this mass of crotchets and contradictions? Has the man any mind or character of his own?

Any doubt of this nature should be dispelled by a glance at the excellent photogravure which is the frontispiece in Mr. Van Doren's book. A rather august head, this of Peacock's—firm and massive in all its parts: resolute chin, lips tightly shut, a long straight nose, eyes wide apart, reflective, overhung by shaggy brows, the forehead full and broad, and the whole face framed by a noble mane of snow-white waving hair. You cannot ask whether a man who bears a head like that at seventy-two possesses character. You are more inclined to exclaim, *Ultimus Romanorum;* it is a face of senatorial distinction and antique steadfastness. You observe perhaps that there is no wrinkle on his brow and that his thoughtful eyes are looking rather through than at you. The unruffled exterior you may explain by saying that he preserved a position of intellectual detachment from the life of his times. The light of internal serenity which emanates from his countenance you can explain only by assuming that he had built up a simple and well-ordered world within.

In seizing and fixing the somewhat evasive personality which concealed itself in business and lurked behind the dramatic masks of the novels, Mr. Van Doren has accomplished with notable success the crucial task of Peacock's biographer. In the last analysis, as he perceives, Peacock's isolation is not due to the eccentricity but to the centrality of his position. He is not the crotchety novelist but the novelist of crotchets. In the conduct of life he plants his feet squarely upon common sense. When he enters the field of speculation, he continues to show his respect for common sense by laying aside his convictions and becoming a skeptic. Always master of his sensibilities, in a time of violent partisanship he does not become a partisan. When he most resembles a Tory, he is really nearer to a cynical conservative. When he talks most like a democrat, he really feels more like an aristocratic republican. For a man of his principles there was no appropriate party in the days of spasmodic progressive revolutions and spasmodic reactionary Holy Alliances.

In such a crisis a man of sense and learning performs a most useful function by becoming a critic and philosopher. A man of Carlyle's temperament and modern German culture becomes an angry critic. A man of Peacock's temperament and ancient classical culture becomes a laughing philosopher. He, far more justly than nine out of ten of his Hellenizing contemporaries, may be described as a blithe pagan diverting himself with modern ideas. He sits at the head of his board like an amused Athenian of the Periclean age presiding over a delegation of barbarians. We have heard in our time of nervous young men enough who fancied they could be pagans by theatrically renouncing Christianity. The neo-Hellene usually betrays his restless Christian blood by becoming instead that eminently unpagan thing, an æsthete. Peacock proves his legitimate classical derivation by developing into a thoroughly respectable epicurean of the old school. He relishes the pleasures of the mind and also those of the palate; but he never mistakes the one for the other. When he finds the controversy which he has set on foot growing too warm for comfort, he is glad to hear the French cook announcing luncheon. To him may fairly be brought home what his biographer says of Dr. Folliott: "An Epicurean love of peace lies at the root of his conservatism"—at the root, also, it might be added, of his common sense. It is the repose and even balance of his temperament, his intellectual security, his steady pulses, and his head full of dry light that give the special quality to his learned and brain-clarifying laughter.

We have no difficulty in agreeing with the Peacockians that there is no one quite like Peacock; yet it is possible to overemphasize the solitariness of his position. Mr. Van Doren, whose critical comments are for the most part admirably dispassionate and just, tells us that he "belongs to a class which he exhausts, standing alone in laughter as Landor stands in wrath." As a matter of fact, Peacock was not without English predecessors, though he has eclipsed most of them. The tradition of the anti-romantic satirical novel in which he writes seems to have had its origin in the sharp reaction against revolutionary ideas which took place in England almost immediately after the execution of Louis XVI. Mr. Van Doren, after a somewhat cursory consideration of Jane Austen's title to predecessorship on the ground that her "Northanger Abbey" appeared early in 1818, the year in which "Nightmare Abbey" was published, dismisses her claim with the observation that "there seems to be no ground for connecting them, unless it be the suspicion itself." In justice to the lady's originality, we should remember that three of her best novels were published by 1814, two years before Peacock's first appearance in fiction, and that the first drafts of "Pride and Prejudice" and that consistent anti-romance, "Sense and Sensibility," were completed as early as 1797. This fact brought into connection with Mr. Van Doren's passing mention of Isaac Disraeli's "Vaurien," 1797, and George Walker's uproarious anti-Godwinian "Vagabond," 1799, becomes significant. Add to these the two peculiarly interesting burlesque novels of William Beckford, both almost utterly forgotten, "The Elegant Enthusiast," 1796, and "Azemia." 1797, and one begins to recognize that in the formative but biographically almost blank period of Peacock's youth there already existed in England a little school of satirical fiction protesting in the name of common sense against the enthusiastic absurdities of the day.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Drunkard. By Guy Thorne. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co.

It has often been remarked that the modern novel offers an almost unlimited opportunity for the confusion of *genres.* In this book we have an extraordinary compound of sermon, scientific treatise, and story. The sermon, on the two texts, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge" and "Look not upon the wine when it is red," is of the old-fashioned hell-fire variety. "There are deeper hells yet," promises the author with relish, "blacknesses more profound in which we shall see this unhappy soul!" The style of the sermon suggests now the evangelist of a former day, now the yellow journalist, his successor. The thesis of the scientific treatise is that alcoholism is an hereditary disease, and that the only effective remedy is to make it a crime for drunkards to beget children. The obvious practical difficulties are impatiently waved aside; for instance, who is to decide, and by what test, whether a man is a drunkard? Various learned works on alcoholism—medical, psychological, and legal—are quoted and referred to; technical phrases like "the amnesic dream-phase" abound; and the "foreword" assures us that in chapter vi of book three we have the real diary of an inebriate man of letters. "Serious students of the psychology of the Inebriate may use the document, certain that it is genuine."

The story, which exists only to furnish a series of illustrations for the sermon and the treatise, might be described as a sort of "Drunkard's Progress." It narrates in a prologue, three books,

and an epilogue the disintegration through alcohol and the ultimate salvation through religion of Gilbert Lothian, a poet who has sprung into sudden fame. The prologue anticipates the plot by showing how Lothian's illegitimate half-brother, as a result of alcoholism and infatuation with a woman, murders his wife and pays the death penalty. The process by which Lothian reaches this depth is minutely described; for a time the author records every drink, so that the story resembles a chronicle, not indeed of small beer, but of gin, whiskey, and champagne. In the epilogue, under the influence of Christianity, the murderer makes public confession and gives himself up to the law.

Aside from the scientific jargon, the style is at times curiously bookish. The author's mind is saturated with decadent literature; he has Wilde, Dowson, and Baudelaire at his tongue's end. Having assured us that Lothian is a great poet, he makes the mistake of quoting some of his verses, which are sad stuff—all except a fine line stolen from Francis Thompson. Alcoholism, it seems, leads to plagiarism as well as to murder. The element of decadence in the author's make-up may be illustrated by his profane application to an old church of the Horatian line which Dowson used as a title to one of his most morbid poems. " 'Non sum qualis eram,' the lorn interior seemed to say, 'bonæ sub regno Ecclesiæ.' " There is something hectic and unwholesome about this religio-scientific morality.

The Butterfly House. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

As happens with so many short-story writers, Mrs. Freeman's talent seems to have pretty thoroughly "petered out." It has never been strongly evident in her longer stories. Indeed, none of her novels can show themselves to be anything more than short stories padded and expanded to the publisher's requirement. In the present instance a single situation and episode, such as the writer might have handled effectively in a few thousand words, is strung out into book form, and enfeebled in the process. It is not very clear what the title means, but we suppose the butterfly is Margaret Edes. She is a youngish married woman whose husband does business in New York successfully, but not successfully enough to permit of living in the city. Mrs. Edes's ambition, therefore, has to content itself with the ruling of Fairbridge. The picture of that select suburban town and its self-absorbed inhabitants is drawn with grim humor. Fairbridge was in New Jersey. It contained no bridge, and was not remarkably fair. "There was something fairly uncanny about Fairbridge's influence upon people after they had lived there even a few years. The influence held good, too, in the cases of men who went daily to business or professions in New York. Even Wall Street was no sinecure [*sic*]. Back they would come at night, and the terrible, narrow maelstrom of pettiness sucked them in." So Mr. Wilbur Edes came back nightly to his Margaret, and she seemed to him a great lady. She was the best-dressed woman in Fairbridge, and the most dainty in manner, and she had only one rival in the domination of the Zenith Club, which nourished culture among the ladies of Fairbridge. All this—all the descriptive and introductory part of the story—is excellent. But the story itself is nothing, or next to nothing. The means by which Margaret Edes tries to clinch her supremacy once for all are fairly grotesque. Her victim and worshipper, Annie Eustace, is an impossible person; and the other figures are coarsely drawn.

Red Eve. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

A hero irresistible in combat; a beautiful and spirited heroine, his distant relative; a villain cowardly and treacherous, rich and powerful, assisted by a wily priest; an archer in comparison with whom Robin Hood and William Tell were novices; such characters we must expect in a fourteenth-century romance. We find also the expected incidents: fights on the lonely moor, a contest in archery before the court, a tournament, the desperate defence of a fortress. In general, the romance may be described as about half-way between Scott and Henty. Mr. Haggard's machinery creaks a good deal in the process of getting started; once under way it moves easily and rapidly. The hero is of the regulation Ivanhoe type; of the heroine we feel that she might be interesting if only we could learn more about her. The story is partly redeemed from conventionality by the striking figure of Murgh, a supernatural personage from the Orient, who is at once a personification of the Black Death and a sort of guardian angel to the hero and heroine. This grotesque and terrible being appears at crises as a *deus ex machina*, and makes his presence constantly felt in the background of the action. In style the dialogue walks on conventional romantic stilts, with occasional tumbles into modern colloquialism. The illustrations in color are attractive and appropriate.

Carnival. By Compton Mackenzie. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The work of this British author, who is little known in this country, will start in the reader's mind certain echoes of greatness. He has caught the inevitableness of tragic situations, known to the author of "Tess," and like Meredith, he feels the poetry of even sordid surroundings. Withal, he is at times strangely amateurish, notably in sounding the urgency of passion. In accordance with a growing fashion, and in a way which reminds us of "Jean-Christophe" and Richard Price's "Christopher," he has chosen to give a chronicle rather than a more organized novel, the thread of the story beginning with the birth of the central character. Jenny Raeburn is the daughter of a woman who had married a joiner, though herself the daughter of a prosperous butcher and the granddaughter of a chemist. Oh, what a fall was that, even in her own eyes! This is really the theme of the whole record—the fatality of momentary weakness. Jenny is not long in the world before she, too, feels the call of better conditions and in her begins anew the progress interrupted by the mother's act. She becomes a professional dancer, and, still in her teens, has a London engagement, and a circle of friends at least one of whom is a man of wealth and anxious to marry her. But in her, too, is a streak of whimsy. From Maurice, to whom she is devoted, her instincts hold her back; to the libertine Danby she gives herself almost uninvited, and hardly less unexpectedly becomes the wife of a clumsy Cornwall farmer. Yet such, the reader realizes, can never be the solution of her complex spirit. She is bored, sees her former lover, though honorably, and for her pains is shot by the jealous husband. Exit. With Jenny the reader feels a genuine acquaintance, and is sometimes oppressed by the author's method, a little too hard to be true, of pursuing his thesis to the logical end.

RELIGIOUS PSYCHOLOGY.

The Psychology of the Religious Life. By George Malcolm Stratton. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.75 net.

One of the most crucial questions confronting the psychology of religion concerns the source from which it shall draw its material. Starbuck gathered his data by means of a questionnaire, James gained his from biographies, Leuba and several other investigators have made use of both of these sources. Professor Stratton, in attacking the problem of the psychology of the religious life, makes no attempt to gather material in either of these ways, regarding such material as somewhat untrustworthy, or at least dangerous to handle, and as necessarily limited and provincial:

> The persons most easily reached by such means are, for the most part, adherents of one and the same religion, they are of the Occident, and naturally show a preponderance of that special type of character that is ready to grant to a stranger an access to the secret places of personality. To escape some of these difficulties one ought to observe from the standpoint of psychology

the religious life of a wide variety of peoples, even those most reticent, and when they are off their guard and without self-consciousness. The prayer, the hymn, the sacred prophecy—these, I believe, still furnish to the psychologist the best means of examining the full nature of religion in its diverse forms.

In thus turning to anthropology and history for his material, our author is, of course, doing nothing new. He is, however, unique in confining himself to these relatively objective sources, and unique in the way in which he makes use of them. Individual experiences he nowhere studies, but only general tendencies, general influences, general ideas, etc., in their collective and rather abstract form. His book is therefore of especial interest to the psychologist of religion as a test of the method here so carefully isolated and so consistently and learnedly applied. For at the present stage of this young science the question of method is more important than any particular results could be. And Professor Stratton is admirably equipped to give the method a trial. Already a psychologist of repute, he has studied very widely in the Sacred Books of various religions and in the works of historians and anthropologists. Both his scholarship and his sound judgment are apparent on every page. Hence the reader may well start in with a good deal of pleasurable expectation.

What one learns is, in substance, the following: Individuals differ considerably in their ways of feeling, acting, and thinking. Different peoples differ quite as much. These differences are reflected in the varied aspects of religious feeling, activity, and thought to be observed in different parts of the world. Some religions magnify the self, some repress it; some accept the good things of this life, some reject them; some are cheerful, some gloomy; some urge to activity, some encourage passivity; some favor thought, some seek to quench it; some represent God sensuously, some imaginatively, some conceptually; some have many gods, some have only one; some favor a god far off, some prefer him near at hand; some religions are warm, some religions cold; some like the new, some like the old, etc., etc. To each of these "conflicts," and to several others like them, one chapter at the least is given, and the thesis in each case proved elaborately by citations of myths, quotations from the Sacred Books, and references to Tylor and Frazer, so that not even the most determined skeptic can any longer doubt the conclusions set forth. The influences favoring each tendency are also analyzed with care and with skill. And here, indeed, there is opportunity for some psychological insight and psychological explanation—an opportunity which our author never fails to embrace in ways that are always interesting and sometimes instructive. The one conclusion, however, that stands out in the reader's mind, and the one dominating thesis of the book, is that in religion you find both extreme points of view about most things—and, for that matter, almost all of the intervening stages also—in short, that the religions of different peoples and of different individuals differ considerably.

It seems almost unkind to write thus of a book in which one finds nothing with which to disagree. But that, after all, is just the difficulty with it. One looks in vain for any statement of psychological fact with which one could disagree, and comes away wondering why so much learning was necessary to demonstrate the obvious. In many respects the book is excellent. It is charmingly written, always clear, almost always interesting, and its analyses of the causes of certain religious phenomena are sometimes suggestive. Its incidentals are often admirable, and it abounds in wise reflections upon religious matters or present conditions—as when, for example, in speaking of our American disregard for religious ritual, the author remarks:

> But, after all, some violence has evidently been done to human nature, that will be avenged. For the love of noble ceremony, cheated at its rightful place, appears in the tawdry ritualism of "fraternal" bodies, which in America have such an unparalleled popularity. Here the staunch republican, renouncing the bauble crown and pageantry of kings, can again rejoice in regalia and stilted phrase. The ceremonial side of these organizations shows an almost pathetic attempt to appease the natural craving for action unhindered, orderly, and gracious—a craving which in other countries finds its satisfaction in the scenes that go with military pomp, with royalty, and the service of great cathedrals.

A review of this book which left unmentioned the final chapter would be unfair and misleading; for though this makes no pretentions to being psychological, it is by all odds the best thing the book contains. Its title, Standards of Religion, indicates its purpose—to assist one in judging between religions and to point out the way in which a sane and normal development should be sought. The chapter closes with a philosophical argument to show that religion as well as science "is justified in taking part in the discovery of the truth."

It is questionable whether any one could have done much better with the method Professor Stratton has followed and the material he has used. The study of impersonal and collective expressions and of religious concepts of a general nature can give us only general and objective facts; and the general and objective facts about religion were known long before the psychologist entered the field. It is the particular and subjective facts, in their detail and exactness, that he must seek if he is really to add to our knowledge. It must not be forgotten that psychology, though it seeks to be "scientific," must forever be concerned with the subjective and must always fall back ultimately on the individual. Anthropology and history, and especially the sacred literatures of the past, may indeed be of considerable service to religious psychology, provided they be studied with an eye to the subjective. But they are far too poor in data of a definite and exact subjective nature to add much to our knowledge of psychology when unsupplemented by other material.

Meroe, the City of the Ethiopians. Being an Account of a First Season's Excavations on the Site, 1909-1910, by John Garstang, A. H. Sayce, and F. Ll. Griffith. New York: Henry Frowde; Clarendon Press.

That the capital of the classic Ethiopia should have remained so long unexcavated is perhaps due to its inaccessibility, and to the outbreak of the Mahdi which made the region unsafe for twenty years. In former notices in these columns your reviewer has given some account of the relations of the Upper Nile region with Egypt at a very remote date. The detachment of this southernmost territory of the Pharaohs, which they had controlled for two thousand years, was complete by the early eighth century, B. C. It had then become the land of Homer's "blameless (?) Ethiopians" whither the gods went to feast every year; the land where the cranes found winter sunshine by "the streams of Okeanos." Its southern capital, Meroe (the earlier capital had been further north at Napata), was the seat of that line of kings who also absorbed Egypt in the days of Assyrian expansion, and it was to them in the age when Sennacherib was devastating Judæa that Isaiah, or the men of his time, applied the scathing epithet "a broken reed." Here lived in Christian times that line of queens of whom several bore the name Candace and one figures in the New Testament. The historical connection of the city with Asia, however, is perhaps best indicated by recalling that the line of Ethiopian rulers who lived here were the futile opponents of Sennacherib and the Assyrian emperors of his age in their endeavor to absorb Egypt in the eighth and seventh centuries, B. C.

In modern times, as Professor Sayce notices, Bruce was probably the first to see the ruins of the city, in 1772, as he came down the Nile from Abyssinia. Bruce's casual remark suggesting the identification of the ruins with Meroe was forgotten, and indeed he afterward discarded it himself for another site further south. The able Frenchman Cailliaud, who followed the army of the Egyptian viceroy southward in 1820-21, while he recognized at once

that the imposing pyramids on the eastern heights formed the cemetery of the ancient city of Meroe, failed to identify the mounds and ruins on their west as those of the city itself.

Referring to Cailliaud's failure to identify the ruins, Mr. Sayce says:

It is still more strange that Lepsius, who spent so many days copying the sculptures and inscriptions in the pyramid chapels, and who was looking out for the site of the city to which the pyramids belonged, should have equally failed to identify it. In his "Letters" he has much to say about the pyramids, but the only mounds he seems to have visited were those near the modern station of Mutmir. [Lepsius says] "We returned but little satisfied amidst the noon-day heat, and arrived with our bark only just before sunset in Begarauie, in the neighborhood of which are situated the pyramids of Meroe. It is remarkable that this place is not mentioned by Cailliaud. He only speaks of the pyramids of Assur, *i. e., Sûr* or *e'Sûr*. The whole plain in which the ruins of the city and the pyramids lie, bears the same name, and, besides this, a portion of Begerauie, which, probably by a slip of the pen, is called Begromi by Hoskins."

Mr. Sayce continues:

Lepsius, however, refrains from identifying the city, in which Ferlini had already vainly searched for treasure, with the ancient Meroe, and when Dr. Wallis Budge published his comprehensive work on the Sudan he could still say that its site was uncertain, while John Ward, writing in 1905, was obliged to pronounce that "where the metropolis of Meroe was is still a mystery." It was the identification of the great temple of Amon [by Garstang's present expedition] which finally settled the question (pp. 6-7).

That the ponderous oracle of the British Museum in his "comprehensive work on the Sudan" could still say that the site of Meroe was uncertain is quite credible. We have yet to examine one of the many volumes which we owe to the same fountain of wisdom in which many equally interesting statements may not be found. As the work of a layman it is perhaps not surprising that John Ward's Sudan book, which antedates Budge's volumes, should aver that the whereabouts of ancient Meroe "is still a mystery." But from Professor Sayce, who in this volume displays his customary easy familiarity with the Oriental field, it would be an affront to say that we should expect any such statement, especially in view of Lepsius's work. An examination of the very passage from Lepsius's "Letters," quoted by Sayce above, in spite of the rather bad translation (not due to Sayce), discloses the fact that Lepsius recognized Meroe in the ruins on the plain by the pyramids, for he refers explicitly to the plain, "in which the ruins of the city [of course Meroe] and the pyramids lie." All doubt regarding the matter is finally set at rest, however, by the fact that Lepsius surveyed the city together with the neighboring pyramid fields and published the survey in his great "Denkmäler" (Abtheilung I, Blatt 132), with the superscription, "Situationsplan der Ruinen der Stadt Meroe, nebst den dazugehörigen Pyramidenfeldern." Most of the buildings excavated by the Garstang expedition will be found indicated on this plan. There is no ground whatever for Professor Sayce's statement: "It was the identification of the great temple of Amon which finally settled the question." As to the identity of the city of Meroe there was no question for us to settle. It was settled by Lepsius seventy years ago. While we need hardly say that the strange error is an unintentional oversight, it is regrettable that the first report on modern excavations at Meroe should place the work of the great Prussian in a light so misleading.

The excavations disclosed the temple of Amon as a long narrow structure, with a colonnaded forecourt some two hundred feet in length, behind which three successive halls led to the adytum. It was built of sun-dried brick with stone doorways. Three other sanctuaries were cleared, one of which was noticed by the University of Chicago Expedition as especially worthy of further investigation. The Liverpool Expedition would make this temple out to be the "table of the Sun" described by Herodotus. In the course of the clearances effected a mass of gold was discovered of such bulk as to be of considerable intrinsic value. It was divided among the institutions contributing to the support of the excavations, and it has been currently reported that Brussels, for example, received enough gold to recompense her for the contribution made. For some reason the volume makes no reference whatever to this find, which certainly possessed more than ensational importance. The most valuable section of the work is a treatment of the Meroitic inscriptions discovered by Griffith, in which the progress he is making in the decipherment of the lost tongue is evident. Professor Sayce also contributes an interesting discussion of Meroitic hieroglyphs.

The Life of Teresa of Jesus of the Order of Our Lady of Carmel. Embracing the Life, Relations, Maxims, and Foundations Written by the Saint. Also a History of St. Teresa's Journeys and Foundations, with Map and Illustrations. Edited by John J. Burke, C.S.P. New York: The Columbus Press.

In 1870 David Lewis, a convert to Catholicism, published an English translation, with elaborate preface and abundant annotations, of "The Life of Teresa, Written by Herself," and in the year following he performed the same service for her "Book of the Foundations." As these books are now out of print, Father John J. Burke has been well advised in editing and republishing them in a single volume. An introduction, contributed by Father Walter Elliott, gives some account of the personality and work of the Saint, and of her place in the long hierarchy of mystics. "Not meditation," he observes, "but contemplation is St. Teresa's peculiar field of instruction. What St. Ignatius was to the active-minded prayer of meditation, that was St. Teresa to the quiet-minded prayer of contemplation." Those not already initiated in this mystical literature will find the full doctrine of this prayer of contemplation unfolded in the eleventh and following chapters of the "Life," where the Saint speaks "of those who begin to be the servants of love":

A beginner must look upon himself as making a garden, wherein our Lord may take His delight, but in a soil unfruitful, and abounding in weeds. His Majesty roots up the weeds, and has to plant good herbs. Let us, then, take for granted that this is already done when a soul is determined to give itself to prayer, and has begun the practice of it. We have, then, as good gardeners, by the help of God, to see that the plants grow, to water them carefully, that they may not die, but produce blossoms, which shall send forth much fragrance, refreshing to our Lord, so that He may come often for His pleasure into this garden, and delight Himself in the midst of these virtues.

Let us now see how this garden is to be watered, that we may understand what we have to do: how much trouble it will cost us, whether the gain be greater than the trouble, or how long a time it will take us. It seems to me that the garden may be watered in four ways: by water taken out of a well, which is very laborious; or with water raised by means of an engine and buckets, drawn by a windlass—I have drawn it this way sometimes—it is a less troublesome way than the first, and gives more water; or by a stream or brook, whereby the garden is watered in a much better way—for the soil is more thoroughly saturated, and there is no necessity to water it so often, and the labor of the gardener is much less; or by showers of rain, when our Lord Himself waters it, without labor on our part—and this way is incomparably better than all the others of which I have spoken.

The long allegory which follows is one of the *loci classici* for the mystic practice. Its imagery, as indeed the whole of St. Teresa's writings, will affect different readers according to their temper and training. To some, as to the present reviewer, these passages will exude a certain odor of unconscious eroticism which is not altogether pleasant. Somehow this feeling comes out more strongly in the English than in the Spanish, owing no doubt to the fact that our harsher language has never been trained to the expression of these religious symbols. It should not be forgotten, however, that St. Teresa,

like many another mystic, was remarkably efficient in practical affairs.

A novel feature of the present edition is the reproduction of a series of excellent plates which first appeared in "L'Espagne Thérésienne, ou Pélérinage d'un flamand à toutes les fondations de Ste. Thérèse," a diary of Hye Hoys, a native of Ghent, who at the cost of great labor and privation, made a pilgrimage to the shrines of the Saint in 1866. His engravings of monasteries and relics are valuable and very interesting. But where is the translation of the Diary itself, which the title-page and introduction announce? We have failed to find it, unless it lies concealed in the notes on the engravings printed as an appendix to the volume. As a compensation there is an excellent index.

Acts of the Privy Council of England. Colonial Series. Vol. V, 1766-1783. Edited through the direction of the Lord President of the Council by James Munro, M.A., under the general supervision of Sir Almeric W. Fitz Roy, Clerk of the Privy Council. London: H. M. Stationery Office.

With the exception of a final and supplemental volume to be issued next year, which will contain matter from the uncalendared papers in the Privy Council Office, this series is now finished and forms a noteworthy work of permanent value. The undertaking has been pushed with exceptional celerity, having been planned in 1906 and the first volume issued in 1908. The present instalment, which covers the period from 1766 to 1783, has a peculiar interest, in that it discloses the machinery of the British administration at work during a time when attention is usually absorbed by the activities in Parliament, where lay the real agency of control in all that concerned the wider relations with the colonies. Yet during these years the Council Committee and the Board of Trade (to 1782) were not inactive bodies and played no inconsiderable part in directing the routine of administration in America. Strangely enough, however, neither body seemed aware of the serious nature of the colonial unrest and was apparently oblivious to the fact that great issues were at stake. The traditional policy of the British Government was maintained, if anything, more rigidly than before, and even under the shadow of rebellion against the royal authority, the Council, the crown lawyers, the Board of Trade, and its legal advisers insisted to the full on the authority of the Crown, the validity of the instructions to the governors, and the integrity of the British policy. Such insistence on the entire letter of the law was a clear case of administrative bureaucracy. One meets with no evidence of statesmanship in these pages, and the list of councillors shows no men of statesmanlike rank, a rank indeed all too empty in those days.

Sir Almeric Fitz Roy, in his admirable preface, calls attention with approval to the fact that if a clerk of the council of the seventeenth or eighteenth century could reënter upon the work of today, he would find the practice as to reference, reports, and orders in all important respects unaltered, and he notes that in British history changes in the spirit and intention of policy have thus been masked to those who witnessed its development. That this is a characteristic of British method we all know, but we must at the same time believe that the British departmental system, at certain periods of its career, would have promoted a truer progress and have relieved the Government and people of defeat and humiliation, had it shown itself more open to the conditions that confronted it and less tenacious of many of its time-worn prepossessions. The events of the American Revolution are a sufficient proof of this assertion.

Notes

Richard Washburn Child's new novel, "The Blue Wall," will be issued by Houghton Mifflin Co. next month. The same house has contracted with Henry S. Harrison for a new novel whose title is not yet announced.

Among the books which Small, Maynard & Co. have in hand are: "The Campaign of Gettysburg," by "Miles," the pen-name of an English army officer; "Tripoli the Mysterious," by Mabel Loomis Todd; "White Mountain Trails," by Winthrop Packard; "The Story of Evolution," by Joseph McCabe; "In Forbidden China," by Viscount D'Ollone, leader of the French Exploration party of 1909, translated by Bernard Miall; "The Isle of Strife," by George C. Shedd, and "Wilhelmina Changes Her Mind," by Florence Morse Kingsley.

Henry Holt & Co. will add this month several new volumes to their Home University Library of Modern Knowledge, among them: "Mediæval English Literature," by W. P. Ker; "The English Language," by L. Pearsall Smith; "English Sects, a History of Nonconformity," by W. B. Selbie, and "Buddhism," by Mrs. Rhys David.

Smith & Elder are bringing out "The Church in the Pages of *Punch*." The author, the Rev. D. Wallace Duthie, has sketched the esteem in which *Punch* has held the clergy for the past seventy years.

In "War and the Private Citizen," which will be published by P. S. King & Son, Dr. A. Pearce Higgins discusses several questions which were left unsolved by the Naval Conference of London.

Announcement is made of the publication, for private circulation only, of John Muir's memorial to Edward H. Harriman, under the title of "E. H. Harriman." The book cannot be bought, but a copy will be sent free to any librarian who will make application to the publishers, Doubleday, Page & Co.

Samuel Merwin's new novel, "The Citadel," will be brought out this month by the Century Co.

In "The Great Taxicab Robbery," shortly to be issued by John Lane Co., the author, James H. Collins, has described minutely the incident which startled New York a few months ago.

The same house announces "The Children of Alsace," by René Bazin, a member of the French Academy and of the committee who brought Rodin's bust, La France, to this country.

In the April number of *The American Journal of International Law*, just issued, Ernest Nys, the accomplished Belgian jurist and diplomat, concludes his learned paper on "The Development and Formation of International Law." A fundamental question is, To what extent has custom influenced this branch of the law? (for many take exception to Austin's dictum that what is designated "Law" is only international morality). Citing Revier, "the intention of contracting States is specifically to legislate in international matters, irrespective of whether they propose to create one or more new principles or whether they decide to develop new principles already in existence," he remarks, "These treaties, these declarations, these general acts, are the sources of International Law." M. Nys is especially eulogistic when commenting on the attitude and acts of our representatives at the 1907 Hague Conference and on Secretary Root's instructions to them. Secretary Knox also comes in for praise, in M. Nys's paper, for his identical note "to the Powers, inviting their approval of a plan to broaden the jurisdiction of the International Prize Court of Appeal, thus anticipating the court proposed by Mr. Root, without slackening the efforts to obtain such a court, at the next Conference." Professor Hershey discusses the "International Law of Aerial Space" briefly but comprehensively. The Editorial Comment considers Italy's use of balloons for discharging bombs and destructive missiles upon undefended towns in North Africa, in the light of her assent to the Convention of the Second Hague Conference respecting the laws and customs of War on Land. She had not assented—though Turkey had—to the Declaration of the 1899 Hague Conference against the launching of projectiles and explosives from balloons, or by other new methods; but had, to the other Convention, prohibiting the attack or bombardment, *by whatever means*, of towns, villages, dwellings, or buildings which are undefended. This was Article 25; and Article 27 further provided that in sieges and bombardments all necessary steps should be taken to spare historic monuments, hospitals, and places where sick and wounded were collected, unless they were at the time used for military purposes. In another paper Thomas Willing Balch concludes that Hudson Bay has in the past been, and that it is to the interest of all nations that it should remain, an open sea. Clement L. Bouvé examines Russia's liability in tort for Persia's breach of contract. He does not contend that the United States was authorized to take action against the exercise of Rus-

sian authority in Persia, even though such exercise might result in the deposing of Mr. Schuster as Treasurer-General, but that we were entitled to insist that Mr. Schuster should be protected in his rights of person and property, including the right accruing from his contract with the Persian Government.

E. P. Dutton & Co. offer a new edition of Charles Whibley's "Book of Scoundrels." For those not familiar with this pleasant bit of mock heroic writing, we may say that, besides an elaborately witty introduction on the glories of scoundrelism in general, there are chapters on Capt. Hind, Moll Cutpurse and Jonathan Wild, Ralph Briscoe, Sixteen-String Jack, George Barrington, Sheppard and Cartouche, Deacon Brodie, and other genial despisers of artificial distinctions between *meum* and *tuum*.

Hilaire Belloc has put forth another little volume called "First and Last," containing some forty small essays treating of such themes as cheese, St. Patrick, and the end of the world (Dutton). They are written with his customary briskness, and they are not without a palatable flavor of history and travel. Two or three are even mildly clever: for example, the account of the Battle of Hastings, "related in the manner of Oxford and dedicated to that University." First and last, however, there is an immense deal of beating of the bushes for the number of hares started.

A dozen years ago when everyone was still reading "Rudder Grange," Frank R. Stockton asked Mrs. Frederick Gotthold which of his stories she liked best. Her choice of the fairy tale, "Old Pipes and the Dryad," pleased him, and some time later, when the publishers were preparing a new edition of his stories, she had them print for her a copy of the fairy tale, each page being on a leaf of vellum, which she illuminated and decorated and sent to him. In return she received a small book of manuscript, the title-page bearing the words: "The Lost Dryad. By Frank R. Stockton. Only Copy." Its recipient's interest in the Eastern Branch of the United Workers of Greenwich, Conn., has now prompted her to give the story to them for publication. The magazine rights have been sold, and with the money thus obtained an edition of one thousand copies of the tale has been printed. The proceeds are to go to the construction of a children's clubhouse and playground in "a very poor little village, where some of the little ones wander through childhood almost as forlornly as the Lost Dryad bereft of her oak-tree."

To the numerous translations of the "Pilgrim's Progress" is now to be added one into the language of Uganda, according to a recent announcement of the Religious Tract Society which has it in press. Considering the remarkable popularity of the book—after the Bible "the most widely read in England," says Taine in his "History of English Literature"—it is interesting to note that all the early editions were evidently meant only for the cottage and the servants' hall. The paper, the printing, the plates were all of the meanest description. It is perhaps the only instance in which the educated minority has come over to the opinion of the common people.

"Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia" (Richmond: Virginia State Library), edited by H. R. McIlwaine, have now been issued covering the following periods: 1712-1714, 1715, 1718, 1720-1722, 1723-1726. The text of these journals has been obtained from transcripts of the manuscript copies in the Public Record Office, London, there being, so far as is known, no originals or early copies in America; the records have never before been printed. The list of the Burgesses for each of the five Assemblies is given, together with a short preface containing the historical setting, and a synopsis of each session. Studied in conjunction with certain other works, these records are most valuable for reconstructing the early history of Virginia. They supplement the official letters of Gov. Spotswood, in the first two volumes of the Collections of the Virginia Historical Society, and the corresponding volumes (chiefly Vol. IV.) of Hening's Statutes. For special students and for old residents of Virginia, the present work will not be dry reading. Race disputes between the Governor and the Assembly were numerous, with altercations over the tobacco laws forming a not unfitting burden. We can mention here only a few of the more significant incidents. In 1715 Peter Beverley was elected to the House from William and Mary College, but the House decided that the College, being still under the control of the trustees, was not entitled to representation. The second session of 1718, beginning November 11, proved to be one of the most exciting that had occurred in colonial history. An effort was made to remove Gov. Spotswood, who replied hotly, and was strong enough to hold his seat, though the strife was waged well into 1720. In this year two new counties were created, Spotsylvania and Brunswick, to secure the northern and southern passes of the Blue Ridge, and it was requested of the King that each should be held by a garrison of English troops. After much agitation of the matter, Spotswood was permitted, in 1722, to go to Albany to negotiate a treaty with the Five Nations. At the same time, his incumbency of office ended. His administration extended from 1710 to 1722, and, though stormy, is acknowledged to have been beneficial to the colony. He was superseded by Col. Hugh Drysdale.

To obtain ample revenue for all the needs of the colony, an act was passed to lay a duty on liquors and slaves, the duties to be paid by the importers. This caused violent opposition by the English merchants, especially the Royal African Company, and the act was repealed. The act for the better regulation of the militia required that "all free white male persons in the colony between the ages of twenty-one and sixty should be liable to military duty, that arms and ammunition should be provided by each militiaman, that county musters should be held at least once a year and company drills at least four times a year, with penalties for failure to attend. In 1726 Gov. Drysdale announced that the state of his health made a voyage to England necessary. But he promised that while there he should be glad to "serve so loyal, peaceable, and kind" a people as he had found the colony of Virginia to be. This was a strong contrast to language often adopted by Gov. Spotswood. The voyage oversea, however, was never undertaken; Gov. Drysdale died in Virginia on July 22 of that year.

"A Manual of Heraldry" (Lippincott), by Gale Pedrick, F. R. Hist. Soc., is a book of digressions at once delightful and annoying. Of "armorial instances" both British and Continental, it presents great store; but of principles of heraldry it offers little. It is a catalogue of armorial charges and their occurrence, mitigated with anecdotes more or less apocryphal, and supplemented with six general chapters. Of the latter, that on the influence of heraldry upon "poetry *and literature*" considers only the heraldic passages in Scott. Without glossary, without index, perverse in its chapter-division and in its paragraphing, Mr. Pedrick's manual, although intended to be popular, is at times more tedious than volumes far more technical. Indeed, for major incoherence, it is comparable only with the "Accedens of Armory" of that garrulous Elizabethan, Gerard Legh. Most praiseworthy, however, is the author's condemnation of the heraldic laxities of the present day; if conditions in England merit this reproof, what must we think of those prevailing in America?

"The Full Recognition of Japan," by Robert P. Porter (Frowde), is a portly volume of nearly eight hundred pages, excellently equipped with maps, and is an attempt to sum up the Japan of to-day as a political and industrial factor in the international world. The writer, a capable journalist, is naturally more at home in the present than in the past, but his preliminary remarks on early history and ethnology are inexcusably crude. In the chapter on the Tokugawa Shogunate he betrays little or no acquaintance with first-hand authorities on the subject. He is fond of quoting Dr. David Murray, whose Japan in the Story of the Nations series is an excellent compendium, but now nearly twenty years old. Mr. Porter's more cursory sketch of mediæval Japan is annoyingly out of drawing. He speaks of the daimio of Satsuma as if that nobleman played the leading rôle in western Japan at the time of Xavier's visit; as if it were a case of Xavier vis-à-vis Prince Shimadzu. But Otomo Yoshishige of Bungo, who became a convert and warm personal friend of the saintly Jesuit, was perhaps the greatest potentate in the Island of Kyushu. It is a pity that Mr. Porter could not have followed his favorite Murray in the manner of his quotations from Xavier's letters; Murray's excerpts are couched in good English, but Mr. Porter serves up the modern French of Léon Pagès on page 47 (of course, without acknowledgment), and evidently supposes that he is quoting directly from the saint's correspondence!

As the reader proceeds further he discovers how sadly inadequate are the writer's qualifications for the heavy task he has undertaken. At page 697 he refers in passing to the Agricultural College of Sapporo, of which Nitobe is a graduate, without suspecting that this College is at present the most important part of the University of the Northeast or Tohoku; the other colleges being located at Sendai. The College of Medicine at Fukuoka will form the nucleus of the fourth, or Southwest, University. It is at present attached to the University of Kyoto, which has its own

College of Medicine; the College of Medicine of the University of Tokio being naturally in Tokio. There are other misstatements in this extraordinary paragraph. The chapter on Hokkaido (xliii) pays no attention to the Ainus or Zezos (*sic?*), who are pitchforked into chapter ii, and Japanese Literature (xxix) does not mention Dr. Nitobe, the accomplished author of "Bushido." Errors like Deshiman-island, Asama-yan, Wakasam, scattered throughout the book, *may* be regarded as printer's errors, but are greatly to be regretted in a work that pretends to be authoritative; they do *not* occur in similar works that have appeared from the London press in recent years.

J. J. Houben's "Jungdeutscher Sturm und Drang" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) is a work covering one of the most interesting periods in the history of German literature. The group of writers who, stimulated by the revolutionary current of thought that swept into Germany from across the Rhine and animated the stagnant atmosphere of the post-Napoleonic period, has become of late the subject of serious research. The present tendency is towards a thorough revision of the conclusions reached by a previous generation of critics and historians. The present study follows the group from those early controversies of Börne and Heine with the authorities which gave the young generation its cue, and recounts with judicious insight the outbreak of hostilities between the leaders of the new school and Wolfgang Menzel—then the infallible authority on literary matters in Prussia—as well as the disputes which were carried into the official camp and resulted in prosecution by the Government. The proceedings admirably served the purpose of bringing into prominence writers who under normal conditions would have had some trouble in attracting attention, even though some of these men were of indisputable gifts and strong personalities. That Laube and Gutzkow survived their comrades in the cause was due to their more liberal endowment and their activity in the field of the drama, which assured them a permanent place in German letters. But the book of Dr. Houben derives its main interest from those chapters in which he discusses the less known members of that curious group of dissenters. He quotes a letter from Börne to Gustave Kühne, containing this characteristic passage:

> We are all concerned in this, all Germany, all the youth of the country is being wronged, abused, and crucified in those five men, and we all, who still have a drop of youthful blood in us, must join them, that the league of Young Germany may reach farther and farther.

The five men referred to were Heine, Gutzkow, Wienharg, Mundt, and Laube. Dr. Houben has thoroughly investigated the ambiguous part played by Wolfgang Menzel, and does not hesitate to say that Heine's charge of denunciation was not unfounded. The book is full of comparatively new information; its statements are backed with documentary evidence, and its clear and animated style makes it very agreeable reading. Its value as a book of reference is enhanced by a complete glossary and index.

"The Aristoxenian Theory of Musical Rhythm" (Putnam), by C. F. Abdy Williams, is not easy to characterize fairly. The author makes no claim to original views, either on Aristoxenos or on musical rhythm. He wishes simply to make accessible to English musicians the substance of a book no longer new, R. Westphal's "Allgemeine Theorie der musikalischen Rhythmik." He carries out his plan on the whole pretty well. In the absence of English books treating of rhythm in any broad or general way, little is imparted to students of music beyond what is fairly obvious in our musical notation. Aristoxenos can teach us something more; and for that part of the Aristoxenian theory which is rightly here made prominent Westphal was a good guide, though something has been learned since his day. But, not being acquainted with even Westphal's own later work, Mr. Williams did not recognize what was due to him in Laloy's little treatise, which he praises for one of Westphal's ideas. Worse than that, Mr. Williams is not sufficiently at home in his Latin and Greek authorities to avoid serious errors in detail. Strange translations will puzzle the reader. Terentianus Maurus appears as Terentius Marius (p. 5); surprising statements are made, with no note of uncertainty, about Greek tragedy—as that the chorus in Sophocles took no part in the dramatic action (p. 17), and that in form comedy was the same as tragedy, or that "the dialogue was carried on in melody, accompanied by the instruments" (p. 18). Even in some fundamental definitions there is confusion. In the brief preface, rhythm is not properly differentiated from expression, or expressiveness. Yet these things mostly concern either minutiæ which the musician already understands, or matters which as musician he does not care for. On the other hand, the analysis of the musical examples on Aristoxenian principles is mostly well made. So that we have a book which is unscholarly, from the classical student's point of view, while it may be instructive and useful to some who would like to know more of the principles of rhythmical structure which composers have instinctively followed.

The Rev. Dr. Willis Judson Beecher, formerly a member of the faculty of the Auburn Theological Seminary, died on Friday, aged seventy-four. He was the author of several treatises on Biblical subjects.

Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, who died on Monday in Victoria, B. C., was the author of "Journeys Through Unknown Canada," being an account of her explorations in the summer of 1908.

We record with regret the death, at the age of sixty-seven, of Dr. Henry Sweet, who since 1901 has been university reader in phonetics at Oxford. Students on this side of the water, quite as much as those in England, have long consulted with respect his "Primer," "Reader," and "Student's Dictionary" of Anglo-Saxon. His other publications are too numerous to be listed here, but we may call attention to his works on phonetics and to his brief "History of Language."

The Rev. Alfred John Church, whose death is reported at the age of eighty-three, was professor of Latin at the University College, London, and the author of several translations and popularizations of the classics.

Science

Stability in Aviation. By G. H. Bryan. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

The general conclusions show that there should be no difficulty in securing inherent stability, both longitudinal and lateral, in an aeroplane, by means of suitably placed auxiliary surfaces rigidly attached to the machine; but in order to achieve success the conditions of stability must be very carefully studied, and account must be taken of the effects of the inclination of the flight path to the horizon and other causes which may affect the result seriously.

With so much hopefulness does the author, who is professor of pure and applied mathematics in University College, North Wales, approach this difficult subject. The problem of how to keep aeroplanes stable, can, he believes, be solved if only enough students are enlisted to work at its manifold and perplexing details.

The main portion of the book is devoted to a mathematical discussion, which should, however, be comprehensible to many practical engineers; for the author is well known for his concise and simple treatment of mechanics. The numerous formulæ given have been checked independently by H. E. Harper, a familiar name in aeronautics, who in other ways, also, has been of assistance to Professor Bryan. An idea of the nature and scope of the work can be had from some of the questions considered, among which are the following: The effect of shifting the centre of pressure; the case where the centre of propeller thrust does not pass through the centre of gravity; effect of inclination of propeller axis, and the effect of friction. The mathematical treatment is extended to many other practical matters. Professor Bryan concludes that the stability of the aeroplane having "bent up wings," like the Antoinette type, is dependent upon the position of the centre of gravity. This design is that having a great dihedral angle of the supporting planes. The subject is considered with reference to "sudden gusts of wind which quickly subside," "permanent change in wind velocity," and "periodic gusts of wind." Professor Bryan's opinion of automatic auxiliary devices to steady the aeroplane in its flight is seen in the following paragraph:

> Quite recently, much has been written regarding so-called "automatic stability," depending on the use of gyrostats, pendulums, or other movable parts. Apart from the fact that movable parts are liable to get out of order, it must be remembered that they increase the number of degrees of freedom of the machine, thus further adding to the number of conditions which have to be satisfied for stability—a number quite large enough already. I anticipate that the successful aeroplane of the future will possess inherent, not "auto-

matic" stability, movable parts being used only for purposes of steering.

The final pages of the book contain a comparison of the author's theories with those of Bryan-Williams, Ferber, Lanchester, Brillouin, Reissner, Crocco, Soreau, and Lecornu, all of whom have published theoretical discussions on the problem of stability. The concise abstracts of the papers of the foregoing investigators, which are here given, provide the student of the subject with a convenient history of opinion.

At the end a few pages are given up to problems and notes, and a nomenclature. The volume is a valuable addition to the series of Macmillan's Science Monographs.

Henry Holt & Co. have almost ready "The Illustrated Key to the Wild and Commonly Cultivated Trees," by J. Franklin Collins and Howard W. Preston, and a revised edition of "Botany for High Schools," by Prof. George F. Atkinson.

Additions to the Home University Library of Modern Knowledge, promised shortly by Henry Holt & Co., include: "Psychology," by W. McDougall; "Physiology," by J. G. McKendrick, and "Matter and Energy," by F. Soddy.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have in press a book on "Auction Bridge," by Francis Johnstone Hopson.

The menace of a potato famine in this country is discussed by Eugene H. Grubb and W. S. Guilford in a book, called "The Potato," which Doubleday, Page & Co. will publish.

The Second National Conference on Industrial Diseases, as announced by the American Association for Labor Legislation, will take place June 3-5 at Atlantic City. One session will be held jointly with the American Medical Association.

To the mass of nature books Mrs. Ellen Robertson-Miller adds the "Moth and Butterfly Book" (Scribner). The thirty-six chapters, well written and profusely illustrated, are mainly a record of personal observations and experiences in rearing our common moths and butterflies. The pictures are largely from photographs, some of which are excellent while more are lacking in sharpness, a fault shared by most of the current photographs of living insects. The book is the outgrowth of ten years of enthusiastic study, but as this study was undertaken solely for relaxation, the result should not be judged from too technical a point of view. It will be welcomed by many whose interests have already been aroused in out-of-door life, and it may also, as the author most of all desires, "reach some one weary and overtaxed, and help him find the rest, relaxation, and enjoyment in the fairyland of Natural Science that the little mother and I found when the moths and butterflies showed us the way."

J. de Bruyn Kops, architect and civil engineer of Savannah, Ga., publishes in the *Monthly Weather Review* his charts representing the chief climatic elements of that city. From many years of study Mr. Kops has become thoroughly acquainted with its climatic conditions, and he designs his buildings accordingly. The charts give the daily fluctuations of temperature and precipitation for the period from 1874 to 1910 from Weather Bureau records, and other data, such as the mean monthly relative humidity, average, and extreme periods of frost, the whole being presented in compact and convenient form, based on that known to geometers as the method of polar coördinates.

Bryn Mawr College has suffered a great loss in the death, on May 4, of Dr. Nettie Maria Stevens, associate in experimental morphology. She was one of the few women really eminent in science. Her chief interest was in the study of regeneration and in the connection of the germ cells with the problems of heredity. She had studied in Naples and in Germany, and had written many monographs on her special topics.

Drama and Music

Edwin Björkman, whose translations of three of Strindberg's plays were recently published by Scribners, will bring out this summer, through the same house, an English rendering of Strindberg's "There Are Crimes and Crimes," a drama dealing with modern life in Paris.

Five of Prof. C. H. Page's translations of Molière have been brought out by the Putnams in four attractive individual volumes. They are "Tartuffe, or The Hypocrite," "Le Bourgeois gentilhomme (The Tradesman Turned Gentleman)," "Les Précieuses ridicules (The Affected Misses) and Le Médecin malgré lui (The Doctor by Compulsion)," and "Les Femmes Savantes (The Learned Ladies)."

"The War God," of Israel Zangwill, which was produced experimentally in London by Sir Herbert Tree, and received with moderate enthusiasm, is now published in book form (Macmillan). Described as a tragedy in five acts, it has none of the inevitableness or impetus of true drama, but is a thesis in theatrical form, with tragic illustrations, arbitrarily contrived to give point to the arguments with which the action is constantly impeded. On the literary side it is an ingenious and occasionally impressive piece of work. It has some notable poetic passages, although the blank verse is often feeble and frequently marred by curious verbal affectations. In construction it is utterly artificial, and in its final outcome—after endless debates—inconclusive and insignificant. But the characterization is vigorously done, and the debates between the typical personages are admirable summaries of the social and other views which they are supposed to represent. Thus the Count Torgrim, the embodiment of the rule of blood and iron, a somewhat fantastic exaggeration of Bismarck; the King of Gothia, who believes in the divine right of kings and is modelled in part upon the German Emperor; the Duke of Pomberg, a foolish, bombastic, military sycophant; Count Frithiof, the apostle of love, who is Tolstoy with an added touch of divinity; Baron Konrad, the philosophic, and the Lady Norna, the militant anarchist, are all vividly and consistently, if somewhat extravagantly, drawn, are thrown into effective contrast with one another, and proclaim their several views with comprehensive precision. The arrangement and the exposition are clever, but do not constitute drama. Even the most impressive scene in the play, that in which Frithiof is killed by Norna in the revolutionary camp—because his gospel is antagonistic to her creed—is weakened by its transparent artifice. Oratorically the piece is an impassioned manifesto against the evils of the imperial and militant idea and a forecast of the millennium under the law of universal love and liberty. Actually, in the final development, the autocratic Torgrim is overthrown, not by the spirit of modern enlightenment, but by a melodramatic trick, and the empire he has built falls under the rule of the contemptible Pomberg and his besotted Emperor. The work has brilliant qualities, but they are those of the pamphleteer, not the dramatist.

Charles Frohman has obtained the American rights of a new comedy, "The Heart Decides," now running at the Athenée Theatre, Paris, under the title of "Le Cœur dispose." The piece is by Francis de Croisset, author of "Arsène Lupin." It is a comedy in three acts, and will be adapted for the English-speaking stage by Cosmo Gordon Lennox.

According to the latest reports, arrangements of Sir Herbert Tree's professional visit to Paris have been virtually completed. He is going to show the Frenchmen, who have been exhibiting a good deal of interest in Shakespeare lately, how the Bard of Avon ought to be interpreted. His performances will be given at the Châtelet, beginning on June 20, and will include the plays to be presented at the forthcoming annual Shakespearean festival at His Majesty's Theatre in London—"Henry VIII," "Twelfth Night," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Othello." Doubtless he will be accepted as the representative Shakespearean actor of Great Britain, as few Frenchmen have heard of F. R. Benson, H. B. Irving, or Oscar Asche. In the more distant future Sir Herbert will produce a new version, by W. S. Maugham, of "Le Bourgeois gentilhomme," with a prologue. In this introduction Sir Herbert will be seen in the character of Molière at the court of Louis XIV, where the King will suggest to him the subject of the comedy. This will help to identify him with Molière in the character of M. Jourdain. The idea is ingenious. The autumn production at His Majesty's will be "The Daughter of Heaven" of Pierre Loti and Judith Gautier.

The latest production of Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie, at the London Royalty, is a play by the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton called "Peter's Chance." It is a love story of the slums.

"The Jew of Prague" is the name of a romantic drama in four acts, of which Alfred Wilson Barrett, son of the late well-known actor, is the author. It is to have a provincial trial, with Ben Webster as the hero.

Charles Maude has an option on "Panthea," a new play on which Monckton Hoffe is engaged, and of which high expectations are said to be entertained. It is a tale of illicit love, with a tragic ending, the erring lovers both committing suicide. Lily Elsie is spoken of as the probable heroine.

The report comes to us, as we go to press,

of the death of Auguste Strindberg, Sweden's most prominent author. He was born in Stockholm in 1849, the son of a small tradesman and a former barmaid. He attended the University of Upsala, but left without taking a degree, and turned to a number of interests, among them medicine, before deciding to make writing his vocation. Even after he was an established author, it was hard for him to confine his great intellectual energy to literature. At one time he threw himself heart and soul into experimentation in chemistry, hoping to revolutionize the subject; he emerged with his mind temporarily unbalanced. Every sphere of human knowledge attracted him, and nothing did he care to accept at second hand. The same spirit is evident in his writings. His works include treatises on psychology, history, economics, besides romances, poems, and plays. As a playwright he is, of course, best known. Of his numerous dramas, "The Link" recounts faithfully the heart-burnings of one of his three unsuccessful marriages; "The Dream Play" is a phantasy, in form not unlike "The Bluebird"; "The Dance of Death," in two parts, is a domestic tragedy, and is sometimes called Strindberg's most notable performance; "The Father" has recently been seen in New York, and "Miss Julia," a tragedy of illicit love, was to have been brought to this side, but was delayed. A batch of his plays, the three first mentioned, have recently appeared from the Scribner press in a translation by Edwin Björkman. The *Nation* will discuss Strindberg's work at greater length next week.

Karl Friese, the popular German actor, is dead in Dresden, where for nineteen years he was leading comedian and stage manager of the Royal Theatre. He was seen first in New York at the Thalia Theatre in 1886, and was very successful in comic opera with Marie Geistinger. He played in this city for three years, and then travelled as far West as San Francisco. In 1890 he returned to Europe, and after a short stay in Hanover removed to Dresden. He was fifty-six years old.

Breitkopf & Härtel are about to publish the earlier operas of Wagner, faithfully in accordance with the original scores. Included are "Die Hochzeit," "Die Feen," and "Das Liebesverbot." Hitherto the full scores of these works have never been issued, and, indeed, only "Die Feen" of the three operas has been seen upon the modern stage; it was sung in 1888, at Munich. The third, called in English "The Novice of Palermo," is described as a "great comic opera," and is in two acts. Its libretto is based upon "Measure for Measure"; the opera was produced at Magdeburg seventy-six years ago. "Die Hochzeit" is a mere fragment, consisting of an introduction, a chorus, and a septet. The autograph copy of the score is only thirty-six pages long.

Concert-goers in Berlin had opportunities, not long ago, to compare in a single week the interpretative art of five famous conductors — Arthur Nikisch, Richard Strauss, Fritz Steinbach Max Reger, and Siegmund von Hausegger.

The German critics praised Busoni's opera, "Die Brautwahl," which had its first hearing at Hamburg on April 15. The audience, according to one observer, appeared considerably puzzled by the novelty of the style and hardly able to appreciate either its humor or its poetry. Signs of hostility became more and more pronounced as the evening went on; but the majority were favorable, and the composer and the conductor and singers were heartily cheered at the end. The plot is based on one of E. T. A. Hoffmann's fantastic tales.

Art

The Ideals of Indian Art. By E. B. Havell. With 33 plates. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

Until very recent years there has been virtually no study of any of the Indian fine arts, except architecture, that has evinced real sympathy with its subject; some of the treatises, notably Sir George Birdwood's "Industrial Arts of India" (one of the Handbooks of the Victoria and Albert Museum), have systematically depreciated all Indian art; and other works, such as Maindron's "Art indien," have been too brief to be just. There are, however, indications of a revolt against this narrow spirit. Four years ago Mr. Havell, who was formerly principal of the Government School of Arts at Calcutta, published a very handsome volume, entitled "Indian Sculpture and Painting," and containing magnificent pieces of color printing. In his latest work he seeks to supplement his former treatise with special references to the idealistic aims of the painting and sculpture of India. He constantly pleads that Indian art must be judged according to Indian, not English, canons—a plea which ought to be needless, yet which, as a matter of fact, is only too necessary. He is right, moreover, in comparing the deep religious spirit of India's art to that of the Christian Middle Ages, and in emphasizing its oneness with all great manifestations of the spirit.

A quotation will make the author's position perfectly clear:

> Beauty, says the Indian philosopher, is subjective, not objective. It is not inherent in form or matter; it belongs only to spirit, and can only be apprehended by spiritual vision. There is no beauty in a tree, or flower, or in man or woman, as such. All are perfectly fitted to fulfil their part in the cosmos; yet the beauty does not lie in the fitness itself, but in the divine idea which is impressed upon those human minds which are tuned to receive it. The more perfectly our minds are tuned to this divine harmony the more clearly do we perceive the beauty, and the more capable we become, as artists, of revealing it to others. . . . Therefore it is, as the sage Sukracharya says, that, in making images of the gods, the artist should depend upon spiritual visions only, and not upon the appearance of objects perceived by human senses. . . . The whole spirit of Indian thought is symbolized in the conception of the Buddha sitting on his lotus-throne, calm, impassive, his thoughts freed from all worldly passions and desires, and with both mind and body raised above all intellectual and physical strife; yet filled with more than human power, derived from perfect communion with the source of all truth, all knowledge, and all strength (pp. 23-24, 32).

Thus we see why absolute fidelity to nature is not essential to Indian art. The physical emaciation of the Buddha after his fasting is not what is emphasized; his spiritual beauty is the aspect in which the artist sees him. To us the representation of a god with four arms seems ridiculous; but if a god is more mighty than a man, this can be symbolized only by some such attribute, and the effect to the sympathetic observer—who alone can judge art—is no more bizarre than is the halo in Christian art, which in its turn is foolishness to the materialist. Polycephaly is superficially a blemish; but by the reviewer's desk hangs an Indian painting of the four-armed, four-headed Brahma, whose four faces simply quadruple the one divine majesty of the countenance of the god and give not the slightest impression of deformity.

The symbolism of Indian art is repeatedly considered by Mr. Havell, particularly for Brahma, Vishnu, Çiva, and Ganesha, although sometimes his explanations seem rather fanciful, and he presses the allegorical interpretation of Indian mythology probably too far. Nor is it certain that the legend of the churning of the ocean by the gods and demons to gain the draught of immortality is to be explained as a rain-myth. Again, the author is carried away by his enthusiasm when he says (p. 36) that the Hindu Olympus has no sensuous delights, for he seems to forget Indra's heaven, which is on a moral plane with Mohammed's paradise.

This brings us to the chief blemish in the work. It is the author's intentional disregard of modern archæological conclusions and of the data afforded by Sanskrit literature. Through it he has been led into one rather serious error. He says (pp. 25, 86) that idols were unknown before the entrance of Græco-Roman influence into India early in our era. Yet he himself refers to mentions of idols in the great Indian epic of the "Mahabharata" (p. 125), and there are allusions to images of the gods also in the "Adbhutabrahmana" and the "Kauçikasutra," whose date, like that of the epic, is far anterior to the beginning of the Christian era. It may also be questioned whether Mr. Havell does not stress too strongly the influence of Vedic ideals throughout Indian art, for with the migration of the Aryans from the Panjab, their whole outlook on life seems to have changed, partly through the infiltration of aboriginal, non-Aryan blood and religion.

Mr. Havell is correct in saying (p. 15) that in the initial period of the so-called "early Buddhist" art "the prevailing

influence is not the idealism of Aryan thought, but the naturalism of the non-Aryan races which were converted to Buddhism," among the elements of this art being the Central and East Asian and the Helleno-Persian. On the other hand, Indian art profoundly affected that of China, and—what is not so generally recognized—that of the Mohammedans, so that in the Moghul period, when under Muslim dominion the religious themes of Indian art perforce gave way to secular, the miniature painting then developed so perfectly "was not entirely an importation into India from Persia, but largely a revival of the art of the Buddhist and Hindu court painters" (p. 133). It was, however, during this same period, particularly during the long reign of Aurangzib (1658-1707), that virtually all Indian paintings, except those in the Ajanta caves, were destroyed. This is especially regrettable since in India painting has always been considered inferior to sculpture, for the reason that, in accordance with the doctrine of salvation by works (*karma-marga*), sculpture, being more laborious and costly, is superior to painting as a means of acquiring merit. Besides this, much painting has doubtless been destroyed by time, just as the wooden archetypes of India's stone architecture have vanished. Despite all this, one feels, both in this volume and in the "Indian Sculpture and Painting," that Mr. Havell has not given to the Hindu painting of the Moghul and post-Moghul periods the attention which it deserves.

Two clever remarks of the author call for special mention: that the inferiority of the Jains to both Buddhists and Hindus in iconography is due to their extreme ascetecism, scanty mythology and hagiology, and general contempt for worldly affairs (pp. 128-129); and that the reason for the relative paucity of epic themes in Hindu sculpture is the fact that "the temples were held to be dwelling-places of the *devas* [gods], and consequently the figures of human beings could only be appropriately represented on the exterior. Thus the principal sculptures within the sacred precincts related exclusively to the divinities who were worshipped therein, and generally to events which took place in the paradise of the gods" (p. 138).

Finance

CONFLICTING INDICATIONS.

It is not often that a single week comprises two news developments, in the domain of trade and industry, so diametrically opposite to each other that the Stock Exchange, which is supposed to interpret what is happening, sits in bewildered uncertainty and merely gazes alternately in the two directions. This, however, is precisely what has occurred on the present occasion. Along with official confirmation of a distinctly bad start to the crops and a very unusual loss to the most valuable of our staples, last week produced evidence of equally unmistakable improvement in the basic steel trade.

The Government's monthly crop report showed that out of the 32,213,000 acres sown to wheat in this country last autumn, 6,469,000 acres, or 20 per cent., had been abandoned because the severe winter weather had killed the plant; this being the largest "winter-killing" in the Department of Agriculture's record. It showed the condition of what was left to be the lowest May average since 1904, and its estimate of the indicated yield of winter wheat was the smallest, except for 1904 and 1900, in a dozen years. But in quick sequence to that discouraging estimate came reports of a very different character from the iron and steel trade.

They showed that in this country iron production is increasing steadily, in the face of outside news which has been classed as unfavorable; that the daily rate of output at the opening of May was the largest since this time in 1910; that the Steel Corporation, despite an unusually large production and shipment of finished steel in April, had on its books unfinished orders, when the month was ended, greater than in any month since December, 1909—a larger amount of unfilled contracts, indeed, than has ever been reported at this time of year, except in the abnormally active spring business of 1906 and 1907. The *Iron Age* is authority for the estimate that twelve months of steel production, at the April rate, would make up a total larger by 3,000,000 tons, or 11½ per cent., than the highest record of any other calendar year.

Now the harvest outcome in the United States is commonly looked upon as a fundamental influence in prosperity; yet on the other hand, the steel and iron industry is by tradition called the "barometer" of trade activity in general. It will doubtless be said of both these present indications that they are not conclusive—that the losses in winter wheat may be more than offset by a full yield of spring wheat, corn and cotton, or, on the other hand, that the steel trade's activity may reflect only temporary conditions, subject to reversal in case of really bad luck at harvest-time.

Yet the situation of the steel and iron trade is highly interesting, and deserves some closer study. Taken by itself, the picture drawn by last week's reports in that industry might almost seem to fulfil the prediction ascribed last December to Mr. Frick, that 1912 was to be the greatest "boom year" in the steel trade's history. But it is certainly not that yet, and in fact the comparison by "annual rate of output during the month" is very apt to be misleading. April was not itself a month of high-record steel and iron production, nor a month of high-record "unfilled orders." It is tendencies rather than actual achievements which count at such times. Thus far, the tendency is clearly towards continued expansion, and it is significant that the increase in orders booked for steel last month came in spite of a rather general advance in prices. But the advances have thus far been small; the Steel Trust's recent quarterly report showed how narrow the margin of profit was, before the advance was made; and that brings up another question.

During the great revival of industry after 1897, the rapid advance of prices, in response to the urgent and willing bids of consumers, was the noteworthy incident of the period. In 1906, a similar advance in prices of commodities was made by the brute force of concentrated capital and the consumer was dragged along with it. A short-lived imitation of that second process occurred in 1909. This season, however, advances in prices, in such industries as steel and cotton manufacture, are made slowly and laboriously; the consumer watches them suspiciously, and at the start, the effect of them seems to be to curtail demand. It is an interesting question, therefore, whether this somewhat novel state of things means only that the community is slow in accustoming itself to a rising market again, after the period of prolonged depression, or means that the markets themselves are on a permanently different footing from what they occupied in the "boom times" of half a dozen years ago.

That is not a question to be answered offhand on general principles; for one of the teachings of the past is, that when certain spectacular tendencies of a given period in finance and industry have brought on a great financial panic, the subsequent chapter of economic readjustment rarely shows the old methods and practices to be again in control of things. It was as true after 1893 as it was after 1873, and as true after 1873 as it was after 1857, that the panic break-down had marked the end of one economic era and the beginning of another, whose fundamental characteristics were to be very different. The nature of the change in character of the new era in finance would rarely be discovered until the after-panic liquidation was completed and the forward movement of prosperity resumed. The boom which came next after 1857 was not based on bank inflation, as was the one before. The boom after 1873 had none of the impetus given to its predecessor by depreciated Government paper and outright thievery of corporation managers.

Our last great boom lacked the stim-

ulus of enormous expansion in speculative railway-building which marked its predecessor, and it is evident already that no coming boom can possibly repeat the prodigious stock-watering exploits, the unbridled movement of combination, and the strangling of industrial competition, for which the period from 1899 to 1906, inclusive, will be remembered. How far the character and phenomena of the next great movement of expansion will be affected by these inevitable changes, it is still too early to determine. What is certain, at any rate, is that we have shaken off some monstrous abuses of American finance, as we did on all previous occasions of similar financial reconstruction. The authors and beneficiaries of these abuses of a by-gone era are slow to recognize the change; they have always been so on similar ocasions, and they have always had to submit to some rude reminders. But the public at large has usually been found to have learned the lesson quickly, and the character of the economic period now ahead of us will be determined very largely by the attitude of the purchasing and consuming public.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Archer, William. Play-Making. Boston: Small, Maynard. $2 net.
Blewett, G. J. The Christian View of the World. New Haven: Yale Univ. Press. $2 net.
Bois, Jules. Naïl (poème dramatique). Paris: Fasquelle. 2 francs.
Bonola, Roberto Non-Euclidean Geometry. English trans. by H. S. Carslaw. Chicago: Open Court. $2 net.
Braby, M. C. Downward. Rickey & Co. $1.25 net.
Breitenbach, L. M. Alma at Hadley Hall. Boston: Page & Co. $1.50.
Cæsar. Selections for sight reading. Edited by H. F. Towle and P. R. Jenks. Boston: Heath.
Carhart, H. S., and Chute, H. N. First Principles of Physics. Boston: Allyn & Bacon.
Cutting, M. S The Lovers of Sanna: a novel. McBride, Nast. $1 net.
Deeping, Warwick. Fox Farm. Cassell. $1.20 net.
Draper, A. S. Necessary Basis of the Teacher's Tenure. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen.
Eggert, Robert. The Log House Club. Philadelphia: Winston Co. $1 net.
Ernst, Otto. Master Flachsmann (Flachsmann als Erzicher): A Comedy in Three Acts. Trans. by H. M. Beatty. Duffield.
Ganghofer, Ludwig. Gewitter im Mai. (German novels series.) Brentano. 25 cents net.
Gilbert, G. H., Wightman, L. I., and Saunders, W. L. The Subways and Tunnels of New York. Wiley & Sons. $4 net.
Hall, H. M., and C. C. A Yosemite Flora. San Francisco: Elder & Co.
Harper's Boating Book for Boys. Harper. $1.75.
Haynes, Williams. Scottish and Irish Terriers. Outing Pub. Co. 70 cents.
Janvier, T. A. From the South of France. Harper. $1.20 net.
Jessup, A. L., and Logue, A. E. The Handicraft Book. A. S. Barnes Co.
Kephart, Horace. Sporting Firearms. Outing Pub. Co. 70 cents.
Kerkhoven, Thomas. Roman von Korfiz Holm. (German Novels Series) Brentano. 25 cents net.
Lacombe, Paul. L'Appropriation du Sol. Paris: A. Colin. 5 francs.
Lalo, Ch. Introduction à l'Esthétique. Paris: A. Colin. 3.50 francs.
Laughlin, J. L. Banking Reform. Chicago: National Citizens' League for the Promotion of a Sound Banking System.
Lauvrière, E. Edgar Poe ("Grands écrivains étrangers"). Paris: Bloud. 2.50 francs.
Legouis, Émile. Défense de la Poésie Française. London: Constable.
Lemaître, Jules. Chateaubriand. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3.50 francs.
Library Work Cumulated, 1905-1911. Minneapolis: H. W. Wilson Co. $4 net.
Lowry, E. B. False Modesty. Chicago: Forbes. 50 cents.
McAfee, C. B. The Greatest English Classic: A Study of the King James Version of the Bible. Harper. $1.25 net.
Macauley, Ward. Cheap Turkey. Duffield. 50 cents net.
Maud, C. E. No Surrender. Lane. $1.25 net.
Military Historical Society of Massachusetts. Vol. IX, Operations on the Atlantic Coast 1861-65, Virginia 1862, 1864, Vicksburg. Boston.
Mortu Proprio of Pope Pius X, Dated June 29, 1910. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.
Mountjoy, Henry. The Minister of Police. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Muir, John. Edward Henry Harriman. Doubleday, Page.
Munroe, J. P. New Demands in Education. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.
New International Year Book, 1911. Dodd, Mead.
O'Shea, W. J., and Eichmann, A. E. Composition Books by Grades—Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth. Merrill Co. 24 cents each.
Oxenham, John. Queen of the Guarded Mounts. Lane. $1.25 net.
Page, C. W. The Care of the Insane and Hospital Management. Boston: W. M. Leonard.
Paine, R. D. The Judgments of the Sea, and Other Stories. Sturgis & Walton. $1.20 net.
Paullin, C. O. Diplomatic Negotiations of American Naval Officers, 1778-1883. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. $2.
Reimers, C. E. Die deutschen Bühnen und ihre Angehörigen. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot.
Report of the Commissioner of Education for year ended June 30, 1911. Vol. I. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Rousset, Lt.-Colonel. 1871—la Commune à Paris et en province (Février-Mai). Paris: J. Taillandier. 5 francs.
Singleton, Esther. How to Visit the English Cathedrals. Dodd, Mead. $2 net.
Slaught, H. E., and Lennes, N. J. First Principles of Algebra: Elementary Course. Boston: Allyn & Bacon.
Smith, H. L. The Girls of Friendly Terrace. Boston: Page & Co
Speer, R. E. South American Problems. Student Volunteer Movement. 75 cents.
Stacy, T. H. Wayside Garniture. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.25 net.
Sutherland, H. V. Idas and Marpessa. An Idyll. Desmond FitzGerald.
Tabor, Grace. Making the Grounds Attractive with Shrubbery; Making a Garden to Bloom this Year. McBride, Nast. 50 cents net, each.
Taylor, Duncan. Composition of Matter and the Evolution of Mind. Scribner.
University of Manchester Publications. Outlines of Education Courses. Longmans. $1 net.
Urban, G. H. Sons of God and Daughters of Men. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Vignaud, Henry. Américic Vespuce: ses voyages et ses découvertes devant la critique. Paris: Société des Américanistes.
Whitlock, Brand. The Fall Guy. Indianapolis: Bobbs Merrill. $1.25 net.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1912.

The Week

There is no blinking the truth that the Ohio primary dealt President Taft yesterday the rudest blow he has yet received. To lose his own State after making such an unprecedented fight for it, is not only a bitter personal humiliation, it is such a damaging of his political prestige as would ordinarily be fatal. The popular majority for Roosevelt in Ohio appears to be more than 20,000. Taft will seemingly have no more than 10 out of the State's 48 delegates. There is no denying that this is a great defeat for the President. The vote was light, but he had as good an opportunity as his opponents to get a majority of it. Though the campaign began late and confused, the issues were made clear enough before it was over. And even if it be contended that the test was rough and unfair, the President submitted to it, he expressed the opinion that it would be conclusive—his words were: "The vote in Ohio, my home State, will be the decisive one and will settle the question of the nomination"—and now, having put it to the touch and lost, there is nothing to do but to accept the facts without any attempt to twist them.

Pity the poor candidate. Take the case of Gov. Wilson, for instance. It has long been stated *sub rosa* that the Catholic Church was wholly opposed to him because somewhere in his writings there was a tiny reflection, direct or indirect, upon either the Pope or the Church. Now, there comes to us from the South a copy of a Tom Watson broadside, which, we are informed, was widely circulated in Georgia prior to the recent primary. Lo, in this Woodrow Wilson appears as being a mere tool of the Catholic Church—Woodrow Wilson, a former president of Presbyterian Princeton! That he appointed an alleged Jesuit as his private secretary, is said to be a damning proof. But more than that, he has been deliberately and openly conspiring with the whole Catholic hierarchy. What could be plainer? Hence the appeal to all those who sympathize with A. P. A. methods to oppose Woodrow Wilson. Similarly, Mr. Taft is portrayed as merely putty in the hands of the priests, all because, at the behest of Roosevelt, he carried out the successful negotiations for the purchase of the Philippine friars' lands, while some other churches are still after him because he is a Unitarian.

Party lines are broken in the two Lorimer reports to the Senate. It is not as Republicans or Democrats that the majority and minority divide, but as those who take a narrow legalistic view of the case, and those who look at it in a broad, common-sense way. The majority report starts off by considering the matter as *res adjudicata*. The Senate has once affirmed Lorimer's title to his seat to be valid. That decision must not be reopened unless evidence be forthcoming which is not only "new" but "substantial." The majority denies that the long hearings have developed any such evidence. Upon this the minority report comments illuminatingly. It is true that no witness has been produced who saw Lorimer actually bribing. But the proof is overwhelming that at least ten members of the Illinois Legislature were bribed to vote for Lorimer. The details are not now traceable, but the total effect is undisputed. There was, as President Taft expressed it, a "mass and mess of corruption" connected with the election of Lorimer sufficient to taint it. All that remains for the Senate is to say whether its sense of smell is less acute than that of the country.

The spirit of picayune economy that led the House to cut off the appropriation of $94,000 for the work of the State Department in extending our foreign trade, should be rebuked in the Senate by restoration of the items cancelled. It would be interesting to hear any reason that could be offered for the proposed abolition of the new Bureau of Trade Relations, as also of the four Divisions of Latin-American, Far Eastern, Near Eastern, and European Affairs. These enlargements of the Department, and the reorganization that they have brought about in it, constitute nothing less than a modernization of it. There is no apparent reason for questioning the statement of responsible officers of the Department that "such legislation would put the United States in the rear rank of all governments in the matter of legitimate and effective support to worthy American enterprises and to foreign commerce, and would do all this at the very epoch in our history when our foreign relations and our foreign trade have become vastly more important than ever before and are plainly seen to be on the way to an importance which will be every year greater."

That the movement for international arbitration still has many difficulties to encounter was frankly recognized in President Butler's address last week at Lake Mohonk. At the time of the last meeting of the Conference one year ago, the signs were apparently pointing to a great step, if not indeed to a series of great steps, in the direction in which we seem so painfully crawling. Then came the tension between Germany and England, the outbreak of actual war between Italy and Turkey, and the lame and impotent conclusion to the consideration of the general arbitration treaties by the Senate. Dr. Butler's linking of national with international political sanity was especially timely. As he well said, all political progress "must depend upon trust in the better instincts of the people, and cannot rest upon their appetites and their passions, their envies and their animosities." Accustom a people to acting in their own politics in accordance with their prejudices rather than their reason, and how else can they be expected to act with reference to other nations? If this view appears somewhat discouraging as apparently increasing the difficulties already in the way of international good will, it is in reality heartening, since it means that every blow struck for decency and fair play in our relations abroad will react upon our politics at home, which are sadly in need of all the "uplift" that can be given them—and *vice-versa*.

The sudden shifting of the real political capital of Pennsylvania from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh is focussing attention upon leaders and conditions in the Smoky City. Much more has been heard

of Flinn as the new Republican boss than of his associate, Mayor Magee, but Magee's power rests upon a much so'lder base than the popularity of a Presidential candidate. Roosevelt may rise or fall, dragging Flinn with him, but unless Pittsburgh turns Democratic, any aspirant for Republican leadership in the State must sooner or later "see" Magee. This fact is the sinister element in the outcome of the recent primaries, for the Pittsburgh Mayor makes no such professions of reform as does his colleague. With reference to any proposal, the question uppermost in his mind is: How will this affect Pittsburgh —and Magee? Observers are wondering how long the two men can work together. Interest in this is sharpened by a demand for the impeachment of three officials under Magee, and a crusade planned against vice in Pittsburgh. On the Democratic side, Guffey has been succeeded by leaders rather than bosses. If Pennsylvania voters really wish to rid themselves of boss rule, it looks as if they would have to resort once more to their final argument: the election of a Democratic Governor who practices what the Republican platform preaches.

In ratifying the agreement drawn up by their representatives in conference with the mine owners, the anthracite coal workers have done a service to themselves as well as the public. In deciding to stand by their leaders and by such acts as these leaders, acting within their authority, have subscribed to, the mine workers have given an example of discipline which augurs well for their future as a labor organization. On a smaller scale we have here a repetition of what happened in the convention of British miners called to decide upon the cessation of the strike after the passage of the minimum-wage bill. In that convention the sentiment against peace was probably in the majority, but the delegates had to face the fact that most of their leaders advocated peace, and they followed. If organized labor hopes to attain its ultimate aims, it must endeavor to make itself a disciplined army. A mob may gain a temporary advantage, but that is all. The repudiation of union leaders and duly formulated agreements which is so common in industrial disputes, can only militate against the best interests of labor.

Another important result of the Titanic disaster is the sending of the cruiser Birmingham to patrol the ice-fields south of the Grand Banks, to give warning by wireless of the position of icebergs, and to make a scientific study of this unprecedented ice-drift. It is safe to say that no captain will fail to give prompt heed to these messages. For this practical action the world is indebted primarily to the commercial organizations and some public-spirited citizens of New York city in laying the proposal before the Navy Department, which, much to its credit, has responded favorably to their representations. When such an international patrol of the danger zone shall have been accomplished, we shall see something comparable to the beating of swords into ploughshares, in the turning of instruments devised for the most terrible destruction into means of preventing loss of life and property.

Urban congestion is admittedly one of the most difficult problems arising out of immigration. Advocates of the restriction of immigration lay great stress on the point that not only was the immigration into this country before 1880 different in racial character from what it is now, but that the earlier immigrants passed through our ports of entry to distribute themselves over the wide and empty spaces of the West. The newer immigrants swarm in the cities. Hence any scheme that would further a more even geographical distribution of our alien population would serve the double purpose of relieving congestion in the East and testing at the same time the perennial plaint that comes out of the West regarding the scarcity of labor on the farms. To make this experiment the American Immigration and Distribution League was organized in this city last month. Among the chairmen of its various committees are the Governors of Delaware, Iowa, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, North Dakota, South Dakota, Vermont, West Virginia, and Wyoming.

In their recent primaries the people of Southern California rallied in overwhelming numbers to the support of the candidate whose platform is the defence of human rights against property rights. On Wednesday of last week the citizens of San Diego kidnapped a man from his room in a hotel, took him outside of the city limits, tarred and feathered and branded him, and made a half-hearted attempt to set him on fire. Apparently there are certain human beings whose human rights are not deserving of consideration in Southern California. Hence an act of unspeakable barbarity that makes entirely irrelevant the original issues at stake.

A telegram of Gen. U. S. Grant of great historical importance was put up at auction this week. It is dated at City Point, Virginia, October 12, 1864, is addressed to Gen. Sherman, and reads in part as follows:

> On reflection I think better of your proposition. It will be much better to go South than to be forced to come North. You will no doubt clean the country where you go of railroad tracks and supplies. I would also move every wagon, horse, mule, and hoof of stock, as well as the negroes. As far as arms can be supplied . . . I would put them in the hands of the negro men. Give them such organization as you can. They will be of some use.
>
> U. S. Grant, Lt.-Gen.

Now, the significance of this is that Gen. Sherman's commander deliberately ordered that policy of laying waste the country which Gen. Sherman followed in his march. For this policy of ruining the territory in which he operated, Gen. Sherman has ever since been severely criticised, partly because of the operations of the "bummers" who followed his troops. It is still the custom in many sections of the South to lay at his door any and all loss of property. What Sherman did on his march to the sea, Sheridan did in the Shenandoah, ravaging that wonderful granary from which Lee's armies drew so large a portion of their food each year until Sheridan made good his threat that a crow flying over it would have to carry his rations on his back. In Grant's telegram, cited above, we have the clearest proof that, after three and one-half years of warfare, he, too, had come to the conclusion that the most humane method of conducting war was so completely to impoverish and wreck the enemy's country as to make a long-drawn-out resistance impossible.

"Baby-Saving Show" is not the most dignified title that can be imagined, but it is the name that has been given to something that is expected to be a milestone in the advancement of Philadel-

phia. All of next week there will be in the Quaker City a demonstration, by means of educational exhibits, lectures, and moving-pictures, of what can be done, and of what therefore ought to be done, to reduce infant mortality. Those who have made a study of the subject estimate that half of those who die can be saved. But this is only one side of the picture. The object of those who are promoting the Philadelphia exhibition is not merely to keep more children alive; it is no less the intention to make life worth more to them by seeing that they have a fair start.

There is one advantage about high prices: they swell the totals of statistics. Here, for instance, are the figures on our imports of luxuries for the nine months ending with March. If prices were lower, could we be sure of the satisfaction that goes with the breaking of records? For in many of the articles, and especially in the more important ones, the imports of this fiscal year will exceed in value those of any year previous. The whole amount is estimated at $200,000,000. Art works show an increase of 50 per cent. over the highest value reached heretofore; they will approximate $40,000,000 for the year. Much of this, presumably, is to be credited to the transfer of the Morgan treasures. But diamonds and other precious stones, although they will not break the records of 1907 and 1910, will probably exceed works of art in value. The largest item, however, is laces and embroideries, which are expected to go beyond diamonds by about $3,000,000. This is an increase of 50 per cent. during the decade. Tobacco and manufactures thereof will add up to more than $30,000,000, and we shall have received nine million dollars' wortn of toys. If the larger European countries sent us as much in proportion as some of the smallest, our luxuries would swamp us. Switzerland supplies about one-third of the leading group of imports, the laces and embroideries, and Belgium and the Netherlands provide the bulk of our cut diamonds.

English Catholics are undoubtedly deriving a vast amount of quiet satisfaction out of the debates in the House of Commons over the Welsh Disestablishment bill. The cause of it all is Lloyd George's charge, flung forth more as a taunt than as an argument, that some of the men who are vehemently denouncing the disestablishment of the Church in Wales as spoliation, are now the owners and occupiers of lands seized from the Church at the time of the Reformation. Goaded to fury by the personal invective hurled at him by the Opposition, Lloyd George returned to the attack:

> What was the story of the pillage at the Reformation? They robbed the Catholic Church, they robbed the monasteries, they robbed the almshouses, they robbed the poor, and they robbed the dead. Then they come here, and when we try to recover some part of the pillage for the poor they accuse us of theft, these people whose hands are dripping with the fat of sacrilege.

Catholic historians have always explained the Reformation as largely a movement on the part of the ruling classes to enrich themselves at the expense of the Church, in England as in Germany. But there must be few Catholic historians who have put the case as forcefully as the great representative of English Nonconformity did last week. If we remember, furthermore, that English Nonconformity regards itself as the true continuator of the Reformation as against the Catholicizing tendencies in the Established Church, there is a full measure of irony in the spectacle of the Chapel to-day trying to redress the wrongs done to the Church of Rome four hundred years ago.

If Thomas Carlyle had been alive to-day and preparing a new edition of "Sartor Resartus," he would have found excellent material for a foot-note in the story of the elderly gentleman in a sack-suit who was found dead in the streets of Hamburg and removed to the morgue:

> Often in my atrabiliar moods [says Carlyle], when I read of pompous ceremonials, Frankfort Coronations, Royal Drawing-rooms, Levees, Couchees; and how the ushers and macers and pursuivants are all in waiting; how Duke This is presented by Archduke That, and Colonel A by General B, and innumerable Bishops, Admirals, and miscellaneous Functionaries, are advancing gallantly to the Anointed Presence; and I strive, in my remote privacy, to form a clear picture of that solemnity—on a sudden, as by some enchanter's wand, the—shall I speak it?—the Clothes fly-off the whole dramatic corps; and Dukes, Grandees, Bishops, Generals, Anointed Presence itself, every mother's son, stand straddling there, not a shirt on them; and I know not whether to laugh or weep.

But what would Carlyle have said of Anointed Presence reduced to the anonymity of the cold marble slab and that ultimate garment, the common winding sheet, which wipes out all the differences and distinctions that all preceding Clothes create?

All Socialists are bad enough, but a clever Socialist is positively beyond the pale. What, for instance, could be worse than this utterance of the German Socialist, Philip Scheidemann, in commenting upon the recent threat of the Kaiser that he would incorporate Alsace-Lorraine into Prussia if it did not behave itself and do what he wished:

> We regard it as a momentous confession, when from a competent source incorporation into Prussia is threatened as the most severe punishment that can be inflicted upon a people—a punishment like imprisonment and the forfeiture of civil rights.

Now, instead of ignoring this remark the Chancellor played directly into the hands of Herr Scheidemann by walking out of the Reichstag together with the other members of the Government. Later, however, the Chancellor thought it wise to come back and defend the Kaiser, declaring that the Emperor was "naturally angry" at the recent conduct of Alsace-Lorraine, but that he had not meant to trespass upon the rights of the Bundesrath or the Reichstag, which alone have the power to revoke the Constitution of Alsace-Lorraine. It was only the other day that that Constitution was granted and hailed as proof that the captured provinces were now once more wholly German. But having autonomy, it likes to do things its own way; hence the Emperor's tactful remark, "I'll smash your Constitution to fragments."

A force of four thousand men, eager, anxious, and determined, has been reported by a Chinese newspaper to be marching upon Peking. The announcement has caused no alarm in the capital, however, because their only weapons are Chinese pens, ink-slabs, and such things, and they are seeking not lives, but offices. Reformers may think that the new Government will make short work of many of the sinecures maintained by the old, says the *Celestial Empire* of Shanghai, but it will do nothing of the kind, for the simple reason that it cannot. "For every needed man in China there are five at least to do the work." Supernumeraries are a part of the Chinese method of doing business.

OUR ENSLAVED CITIZENSHIP.

In Ohio last Friday Theodore Roosevelt defined his principles and his platform in a single compact sentence: "I am for a representative government absolutely, so far as it represents, but when the representative government does not represent, then I want the people to have a chance themselves." Like so many other definitions from the same source, this sentence lends itself to at last two interpretations. Mr. Roosevelt may have meant that he favors representative government as a theory, but that the theory has broken down among us in practice, and must therefore be discarded. Or he may have meant that representative government should be retained where it functions well, but must be supplemented or replaced by the direct rule of the people where it fails to work well. The second interpretation, because it is the safest, is probably the one Mr. Roosevelt would give to his own words. But whichever meaning we lend to his formal statement of creed, it will be noticed that one thing is taken for granted in both—the existence of a free people in these United States. But this free people is caught in the wheels of our vicious political machinery. What "we progressives" are trying to do is to replace this system with a more efficient system of machinery which will neither deflect nor frustrate the will of this free agent, the American people.

But there are progressives who apparently conceive their task as much more thoroughgoing than a mere overhauling of the machinery of government. They see in vision not only a political, but a social, revolution. Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, in the *American Magazine*, sums up the differences between conservatives and progressives as follows:

> Now the conservatives of to-day—Taft, Harmon, and others—are willing to tinker the tariff, and thus redistribute in small measure a few material benefits. But the proposal of the progressives goes deeper. They would let in as sharers of government, *with the business men and property owners who have so long dominated the country, an immense class of people further down in the scale, men who, though nominally voters, have in reality had nothing to say about their government.*

The italics are ours. But we would finish our quotation with a sentence from a preceding paragraph which Mr. Baker has himself italicized:

> *Every political revolution is caused by the effort of a new class of people to get into the democracy.*

We are here evidently speaking of a far different thing from what Mr. Roosevelt means when he speaks of the People. When Mr. Baker speaks of "an immense class of people further down in the scale," who are to wrest a share of power from "the business men and property owners who have so long dominated the country," he is evidently referring to what the Socialists describe as the proletariat, the great unpropertied classes, the hewers of wood and drawers of water. Mr. Roosevelt takes the People we all think of, millionaire and mill-hand, big business man and small business man, big farmer and small farmer. And he finds that all that is necessary is to free this People from the domination of the Bosses, and the will of the People will be done. But Mr. Baker feels that, after we are rid of the Bosses, there will remain the essential task of vindicating the rights of the factory worker and the farm hand against the business man, large and small, and the farmer, large and small. There is no way of getting around the fact—it is the "lower" classes against the "middle" class.

Which view is the dominant one among "we progressives," Mr. Roosevelt's view or Mr. Baker's, there is no means of ascertaining. But one thing is clear—the two are not reconcilable. Mr. Baker charges that the government is monopolized by those very classes—our American business men and property owners—whose cause Mr. Roosevelt has pleaded more than that of any other section of the community. What Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Baker have in common is that certain alterations in the political machinery will remedy existing wrongs; and in this matter Mr. Roosevelt holds much the better ground of the two. For the wrongs Mr. Baker has in mind are so deep-seated and so bound up with the entire economic structure of our society that to imagine them curable by a few political reforms is absurd. Just how have the propertied classes so deprived the proletariat of its proper share in the government? Surely, these millions and millions of farmers, manufacturers, shop-keepers, and professional men have not been actually buying up the Legislatures and the judges, as Big Business is supposed to do. Then it must mean that by class prestige alone, by their higher position in the economic scale, the property owners have managed to reduce the propertyless to the point where "they have in reality had nothing to say about the government." If middle-class prestige has hitherto induced the workingman to use his ballot on election day against his own interests, why should it fail to do the same on primary day?

Common to all the progressive schools is the assumption that there is a people that must be freed. Mr. Baker's People is enslaved by the propertied classes, and Mr. Roosevelt's is enslaved by the Bosses. The fact remains that there is an enslaved citizenship among us and that representative government furnishes the shackles that bind the serf. What is needed is a political revolution. Progressivism stands for the popular election of Senators; it does not matter that under representative government we have virtually attained the popular election of Senators. Progressivism stands for direct primaries: it does not matter that in virtually half a dozen years representative government has insured the triumph of the direct primary system. Progressivism stands for the commission form of government: in half a dozen years under the pall of representative government the commission form of government has spread over the country. No revolutions have been necessary to conquer these rights. People had only to make up their minds as to what they wanted, and representative government did not stand in the way of their getting it.

It is not an enslaved citizenship that we have had, but in the largest measure an independent people. A nation is not saved by machinery, though the machine may help. A resolute people will be free under representative government, and an indifferent people will be enslaved despite all primaries and referendums.

THE SUIT AGAINST THE "COFFEE TRUST."

Some novel and peculiarly interesting questions are involved in the suit, begun by the Federal Government on Saturday, against the agents of the much-discussed "coffee valorization" plan. Considered merely as an avowed attempt to hold up the price of coffee, in America as elsewhere, through buying up huge quantities and keeping them from the market, it can scarcely be regarded as anything but restraint of

trade. That the price would have gone lower but for these forestalling operations, is not denied by the authors of the plan; it is even asserted as their original purpose. That the holding back from market of more than 10,000,000 bags of coffee, while the world's annual crop has ranged from 14,500,000 to 23,800,000 bags, has given the bankers' committee almost absolute control of the market, is an accepted fact in the coffee trade.

Furthermore, that the price of coffee has advanced at a rapid rate since 1906, when the operations of the bankers began, is fully admitted. The Government's petition sets forth that this advance has amounted to 100 per cent., and it is matter of public record that a minimum selling price for the coffee thus acquired was stipulated in the contract of the bankers. That the committee's practice is to sell their holdings only in such quantities that the price will not be affected by the sales, and that they "require an express contract from purchasers that they will not resell the coffee purchased, on the Coffee Exchange," the Government positively alleges. All this, if applied to a domestic industry, would appear to constitute a pretty clear case of violation of the Anti-Trust law.

The unusual aspect of the so-called "coffee valorization plan," however, is that it does not apply to a domestic product, and that the plan was initiated under the auspices and at the behest of a foreign Government. Brazil, which raises about three-fourths of the world's supply of coffee, produced in 1906 a crop larger by nearly 40 per cent. than in any previous year. The natural course of the market, in response to this prospect of an unprecedented increase in supplies, caused a commotion in Brazilian business circles much like the excitement which prevailed in our Southern States when last year's 16,000,000-bale cotton crop was being harvested. There was talk in Brazil in 1906, as there was at New Orleans in 1911, of the impending ruin of planters and growers. It resulted in legislation by the Brazilian state of Sao Paulo, subsequently followed by legislation on the part of the Brazilian Federal Government, which led to the contract with the bankers.

The Brazilian state borrowed $75,000,000 on its bonds from an international banking syndicate. With the proceeds of the loan, the Government bought great amounts of coffee from its own producers, and placed this coffee in the hands of a committee in which the Government, the international bankers, and certain foreign coffee merchants were represented. It stipulated with great precision, in that contract, how the coffee market should be handled in the sale of these holdings, and as security for its foreign loan it pledged the public credit, the coffee itself, and the proceeds of a Brazilian export tax on coffee—which tax was to increase after exports had passed a given total.

It will readily be seen, therefore, that some novel considerations enter into the present case. The contention of the syndicate, voiced by one of its members, Mr. Herman Sielcken of New York, in his testimony before the "Money Trust committee" last week, was that the whole operation was an affair of the Brazilian Government, with which our Government had no business to interfere. The Department of Justice, in its petition of Saturday, answers that acts and agreements in American trade, which are unlawful under our statutes, cannot be made lawful by the fact that they "were not unlawful in Brazil and were participated in by a foreign state." It points out that the United States consumes 40 per cent. of all the coffee used in the world, and insists that no approval or participation, on the part of a foreign state, can "serve as a protection to defendants as to any acts committed thereunder in the United States." The petition therefore asks that the entire valorization scheme, in so far as it affects our own interstate or foreign commerce, be declared illegal; that the syndicate be perpetually enjoined from holding its coffee accumulations off the market, or from selling with the condition that the purchaser shall not resell, and that a Federal receiver be appointed to take charge of the coffee holdings, under authority of the courts.

The situation created, or which may be created later on, is interesting and unusual. It is not clear, for instance, just how far even the granting of the Government petition would affect the "valorization plan," since only a part of the syndicate's coffee holdings are stored in this country. Nor is it easy to foresee in just what spirit the Brazilian Government will meet this action of our own Federal authorities towards the plan which Brazil itself devised. These considerations, it should be observed, do not affect the intrinsic merits of the valorization scheme itself. We have believed from the first that the project embodied thoroughly unsound finance, from the standpoint alike of the Brazilian Government and of the coffee market. It is one of the most dangerous applications which our time has witnessed of the attempt to meddle with the normal processes of trade through lavish use of credit.

THE COLOR LINE AT THE BAR.

In their efforts to drop from its membership the able and attractive Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, Mr. William H. Lewis, the officials of the American Bar Association are more and more shaming themselves and the body for which they speak. Mr. Lewis, it will be remembered, is a man of color, a graduate of Amherst and Harvard, for years in the Federal District Attorney's office in Boston, and now a trusted assistant of Mr. Wickersham. He was invited to join the Bar Association by a committee of its Boston members, urged to recruit its ranks. Had he not become conspicuous by reason of his appointment to office in Washington, he would to-day be peacefully a member of the Association. When opposition to his confirmation developed, somebody noticed that he was a member, and then the trouble began. The President of the Bar Association, Mr. Stephen S. Gregory, suddenly discovered that the Association was a social body, with whose pleasures at its annual convention Mr. Lewis might interfere, if he should happen to attend. He then set up the remarkable plea that Mr. Lewis was elected under false pretences, that is, "misapprehension," because there was not written all over his nomination papers the word "colored."

Of course, the Boston committee knew who Mr. Lewis was when they certified him to the executive committee for election as a desirable member. For six months he exercised his membership; then he was asked voluntarily to retire and give up something "obtained under a misapprehension." Indeed, it speedily appeared that he had actually committed a crime, for he was "insisting on retaining the advantages of an election thus obtained"—obtained by invitation of the Boston membership committee and duly ratified by the execu-

tive committee. This, of course, added to the heinousness of the original offence of having a dark skin. The executive committee then revoked his election. What the Attorney-General, Mr. Wickersham, thought of this action appears from these his words:

> Now—six months later—an executive committee, one-third of whose membership has changed since Mr. Lewis was elected, without the faintest shadow of authority in the constitution or by-laws of the Association, assumes by its vote to cancel the election and to place Mr. Lewis's name on the list of persons proposed for membership. This action is taken at the instance of certain of your members who object to the membership of a colored man in the Association. There being nothing in the constitution or by-laws of the Association to limit its membership to white persons, they, nevertheless, arrogate to themselves the power to cancel a previous election had in conformity with the organic law of the Association, because the person so elected is not white, and to remit any discussion of the question to the next annual meeting of the Association next summer, meantime depriving Mr. Lewis of all rights as a member.

Truly an extraordinary action for a body which presumes in its membership to represent more than any other the majesty and dignity of the law; which assumes to enhance public respect for the profession and to resent with all its power lawlessness in every form!

In the course of their astounding and indefensible actions the officials of the Bar Association declared that this case was exceptional, as Mr. Lewis was the only colored man on its rolls. "No person whatever of another race has been elected to membership," wrote that amazing person, Mr. George Whitelock, the Secretary of the Association, who has recently been compelled to notify Mr. Wickersham that if that able gentleman continued to write him such vigorous (and, he might have added, unanswerable) letters, he should be obliged to refuse to acknowledge or reply to them. Then it promptly appeared that two other colored men, Butler Wilson of Boston and William R. Morris of Minneapolis, were members, and —horror of horrors—Mr. Wilson was actually a member of the local *entertainment* committee which welcomed the Association on its visit to Boston, while Mr. Morris has been a member for some years. That made a quandary for two such enlightened men as Messrs. Gregory and Whitelock, who had represented, with Alice-through-the-Looking Glass logic, that in the case of Mr. Lewis the executive committee made "no declaration . . . of ineligibility of colored men to membership in the Association, but only a recision of the particular election by the committee, which had occurred without knowledge on its part of the candidato's race—*regarded as a material consideration in electing!*" But Messrs. Gregory and Whitelock have grasped the bull by the horns; to prove that there is really no caste or color feeling in the Association, they have merely notified Messrs. Wilson and Morris that their cases will be brought before the executive committee, and that this notice is given them to "avoid any imputation of laches" and that they "may have an opportunity, should [they] so desire, of retiring from the Association before any action is taken, and without any publicity."

To this Mr. Morris has replied in a letter which should stir every lawyer who reads it to fresh protests against this deliberate degrading of the Bar Association, and would of itself, we are certain, insure the liveliest annual meeting which this body of lawyers has known, perhaps, in its history. Messrs. Gregory and Whitelock have already been deluged with protests from all over the United States. Men of standing in no wise connected with the legal profession have protested against this outrage. As one lawyer of national standing writes us:

> The issue having been made, there will be presented to an association of five thousand American lawyers the question whether they propose to go on record as excluding from their numbers members of their own profession, of approved character, both as individuals and as lawyers, on account of their color. I cannot doubt what the result of that issue will be, nor the impossibility of flinching from it, although it may, and probably will, result in splitting the Association into two parts.

By all means, let the Association be split apart if need be in order that the country may know that at least a part of the legal profession will not stand for such lawlessness, injustice, and narrow prejudice as seem to actuate the present officers of the Association.

THE ART OF GREAT FICTION.

There have been frequent attempts within the past few years to bring back into serious fiction something of its mid-Victorian spirit. The movement, if that word is not too formal, began with the first novel of De Morgan. A sense of the fulness of life surrounding even a single career, which Dickens and Thackeray knew so well how to create, was given in "Joseph Vance." Leisureliness again came into fiction. Many were appalled at the size of De Morgan's volume and prophesied failure for it. The reading of a novel had come to be thought of as the work of one sitting, preferably on a short journey. But De Morgan's books did succeed amazingly. It was seen that he had turned his back on the ingenuity and other artificial cleverness which went into the making of the ordinary novel, and had his eye on real life. If amusement could be got by the way, well and good, but for his appeal the author relied most upon the cumulative effect of a career looked at from many angles. Life *en bloc* had to be represented. Following De Morgan, writers in Great Britain and on the Continent, not so much in this country, have been striving for similar large effects. Arnold Bennett is perhaps the most notable instance, but several others could be cited, notably A. E. W. Mason, Birmingham, Richard Pryce, and the author of "Jean-Christophe."

The feeling will not down, however, that the work of such men, with the possible exception of De Morgan, lacks some vital element of the older spirit. Is this want perhaps due to a change of method in manipulating individual scenes? Despite the care given by Dickens and George Eliot to the impression of a work as a whole, in each of their stories a few separate scenes contrive to stand out indelibly. A rehearsal of them here is not necessary; every one will recall them for himself. Both writers, in a word, did a great deal of editing of material, and then committed to a small number of scenes, highly elaborated, the most significant moments. Not that their books could be reduced at once to scenarios. There is much necessary description and narration, but these usually prepare the way for animated scenes full of dialogue. That it is preparation is obvious after a little analysis. The ancestry and previous activity of characters are sketched at length, to give them a running start for the real scenes in which they are to figure. But the scenes themselves assume the main importance. So it is plain that the plan of a story, thus managed, is dependent upon certain fundamental laws of art. Not actual life, but the impression of actual life, is given. How to select and

seemingly not omit, and, above all, how to present vividly, are the problems with which Dickens, let us say, was concerned. He placed his emphasis upon the scene, giving sense of life by much use of conversation, and trusted largely to the principle of suggestion to bridge the gaps.

The method of our moderns is very different. "Jean-Christophe" and Mr. Pryce's "Christopher" may serve for a moment as examples. In each case the hero is followed from birth until well on in life; his outer and inner being is set forth, and he is looked at from innumerable angles. And yet there is scarcely one scene of any length in either book. Scraps of conversation are recounted in order to furnish settings for extended analysis of the hero's several stages of development. The analysis is often brilliant, and especially in the case of "Jean-Christophe" the most transitory, intangible feelings are crystallized with amazing insight and power of expression. Fulness of life there is, too; only it is not edited and selected after the manner of the older writers. The result is a vague recollection, on the part of the reader, of a story collectively or in parts.

The way of Mr. Bennett differs somewhat from that of his two contemporaries. Scenes he has, sometimes of monumental length. Yet he, too, usually gives the impression of being a chronicler rather than a novelist. His distrust of the Victorian art shows itself not by his readiness to turn with undue haste from an outward situation to an interpretation of inward broodings. He dwells lovingly on external details. Little men and women, in his most conscientious works, wend their ways through a scrupulously accurate world. Yet, for all that, his scenes more often than not lack the Victorian objectivity, because his emendation of the old artistic doctrine of *multum in parvo* to *multum in multo* has not yet proved to be true art or true psychology. It is again a case of refusing to edit properly.

That the Victorian scene, so excellent as it usually is, has been discredited by serious workmen, seems strange, especially at a time when the common run of novels are so closely related to the stage. Good sellers of this class are quickly dramatized and popular plays are "novelized." One would think that the older pattern would strongly recommend itself. Perhaps it would if the stories which are put upon the stage were better than they are. But the artificiality of their scenes and their trivial purpose have caused the more thoughtful writers to suspect that all scenes so fashioned are not true to life. The Victorian model has suffered in consequence. It has appeared to them to be in structure and method of a piece with recent trash. So it has come about that writers who started out somewhat consciously to reinstate the Victorian spirit have neglected one of its most important elements; or rather have tried to replace it by something better. We suspect, however, that the broad outlines of the many notable scenes which come to mind from the older day are still worthy of careful imitation.

THROUGH THE OUTLOOKING GLASS

At the sight of the dear old lady in a pannier gown, Alice could not help uttering a little cry of delight.

"Do let me introduce you," she said to the Red Knight, and she ran forward, pulling his steed along by the rein. "The Red Knight, Mrs. Malaprop," she said, and beamed upon both of them.

"Not *the* Mrs. Malaprop," said the Red Knight, holding out one hand and clinging to the saddle with the other.

"The same," said the old lady; "may I facilitate you upon the results in Illinois and Pennsylvania?"

"I thank you," said the Red Knight. "I have often heard you spoken of as one of our leading simplified spellers. If I am not mistaken, your grandfather was Col. Lapsus Linguæ of Faux Pas."

"He was," said the old lady. "And on my mother's side I am related to the Bulls of Ireland and the Hiatuses of Prattling Common. If an old woman's good wishes count for anything——"

"Madam," said the Red Knight, "after California, I freely recognize the extraordinary mental and moral qualities of our women voters."

"I have long wished to tell you," said the old woman, "how I admire the victorious career of one whom I regard as the most Perkinacious of all our candidates."

"Pert, not Perk," hinted Alice, gently.

"Perk or Pert, what difference does it make?" said the old lady. "We live not by the letter of the law, but by its spirituous consultation. I have known candidates who have fought hard for their own ends, but none whose motives are so absolutely Flinnathropic."

"Philanthropic," suggested Alice, in a whisper.

"Please don't interrogate so much," said the old lady, but still without losing her temper. "When I meet a public man who is so ready to capitalize his own interests to those of his country——"

"Sacri——" Alice started to say, but caught herself in time.

"Why, then," went on the old lady, "he ought to have as many terms as he likes. If two are not enough he should have a third term, if only by Hannalogy. Now I hope I got *that* right," she said, turning defiantly to Alice.

But Alice's feelings were hurt, and she said nothing.

"And so," concluded the old lady, "I hope that you will succeed in keeping up your spontaneous consumption of public interest and that you won't let them take away your Southern renegades——"

"Delega——" said Alice before she could stop herself.

But the old lady only glared at her and went on addressing the Red Knight: "And may all your enemies be like that English duke who was drowned in a barrel of Munsey."

"Malmsey," shouted Alice, no longer able to control herself. But the Red Knight turned to her and chided her gently, "The question, my dear Alice, is who shall make the rules of language, the plain people or the bosses who write the grammars."

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the invaluable ninth edition of Bartlett's Familiar Quotations, the following is credited to Sir Walter Raleigh:

> Go, Soul, the body's guest,
> Upon a thankless arrant;
> Fear not to touch the best,
> The truth shall be thy warrant:
> Go, since I needs must die,
> And give the world the lie.

It is also, with a dozen other sextains of similar form, found in several poetical anthologies with the same credit. In other collections it is attributed to Joshua Sylvester, whose death occurred a few weeks before that of Sir Walter. It should seem desirable at present to examine the grounds on which the credit ought to be based.

In the second folio edition of Sylvester's collected works, printed in 1633, the foregoing stanza appears, with slight differences, as the first of twenty, together entitled "The Soul's Errand." All following the first are quatrains, having close relationship with the stanza at the beginning. In the neighborhood of a hundred and fifty years afterwards Thomas Percy published a poem entitled "The Lie," beginning with the lines reproduced above, and followed immediately by six of Sylvester's quatrains. Each quatrain had attached as a sort of refrain, however, a couplet to the effect that if the parties should presume to "make reply, then give them all the lie!" There were also some negligible verbal changes, and half a dozen stanzas not in Sylvester's version were added, giving to the revision a more finished look than the original could show. Percy's well-known propensity to alter verses coming within his editorial purview being considered, together with the fact that no copy of his rendering of this poem exists of a date earlier than that for which he was plainly responsible, makes it very probable that "The Lie," as it now stands, was aptly entitled, and was constructed by him on the foundation of "The Soul's Errand" in the folio of 1633.

After considering all the arguments attainable in favor of Raleigh's authorship of the revised verses, I cannot perceive that there is even one of any real weight. No predecessor of Bishop Percy ever attributed

them to Raleigh, so far as is known, and no trustworthy author since his era has professed to have seen any evidence tending to prove that Raleigh ever had anything to do with them. Charles Sprague, a meritorious minor American poet, did the best, probably, that could be done for the contention in Sir Walter's favor, without falsification, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1867. He frankly confessed at the outset that he was strongly prejudiced against Sylvester's claims, and desired to feel that the Elizabethan courtier "had left behind him as the offspring of his great brain one of the most impressive poems of . . . any time." Yet he was compelled to admit: "It is true I am not able to prove it; but I think I prove it was not written by Sylvester." It certainly cannot be reasonably claimed that Sylvester was the architect of that particular structure of verse generally called "The Lie," seeing that there is no authentic record of its existence in that form for a hundred and fifty years after the death of that writer; but I see no good reason to doubt that the original from which the later version was shaped was Sylvester's work. It has the rugged earnestness which is so noticeable in many other productions of the old puritan, and it was placed publicly to his credit within fifteen years from his death, and never questioned by his contemporaries so far as there is any record.

If Sylvester's poem had been adapted from that given out by Percy, the spelling "arrant" would not have been changed to "errand," since the rhyme is more evident with the former orthography than with the latter, while both forms of the word are found, for instance, in the Shakespeare Folio of 1623. And it is difficult to imagine Sir Walter saying (as is said in some of the lines common to the two versions), that the royal court "glows and shines like rotten wood," that the Church "doth no good," that potentates "are not loved unless they give," and, in one of the added couplets, "If potentates reply, give potentates the lie." J. Payne Collier, the notorious brown-paint amender of the Second Folio of Shakespeare, reproduces Percy's version nearly, and brazenly cites as his authority an alleged manuscript entitled "Sir Walter Wrawly his Lye." There is no evidence that anybody else ever saw the manuscript, and I have never heard that the name "Wrawly" was to be found elsewhere in that form. It seems fairly certain that Sylvester wrote the poem from which six of the strongest stanzas were taken for use in the construction of "The Lie," and that the latter was the work either of Bishop Percy or of some acquaintance of his.

THERON WILBER HAIGHT.

Correspondence

UNCONSCIOUS HUMOR OR A NICE DISTINCTION?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Outside the legal profession the only man who will not smile when he reads the Illinois Supreme Court decision, in the case against George Clark, charged with operating a confidence game, is John Dembinski, the victim of the game.

The decision in question reverses a verdict which provided a term in the penitentiary for Clark, and furnished, substantially, the only satisfaction Dembinski got out of the matter. As it was among a large number of opinions handed down when the court adjourned, it escaped the attention of the press, or, if seen, presented so small an element of news value that the mere title of the case was published without comment.

The original arraignment charged that Clark "did unlawfully and feloniously obtain from John Dembinski his money by means and by use of the confidence game." He was tried, and after a petit jury had declared him guilty, a sentence of ten years' imprisonment in the penitentiary was imposed upon him. The case was appealed to the Supreme Court, Clark's counsel setting up the usual charges of irregularity in the process by which he was brought to justice, insisting that the indictment was faulty, that the trial was improperly held, and that the finding was not justified. Particular emphasis was placed upon the form of the indictment, and upon this phase of the proceedings the decision of the higher court rests.

The opinion declares that the presentment was indefinite inasmuch as it failed to point out whose money Clark acquired from Dembinski! As indicated, the indictment says that Clark obtained "from Dembinski his money," and the court is of the idea that this statement may have misled some one, being subject to misconstruction. The pronoun "his," it maintains, might as correctly refer to the defendant as to Dembinski: "It would be as easy to say that the defendant obtained his own money from Dembinski, as that he obtained the money of Dembinski." That the opinion rendered in the case might be made still clearer, the court adds: "A conclusion that the pronoun referred to Dembinski rather than the defendant could only be sustained on the ground that the grand jury intended to charge the defendant with a crime." Since, in the opinion of the court, so violent an assumption would be contrary to all rules of criminal pleading, it is wholly out of the question to figure that the grand jury was endeavoring to accuse Clark of doing something criminal when it indicted him. And since it has no other means of determining, from the indictment, whether the grand jury was trying to bring Clark to trial for getting Dembinski's money in an unlawful manner, or was simply recording the unusual circumstance of a man "unlawfully and feloniously" obtaining his own money, the trial is irregular and the case must be reversed.

Occurrences of this character, of course, are to be regretted, but they are likely to continue so long as carelessness obtains in the drawing of court papers and the uncertainties of the English language are ignored in their preparation—the preparation of court papers.

Perhaps we should add that Chief Justice Carter filed a dissenting opinion in this case, holding that it "seems clear to me that the pronoun 'his' referred to Dembinski and not to Clark."

J. H. ROCKWELL.

Springfield, Ill., May 14.

A SPANISH SUMMER SCHOOL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For several years the various universities of France have had summer schools for foreigners and have advertised, by means of brilliant posters, their attractions—picturesque, historical, and intellectual. Many Americans have spent summers at these schools with much enjoyment and profit. Few, however, know of the existence of a Spanish summer school which has been conducted very successfully the last four years at Burgos. It is part of the large work done by the eminent Spanish scholar, M. Ernest Mérimée of the University of Toulouse. To his efforts are due exchanges of professors among French, Spanish, and Portuguese universities, as well as spring courses at Madrid and summer courses at Burgos for French students. The courses at Madrid last from Easter to June and are intended primarily for the candidates for the *agrégation*. These are advanced courses in literature and philology: some of which are given by no less an authority than D. Ramón Menéndez Pidal himself. There are also classes affording practice in the spoken language. These courses are of interest to such of our scholars as are fortunate enough to have a year abroad. To those who have merely a summer to spend in Spain, the courses at Burgos are more important.

The *Instituto francés en España*, or the *Unión de estudiantes franceses y españoles*, holds its classes in the building of the *Instituto provincial* of Burgos. The school begins the first Monda in August, and lasts six weeks. Although supported primarily by the universities of Toulouse and Bordeaux, the courses are free to all Frenchmen. Persons not French or Spanish are also allowed to attend, but pay a fee of 50 pesetas. As yet, few such have attended the school—not more than two or three in a summer. The courses, which are given by professors of the Instituto of Burgos or from Madrid, are divided into two sections, elementary and advanced. A student must enroll in one of these, but he is allowed to attend the other as a listener. The classes come in the morning or late afternoon, and occupy about twelve hours a week. The books studied are those of the French official programme for that year. In the summer of 1911 the courses were somewhat as follows—Elementary: grammar, composition, oral and written practice, translation from Le Sage and Galdós; Advanced: reading, comment, and translation based on Bruno's "Francinet," La Fontaine's "Fables," the "Romancero Caballeresco," the "Marcos de Obregón," with lectures on Spanish literature.

In addition to the Spanish courses there are French courses for the natives of Burgos. These also are open to the foreigner, but many of our students would find them rather elementary. In these, however, as in the Spanish courses, one gets practice in both languages. The Spanish courses are taken by about eighty French students of both sexes, and of varying ages and attainments. The majority come from southern France, and one hears a good deal of the resonant French of that district. There is always a number from northern France as well. Inasmuch as many of the students are studying English and eager to practice it, one would have no difficulty in arranging

an exchange of lessons, despite the European prejudice against American English. Examinations are held at the end of the session and diplomas awarded; certificates of attendance are given to those obliged to leave before the close.

The teachers and officers of the Instituto are eager to make one's stay pleasant and profitable. Board in Spanish *casas de huéspedes* costs from three pesetas a day. A kindly and efficient physician looks out for the health of the school. The people of Burgos are interested in the undertaking and most hospitably open the doors of their comfortable clubhouse—the *Salón de Recreo*—with its reading rooms and library. Thursdays are devoted to excursions, visiting the beautiful cathedral and other local monuments, or in longer trips to neighboring points interesting for historical or artistic reasons.

Burgos was chosen on account of its nearness to France and because of the excellent Spanish spoken there. Situated 2,785 feet above the sea, the climate is better than that of many places in Spain. In the hot summer of 1911, Burgos was among the six or seven coolest places out of a list of some thirty given in the daily weather reports. It was usually 8 degrees to 10 degrees cooler than Madrid.

The school has been recognized by both Governments, and its officers have received decorations. Further information may be found in the files of the *Bulletin Hispanique* or by writing to the Instituto at Burgos.

A. F. WHITTEM.

Cambridge, Mass., May 16.

THE PRIVY COUNCIL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your discussion of the home-rule question (*Nation*, April 25), you appear to have fallen into the mistake of believing that the power conferred on the Privy Council, or, to be more accurate, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, to pass upon the validity of acts of the Irish Parliament marks the introduction of a new principle into the English Constitution. You further declare that the Privy Council does not possess such power in respect to the legislation of the self-governing colonies.

The mistake, I believe, is due to confusing the Privy Council as a political body with the Privy Council in its judicial capacity or the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The political Privy Council, or the King in Council, or the Cabinet, has the right of veto on all colonial legislation. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is also capable of passing on the validity of all colonial legislation which is carried on appeal as of right or of grace to the King. The Parliaments of the self-governing colonies are not sovereign bodies as is the case with the Imperial Parliament. As non-sovereign bodies their legislation is subject to the same judicial control as are the by-laws of any municipal corporation. The Judicial Committee frequently has occasion to set aside the legislation of the Parliaments of Canada and Australia just as our Supreme Court does the legislation of the States or Congress.

There is, of course, a higher regard for an act of the legislature in an English or Colonial court than in an American court, but nevertheless neither an English nor colonial court would hesitate to declare a colonial act unconstitutional in case it were in flagrant violation of the terms of the Constitution. That English and colonial courts do not so frequently set aside colonial acts as do American courts is largely owing to the fact that the principle of the separation of powers between legislative, executive, and judiciary does not find the same acceptance in English and colonial law as in the United States; and still further to the fact that the principle of constitutional guarantees of individual rights of person and property is not to be found to any extent in colonial Constitutions. The new Irish Constitution, however, contains such guarantees, so that we may find the Judicial Committee assuming a new jurisdiction in respect to this class of cases. But acts abridging personal or religious freedom would undoubtedly be vetoed by the Lord Lieutenant, and not be left to the subsequent determination of the judiciary.

In view of the recent agitation for the recall of judicial decisions it may be of some interest to your readers to know that a proposal was made in the convention which drew up the Australian Commonwealth Constitution that when a law of the Commonwealth Parliament was declared unconstitutional by the High Court of Australia, the Governor-General in Council might, upon the adoption of a resolution by absolute majorities in both houses or, as was also suggested, in one house, refer the law to the electors for their approval:

> In the event of any law passed by the Federal Parliament being declared by any decision of the High Court to be *ultra vires* of this Constitution, the Executive may upon the adoption by absolute majorities in both houses of the legislature, within six months after the decision of the High Court of resolution thereto directing, refer the law to the electors under Section 121, and if approved or therein provided the Constitution shall be deemed to have been enlarged and the law shall have been conclusively deemed to have been *intra vires* of this Constitution from the passing thereof.

It will be observed that this proposal carried with it a formal amendment of the Constitution and was designed to introduce greater flexibility into the Constitution rather than to curtail the powers of the judiciary. But the proposal was so severely criticised by Messrs. Symon, Isaacs, and Barton, that the mover, Mr. Holder, withdrew it.

The fact that the American public are now being urged to accept a proposal very similar in character to that which the makers of the Australian Constitution summarily rejected may well cause the electorate to pause and consider carefully the important constitutional principles involved in its determination.

C. D. ALLIN.

University of Minnesota, May 6.

POSTAGE ON BOOKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should like to supplement the letter of Professor Holt (*Nation*, May 2) on the "Exorbitant Price of Books" by a note calling attention to the custom of publishers of adding to the list price of books the cost of carriage by mail. This custom is without justification, and has the particularly irritating effect on the mind of the purchaser which such exactions always have. To a student residing in the country the custom adds greatly to the total cost of his library.

It is unjustifiable, as a book can be purchased at any first-class book store at the list price, and the increasing of this price by the cost of carriage by the publisher cannot be to protect the legitimate book trade, as this would be done amply were the publisher to furnish the book carriage free at list price.

If a booksellers' agreement compels the custom, it should be abrogated, as it is a short-sighted policy, the irritation it leaves is far beyond any value it can have for the trade.

OSCAR WOODWARD ZEIGLER.

Baltimore, Md., May 10.

CLEVELAND ON THE COURTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reading recently Geo. F. Parker's "Recollections of Grover Cleveland" I came upon the following words spoken by Mr. Cleveland to the author a few months before his death. They are emphasized by the times:

> The most serious difficulty confronting this country is that of maintaining the supremacy of the law, and this can only be done by inspiring respect for the judgments of our courts. All the enemies of our society and institutions, and of the dominance in them of the civil power, recognize, as if by instinct, that if they would break them down or undermine them, it can only be done by reducing our courts to impotence. If their decrees are not respected, or their judges who preside over them are not men of the highest reputation for ability and fairness, then all the forces of discontent will unite in an assault upon them.
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> To me, nothing can be more deplorable than that open criticism of the decisions of courts which, all at once, has become fashionable on the part of executive officers, whether Presidents, Governors, Mayors, or whatever the rank or position. They are danger signals, and failure to see them may introduce practices which will threaten the independence of the courts.

WM. C. COLLAR.

Waban, Mass., May 18.

Literature

A GREAT ENGLISH DIPLOMAT.

Memoirs and Letters of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Morier, G.C.B., from 1826 *to* 1876. By his Daughter, Mrs. Rosslyn Wemyss. 2 vols. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $8.75 net.

Although the English resent foreign criticism to a degree that is often amusing, they sometimes criticise themselves not only very frankly, but quite accurately. Thus at the time of the Boer War they admitted that it was too much their habit to trust to "muddling through" a difficulty. Since the Crimean War, which they drifted into without calculation and emerged from without glory, their military operations have been mostly "muddled," but in no department has this characteristic been more marked than in their diplomacy. From the Restoration on, the British

Foreign Office acted upon the theory that it need not trouble itself to know or care much about foreign peoples or governments: for, of course, none of them could hope to rise into the sphere which Providence had assigned to Englishmen.

As a result, the diplomats who represented England abroad possessed usually many excellent qualities except those which were indispensable to success in diplomacy. Among the earlier Foreign Secretaries not even Palmerston was adequately equipped. Lord John Russell, his superior in many ways, was still unable to see international relations steadily, much less to think out beforehand the policy to be adopted in any emergency. In 1859, with laudable enthusiasm, he made "Italy for the Italians" his motto; but, only two years later he so far misread the *Zeitgeist's* intimations as to be ready to support the South against the North in the American Civil War. The quality which British diplomats and Foreign Secretaries have too often lacked has been a sympathetic knowledge of the policy and aspirations of the countries with which they had to deal.

These facts are impressed upon us, through contrast, in reading Sir Robert Morier's "Memoirs": for he was, with Sir James Hudson in Italy, the British diplomatist of the last generation who knew his field through and through. Moreover, that field was Germany, and it would have been well for England if she had been willing to listen to Morier in the days before the rise of Prussia. What not merely the average Englishman, but official and university circles, thought of the Germans in the late fifties and early sixties of the last century can be learned from the pages of *Punch*. The German was supposed to be a fat, ponderous, rubicund fellow, who smoked huge pipes a yard long and drank gallons of beer. If he were a *Gelehrter*, he added to this equipment a pair of goggles.

No Englishman pretended to bother himself over the internal affairs of the forty or more German States; and, indeed, that was a tangle which even the historian finds it hard to unravel. Lord John Russell said, with a touch of pride, that only himself and one other man understood the Schleswig-Holstein affair, and that the other man was dead; but we question whether Lord John did not overrate his own competence on this occasion. And yet by 1864 Morier had been expounding German politics to the Foreign Office for seven or eight years.

Robert Morier was born in 1826, of Huguenot ancestry. His father had been consul-general for France and minister to Switzerland, and one of his uncles wrote "The Adventures of Hajji Baba," a book which had considerable vogue. More important as a formative influence was the fact that this uncle, and other members of the family besides his father, held diplomatic or other positions: so that he was born into the environment of a cosmopolite. But he had the education of the traditional Englishman, and he never wavered in his loyalty to the best English ideals. At Balliol College, he formed with Jowett, nine years his senior, a friendship which lasted through life.

Leaving Oxford in 1849, Morier filled a small post in the Privy Council Office, in the hope of receiving a diplomatic appointment. This came in 1853 when he went as unpaid attaché to Vienna. Six years later he was transferred to Berlin, and a small salary was assigned him. In 1866, he went to Frankfurt just as the Confederation ceased to exist; and for the next ten years he served at Darmstadt, Stuttgart, and Munich, until at last, in 1876, at the age of fifty, he was promoted to be minister at Lisbon. The mere list of his posts shows what unusual opportunities he had for studying Germany on all sides. In addition, he travelled much in Italy and the Orient, and served on several special missions. He also possessed certain personal qualities which caused his fellow diplomats, statesmen, and even sovereigns to confide in him.

Morier's daughter has edited his "Memoirs" with a view to presenting as much political and historical material as possible. This is well, for it is no exaggeration to say that her volumes contain more new sidelights on the unification of Germany than can be found in any other English work. Morier had a passion for thoroughness which, coupled with a marked historic sense, led him to prepare for the Foreign Office papers which, though probably seldom read by his superiors, have a lasting importance for the historian. We cannot imagine, for instance, that Lord Palmerston, whom he describes capitally as "half-hornet, half-butterfly," spent laborious evenings over Morier's monographs on the "History of Prussia" (1859), and on the "Constitutional Conflict in Electoral Hesse." But the Foreign Office soon discovered that Morier was more than a routine man, and it resented, rather than welcomed, his activity. "Above all, not too much zeal," was the instruction his chief, quoting Talleyrand, solemnly gave him.

The enthusiastic and conscientious diplomat, however, continued to furnish the information which he deemed it essential for the Foreign Office to know: and if the occupants of Downing Street did not listen attentively, personages not less important knew his value. For he was the friend of the Prussian Crown Prince and of Princess Victoria, and he served with equal loyalty to spread a knowledge of Prussia among the English, and of England among the Prussians. Sympathizing heartily with the German Liberals, he hoped, at the outset, that the resurgence of Prussia would result in the formation of a free and united Germany: but, from the moment when Bismarck took the helm in 1862, Morier began to fear that freedom would be sacrificed. In the German nature two spirits—the Spirit of Liberty, and the Spirit of Authority—have been at war for centuries. Had the German empire-builder been a Cavour, devoted to Liberty, he would have rallied those forces and found them sufficient; but Fate assigned the task to Bismarck, who organized Authority to a degree of perfection that no German before him, not even Frederick, had attained.

Although Morier seems to have had no personal clash with Bismarck, he early incurred the Chancellor's hostility. This was inevitable. Morier did not disguise his Liberalism, and in his letters he criticised the brutal methods by which the new Prussian policy was driven through. On his side, Bismarck naturally hated a man who was the friend of his enemies and the confidant of the Crown Prince and Princess. To rid Prussia of the English influence which Princess Victoria only too evidently and very indiscreetly worked to establish, became almost a Bismarckian obsession. He feared that, in spite of his Titanic efforts for Authority, constitutional Liberty of the English sort might win the day in Berlin: then farewell to the hoped-for German Empire dominated by Prussia. He feared not only the effects of example and propaganda, but also, when the Danish imbroglio loomed up, of physical force. Being a man of few words and decisive acts, he assumed that the threatening dispatches from London would be followed by British ships. When he found, however, as Morier remarks, that the British energy was purely "literary," he uttered the scathing comment that he "had wasted several years of his political life by the belief that England was a great nation."

It is the direct and indirect testimony that Morier gives concerning the rise of Prussia, and especially his criticisms and revelations of Bismarck that constitute for historians the weightiest part of these memoirs. Although he was undoubtedly a hostile critic, yet he was no carper. He tried, above all, to see things as they were, and to report them to the Foreign Office. The wonder is that English official circles, having his inside reports, should have been taken by surprise at each of Prussia's victorious advances. Perhaps his frank criticism of England's "parochial" foreign policy, may have caused his superiors to undervalue his soundness. Nevertheless, Lord John admitted that, if Morier's advice had been taken promptly, the Danish Question would have been settled without a war.

We are not positively informed that

Bismarck's campaign of calumnies and spies, actually drove Morier from Berlin, but we infer that he found his stay at Darmstadt and Munich less tormented. Most important are his chapters on the Franco-Prussian War. He deplored the amazing indecision of Lord Granville at the opening of hostilities. "To feel that England is for the future but as a bit of wet blotting-paper among the nations," he wrote, "does upset one's serenity and makes one almost wish to be a Maori or a Turco, both of whom have some kind of individuality and self-assertion left." Morier sympathized with the Germans, because he disliked the truculence of the French Imperialists, but when France was beaten he regarded it as a tactical mistake for Germany to annex Alsace and Lorraine, and he had a foreboding that their colossal success would convert the Germans into a domineering nation. To his infinite regret, he soon saw that German unity, instead of bringing to pass a millennium of peace, as he had dreamed, systematized militarism on a scale unapproached even by Napoleon I.

At Munich he had a venerated friend in Dr. Döllinger, who had striven manfully to check the tide of Catholic reaction before it promulgated the dogma of papal infallibility. There is a curious and very enlightening report of an interview in 1872 between Morier and Arnim, when the latter was returning from a mission to Rome, where he had sounded the Vatican as to coming to more enlightened terms with Prussia. Arnim told him:

> that in judging the court at Rome it was before all things necessary to get rid of two widespread misconceptions: the one that it was an intelligent body, the other that it was invulnerable. It was the least intelligent of existing political powers, it was highly vulnerable the moment people ceased to believe in its invulnerability. That to obtain the clearest conception of what the Court of Rome really was one had to imagine three old Fakirs [Pius, Antonelli, and the Cardinal Vicar], who, for upwards of a quarter of a century . . . had used the same phrases, spoken the same thoughts, mumbled the same anathemas, and who never held communion with any person but those who came to worship at their shrine.

Arnim added that the tactics of the Ultramontanes were not elaborated at Rome, but by the Jesuits in concert with the Committee of Geneva, to whom the "three Fakirs" bowed their heads in assent. "The attitude of the Pope," he said, "was that of a man who owes no man anything, but to whom the whole world is enormously in debt. Anything given to him, therefore, however valuable, was regarded but as a small instalment of that which was his due." With the Papalists in this frame of mind, Arnim's mission of conciliation failed, and Bismarck soon embarked on the *Kulturkampf;* although it appears that Bismarck had not scrupled a little earlier to offer his alliance to the Pope against the Italians if the Pope, in return, would guarantee the submission of the German Catholics.

One further disclosure ought not to be passed over. Thiers, as French President, had urged Pius to transfer the Holy See to France: first, in order to supersede Italy, which Thiers hated; next, to make France "the Defender of the Faith"; and, finally, to constitute France as a kind of Catholic Holy Land which it would be sacrilege for any one, especially for German Catholics, to touch. We have no space to cite the salient points in the remaining chapters: but we must call particular attention to the account of the war scare of 1875, in which Bismarck's Mephistophelian methods are again revealed. Morier had an honorable part in circumventing them. The next year he was appointed Minister to Lisbon. So tardily was his unusual talent recognized.

Although the "Memoirs" deal chiefly with political affairs, there are strewn through them many passing references to the personages of his time, and occasionally good stories. Here, for instance, is Metternich's reply to a frightened Archduke who asked, when the revolutionists were roaring round the Chancery of State, what it meant. "The old fellow, with a grim and rather triumphant smile, observed, 'Monseigneur, c'est ce que messieurs les Républicains appellent la voix de Dieu.'" Morier found Gortschakoff "one of the vainest of the bigger statesmen, Beust always excepted, with whom I have ever had to deal." "It is not our vocation," he wrote in 1864, "to compete with the Emperor Napoleon in his professional pursuits of surgeon accoucheur to the ideas of the nineteenth century." In his more intimate letters—to his father, to Jowett, to Layard, and other friends—we get glimpses of other sides of his strong and sympathetic character. We hope that his daughter will carry the memoirs to the end of his life, for his great service as ambassador to St. Petersburg deserves to be fully recorded—including his repulse of Bismarck's vindictive attempt to blast him even at that distance.

CURRENT FICTION.

Counsel for the Defense. By Leroy Scott. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

We are used to novels in which the hero by unlimited patience, keen-wittedness and courage surmounts all obstacles, while the heroine either remains passive or makes a few well-intentioned efforts which only add to the hero's labors. It is refreshing therefore to come across a first-rate story in which the hero does the well-meant blundering, and the heroine, pitying him and making allowance for him, accomplishes the great task. At the beginning of the book the overgrown village of Westville, Indiana, is about to celebrate the completion of the new waterworks, built and owned by the city. The celebration is almost a personal triumph for Dr. David West, an old man who has spent his fortune and the years since his wife's death in studying the means of conquering typhoid fever. His only daughter Katherine, a graduate of Vassar and a member of the bar, who is engaged in work for a "municipal league," in an Eastern city, comes home for the celebration. Meanwhile her father has been accused by the committee having the work in charge of receiving a bribe from the Acme Filter Company, and the story has been published with a savage attack on West by Arnold Bruce, the radical young editor of the *Express*. The evidence against Dr. West is apparently conclusive, and when no reputable lawyer will take his case Katherine horrifies Westville by assuming the defense herself. Her father, nevertheless, is found guilty and imprisoned. Meanwhile Arnold Bruce has become convinced that the defense is right. He falls in love with Katherine. The story relates how his bungling gets him into serious trouble, from which he is extricated only by Katherine's brilliant success. The rather involved plot is carried forward rapidly and skilfully to an effective climax, and suggests a well constructed play. Considering the large demands of his plot, the author has been remarkably successful in characterization. The style has a colloquial vigor which often makes the descriptions memorable.

A Knight in Denim. By Ramsey Benson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A half-witted farm-hand is not at first sight a very promising hero for a novel. Yet we venture a guess that Bill Harbaugh, the "knight" of this story, will be remembered when some of his more pretentious contemporaries are forgotten The book exists purely for the sake of Bill; there is not much story, and what there is is curiously vague as to place, time, and minor characters. Bill, a big, strong, simple-minded fellow, drifts into the farming country near Atro City, Nebraska, from no one knows where. Having proved himself a first-rate farm-hand, he hires himself out by the unusual method of pretending to buy his prospective employer's farm. After the fictitious bargain is struck, he works faithfully for the real owner, expecting in return only the satisfaction of his simple wants and the pleasure of keeping up the pretence. Defective mentally as he is in some ways, in others he is quick enough; he has the intuitive keenness of sympathy and the occasional resourcefulness that some-

times go with weakness in practical matters. In character he is a natural gentleman, and it is as a protector of the weak that he appears in the story. His devotion to the ill-used wife of his quasi-employer is like that of a splendid dog. His good nature, his "festivity of temper," is infectious. When he is called a "natural-born idiot" he only replies, "Oh, come now. What if everybody was to be called by their right name, slap out like that?" The unreality of the setting and some of the other characters seems only to make his sturdy figure more solid and real.

The Sentence of Silence. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

Mr. Kauffman sets himself a serious problem, and he approaches it with respect. His "Sentence" is the one imposed on children by well-meaning parents who strive to bring them up in ignorance of everything pertaining to sex, on the assumption that ignorance is the equivalent of innocence. To prove the contrary, Mr. Kauffman conducts the object of his study through a number of unsavory experiences. The evident honesty of the author's purpose does not altogether make amends for a crudity of incident verging at times on coarseness, nor does he entirely convince us that all the misdeeds of Daniel Barnes are the result of his parents' failure to enlighten him in boyhood. Some trouble might have resulted, but seduction, adultery, and embezzlement, to mention only his major sins, make up a total for which somebody should be blamed besides his parents, who were good and simple country folk. It would be interesting to know how familiar Mr. Kauffman is with the "new psychology" and its tracing of childhood influences on later life.

Blinds Down. By H. A. Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Co.

The closed blinds belong to a house fronting on an unsavory village street by the name of Hog Lane, and behind them, in wilful ignorance of the actualities of life, sit the three poor daughters of an earl whose estate has gone by entail to a male cousin. The youngest of the three, a half-sister only of the two elder spinsters, is driven by family pride into a disastrous marriage, and her daughter is saved from a somewhat similar fate only by her intervention and her hardly-won experience of life.

So much for the plot. The theme of the book is really an impassioned plea against the narrow and conventional ideas of society in a village lying outside of the world's movement. The thesis is well presented, but the book leaves rather an acrid taste in the mouth and suggests a re-reading of "Cranford" or "Lady Ludlow." It would be a pretty question to argue whether Mrs. Gaskell's pictures of quaint charm or Mr. Vachell's arraignment of everything stationary as rotten conveyed the truest impression of life.

ROYCE'S PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION.

The Sources of Religious Insight. By Josiah Royce. The Bross Lectures for 1911. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

To those who, on the one hand, are unable any longer to accept the authority of Scriptures or of Church as the source of religious strength and insight, and who cannot even follow James and other recent writers in their confidence in the significance and trustworthiness of the mystic revelation, Royce's latest work, on the sources of religious insight, will appeal as worthy of profound consideration. To many, in fact, it should bring new faith in the spiritual and new courage in the service of the ideal. For this book, though from the hand of a master of technical metaphysics, is no mere logical analysis of concepts, no coldly theoretical presentation of epistemological considerations. It is evidently intended as a real gospel — almost as a religious appeal — and though clearly reasoned and never "emotional," it is suffused with a fervor and a warmth commonly deemed impossible for a technical philosopher. It is not the philosophy of religion that he gives us here; it is the religion of philosophy. The student of Royce's previous works will find nothing new in this little volume—nothing new, indeed, unless it be the synthesis of all his works. It is as though the philosopher were purposely calling our attention to the fact that the one unifying and controlling interest of all his intellectual life has been religion.

Religion for Professor Royce is inseparable from the idea of salvation; and salvation, as he understands it, is itself constituted of two simpler ideas:

> The first is the idea that there is some end or aim of human life which is more important than all other aims, so that, by comparison with this aim, all else is secondary and subsidiary, and perhaps relatively unimportant, or even vain and empty. The other is this: That man as he now is, or as he naturally is, is in great danger of so missing this highest aim as to render his whole life a senseless failure by virtue of thus coming short of his true goal.

The religious insight is concerned both with the realization of the need of salvation and with the way in which it may be attained. The realization of the need is, of course, fundamental, and it is this that is furnished by the first source of religious insight, namely, the experience of the individual. On this point the individual may be trusted—alas, only too well! To all who reflect upon their own experience it is plain enough that there is something wrong with the natural man as he stands alone. But except for this recognition of need, Professor Royce does not rate the individual's experience as very trustworthy; and if we would find not only the need but the way of salvation, we must have recourse to other sources of insight. Social experience is here of some assistance, to keep individual experience sane and steady. But the two great sources are what Professor Royce calls reason and loyalty. In his treatment of reason as a source of religious insight, he falls back upon his own previously published treatment of truth (and incidentally of pragmatism), and he repeats in popular form the arguments for the Absolute technically expounded in "The Religious Aspect of Philosophy" and "The Conception of God." But this philosophical view Royce admits would be insufficient as a source of religious life if it were not brought into touch with our activities and interests by the "Religion of Loyalty." Loyalty is the essence of all morality and the very condition of an individual, personal life. But loyalty to any cause logically thought out necessarily points to the one great cause, which is "loyalty to loyalty," and thus it presupposes a reality that transcends any merely human experience. And "however far you go in loyalty, you will never regard your loyalty as a mere morality. It will also be in essence a religion. . . . It supplies in its unity the way to define, in harmonious fashion, the ideal of what your individual experience seeks in its need, of what your social world, groaning and travailing in pain together, longs for as our common salvation, of what the reason conceives as the divine unity of the world's meaning, of what the rational will requires you to serve as God's will. Through loyalty, then, not only the absolute moral insight, but the absolute religious insight, as you grow in grace and persist in service, may be and will be gradually and truthfully revealed to you." Such loyalty can never fail. He who has set his will upon loyalty to the Eternal has found the way of salvation. "From out the lonely and darkened depths of his personal finitude, from out the chaos of his social promptings and of his worldly ambitions, amid all the storms of fortune, 'midst of hell's laughter and noises appalling,' he has heard the voice of the Spirit. He has heard, and—however unlearned—he has understood. His own lamp is burning, and through his deed the eternal light shines in the darkness of this world."

But though the supreme kind of loyalty makes failure impossible, it not only is consistent with but even presupposes the possibility—and the actuality—of sorrow. Yet sorrow, far from being a refutation of the religious view,

is itself a further source of the religious insight, for there are sufferings which, with all their pain, we yet would not erase from our world, because they are a necessary constituent of much that is noblest and best in life. And from them we may gain at least a hint of the way in which all suffering is an essential part of the joy of the Lord. The Eternal is made perfect through suffering. That we cannot see just how this is need not surprise us, for our finitude limits us to a momentary glance, or an abstract guess, at the Real. But this very fact involves the necessity of an eternal and embracing experience in which we live and move and have our being. And the true Church—which is the final source of religious insight—consists of all those who in their great or humble way are strenuously and endlessly loyal to the supreme cause of Loyalty, and thus, though unwittingly, point to the Eternal.

Many, of course, will not agree with Professor Royce's conclusions; and several of his arguments are certainly open to serious criticism. But this is not the place for a technical analysis of his philosophy. And not even the most strenuous pragmatist and pluralist can fail to recognize the moral and religious value of this earnest and eloquent book.

The Promised Land. By Mary Antin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75 net.

The candid American will read this book with mingled pride and humiliation, and place it on the shelf where it belongs by virtue of its direct and vivid style and the importance of its message —with the "Autobiography" of Franklin, Jacob Riis's "The Making of an American," the "Reminiscences" of Carl Schurz, and Booker Washington's "Story of My Life." It is a tale told with glowing enthusiasm of the transformation under the influence of new surroundings of a benighted Russian-Jewish girl into an enlightened and public-spirited American. "Although I have written a genuine personal memoir," says the author, "I believe its chief interest lies in the fact that it is illustrative of scores of unwritten lives." What the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers ought to do for the destitute, illiterate multitudes crushed out of Europe and cast upon our shores, continues to be a subject for troubled thought among legislators. Meanwhile, some of these men and women have already turned the tables, and found something to do for the offspring of the Pilgrim Fathers. To the anxious and skeptical among us they are proving our own opportunities and powers, pointing out the path of peace among racial antipathies, and strengthening our somewhat languid faith in our own democratic institutions.

Mary Antin's book should cause the sociologist to reconsider what are the decisive elements in "environment." For the first half of her thirty years her lot was cast in one of the most unpromising spots in the world for the production of American citizens. Born in the ancient town of Polotzk, one of the "concentration camps" of the Jews in Russia, she was cradled in a kind of mediæval terror of the Gentiles, and was experienced from childhood in contempt and persecution. From one point of view, her most illuminating chapters are those in which she describes the duplex character developed by a despised people in the land of their oppressors. In response to the grinding pressure of Christian Russia, the Jew of Polotzk assumed in the presence of his Gentile neighbors the self-preserving vices of external abjectness, hypocrisy, and double-dealing. On the other hand, reaction against the same pressure tried and hardened his special Jewish virtues. Bowed as he was beneath the impositions of an alien law, he accepted the yoke of a rigorous domestic discipline, subjected himself with pride to the scourge of his own schoolmasters, and bore in the pettiest acts of his life the scrupulous exactions of the Mosaic code. Jealously excluded from participation in national affairs and the intellectual progress of his times, he was driven to seek his spiritual nourishment in the hoary culture of the rabbis and the immemorial traditions of his race. All the forces of circumstance conspired to establish his objectionable habits, and to intensify his racial peculiarities. When Russia had left to Mary Antin and her family only their ancestral fortitude and the deep hunger of a starved heart and brain, she exposed them as unprofitable waifs in America.

Now, what impresses one in the history of this family after its arrival in the Promised Land is that in most material circumstances they were quite as badly situated in Boston as in Polotzk. They had exchanged Russian wool for American cotton, and a low house in a provincial town for a third-story city tenement; but they were not better housed or clothed or fed or neighbored. Laws not entered on the books drove them as remorselessly as Russian statutes into those squalid quarters of the city where Jews and Chinamen and negroes are segregated from the children of light. The father's training for Hebrew scholarship gave him no advantage over his competitors in selling kerosene and potatoes in an Arlington Street basement, or in dispensing peanuts and lemonade on Crescent Beach, or in serving as night-watchman after he had gravitated down towards the slums of Harrison Avenue. The world, as Teufelsdröckh says, was his oyster, and he had not wherewith to open it. He had hoped, like many another immigrant, to make his fortune in this land of equal opportunity and exhaustless resources. He lacked the *unum necessarium.* His mission was accomplished when he had led his children to the one door that he found wide open and free to all—the door of the public school.

Mary Antin went in at that door and began at once to blot out the distinctions between the Jew and the Gentile. Her account of this period is a notable tribute to the stimulating powers of our primary school teachers and to their eye for latent talent. Later she went to the Latin School and to Barnard College. In a marvellously brief time she accomplished her exodus from Russia, Polotzk, the Ghetto, and the spiritual Middle Ages, and emerged in the twentieth century, an ardent American, differing from the native-born mainly in the uncommon gratitude with which she has availed herself of common opportunities, and in the keenness of her hunger and thirst for light. "When taste is diffused through all classes," asks John Ruskin, "what will become of your classes?" If ten years of American education will obliterate thirty centuries of racial differences, what will become of your races? Mary Antin's narrative terminates at the point where she feels that her Americanization was complete. There is every reason to expect that a woman so young and so happily endowed, so resolute and so kindled with faith, will give us occasion again in the years to come to take heart concerning the foster children of the Republic.

The French Ideal. Pascal, Fénelon, and other Essays. By Madame Duclaux (A. Mary F. Robinson). New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

An acute psychologist, a well-read and sympathetic interpreter of the French genius and ideal, and a graceful and delicate stylist, Madame Duclaux is one of the most delightful essayists of our day. She is, perhaps, less happy in the two long studies, "Pascal" and "Fénelon and his Flock," which fill fully two-thirds of the present volume, than in the briefer appreciations of her preceding volume, "The French Procession" (1909), or in two short articles on "Buffon and his Garden" and "Lamartine and Elvire," which round out "The French Ideal." Her rather minute verbal craft shows to better advantage on the smaller scale, and the effort after concision throws her thought into clearer relief and conduces to the complete crystallization of her style. Particularly in the "Fénelon" there is felt a certain redundancy due to the temptation to quote too freely from a favorite writer, to a certain repetitiousness, and to indulgence in a vein of elegiac sentimentality which occasionally approaches the border line of bathos.

Yet, with all their defects, these two long studies, nourished, as they are, in the French phrase, with all that has been discovered and written in France in recent years concerning Pascal and Fénelon, constitute a remarkable achievement. There is nothing else of equal importance about either of these great writers in English. Perhaps the reason for this neglect is that they exemplify so profoundly the French ideal. This ideal Mme. Duclaux does not attempt to define, nor does she make any very systematic effort to establish a close relationship among her four subjects under this ideal aspect. A Fénelon may be, as she remarks, merely the complement or the reverse of a Pascal, but she also understands that in their religious views they were poles apart. All that they had in common was their intense spirituality, their ardent thirst for the infinite. But this in itself is enough to set them side by side as representatives of a race whose principal preoccupation has always been with the things of the spirit. Even Buffon, although the antinomy of a Pascal, is one with him in philosophic force and purity of conception. His ideal, too, was a religious ideal, and "Buffon, the Naturalist," is needed to complete this study of French idealism.

It is noteworthy that the revival of interest in these men is synchronous with a renewal of the idealistic element in French thought to-day; and it is not the least of Mme. Duclaux's services that she indicates clearly the precise lines along which these old influences have once more begun to make themselves felt. By a strange paradox, it is perhaps the narrow and illuminated Pascal that is most present to us to-day. Who ever would have thought, fifty years ago, that the author of the "Provinciales," with his spiritual agonies and doctrine of predestination, could become the spokesman of the twentieth century? But wherever the individual soul has reawakened to a sense of its own destiny, it is Pascal who supplies the language and the discipline for the expansion of the inner life. It is only in the sense that Christianity is itself the religion of the inner life, that Pascal is necessarily Christian. Maurice Barrès has demonstrated how little of what Pascal called "grace" is the effulgence from any particular idea of divinity, and how independent "salvation" may be of the Christian conception of survival and the Christian scheme of rewards and punishments. The drama of the soul is more self-contained to-day than it was for Pascal and his contemporaries, but the sequence of its scenes and of its crises is the same *sous l'œil des barbares* as under the eyes of the unregenerate.

But just as egoism has in a measure already had its day in modern thought, so perhaps the influence of Pascal will wane again in favor of other poets, thinkers, saints, and mystics, whose teachings will, turn by turn, accord with the movements of ever-shifting modern sensibility. More recent is the revival of Fénelon, with his patience, his passivity, his "sainte indifférence," even his hatred of warfare, his response to human misery, and his conception of God as accessible, not merely to an élite, but to all, thus breaking down the walls and barriers between man and man with a gush of sympathy, and thus, perhaps, for the second time preparing the way for a great social revolution. The influence of Buffon is most deeply felt in the strictly intellectual domain where the value of classifications in natural science and the validity of general laws come up for debate. His scientific knowledge, it might be remarked, is much more akin to the intuitive knowledge of Novalis and the German Romanticists than it is to the positive science of to-day. The cult which supports this, writes Mme. Duclaux apropos of Lamartine, the poet of intuition, in one of her eloquent and suggestive passages,

> may even now be doomed, in the hour of its triumph. In France at least M. Bergson, M. Le Roy, M. Péguy, and their followers expect and prepare a reaction; and it is a sign of the times that so great a savant as M. H. Poincaré lends an ear indulgent, perhaps amused, and a sort of skeptical support to these underminers of the scientific position. These anti-intellectualists are seers and soothsayers who gaze beyond the regions of immediate fact. The tests of experience produce in them a mood of skepticism. Some of them, indeed, are inclined to suggest that experimental knowledge is a system of organized conventions, so neatly dovetailed into each other as to produce an effect of apparent certitude, yet with no more real relation to the hidden sources of genius, attraction, life, and death, than the elaborate mystifications of a conjurer or the artificial sequences in a game of cards. They whisper that scientific laws are the half-conscious invention of their contrivers or discoverers; that natural science, incapable of approaching ideal truth, can never be the moral guide of man nor take the leading place in his education. The human mind (they say) deforms and alters everything it touches, giving (to what is in reality without form and void) a false aspect of a system and order; even as sea water, collected in a transparent vase, may appear a shining cube, or globe, or hexagon—but the form is the form of the vessel, eternally distinct from the vast essence of the ocean, of which it contains but a drop. In fact, the mind manipulates Truth and makes it over in a mortal image, and therefore the reality of Truth remains undiscoverable to human reason. Happily man (they continue) is a medium for other forces than his intelligence—he is inspired by feeling, instinct, faith, ecstasy, and by those blind intuitions which emanate obscurely from a subliminal self. So, right or wrong, reason these idealists; and if, as it appears sufficiently probable, the generation born during the 'eighties and the 'nineties should adopt them for leaders, Lamartine, like Pascal, may yet have his revenge and his apotheosis, and appear to our children as a guide, philosopher, and friend.

The President's Cabinet: Studies in the Origin, Formation and Structure of an American Institution. By Henry Barrett Learned. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.50 net.

Mr. Learned's book is almost exclusively a study of the formal development of the Cabinet, as exhibited in the origin and functions of the several executive departments. The suggestion of heads of departments, with some sort of joint action as advisers or executive council, occurs early in the history of the Confederation, before a revised Constitution was thought of; and the whole experience of the Confederation was a commentary on the weakness and inefficiency of a national government without an executive head. In the discussions which led up to the Federal Convention of 1787, as well as in the debates of the Convention itself, the idea of departmental organization was further developed; but the Convention went no further than a bare recognition of executive departments whose heads might be required to give opinions in writing on the duties of their respective offices, and might enjoy some power of appointment. The creation of additional departments was left to the discretion of Congress; while the question of meeting the heads of departments as a body, or consulting them on matters of general policy, was left to the President without constitutional direction of any sort.

In the examination of these formal questions, Mr. Learned has ransacked documentary and other sources with admirable thoroughness, and brought together an imposing array of facts. So far as the legislative history of the several departments is concerned, the work of investigation will not need to be done over again. Incidentally, the inquiry sheds a favorable light on the political acumen of Pelatiah Webster, around whom the strife of historical criticism wages with some vigor; directs attention to the almost forgotten careers of Augustus B. Woodward of Virginia and Charles B. Calvert of Maryland; and recovers the interesting story of the United States Agricultural Society.

On the larger political or constitutional aspects of his subject Mr. Learned does not dwell, nor is he concerned with Cabinet practices or personnel. He does, of course, point out, as others have done before him, that the term Cabinet, in so far as it suggests its British namesake, is a misnomer; and that while a President may not with safety ignore the opinion of his Cabinet, he is not constitutionally bound to ask

it or be governed by it. If the members of the Cabinet are, as Hamilton and others have described them, "constitutional advisers" of the executive, it is clearly not in any functionally binding sense. It is just at this point, however, that the need of more light is greatest. What we most need to have pointed out is not the legislative steps by which Congress, always tardy in its recognition of administrative necessities, has created the various departments, useful for certain purposes as such information is; but rather such matters as the historical dependence of the President upon, or his independence of, his Cabinet or its individual members; the influence of the Cabinet in shaping executive policies, its relation to public or party opinion, its share in forming legislation, its responsibility for the frequent collisions between the executive and the other branches of the government; in short, its function as a group in the peculiarly organized American federal system. From the standpoint of political science, the problem of the Cabinet is not so much one of the working of administrative machinery under a single executive head whose will must prevail, as of political leadership, in Congress and in the country, under a governmental system of executive independence. We cannot pursue the question further, but we venture to add to our commendation of Mr. Learned's laborious work the hope that he may before long follow his attractive subject into broader fields.

Notes

Among Putnam's forthcoming books are: "Paul the Minstrel, and Other Stories," by Arthur Christopher Benson; "The American Occupation of the Philippines," by James H. Blount; "The Promise of the Christ Age in Recent Literature," by William Eugene Mosher, and "The Forty Martyrs of the Sinai Desert and the Story of Eulogios." The last named, a Cambridge University Press issue, is a transcription of a Palestinian-Syriac and Arabic palimpsest, made by Agnes Smith Lewis.

On the occasion of the Browning centenary Henry James delivered an address before the Academic Committee of the Royal Society of Literature in London on "The Novel in 'The Ring and the Book.'" It will be printed shortly.

Houghton Mifflin Co. will have ready Saturday week: "The White Hills in Poetry," edited by Eugene R. Musgrove, with an introduction by Samuel M. Crothers; "The Story of Christopher Columbus," by Charles W. Moores; "The English People Overseas," by A. Wyatt Tilby; "Charles Dickens: His Life and Work," by Edwin Percy Whipple, with an introduction by Arlo Bates; "A History of the United States for Grammar Schools," by Reuben G. Thwaites and C. N. Kendall; "The Classical Psychologists," edited by Benjamin Rand, and "A Catalogue of the Collection of Historical Material at Simmons College, Boston."

J. D. Beresford's new story, "A Candidate for Truth," is in the press of Little, Brown & Co.

The Scribners have just imported "Social Insurance in Germany, 1883-1911: Its History, Operation, Results, Together with a Comparison with the National Insurance Act of 1911," by W. Harbutt Dawson, and "Rose Bertin: The Creator of Fashion at the Court of Mary Antoinette," by Emile Landlade, adapted from the French by Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport.

The cultivation of wheat in North America is treated very suggestively by Dr. J. F. Unstead in the *Geographical Journal* for April and May. From a careful study of the climatic conditions, the temperatures and rainfall, he believes there will be an enormous extension of the wheat area, especially in Canada, and that the nine hundred million bushels obtained in 1909 will be increased to nearly two thousand million in the future. Other subjects treated are the Sir Sandford Glacier by H. Palmer, the Antarctic expeditions of 1911-12 by Dr. H. R. Mill, and the island-names in Melanesia by Dr. W. H. R. Rivers. Most of these islands have two names, one of European origin given by an early discoverer, another used by the natives themselves, which is often the one by which it is known to officials, missionaries, and traders. A map accompanies the article.

The New International Year Book for 1912 comes to us reduced in bulk almost by half through the use of thin paper, but counting its regular 800 and odd large pages. Much may be told of a year's happenings in the space of a million words or thereabouts, and this latest volume lives up to the high merits of its predecessors. There is an excellent article on Aeronautics. The year's record in the pure sciences is given under separate heads; and as always there are the highly useful summaries of the political history of the year for every country and for every State in the Union (Dodd, Mead & Co.).

"The Russian Year Book" (Macmillan), by Howard P. Kennard, is an exhaustive volume obviously intended for the merchant and investor. There are elaborate accounts of Russian commercial law, the rights of foreigners, fifty-five pages dealing with the natural resources of the country supplemented by thirty pages on mining and minerals, forty pages on ports, shipping, and foreign trade, sixty-five pages on customs, including a complete translation of the Russian customs tariff, and thirty pages on finance; altogether a wealth of economic detail on Russia that is not accessible elsewhere within the compass of a single volume.

"Leaflets from Italy" (Putnam), by M. Nataline Crumpton, is chiefly made up of a long essay on the Empress Galla Placidia. Two brief studies of St. Monica and of the City of Genoa are added for good measure. It is virtually a memorial volume to one who loved her Italy and sought to know it well. Agreeably written, the essays hardly rise above a gentle and well-bred mediocrity.

The text of Francis Bickley's "Where Dorset Meets Devon" (Dutton) is pretty thin reading. The author has tried to extend to the surrounding country the factitious interest that attaches to Lyme Regis from Louisa's fall, but he has succeeded only indifferently well. The illustrations are pretty.

Do not pick up Percival Pollard's "Vagabond Journeys" (Neale Publ. Co.) to look for guidance in your own journeyings or to learn any important facts concerning European countries. It is frankly declared to consist of impressionistic sketches of "the human comedy at home and abroad," but chiefly abroad. Says the author: "I would ask the reader to explore—myself." So he chatters in expansive fashion of the manufacture of antiques in modern Florence, the secession painters in Munich today, the glittering café life of Paris, the unpredictable pronunciation of the English language in England—in short, of anything that engages his wandering fancy. On all topics he pours forth reminiscence and "enlightened" comment with unfailing diffuseness. Indeed, we might almost conclude there is a conscientious endeavor to make the exploration to which we are invited peculiarly wearisome.

It is pleasant to see that Mrs. William Sharp has undertaken to edit a series of volumes containing a selection of the works which her husband published under his own name. The books are to be similar in make-up to the "Fiona Macleod," which was issued by the same publishers (Duffield & Co.), and which was reviewed at length in the *Nation* of February 16, 1911. Of the new series one volume, containing "Poems," has already appeared. It will be time to write more fully of Sharp's acknowledged works when the present publication has progressed further.

"War-Pictures From Clarendon" (Frowde), edited by R. J. Mackenzie, is, as the title indicates, a selection of passages from Clarendon's history of the Rebellion, so arranged as to give a fairly complete story of the military operations. But some of Clarendon's memorable character-sketches are included, and the book ought to find many readers among those who are frightened away by the bulk of the complete work.

A selection of "Southey's Letters" has been made by M. H. Fitzgerald, and published with sufficient notes. The book, though a handy-sized volume in the Oxford green and gold series, contains material enough to bring the reader into happy familiarity with one of the finest characters of English literature. As a motto for the letters the editor quotes the beautiful words of Thackeray:

> We have left his old political landmarks miles and miles behind; we protest against his dogmatism; nay, we begin to forget it and his politics; but I hope his life will not be forgotten, for it is sublime in its simplicity, its energy, its honor, its affection! In the combat between Time and Thalaba, I suspect the former destroyer has conquered; Kehama's curse frightens very few readers now; but Southey's private letters are worth piles of epics, and are sure to last among us as long as kind hearts like to sympathize with goodness and purity, and love and upright life.

Just why the letters which Major Anderson of Fort Sumter fame wrote when he was a captain in Gen. Scott's army in 1847 are printed as a separate volume ("An Artillery Officer in the Mexican War," Put-

nam) will perhaps become evident when his "Journals and Correspondence" are also published. At the present moment there is a certain timeliness in these letters addressed to his wife by a very fond husband, while he was engaged in the campaign which forced the Mexicans to accept the conditions of peace dictated from Washington. Capt. Anderson was a remarkable example of the professional Christian soldier, trained to observe carefully and to present his ideas clearly. Very little escaped his notice, and he confidently trusted his wife to be interested in everything that interested him. The Mexican war produced rather more books than its importance, in the opinion of two generations later, called for, but Capt. Anderson's contribution is worth much more than most of what has been printed on the subject. There is no better description of the country between Vera Cruz and the Valley of Mexico, as it was in 1847. How closely this description fits Mexico in 1912 is not easy to say. Scarcely a resemblance except in the larger physical features, and the intimate life of the lower classes, was to be noticed a year ago. The events of the past ten months have placed Mexico much nearer where she was in 1845.

The nature of Prof. John Bassett Moore's lectures, "Four Phases of American Development: Federalism, Democracy, Imperialism, Expansion" (The Johns Hopkins Press), which were delivered in Johns Hopkins University, is indicated by their titles. Professor Moore traces briefly the growth of federalism which led to the adoption of the Constitution; the decline of this doctrine, and the growth of democracy, which mean individualism and political particularism. To the military necessities growing out of the Civil War he attributes the growth of what he calls "imperialism," in which he includes both the tendency to increase the power of the Federal Government in domestic affairs, the transformation and growth of the Monroe Doctrine, and the policy relating to the interoceanic canal. In the last lecture he reviews the various wars and treaties which resulted in the acquisition of new territory by the United States. As might be expected from his training and experience, such discussion and analysis show him at his best.

From two of the views expressed by the author we must dissent—in the first place, from the contention that the contest between the North and South as to slavery could have been originally settled "in half-an-hour by any three intelligent and disinterested men whose minds were not biassed by partisanship," but that it became an irreconcilable conflict merely on account of the fanaticism of the abolitionists on the one hand and of the Dred Scott decision on the other hand. This is taking too rosy a view of the willingness of the South to abolish the "peculiar institution." Nor do we agree with the view that the annexation of the Philippines was merely the following of a habit which had characterized the entire national existence. The difference between acquiring territory with the intent of making it an integral part of the national domain, or the exercise of a protectorate for the purpose of guarding American interests, and the acquisition of a colony peopled by an alien race, is fundamental. The fact that, when the question of the status of our insular possessions came before the Supreme Court, no two judges could be found who agreed even as to fundamental principles, shows that the condition is anomalous and at variance with the previous conduct and policy of this country.

"Auvergne and Its People" (Macmillan), by Frances M. Gostling, is the latest of many forlorn attempts to improve upon R. L. Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey." It might better have been called "A Writer in Auvergne." For, while Auvergne provides a background, the chief excuse for the book's existence is its naïve self-revelation of the present-day upper-middle-class Englishwoman, with means, the love of travel, and literary aspirations. We learn that the author is still young, that she has a nice automobile, and a husband who is a dear and a doctor, as well as amateur photographer and chauffeur; how he tells her that she always has her own way and what else he said to her and she to him as they motored through Auvergne. She tells us, not perhaps intentionally, how proud she is of being able to talk about "my next book," and how she always means that each chapter shall be the best—and is rather inclined to think it is—and how well the peasantry knew their place when patronized by the "gentry"—and so on and so forth. Also she has read up the legendry of the Puy de Dôme and the exploits of Vercingetorix, which make useful padding when the doctor is silent. If not very valuable as a book, "Auvergne and Its People" must have given great pleasure in the writing.

Of the English versions of Kant's writings hitherto available, that of the "Kritik der Urteilskraft," by Bernard, is certainly the most execrable. J. C. Meredith has therefore rendered a needed service in preparing a fresh translation of about two-thirds of that treatise—the Introduction and First Part, dealing with æsthetics—under the title, "Kant's Critique of Æsthetic Judgment" (The Clarendon Press). He has, save for some neo-British provincialisms which occasionally mar his English, performed this task with great success; the new version is in some respects the best example we have of the difficult art of Kant-translation. It is the more to be regretted, therefore, that Mr. Meredith has seen fit to omit from his rendering the whole of the "Critique of Teleological Judgment." For students of the Kantian æsthetics alone, the serviceableness of the volume is increased by a number of introductory essays of an expository and critical character, and by some hundred pages of notes, devoted largely to a comparison of Kant's opinions concerning the beautiful with those of English writers of the eighteenth century.

To the public which has enjoyed J. A. Spender's "The Comments of Bagshot" is now offered a second series under the same title (Holt). Though not a thinker to cause a conflagration on the Thames, "Bagshot" has a well-balanced head and a certain gift at keeping his feet on the bottom in the turbid shallows of current discussion. Among the fragmentary essays and jottings in which his thought is rather unimpressively presented, one comes here and there upon a moral or political aphorism well-pointed and serviceable for pricking the bubbles of folly as they pass.

The house of E. P. Dutton & Co. is to be congratulated on having published a new edition of "The Life or Legend of Guadama, the Buddha of the Burmese," two volumes, by the Right Rev. P. Bigandet, sometime Bisop of Ramatha *in partibus*, and Vicar Apostolic of Ava and Pegu. This standard book first appeared at Rangoon in 1858, and was greatly enlarged in the second edition, also published at Rangoon, in 1866. From this the third (1879) and the present edition have been reprinted. The body of the work is a translation of the Burmese version of the Pāli, "Mallalinkaravatthu," the original text of which is still inedited, although the Burmese rendering was completed in 1773 A. D.; and the data of this treatise have been supplemented by a translation of the "Tathāgata-udāna," an eighteenth century Burmese life of the Buddha. The account of the Buddha as here set forth is essentially the familiar story common to the Southern, or orthodox, school of Buddhism; its value has too long been recognized to require further emphasis. Another work is a translation of the Burmese version of a Siamese work on "The Seven Ways to Neibban [Nirvāna]," which is of interest as a specimen of the later school of Hīnayāna Buddhist metaphysics. While portions of Bishop Bigandet's volumes are now only of historical interest, such as his "Remarks on the Sites and Names of the Principal Places Mentioned in the Legend," and his summaries of five of the "Dzats" ("Jātakas," or stories of the former incarnations of the historical Buddha), real value still attaches to his description of the "Phongyies" (Buddhist monks of Burma), and he rightly emphasizes a point too often overlooked even to-day—that Buddhism, to be correctly studied, must be investigated, not as an independent religion, but as the outworking of processes already operative in Brahmanism, which, indeed, in India was destined to reabsorb it. The work as it stands has but one small blemish, which may easily be rectified in a subsequent reissue. The majority of students of Buddhism approach their theme with no knowledge of Burmese, but with at least a working acquaintance with Pāli, many words of which appear in corrupted forms in Burmese. A list of such equivalents (and a good index) would make the book far more convenient for reference and study. Even simple terms like *dzedi* (*chetiya*, "shrine"), *dzan* (*jhāna*, "religious contemplation"), *tsekiawaday* (*chakkavattin*, "universal monarch"), and *pounha* ("Brahman") look somewhat strange at first, and many of the proper names become almost unintelligible to the ordinary Pāli scholar in their Burmese guise.

"Why the World Laughs" (Harper), by Charles Johnston, is not a psychological dissection of the sense of comedy. It is merely a compilation, an entertaining one, to be sure, of the witty sayings and humorous stories of mankind, "from China to Peru." The intermittent effort to point out the distinctive quality of the racial sense of humor in each country does not add to the value of the collection. We may add that two natives of Turkey now attending Columbia University read the chapters on Ottoman proverbs and tales, but found therein nothing characteristic of their comic literature. The concluding chapter, indeed, "The Essence of American Humor," is a serious

attempt to distinguish between wit and humor, and to prove that "the best American humor stands preëminent throughout the world and through all time," because it is unconscious of racial differences. The distinction is familiar. The thesis is far from convincingly upheld. But the chapter does illustrate how difficult is the analysis which seeks to discover the individual and the distinctive in national humor. As a fund of pithy sayings and amusing stories the book should furnish a *vade mecum* for the after-dinner speaker and the professional lecturer. Mr. Johnston plies a facile pen, tells his tale cleverly, and coins or captures many a neatly turned phrase.

The Missouri Historical Society of St. Louis has just published No. 4 of Volume III of its Collections, which contains two contributions of general interest. The first is Auguste Chouteau's "Journal of the Founding of St. Louis," printed here in French and translation for the first time. The Journal is only a fragment of the original, which was loaned by Col. Chouteau to Jean N. Nicollet, and was partially destroyed while in his possession. The account of events commences with the year 1762 and ends some time in 1764, when the first houses had been erected in the new village, the site of which Laclede, the founder, had chosen because he believed it would become a great commercial centre. The second contribution is a continuation of Judge Douglas's "Life of Manuel Lisa," who was one of the first and most daring of the fur traders on the Missouri River. The narrative is interwoven with many letters and documents, hitherto unprinted, and must be regarded as a most important contribution to the early history of the fur trade.

Clifford Stevens Walton, an international lawyer, author, and for several years Consul-General for Paraguay in the United States, died last week at his home in Washington, aged fifty-one. He studied law at the University of Madrid, and wrote two books on legal subjects: "The Civil Law in Spain and Spanish America" and "Leyes Commerciales Maritimas de la America Latina."

James Henry Haynie, for many years foreign correspondent of American newspapers, died a week ago at his home near Boston, in his seventy-first year. He was decorated with the crosses of the French Legion of Honor and the Greek Royal Order of the Saviour. Two books bear his name—"Paris, Past and Present" and "The Captains and the Kings."

Capt. Lionel James Trotter, once a member of the English army, whose death in his eighty-fifth year is reported, wrote biographies of several soldiers and statesmen, among them John Nicholson, Warren Hastings, Dalhousie, and Lord Auckland. He was also the author of a "History of India," in which country he served many years.

Louis Henry Aymé, Consul-General for the United States at Lisbon, died last week in that city, at the age of fifty-seven. He early entered the consular service, and represented his country in several lands. Among his wide interests were archæology and certain branches of science, upon which he has written monographs. He was also the author of "Notes on Mitla."

Science

"Waterways Versus Railways," by Harold G. Moulton, and "The Laws of Supply and Demand, with Special Reference to Their Influences on Overproduction and Unemployment," by George Binney Dibblee, are announced by Houghton Mifflin Co.

A timely little manual on "Making a Tennis Court" is published by McBride, Nast & Co. The author is George E. Walsh.

To celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of its founding, the American Geographical Society of New York plans this summer to conduct a transcontinental excursion, under the direction of Prof. W. M. Davis of Harvard. Though the list of participants is not yet completed, it now includes above forty geographers from sixteen different countries. Among the foreigners are: Partsch, Drygalski, Merzbacher, and Jaeger of Germany; Gallois, Margerie, and Vacher of France; Chisholm, Beckit, and Falconer of Great Britain; Niermeyer and Oestreich of Holland; Lecointe of Belgium; Beltrán of Spain, Silva-Telles of Portugal, Brückner and Oberhummer of Austria, Cholnoky and Teleki of Hungary, Cvijic of Servia, Doubiansky and Schokalsky of Russia, Andersson of Sweden, Olufsen of Denmark, Brunhes, Chaix, and Nussbaum of Switzerland, and Calciati, Marinelli, and Vinceguerra of Italy. The excursion train will leave New York about August 22, and will touch at Niagara, Detroit, Chicago, Madison, St. Paul—probably Duluth and the iron region—the Yellowstone Park, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, and probably San Francisco, and several other important cities. It will return in the early part of October. Proficient geographers who would like to join the party should address the director, care of the Society's new quarters, Broadway and One Hundred and Fifty-sixth Street. A large reception, the date of which is to be announced later, will be given in New York.

"Gardens and Their Meaning" (Ginn), by Dora Williams, is the misleading title of a little book that would have been named more appropriately "A Plea for the School Garden." A fervent plea it is indeed, but not an altogether wise one. The great interests of the twentieth century, in the opinion of Miss Williams, are science—"The vertebræ of civilized life to-day"—and coöperation, or brotherhood, which, as the author treats it, is a hitherto neglected phase of science. Her argument begins with an unlimited acceptance of the Rousseauistic "education by actualities." According to Charles W. Eliot, "the most workable laboratory is the school garden," and since we need laboratories more than books, let us institute the school garden, not as an annex to the school, but as an integral part of it. In this garden, the pupils will develop spontaneously, like corn and pumpkins, and coöperation will replace competition. Instead of marks, we shall hear of edibility and saleability; indeed, "one begins to wish that all the products of a school were of such a nature that they might be carried to market." The joy of service will enable even a half-witted boy, the dunce of the class, to attain results in gardening that will place him with the "brightest" pupils. Two words, science and coöperation, recur insistently in this study of the true meaning of gardens; but, although what Miss Williams has to say of science is usually accurate and sensible, what she says of coöperation is often absurd. "The very ones," she writes, "who are hot for science training in the schools are sometimes lukewarm in the matter of training for coöperation." Miss Williams is indeed extremely "hot" for both.

The first edition of Prof. Charles S. Myers's "Text-Book of Experimental Psychology" met with wide approval. The second, which now comes from the Cambridge Press (Longmans, Green, in this country), ought to become much more popular among teachers. It surpasses its predecessor in arrangement, scope, and form. There are now two volumes, instead of one. The first contains the treatise, the second the laboratory exercises.

The free use of stencils and patterns has long been the plague of psychological textbooks. So closely have such works followed a few stock designs in arrangement and content that a person familiar with two or three specimens might almost write off the complete table of contents and some sample pages of twenty other volumes which he had never seen. In the past five years, however, there has been a sharp reaction. And, as ever, the other extreme is approached. Prof. Robert M. Yerkes's "Introduction to Psychology" (Holt) resembles a number of other recent works only in that it is unlike all others. To begin with, its preface is put into the first chapter, "because it is intended to be read." This trick is not whimsical, but indicative of a serious purpose; namely, that of teaching first of all the status and ideals of psychology. The second peculiarity is the total absence of physics and nervous physiology. The author believes these subjects must be studied independently, which is another way of saying that they have long since become too technical and too important to be passed out dilute, as in so many psychological textbooks. A third peculiarity is the elimination of nearly all experimental work requiring apparatus. What remains is a pretty full summary of established results. Description is first given of most conspicuous psychical types. Then follows a brief history of mental development—the least satisfactory section in the book—and after that an excellent recapitulation of mental laws. The so-called psycho-physical and motor problems receive separate consideration, and there is a suggestive closing chapter on the control of mental life, wherein is set forth the assistance the science ought to render to education and eugenics. Professor Yerkes offers an almost too great wealth of information throughout, and occasionally grazes upon interests far beyond the beginner's ken. But the clear, well-accentuated order, and the sharp distinctions everywhere drawn, amply offset this virtuous defect.

There appears to be nothing distinctly original in the "Notes on Qualitative Analysis" (Van Nostrand), by Horace G. Byers and Henry G. Knight. Relatively to the size of the book, a disproportionate amount of space has been devoted to the detailed development of the mass action law and ionic theory. These matters are more satisfactorily treated in a good course in general

chemistry, which should precede. Under the heading Qualitative Illustration (pp. 31-56) are given detailed explanations, in terms of the law of mass action and the theory of electrolytic dissociation, of the fairly large number of qualitative facts utilized in the classification of the metals into groups, as well as the separation of the component members of each group. These the student is expected to follow and understand before he has become experimentally acquainted with the facts. It would be pedagogically better to supply this information in connection with the laboratory work it is intended to explain. In part ii, which deals with the practical work of analysis, we find scarcely a reference to the principles which the authors have been at great pains to explain in the fifty-six preceding pages. The schemes of analysis are open to objection in that they do not provide in the form of additional notes the necessary supplementary information intended to explain results other than those mentioned in the scheme, results which are only obtainable under ideal conditions. The quantitative feature in qualitative work is completely ignored in this book; students are expected to prepare their first unknown mixtures from directions which do not include the question of quantity; this is a serious blunder. There are a few misstatements of fa ts and a number of minor typographical errors.

Thomas Muir's "Theory of Determinants," Vol. II (Macmillan) presents the history of the subject in the order of its development, embracing the period from 1841 to 1860, just as the previous volume covered the long period from the discovery of determinants (by Leibniz in 1693) to 1841. The work presupposes in the reader a good knowledge of the doctrine of determinants and is not a suitable textbook for a beginner in the subject, but it may be profitably used side by side with such a book.

J. H. Walsh's "Practical Methods in Arithmetic" (Heath), J. H. Van Huyl's "Complete Business Arithmetic" (American Book Co.), and G. S. Kimball's "Commercial Arithmetic" (Putnam) are all of them intelligent attempts to meet the demand for arithmetical instruction adapted to the needs and uses of the modern world of industry. A like attempt, on a somewhat higher scientific level, is that of Messrs. Wentworth and Smith in their "Vocational Algebra" (Ginn), in which simple explanations are given of elementary processes and formulæ that in various guises are employed in trade and industry.

Drama

AUGUST STRINDBERG.

By a happy chance, public attention in this country was directed to the personality and works of Sweden's most eminent writer at least a few months before his death, which was recorded in the *Nation* of last week. Not that he was unknown here before. But recently the newspapers and periodicals had printed much about him; one of his plays, "The Father," was performed the past season in New York, and plans were making to bring out others. Still others have just been published in an excellent English translation.*

One glance at the portrait of Strindberg which forms the frontispiece of this volume is almost enough to reveal the secret of his life—his wild energy, both of intellect and imagination. From the start his career has shown the spirit of unremitting, defiant curiosity. The son of a former barmaid, by whom his father, a tradesman of respectable origin, had previously had two illegitimate children, the boy August despised the conventional groove. At the University of Upsala he read with the tremendous earnestness of one destined to fashion his own fortune. In rapid succession, after quitting the university (he was too impatient of the curriculum to take a degree), he plunged into a study of medicine, tried to be an actor, gained some knowledge of the Chinese language, taught school, and experimented in several types of literature, among which were attempts to reform current views on Swedish history and on the conditions of marriage.

Strindberg married three times, yet knew no peace, separating even from his last wife. He looked for the solution of life's riddle in a study of alchemy, but found instead temporary insanity. When restored to health, he characteristically made use of his terrible experience to write a treatise on abnormal psychology. Latterly he had cut himself off from the world and devoted much time to sacred reading. He has been called variously a realist and a mystic, and in the latter capacity likened to Maeterlinck, from whom, it is true, he got some suggestions. In Maeterlinck, however, there has never been such fierce intellectual energy. A fairer comparison, to my thinking, is with that stalwart, tragic Elizabethan, John Donne. Donne applied his mind as bravely and almost as widely to cosmic forces as the Swede. Like him, he deemed practicable life utterly material, having curiously a similar cynicism towards women; and, beaten by his purely rational searchings, turned for help, but with little avail, to as wild an imagination as Strindberg's; his final years were likewise spent in religious meditation.

It is little wonder that Strindberg has made a profound impression upon Sweden. The breadth of his mental adventure has gone with little disguise into his writings. Not for a long time have the works of a notable author borne so unmistakably the mark of himself. His development is too complex to be traced in a short paper, and his writings are too numerous and varied to receive individual mention. They include, besides his many dramas, poems, stories, satires, and historical and scientific treatises—in all, enough volumes to fill a good-sized shelf. His judgment of life, however, remained pretty constant and can be illustrated fully enough by reference to a very few of his works as dramatist, which, after all, was his most significant rôle. His judgment is always twofold—society is condemned by reason and by imagination. So far as I can observe, his metaphysical speculations were compounded of these two elements only.

I.

The two portions of his criticism are, naturally, not always fused. In dealing, for instance, with his *bête noire*, marriage, the imaginative usually serves only as final confirmation standing somewhat apart; or at most enters periodically in the form of a yearning sigh for the things that are not. No better example of this method can be found than the play which he himself admitted describes his own feelings on the occasion of the first divorce—"The Link," written in 1897. Its structure is of the slightest, the action being confined to the courtroom. There there is presented the ugly spectacle of a couple with whom wrangling has become the first instinct. Braced by a previous agreement against the chance of their breaking out upon each other in public, they are led by the prodding of the judge with whom rests the disposal of their child, from mild recriminations to the most shameless revelation of their past life together. As might be inferred, the woman provokes the whole series of disgraceful outbursts; the man is, for the most part, strictly logical, and answers back in self-defence. The climax is deferred by the reader's uncertainty as to what their genuine affection for the child will at length induce them to do. Recollection of it, the link, in turn stills and aggravates their rancor. They decide to begin all over again, only to have the bitterness of their relation sweep the resolve aside as impossible. With the utmost ingenuity they play upon each other's weaknesses and upon the hideousness of past moments. As Strindberg manipulates it, the man's course of action is made to seem perfectly reasonable. Yet it is the reason of the mind, not at all of the heart, and suggests not infrequently Bernard Shaw's similar ratiocination. One never gets the impression of great generous impulses lurking behind the word. Marriage, logically examined, is seen to be full of lies, wretched compromises, and diabolical meanness. The final words of the play buttress this conclusion by the test of the imagination:

Baroness: I shall never go back to my mother. Never! I shall go out on the highroads and into the woods so that I may

*"Plays: The Dream Play, The Link, The Dance of Death, Parts I and II," by August Strindberg, translated with an Introduction, by Edwin Björkman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

find a hidingplace where I can scream—scream myself tired against God, who has put this infernal love into the world as a torment for us human creatures—and when night comes, I shall seek shelter in the Pastor's barn, so that I may sleep near my child.

Baron: You hope to sleep to-night—you?

Marriage is anathema from God and is a central injustice of our existence. For what else can it be called when placed beside that ideal of which it is impossible not to dream? The reality tortures by its suggestion of what might and ought to be. Strindberg searches marriage in similar fashion in other plays, among them "The Father" (1887) wherein he relates how a wife drives her husband insane by the false implication that he is not the parent of their child; and, much more elaborately, in "The Dance of Death" (1901). Here the disillusions of a poor captain, mated to a high-strung woman, reach to a sweeping horror. The theme, it must be admitted, is powerfully worked out, though analysis on the part of the reader again reveals the author's denial that magnanimous feelings can exist and direct in marriage. The method of his judgment here foreshadows the form it was soon to take.

II.

For though his outlook continued the same, he learned to apply it in subtle fashion, imagination and reason working in close conjunction. On that account many have jumped to the conclusion that he turned mystic. He was never strictly that, as we shall see. Fortunately, he has given the world in a single work a full reflection of this side of himself in typical operation, namely, in "The Dream Play" (1902). A careful study of this drama, of its form as well as of its thought, is necessary before one shall try to estimate the worth and effect of his philosophy.

Looked at superficially, "The Dream Play" appears to be nothing more formidable than a phantasy, like "Peter Pan." Indra's Daughter, who may stand for a sister of Christ, for Astræa, or for any other embodiment of divine justice, descends to earth, and, after living here for some indefinite period during which she marries a poor lawyer and sees much suffering and confusion all about her, reveals the secret of life. "In the morning of the ages, before the sun was shining, Brahma, the divine primal force, let himself be persuaded by Maya, the world-mother, to propagate himself. This meeting of the divine primal matter with the earth-matter was the fall of heaven into sin. Thus the world, existence, mankind, are nothing but a phantom, an appearance, a dream-image." Life's complications are explained by the Daughter as meaning that, "in order to free themselves from the earth-matter, the offspring of Brahma seek privation and suffering. There you have suffering as a liberator." Yet craving for suffering is brought into conflict with craving for enjoyment, or love. "Do you now understand what love is, with its utmost joys merged into its utmost sufferings, with its mixture of what is most sweet and most bitter? Can you now grasp what woman is? Woman, through whom sin and death found their way into life?" And the end of it all? "Conflict between the pain of enjoyment and the pleasure of suffering—between the pangs of the penitent and the joys of the prodigal." This is sufficiently paradoxical even for a phantasy.

Other features of the play equally keep pace with a dream's quick fancy. There is excellent variety, both of setting and character. With the castle of life in the background to give a certain stability, scenes in the foreground shift amazingly before your very eyes. The following direction is not an exaggerated instance of the sudden transformations that are required:

Without lowering the curtain, the stage changes to a lawyer's office, and in this manner. The gate remains, but as a wicket in the railing running clear across the stage. The gate-keeper's lodge turns into the private enclosure of the lawyer, and it is now entirely open to the front. The linden, leafless, becomes a hat tree. The billboard is covered with legal notices, and court decisions. The door with the four-leaved clover hole forms part of a document chest.

The scene ranges from the North to the Mediterranean. All classes of people are represented, and life in the large is aptly caught by vistas of whole communities, now in squalor, again bright with color and motion. To keep all this material from disintegrating—for the play has no particular plot, being simply a series of animated pictures—some half-a-dozen themes periodically recur. The continual expectation that a certain room of the castle will be unlocked which holds the secret of life; the frequent return of the officer to see if his beloved Victoria has come out from the opera; the refrain chanted by the Daughter, "Men are to be pitied," are just definite enough to keep one from concluding hastily that the play is altogether a wild-goose chase. Some of the fancy, of a childish sort and employed merely to add strangeness to a grown-up world, is handled as surely as the rest and bespeaks the author's versatility.

III.

Reckoned as a phantasy, pure and simple, "The Dream Play" is highly diverting, in spite of its melancholy exhibit of wretchedness. But it is much more. Strindberg had used this form more than once where it was evident that he had a serious purpose. It is unquestionably best suited to his strange blend of realistic and subversive mind. Nor are his well-known views greatly hidden. After the marriage of the Daughter to the Lawyer there is a scene which might do duty in "The Link." The hopeless round of daily life where two beings rasp each other, the degradation of unrelieved poverty, the inability to escape with honor, and the slender chance that their child may effect a reconciliation, are described in the usual manner.

The flings in "The Dream Play" at conventional ideas are also quite sincere. Many of them are found in a series of his satires on society. "Who is it," asks the Daughter—"I have forgotten—that crucified Him?" "All the right-minded," answers the Poet. And again:

The Daughter. Why don't men do something to improve their lot?

The Lawyer. Oh, they try, of course, but all the improvers end in prison or in the madhouse——

The Daughter. Who puts them in prison?

The Lawyer. All the right-minded, all the respectable——

The Daughter. Who sends them to the madhouse?

The Lawyer. Their own despair when they grasp the hopelessness of their efforts.

In the light of Strindberg's own reformative failures, ending in mental breakdown, it is not fanciful to regard the above comments as genuinely his. Scene after scene drives home life's injustice and wrongheadedness. The audience is taken for the nonce to the shores of the Mediterranean. A deep-blue sea, orange trees with ripe fruit, and Italian villas fill the prospect with delight. "This is paradise!" the Daughter exclaims. It is until she notices two coal-heavers on the shore. Though they are black to the waist with dust, they may not have a swim because even the waterfront is private property. A gentleman passes by who says he is taking a walk so that he can eat something. "So that he *can* eat something!" yells the first heaver. Children entering cry with horror at sight of the grimy workers—at them who are the foundation of society! In another scene music is heard on a hill, and it appears that the fatted calf is to be slain to honor the return of Lena's sister, who went astray in the city; "but Lena, who stayed at home, has to carry slop pails and feed the pigs."

If these are only apparent wrongs, it is easy for Strindberg to prove the topsy-turviness fundamental. Take the four university faculties—theology, philosophy, medicine, jurisprudence—and what agreement can you wring from them on any subject whatsoever? The four appear on the stage wrangling about the contents of the secret room which has been opened. "Four heads," says the Daughter, "four minds, and one body. Who made that monster?" Some will recall Strindberg's similar satire on legal procedure in "The Link."

Truth, upon which society should build, will never be guessed by those in whose keeping it is usually placed. The poet is the only competent judge. But what is poetry? "Not reality, but more than reality—not dreaming, but daylight dreams—":

The Poet. And tho man children think that we poets are only playing—that we invent and make believe.

The Daughter. And fortunate it is, my friend, for otherwise the world would lie fallow for lack of ministration. . . . Nobody would be touching plough or spade, hammer or plane.

In a word, the poet's and Strindberg's truth—real truth—is destructive of society in anything like its present form. Which does not make society any the better or more tolerable. Every human relation contains uncompensated cruelty; no joy can be felt by one without pain given to another.

Apart from their settings these are no more than sharp instances gathered by a mind on the look-out for logical flaws in life. Within the play, they are elevated by the imagination and seem for the moment to have general, symbolic values. I can scarcely illustrate by short examples how his imagination produces its large effect. It is, above all, insinuating, all the more so because it ranges lightly. By his touch a stage-setting becomes gently permeated with the situation it enfolds. With more humor than Ibsen he catches the bigger bearings of a theme without letting it become over-ominous or sultry. The dead-weight atmosphere of "Ghosts" and "Rosmersholm" is replaced in "The Dream Play," which, considering its subject, might easily have degenerated into a nightmare, by airiness and diversion. He creates ulterior meanings by attaching mundane situations, for the moment, to the paradoxes lying at the heart of existence. The method is vague, but not ineffective. Yet, when operating on a small scale, his imagination is as precise as his chop-logic. The Lawyer, unhappily married to the Daughter, comes upon her in company with the Officer and discovers some tell-tale hairpins:

Look at this one. You see two prongs, but it is only one pin. It is two, yet only one. If I bend it open, it is a single pieee. If I bend it back, there are two, but they remain one for all that. It means: these two are one. But if I break—like this!—then they become two.

The conceit, perfectly in character, suggests not a little the speech of Othello: "Put out the light, and then put out the light," etc. At times his imagination is as startling as a stab. When the meanness of man has been exposed, the Daughter asks suddenly, "You have seen a brain—what roundabout and sneaking paths——" Continually he gives the impression of getting below the surface even when talking nonsense. A ship is seen wrecked, the whole crew being lost. "And lo, the life-buoy—which saved itself and let distressed men perish!"

Such precision and shrewdness in managing details bestow a certain *a priori* force upon his imagination in more ambitious attempts. The Daughter picks up a shell in Fingal's Cave and, placing it to her ear, interprets the silent voices of the air by a haunting melancholy lyric. Upon analysis, what passes at first glance for imaginative purpose is often merely his zest for the whimsical, which he paints so thoroughly and with such seeming belief in it as to be disarming. On nothing does his fancy play more subtly than on the notion that men are but impotent shadow-shapes. He illustrates it in a dozen different pictures, no one of which is quite cogent, but each of which has at least the effect of an insistent motif, especially when reinforced by the refrain, "Men are to be pitied," All roads lead to the conviction that life is a wretched image of some beyond. "Do you know," asks the Daughter, "what I see in this mirror? The world turned the right way! —Yes, indeed, for naturally we see it upside down." "You have said it!" exclaims the Lawyer, ". . . The copy—I have always had the feeling that it was a spoiled copy."

IV.

One cannot follow Strindberg's gropings for truth without feeling keenly the man's tragedy. High ideals he certainly had, too high, alas! For, like Donne, he could never reconcile them with life. He scanned human existence with a passionate desire to know what it means and to help mankind; he found it to be only a brutal joke. That he was doomed to failure there can be no question. His mind never attained to a thoroughgoing system, or control. Skill in gathering and managing individual moments of life led him to generalize too hastily. What he might have achieved, especially as a dramatist, if he had got a more largely rational outlook, one can only surmise. His close observation and quick, sympathetic fancy furnish a rare conjunction; if properly directed, they are the stuff that masterpieces are made of. But taken as it is, even at its best, his work is instinct with futility. His predilection, considering his limitations, for the spectacular phantasy as a vehicle of serious thought, is in itself a sign of weakness. It is the form which offers the readiest escape from defeat whenever one's purpose becomes embarrassed. If you are not quite clear how to proceed, introduce an airy ballet, or fall into intangible lyrics, or hide behind some other *divertissement.*

Many, however, have called "The Dream Play" acceptable symbolism, even while they reject its central teachings, in much the same way that persons who are not romanticists may chance to be moved by "Chantecler." The point is important for one attempting to place Strindberg's best work as literature. Rostand in "Chantecler" made much use, it is true, of symbolism. His universal goddess, Light, reflects with very various *nuances* the illuminating genius of poetic art, and the whole surface of the barnyard throws off a rainbow of subtle meanings. But Rostand had first constructed a definite framework, well articulated, to give the more transitory moods of the situation position and point. The underlying fable, or allegory, is applied with great niceness and leads step by step to a preconceived vision and outlook. The result is a perfectly intelligible microcosm, which one may cherish or discard. In "The Dream Play" there is no such structure. Though more thrilling, the piece is hardly more vital than the several dramatic spectacles which have been presented this year on the English and American stage. Gorgeous details of fancy, glimpses into a beyond, and all the other devices seek to convey the impression that the unusual atmosphere is symbolic of something which it is desirable to feel and surrender to, even though it is too fleeting and wayward to be entirely deciphered.

I do not, of course, presume to say that all of Strindberg's dramatic output is good for nought. Certain abuses he powerfully lampooned. Yet the effect is vitiated by the constant recollection that the reforms are founded upon a mistaken view of life. If Strindberg were now living and a young man there would be hope that he would outgrow his anomalous point of view. In youth it might easily be set down as the result of fearless curiosity exerted in many directions without enough time given to assimilate and unify.

H. DE W. F.

Fred Terry and Julia Neilson, who are still finding profit in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," have a new play which they will try in the English provinces this autumn, and hope to produce in London next spring.

"Kismet" is to be produced soon in Berlin, at the Künstler Theater. Herr Stern, Max Reinhardt's stage manager, will be the director and Max Pallenberg will play Hajj. There is a probability of the piece being played in Paris with Guitry as the beggar.

The Stage Society of London has given with notable success, "The Bias of the World," a translation of "Los Intereses Creados," of the Spanish dramatist, Beneventes.

"The Crisis" is the name of a new play by Paul Bourget and André Beaunier, which has just been produced at the Porte St. Martin in Paris. The theme of it is the degrading effect of politics upon character, and certainly the picture which it draws of a supposed French statesman is not a flattering one. Gisèle Prieurs, a charming widow, who has been the innocent victim of a scandal, has become the mistress of M. Rivardin, a man of lofty political ambitions and brilliant prospects. She has a

salon and admiring friends, is moderately respected, and tolerably happy, but is not so young as she was, and longs for marriage. This Laurent Bernard, a Socialistic Deputy, offers her, but Rivardin refuses, on the ground he is Prime Minister now—that such an alliance would be fatal to his Administration. But he does not wish to lose Gisèle, and sees in Bernard a dangerous rival. So he offers him a Cabinet position on the sole condition that he shall see no more of Gisèle, or, at least, that he shall promise not to marry her. When Bernard refuses the bargain, Rivardin tells him the old scandal about Gisèle, declaring her to have been a false wife before she was a kept woman. A bloodless duel follows, and then comes a scene in which the two men are confronted with Gisèle. Rivardin now proposes marriage, but she gives her hand to the more high-minded Bernard. The play contains some strong scenes, and much brilliant dialogue, but it is criticised as untrue, and Rivardin is called a travesty. Madame Réjane acted admirably as Gisèle.

Music

Seventeen volumes of Wagner's letters have been printed, and there are more to come. A uniform edition of those so far published is announced by Breitkopf & Härtel. The first two volumes contain those addressed to his first wife, the third those written to other members of his family. To Uhlig, Fischer, and Heine, those in Vol. IV are addressed. Mathilde and Otto Wesendonck were the recipients of the letters printed in Vols. V and VI. Those to the publishers, Brietkopf & Härtel, and Schotts Söhne, add two more volumes, and one is taken up with the correspondence with Liszt (including Liszt's replies). Volumes X to XIII bear the names of Theodor Apel, August Röckel, F. Prager, and Eliza Wille as the persons addressed, while in Vols. XIV to XVI are miscellaneous missives to many persons who were concerned with the Bayreuth festivals in an artistic or business capacity, Vol. XVII contains a sort of aftermath, letters addressed to friends and contemporaries from the earliest years to the last period of his career.

Verdi and Wagner were born the same year (1813), and while the Germans are preparing to celebrate Wagner with an *éclat* surpassing even the Liszt festivities of the season just ended, the Italians will show appreciation of their greatest musical genius in many ways. One of these will be the publication of his correspondence. A few weeks ago, at the Villa Sant' Agata, which Verdi occupied to the end of his life, Boito and a number of other eminent Italians opened the box containing the literary remains and were, as the Milan *Perseveranza* reports, astonished at the rich find. Five folios were filled with Verdi's correspondence with publishers, extending from 1830 to 1890. The letters to his librettist, Ghislanzoni, will make a large volume. There were found many operatic sketches, both musical and poetic; some of the unused melodies were adjudged equal to the best that Verdi has given to the world, and of special interest is his own sketch, partly in prose, partly in verse, of the "King Lear" he had intended to compose. There are also fragments of a "History of the Popes," which Verdi started to write.

The complete correspondence of Verdi has been placed by his heir, Mme. Marla Carara, into the hands of an editor, Signor Scherillo. It will be published shortly.

Humperdinck left Berlin some weeks ago to recuperate at Meran. During the summer he will be an inmate of the Villa Falconieri, near Rome, which the German Emperor procured as a home for invalid artists.

One of the scenic surprises of the Berlin production of Mozart's "Magic Flute" was the use of motion pictures on a larger scale than had been seen before. It was in representing a waterfall, and the "transparent" reached the unprecedented height of ten yards. The films had been exposed in Switzerland and the Tyrol. In the revival of "The Magic Flute" at the Metropolitan next season, the Berlin setting will be used as a model.

The plan of attempting to soften the hearts of culprits in prison by means of music is being tried in England. An orchestra has been engaged for a special prison *tournée*. The beginning was made at Maidstone, where the programme included Gounod's "Queen of Sheba" march, Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" overture, "Two Elegiac Melodies" by Grieg, and the same composer's "Peer Gynt" suite, Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, and Meyerbeer's "Coronation March." The deepest impression was obviously made by the Schubert and the Grieg music, which seemed "like a message from heaven."

Art

In "Rambles in the Pyrences," which Murray of London is publishing, Hamilton Jackson has much to say about the architecture of the country visited.

A handsome volume containing "A Descriptive Bibliography of the Most Important Books in the English Language Relating to the Art and History of Engraving and the Collecting of Prints," is promised shortly by Ellis of London. The volume, which is the work of Howard C. Levis, is limited to 350 numbered copies (325 only for sale), and the price to subscribers, which will be raised after publication, is £2 12s. 6d. net.

A summer session of the School of American Archæology will be held in Santa Fé and at the ruins in El Rito de los Frijoles near by, August 1-30, inclusive. Lectures will be given and research work conducted by the school's regular staff.

A few miles from Vicovaro, on the presumed site of Horace's Sabine farm, a Roman villa of the second century A. D. has been found, with interesting baths; but nothing has as yet come to light which can be held contemporary with the poet. At Sorrento some fine fragments of statuary have been unearthed, which belong, probably, to the pediment of a temple, and at Pæstum a fine statue of Claudius and various buildings of the Roman period have been discovered. Important excavations are carried on at Terranova Pausania, the ancient Olbia, in the northwest corner of Sardinia, where portions of the city wall, with a postern gate and towers, have been found. These must have been constructed to fortify the town soon after the island had passed into the hands of the Romans at the end of the third century B. C.

In a lecture at the Continental Hotel in Cairo, Prof. Flinders Petrie gave a preliminary account of his recent discoveries in Egypt. Excavations were carried on at different sites, so that the results are of varied character. An extensive cemetery was found about thirty-five miles south of Cairo, which dates from the earliest historic age down to the Pyramid period. Among the most interesting objects brought to light are pieces of clothing and coffins made of wood, basket-work, reeds, or withies, all in a remarkable state of preservation; also, bed-frames, sometimes retaining the rush-work webbing or decorative plaiting of palm fibre, with beautifully tapered poles and carved bulls' legs to support them. Of less perishable material were about 300 alabaster vases and dishes and a great quantity of pottery. In one tomb were found pottery jars, with drawings of the fore part and the hind part of a zebra. In another were impressions of four sealings of King Narmer-Mena, not hitherto known. At Heliopolis some surprising discoveries have been made, traces of another obelisk having come to light, beside the well-known obelisk on that site. At Memphis, work is progressing rapidly, and an alabaster sphinx, weighing about eighty tons, has been unearthed. The annual exhibition of antiquities will be held at University College, London, in June and July.

In general characterization of "The Book of Decorative Furniture, its Form, Color, and History" (Putnam), by Edwin Foley, a copiously illustrated work, now completed with the appearance of the second volume, there is not much to add to the review of Volume I which appeared in the *Nation* of June 8, 1911. The book is decidedly interesting to the student of the historical development of furniture. Mr. Foley continues to indulge in divagations, interspersed with regrets over the lack of space to deal properly with certain details of his subject. Such desultoriness is accented by the manner in which the descriptive text of two pages before each color-plate is set, being continuous with the general reading matter. Thus, from page 4, for example, you pass on to page 7. Nor are the plates necessarily concerned with the matter of the adjacent text: Georgian furniture is sandwiched into mediæval, and in the midst of an array of British art you get not unpleasant surprises in the shape of a plate each of Asiatic furniture and the "naïve charm" of Austro-Hungarian peasant art.

The consideration of the influence of surroundings as well as of material is wisely adhered to, and is underscored in references, such as the one (p. 362) to Georgian furniture as "a distinctly English interpretation of home life." In the second chapter, on our Colonial Furniture, appreciation is shown in the statement regarding the "fanback" chair used by Thomas Jefferson: "apart from historical associations, its lines are so convenient, comfortable, and inexpensive, that one marvels at the scarcity of the pattern in England." Statements concerning Chinese

influence before Chambers (p. 10), or the ante-Empire occurrence of classical motifs in the Louis XVI period (p. 270), or the indebtedness of Adam to Pergolesi, "more marked" than that to Piranesi (p. 97), will help to revise some general conceptions. The usefulness of the book is increased by tables of designers and periods, plates of typical details of decoration and color reproductions of woods, a classified bibliography indicating periods dealt with in each one of the books mentioned, a glossary of terms which might have been extended, and an index which is apparently the result of an honest effort to furnish a key to all details.

"Art, Artists, and Landscape Painting" (Longmans), by William J. Laidlay, is an odd confessional book and by no means uninteresting. Mr. Laidlay treats the painters' profession from many aspects. He is ready to advise on colors and sketching kits and on the relation of the artist to society. Much of this advice is sensible, a certain portion naturally represents idiosyncrasy. It certainly is good counsel not to sketch too long every year at the expense of picture-making. There is something to be said, too, for adding *premier coup* and bravura after the picture has first been carefully painted. Mr. Laidlay holds that artists, being hopeless individualists, might as well give up trying to improve their condition through organization. All the same, he concludes his book with a petition to the King of England to reform away the favoritism of the Royal Academy. The book contains considerable matter of an anecdotal sort and is fully illustrated.

Daniel Cady Eaton, professor emeritus of the history and criticism of art at Yale University, died at New Haven on Saturday. He was graduated from Yale in 1860.

Finance

NEW POINTS OF VIEW.

Of the two especially interesting movements which have occurred in the recent markets, it may be said that each has a particular significance of its own. Both the price of wheat and the price of stocks have declined simultaneously with considerable rapidity, just as their price advanced simultaneously six or eight weeks ago. Ordinarily, one might expect the stock market to advance when the grain market declines, and *vice versa;* for a decline in wheat should mean better prospects for the crops and therefore brighter outlook for railway and industrial enterprises, while a violent rise in wheat, foreshadowing short crops, would usually be interpreted as a bad sign for general business. But the past week's simultaneous decline in stocks and in wheat may perhaps be most fairly characterized by saying that the one reaction resulted from premature expectations of good in the general investment field, while the other resulted from premature expectations of evil in the season's agriculture.

The wheat market's case is particularly interesting. Between April 1, when dispatches began to come in of damage to the winter wheat crop, and the second week of May, when the Government's unfavorable crop report was published, the price of wheat at Chicago rose from $1.01 to $1.18½ per bushel; between May 10 and Monday of this week, it declined from $1.18½ to $1.11½. In other words, it has lost nearly half of the season's earlier advance, and this was clearly attributable to the fact that the grain trade's ideas of two or three weeks ago, regarding the actual damage to the crop, now appear to have been very greatly exaggerated.

The grain crop outlook is by no means all that one might wish it to be; but this is one of the incidents which brings sharply to mind what an exceptional country this is, in geographical area as in variety of climate and capacity for production. In Europe, it is customary to hear that crops have run short in France and England, but are offset by excellent yields in Germany and the Balkans, or that Eastern Europe has not produced enough, but that Russia has filled the bag. But the stretch of the United States from East to West and from North to South is not much less than Europe's, and it would require a very remarkable series of misfortunes to spoil all the harvests of the country. Even when the corn crops of 1894 and 1901 ran disastrously short, we had handsome wheat yields; the deficient wheat crop of 1904 was offset by a bumper yield of cotton, and we all know what happened with the South's agricultural staple when the Northern grain yield was cut down last year.

But the country, like Europe as a whole, is also large enough to admit of disaster to a single crop in one part of it, while the same crop in another section will come through the season in better shape than usual, and it is just this possibility that the wheat trade has discovered this present week. The grain trade speculators had concluded that, since the Central Western States had lost half of the wheat which was planted in the autumn, therefore the same thing must have happened to the fertile region beyond the Mississippi. It is now beginning to hear that the trans-Missouri district, up to date, has fared as much better than usual as the section to the east of it had fared worse. We shall have plenty of agricultural vicissitudes between now and harvest time, but we have already had the not unfamiliar lesson read to us that it is not the habit of Nature to kill the country's harvests before the middle of May. That is only the habit of the Chicago Board of Trade.

How far the rapid decline on the Stock Exchange, from the high prices of a few weeks ago, was caused by the agricultural uncertainty, and how far by the very much greater confusion of Presidential politics, is an open question. That sober financial sentiment had been adversely affected by Mr. Roosevelt's radical campaign and by his unexpected victories in the Eastern primaries, could not be doubted. It was not easy to say how dominant an influence this was—first, because the actual bearing of any political situation on investment values is always hard to manage, but also for the reason that no one has been able to foresee the result of the fight for the nomination.

The tendency has lately been to await the Ohio primaries of last Tuesday, with the idea that they should give some definite indication as to the actual trend of things. The earlier votes had caused very mixed emotions. In fact, the community had been so sated and surfeited with the absurd working-out of the Presidential primary experiment—it is much as if the old-time uproar over the "October States" had in those days been repeated six or eight times in advance of the national election—that each new "primary crisis" in another State, each new exchange of epithets on the hustings, each new reference to "what I did" or to the rat in a corner, each new mix-up about the ballots, each new suspicion that voters of one party are helping along the vote at the other party's primaries, and each new subsequent batch of claims and explanations, had begun to pall on the taste. But all experienced observers recognized that Ohio was a different matter, and when the decisive victory of Roosevelt over Taft, in the primaries of the President's own State, became known on Wednesday morning, it was felt that the Roosevelt movement must be faced by the financial community in a somewhat different spirit.

It is likely, therefore to be a study in Stock Exchange psychology, how the market takes the later developments in this remarkable episode. Wall Street is able to change its mind on such matters with entire shamelessness. Its opinion on events is notoriously influenced by smooth and oracular hints from high financial quarters, and when Presidential campaigns are personally underwritten by Wall Street celebrities, it is to be expected that such hints and intimations will not be lacking, any more than they would be if the undertaking were the conversion of a company's share capital into bonds or the listing of its stock in Paris.

Besides, it is usually the preference of high finance to back the winner as soon as it knows who the winner is to be. Just now, it is extremely puzzled over the question; hence, perhaps, its discreet and dignified reticence as to the bearing of politics on the markets. All this will make it interesting to observe what happens to "Wall Street sentiment," in the light of any of the various political possibilities which the next few

weeks, and next week in particular, may bring to light.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Armitage, E. S. The Early Norman Castles of the British Isles. Dutton. $5 net.
Baum, Julius. Romanesque Architecture in France. Edited, with introduction. Dutton. $7.50 net.
Bazin, René. The Children of Alsace. Lane. $1.30 net.
Blakey, R. J. The United States Beet-Sugar Industry and the Tariff. Columbia University.
Blythe, S. G. Cutting it Out: How to Get on the Water Wagon; The Fun of Getting Thin. Chicago: Forbes. 35 cents, each.
Borchard, E. M. Guide to the Law and Legal Literature of Germany. Washington: Library of Congress.
Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature: Migration of Birds, by T. A. Coward; Prehistoric Man, by W. L. H. Duckworth; Natural History of Clay, by A. B. Searle; The Modern Locomotive, by C. E. Allen; Earthworms and Their Allies, by F. E. Beddard. Putnam. 40 cents net.
Carlyle's Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History. Edited by G. Wherry. Putnam. 45 cents net.
Coats, R. H. Types of English Piety. Scribner.
Collins, J. H. The Great Taxicab Robbery. Lane. 50 cents net.
Cooke, E. V. Baseballogy. Chicago: Forbes. 50 cents.
Davison, J. W. From Mendelssohn to Wagner: Memoirs, compiled by his son. London: W. Reeves.
Dilla, H. M. The Politics of Michigan, 1865-1878. Columbia University.
Ditchfield, P. H. Oxfordshire (Cambridge Geographies). Putnam. 45 cents net.
Du Toit, A. L. Physical Geography for South African Schools. Putnam. $1.40 net.
Fox, C. M. Annals of the Irish Harpers. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Hutton, Bettina v. Sharrow. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Lee, Charles. Our Little Town; Paul Carah; The Widow Woman. Dutton. $1.25 net, each.
Lessing's Nathan der Weise. Edited by J. G. Robertson. Putnam. $1.10 net.
Lloyd, Arthur. The Creed of Half Japan. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Mackellar, C. D. Scented Isles and Coral Gardens. Dutton. $5 net.
Mermeix's Chronique de l'an. Paris: Bernard Grasset.
Phillpotts, Eden. The Forest on the Hill. Lane. $1.30 net.
Ricci, Corrado. Baroque Architecture and Sculpture in Italy. Dutton.
Roberts, Richard. The Renascence of Faith. Revell. $1.50 net.
Rosner, Karl, Georg Bangs Liebe. (German novels.) Brentano. 25 cents net.
Sando, R. B. Practical Poultry-Keeping. Outing Pub. Co. 70 cents.
Sims, N. L. A Hoosier Vilage. Columbia University.
Sleeman, J. H. Cæsar in Britain and Belgium: Simplified Text, with notes. Putnam. 45 cents net.
Thompson, John. A First-Year Latin Book. Putnam. 50 cents net.
Tovote, Heinz. Frau Agna; Mutter! (German novels.) Brentano. 25 cents net. each.
Ungoed, G. T. A First German Book on the Direct Method. Putnam. 80 cents net.
Wheeler, A. S. Profitable Breeds of Poultry. Outing Pub. Co. 70 cents.
Wildenbruch's Die Rabensteinerin. Edited, with notes, by R. C. Ford. Heath. 35 cents.
Wilson, C. D. Working One's Way Through College. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.
Wright, M. T. The Charioteers. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Yiddish Tales. Translated by Helena Frank. Philadelphia: Jewish Pub. Society of America.

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"With caustic incredulity he exclaims: 'Fra Angelico is a *piagnone*.' So he was, a spiritual leader in the Savonarola movement. Vasari's description of him as such has impressed itself upon the minds of twelve generations of readers; and Langton Douglas well says: 'Owing, then, to a variety of cases, the *piagnone* view of Fra Angelico still holds the field.'

"I cannot lay claim to being the first to mention that 'Masaccio was murdered in a Roman street.' Six years ago Dr. Paul Shubring, of Berlin, published this detail.

"The story that Giorgione died from grief at the desertion of a fickle beauty is not so absurd as it is to call it so. Anyway, it does not 'receive credence' in the text, but is bracketed: 'it is said.'

"The reviewer apparently confuses Van der Weyden's altarpiece of the Virgin with the 'Descent of the Cross,' which is a copy, as stated. The Mary altarpiece has even been identified as one ordered by Pope Martin V, and carried by the Emperor Charles V on many of his travels.

"The number of genuine Botticellis in the Berlin Museum is of course an open question of critical opinion, as much so as the number of Raphaels in the Louvre.

"The Raphael tapestries are intentionally also called carpets, to indicate the primary use to which these fabrics were put—a fact often overlooked by, or unknown to, art writers

"A Cathedral is a *Dom*, in German—too many italics are such a nuisance.

"Thanks for the Thoré correction—a lamentable lapse, but Boston was not to blame.

"And now as to the sumptuous summary of the whole book as an 'odd gallimaufry.' 'Discursive scholarship'—that sounds good; 'vigorous taste'—better yet; 'cheap and inaccurate English'—oh me, oh my! I know I have never been able to acquire schoolmaster English, but might that 'personal tang unusual in such compilations' not cover some of my stylistic sins? Not all people like George Meredith. Very truly yours, D. C. PREYER."

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1912.

The Week

After Ohio, no cool observer doubted that Roosevelt would carry the New Jersey primaries, though the clean sweep which he made on Tuesday was beyond the hopes of his most ardent supporters. They had privately conceded Taft six or eight of the twenty-eight delegates, but it now appears that he will have not more than two, if, indeed, the complete returns give him any. It is a most impressive series of popular victories which Roosevelt has now scored. Since Illinois, the whole card-house has fallen in a heap for him. With the exception of New Hampshire, and the drawn battle in Massachusetts, he has won every State primary, marching on from triumph to triumph. We suppose that no one will now question that if the New York primaries were to be held over again, he would be easily victorious in this State also. Such is the effect of political psychology, success breeding success. On the face of things, the opponents of Roosevelt still have more delegates in the Chicago Convention than he has; but they can be under no delusion regarding the nature of the assault which he will now make upon the delegations from the Southern States, or the high probability that he will soon be loading up his band wagon with them.

As the only way to fight Roosevelt is to fight him, and not run away when he makes threats, the decision of Senator Root to accept the offer of the temporary chairmanship at Chicago is good tactics. If the other side desires to join battle on that preliminary issue, well and good. It will be noted that Mr. Roosevelt has not yet ventured to attack Mr. Root personally. Upon nearly every other leading Republican opposed to him he has poured out his vitriol, but Root has so far been spared, though the intimation has been given that he has hurt the Colonel's feelings. Of course, if Mr. Roosevelt decides to make a fight upon Root, the latter will at once be described as one who has been consistently a corrupt tool of the corporations and the bosses—except at the times when he was working with and for Theodore Roosevelt, when he was, by definition, one of our ablest and most patriotic citizens. But we imagine that the Colonel will do a bit of thinking before he gives the signal for war upon Root as temporary chairman. He would scarcely like to begin by advertising it to the country that his campaign involves proscription of the men of brains whom he and his party have hitherto delighted to honor.

You never can tell about what charge the Colonel will show himself sensitive. The other day he grew quite excited, for one ordinarily so calm, at the assertion that his seven years in the Presidency had been a time of such extravagance that he left a Treasury deficit behind him. This is singular. He passed over attacks upon his honor, upon his truthfulness, upon his fair dealing, in order to resent with indignation the charge that during his Administration public expenditures had been lavish. But this is the one subject about which Mr. Roosevelt has never seemed to care a straw. The facts are of record. One has only to look at the Government's own "Statistical Abstract" to see how enormously the budget grew while Roosevelt was President. Moreover, during all that time no urgent plea for prudence in appropriating money ever came from him. Cleveland was always hammering away on the duty of economizing, but Roosevelt never did. Taft has again and again written messages and suggested schemes in behalf of saving the people's funds, but this was certainly not carrying out a Roosevelt policy, for there never was a Roosevelt policy on this subject. Indeed, the most significant utterance about it which Roosevelt ever made as President was his assertion, even when the Treasury was embarrassed, that this Government had never found any difficulty in getting all the money it really wanted to spend. That was the characteristic flush and hang-the-expense attitude which he maintained throughout, yet now the man is pained at being told that he was extravagant!

Friends of Woodrow Wilson have reason to be encouraged by recent gains. In Ohio, the vote for the New Jersey Governor was surprisingly large, all things considered, and gave him a quarter of the delegates. They, however, under the unit rule, will all be for Harmon on the first ballot. But the demonstration of Wilson's strength with the Ohio Democrats remains impressive. Even more marked was the favor shown him in the Virginia Convention last week. Though that State's delegates go to Baltimore uninstructed, it is known that most of them are for Wilson. These additions to his list are not numerically great, but they indicate a significant change in the course of the campaign developments. For one thing, they show that the quiet combination of all the other candidates against Wilson is no longer working effectively. In spite of it he is making headway. Another point to fix attention upon is the checking of the drift to Champ Clark. The movement for the Speaker was helped along at first by many who did not delude themselves with the idea that Clark was either a fit nominee or could possibly win in the Convention, but who thought of him as a convenient means of heading off Wilson. But now they are alarmed at their own success. They are getting a clearer notion of the great emergency which will confront the Democrats at Baltimore, and are well aware that Champ Clark would be ridiculous as the man put forward to meet it. This feeling, growing more intense every day, partly accounts for the slowing up of the Clark boom. Wilson is at least a candidate to be seriously considered by his party.

Senator Crane's announcement of his retirement is not unexpected. It has been evident for some time past that there would be the strongest kind of opposition to his reëlection. We do not, however, believe that this fact alone dictated his withdrawal from the Senate. The truth is that he has not been happy in his position for some time past. Many of his most intimate friends in the Senate have retired, and he has found little in the new trend of our political life to sympathize with. The changed attitude towards him of public opinion in Massachusetts is significant of the altered political conditions throughout the coun-

try. Mr. Crane was admittedly one of the very best Governors Massachusetts ever had. This is conceded by friends and foes alike. When he was first elected to the Senate, the entire State was satisfied and pleased with his selection. Now, however, he appears to thousands as a reactionary, an ally of "big business," one who is not progressive, and, therefore, there would have been a tremendous effort to defeat him for re-election. That he is one of the ablest Senators and one of the most influential goes without saying. Yet he never makes a speech, and has always done his work chiefly behind the scenes.

What effect the withdrawal of Senator Crane will have upon Senator Lodge is one of the questions which will from now on be much discussed in Massachusetts. That Senator Lodge ought to be retired is obvious; his present ridiculous position astride the fence has made him the butt of many jokes. That he could not win in a State-wide primary is also plain. In this era of machine-smashing, his machinery would be a shining mark. Should Mr. Roosevelt be reëlected and Senator Lodge be forgiven for his failure to enter the lists for the Colonel, there are those who believe that he would be Secretary of State to Mr. Roosevelt, which fate may Heaven forfend.

Complications developed by the Presidential primaries in various States show how difficult it is to frame efficient machinery for executing the popular will under our elaborate system of nominating and electing Presidents. Unless an exacter method can be devised, we are in danger of seeing the people's will reversed at times, in spite of endeavors to induce them to record it with their own hands. After the primaries have passed into history, however, the popular vote must still run the gantlet of interpretation in the electoral colleges. It is well known that in Wisconsin the electors in 1901 signed a certificate in which the State's vote was given for Garret A. Hobart, then already dead, for Vice-President, a not too intelligent copyist having transferred it literally from a certificate of 1897 which had been given him as a guide to the form of the new document. Fortunately, the error was discovered before it was too late. This incident recalls an earlier one which might have changed the whole current of our political history. In 1832 the Democrats of Pennsylvania pledged their candidates for electors to vote for William Wilkins for Vice-President, but sent a delegation to the Baltimore Convention who voted for Van Buren and helped to nominate him. The electors stood true to their pledge, although theirs were the only votes cast on the decisive ballot for their candidate. Had the Clay Presidential ticket mustered the strength at the polls which its supporters predicted for it, the thirty votes of Pennsylvania's electors might have defeated Van Buren for Vice-President and prevented his promotion to the Presidency four years later.

Senator Lorimer, it is reported, will fight. Ajax will defy the lightning. All the blandishments of "Sunny Jim" have failed to make the Illinois politician see the beauty of surrendering a seat that has apparently been bought and paid for, and he will force his colleagues to perform the distasteful task of declaring his title to it invalid. This they seem to have made up their minds to do. Why not escape the thunderbolt by resigning? Because, it is to be supposed, resignation would be confession. But it would be open to the unhappy Senator to plead the uselessness of continuing a struggle to the bitter end, and to make moving speeches about the impossibility of obtaining justice in the highest legislative body that man has ever, etc. Besides, this course would be appreciated most profoundly, we are sure, by many of his colleagues. Does the Senator not owe a duty to the men who have stood by him as long as it is safe to do so? But perhaps he is distressed over the want of a precedent. This, fortunately for his peace of mind, it is possible to supply. In the great State of New York a Senator was once accused of misconduct. He, too, fought vigorously for a while, but at last succumbed to the inevitable. Allds resigned. Why not Lorimer?

Last Thursday's vote by the House, 147 to 126, in favor of making the Panama Canal free to American ships, is not likely to be the final expression of the will of Congress. If it were, it would be a national disgrace. For we are firmly bound by treaty never to discriminate against foreign shipping in the regulations for the use of the Canal. It is stated that the leading men in the Senate are saying that, whatever the House may do, the Senate at least will show that it knows what is the obligation of a treaty. In the House debate it was clearly pointed out that the passage of the bill making the Canal free to American vessels "engaged in the coasting trade"—which are virtually the only ones that would cross the Isthmus—would be in effect a subsidy to American shipowners to the tune of $5,000,000 a year. If we are going to have ship-subsidies, let us have them open and undisguised, not hidden away in a bill for another purpose, in a way to cheat the people without their knowing it.

Cities keep on going into business. This has sometimes been done through the mayor or other civic officer, as in the case of Mayor Shank of Indianapolis. In other instances, municipalities themselves have undertaken enterprises, as when Detroit a few months ago made plans for a municipal coal mine to be worked under the city park. The latest evidence of this tendency comes from Oklahoma City. This thriving town is already pocketing, in imagination, the $40,000 a year profit which it contemplates from a municipal farm. The plan is to cultivate the city land beside an automobile highway twenty-nine miles long, which was recently completed at a cost of $400,000. The sponsors of the scheme believe that the city will be skilful enough as a farmer to make a profit of at least $100 an acre. Alfalfa, wheat, and oats will be planted and the hope is that too many political tares will not be found growing in the wheat, and that the oats will not prove to be wild.

That an American architect, Mr. Walter B. Griffin of Chicago, has carried off the first prize of $8,750 in the international competition for a new capital of Australia is surely a cause for national satisfaction. A number of American and Australian architects, as well as men from other countries, competed. The opportunity was quite unusual, in that it called for the designing of an entire city. Australia has acquired a Federal territory four miles square, 165 miles southwest of Sydney, in New South Wales, which is to be made into another District of Columbia. An ele-

vated plateau, it is partly surrounded by hills 200 feet high, with a stream running through it which is to be dammed, thus making possible unusual water effects. The task of the competitors was not, of course, to present designs for each of the many Federal buildings—the national museum, theatre, library, the Parliament group, etc.—but to indicate on the plan the precise sites for these and many other monumental structures. It was to accomplish for Australia what Major L'Enfant did for the United States, that the architects entered into competition, and it may be thought fitting that, as France aided the United States to plan its capital, this older federation of States should perform a similar service for the new Australian federation.

We owe a vote of thanks to Signor Gatti-Casazza for dispelling an unfortunate impression that has prevailed about us in foreign operatic circles. Salaries for artists at the Metropolitan Opera House, the impresario assures his questioners, are "only a little more" than those that the best performers can command in Russia, Italy, Spain, Portugal, or even Egypt and the Argentine. There may be much in that "only a little more." One can fancy a tempted singer murmuring:

Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away!

But we prefer to believe that it is as the Metropolitan leader intimates. One can earn more money in Germany, if not in Egypt and the Argentine, but for the pure love of art and America one chooses to cross the deep, and sing and act for the appreciative audiences of the land of the free and the home of the brave.

The first Cuban newspapers to come to hand since the breaking out of the rebellion make clear the suddenness with which the blow fell. Havana was in the midst of celebrating the tenth anniversary of the independence of the Cuban Republic, when the news came of a revolt that threatened its life. The existence of the "Independent Party of Color" was, of course, well known and its demands understood, but there was apparently no thought that the negroes would take up arms. As soon as the gravity of the movement was perceived, however, there was an instinctive feeling that Cubans must drop their political differences and bend every energy to the restoration of order. The revolution was "the common enemy," in the language of the Havana *Discusión*. The same paper, referring to the possibility of American intervention, freely admitted that a certain amount of it was justified under the treaty, and might be called for in the present circumstances, but added that the very possibility of such intervention should act as a spur to the Cuban people, leading them to "redouble their efforts to reëstablish the peace so unhappily disturbed." The situation undoubtedly remains serious and even critical; but with sufficient vigor on the part of the Cuban Government and patience on the part of our own, there is no good reason why there should not be a peaceful outcome.

Whatever may be said as to the effect on Brazilian sentiment of our Attorney-General's suit to enjoin the "coffee valorization syndicate's" operations in our markets, the public reference to the matter by the Brazilian Ambassador was certainly an indiscretion. He described this suit, in his speech to the Pan-American Society, as "a heavy blow" to "hopes for a new era in our commercial relations." The suit is based, he declares, "on the quite revolutionary doctrine of paying for other people's merchandise, not the price they ask for it, but the price the United States—I mean the American merchants—want to pay for it." "Certain officials of this Government," Ambassador da Gama continued, "went so far as to proclaim before an American court of justice the forfeiture of the sovereignty of that foreign state." This is pretty strong language, and it is highly undiplomatic language. The ground for the Ambassador's allegation is, as every one now understands, the fact that the 950,000 bags of coffee held in this country by the "valorization syndicate" are the property of the Brazilian Government. It was bought for the purpose of controlling prices, and it is pledged by that Government as partial security for the $75,000,000 Brazilian loan; but it is held by the syndicate under contract stipulations with Brazil, and that is obviously why the Brazilian Ambassador felt himself warranted in expressing resentment.

They certainly have queer notions in England about party leaders and their relations to each other. Since Mr. Balfour's return to Parliament there has been a good deal of malicious talk about his having permitted Mr. Bonar Law to take his place at the head of the Conservative party in the House of Commons only so long as it served his own purposes. When he got ready, he would oust Mr. Law without ceremony, so it has been said, and resume the leadership. But this theory of Mr. Balfour's motives has been denounced by his party associates with a vehemence that must seem in this country entirely misplaced. In a recent speech, for example, Mr. Walter Long asserted that the whole story was an insult to Mr. Balfour. What could be more offensive to a man of honor than to have it intimated that he had "withdrawn from the leadership only for a time, in order that he might sail under false colors," and come out as leader again when it suited him? A greater insult, affirmed Mr. Long, "could not possibly be offered to any honorable man."

A recent letter by Mr. Balfour dealing with Anglo-German relations has convinced Professor Delbrück that war between Great Britain and Germany can hardly be averted. Professor Delbrück is an eminent example of the fighting type of German professor whose profound studies always lead to the one conclusion that Great Britain must get out of Germany's way or take the consequences. No matter how remote the professor's specialty may be—he may be an Assyriologist or an authority on deep-sea animal life, or a specialist in the chemistry of dyes and colors—he can always deduce from nature or history the necessity of increasing the German navy. The odd thing is that, having proved from science the inevitability of a war between the two great nations, the German professor frequently allows himself to lay emphasis on such comparatively trivial phenomena as a politician's chance expression of opinion. Professor Delbrück, for instance, thinks that Anglo-German relations were in a very much improved condition until Mr. Balfour's unhappy letter. But if the much-heralded life and death struggle between the two Powers is really inevitable, what good or harm can Mr. Balfour do?

FERRERO ON ROOSEVELT'S PLANS.

It is an old saying that the contemporary judgment of foreigners is very likely to be the verdict of posterity. Most Americans should dislike to think that what people abroad are to-day saying of the contest in the Republican party merely anticipates the sober opinion of historians. It would make melancholy reading for our grandchildren! But if we drop out of sight the shocking personal abuse in our struggle, and ask what is its large political significance, what principles and tendencies it exhibits, what break-up and recasting of parties it portends, we may well get help from one who observes it all with the detachment and perspective of a foreigner. And when that foreigner is one who has the historic background and philosophic temper and special knowledge of American conditions possessed by Guglielmo Ferrero, it is for us to give heed to what he says about us.

Writing in the Paris *Figaro* of the fight for another term in the White House which Mr. Roosevelt is making, Ferrero does not indulge in any of his favorite comparisons with the Romans. One might have expected him to lug in Cæsar, or Marius, or, at least, the Gracchi! But he keeps his eye closely upon our political situation, and seeks to give a true analysis of it. Leaving out personal feuds and bitterness, and all questions of individual ambition, he asks what it is, considered in its larger aspects, that Roosevelt has set out to do. To Ferrero this seems perfectly clear. Mr. Roosevelt is undertaking to make the Republican party over. To begin with, he splits it. The intellectuals, the conservatives, the men who, by reason of property or high intelligence or personal weight have been of great influence in the Republican party, Roosevelt is making war upon and seeks either to terrorize or expel. Their numbers he hopes more than to make good by flinging himself upon the discontented masses, appealing to the lower classes of all parties, and aiming to win power by the votes of the dissatisfied and the turbulent in all parts of the country. That this process is actually going on is obvious to everybody. Ferrero is right about the facts. Take our universities, for example: they are overwhelmingly against Roosevelt. He knows this perfectly. Yet it does not trouble him for an instant. He, the educated man, the one who used to be happy to be in academic circles, is now ready to throw over the whole despised set of college professors. Are not a hundred bricklayers worth more to him than one university president?

The philosophic explanation of Roosevelt's political course which Ferrero gives is that it is an effort to make the Republican party radical. The left wing is to be dominant. A party which had for fifty years been known as the party of wealth and intelligence—which had steadily fostered the industrial and commercial expansion of the country, believed in a strong central Government, and gone forward in foreign policy—this party is now to be reorganized by men who think only of social reforms and a radical programme. As Signor Ferrero points out, this sort of attempt to regenerate or broaden or make more popular the aristocratic party, has often been made, but it has almost never succeeded. Says Ferrero: "Such tactics are always difficult and full of danger. How many famous public men have fallen victims to this plan, when they have essayed it in the trying moments of history!" No specific cases are referred to by Signor Ferrero. He might have adduced Disraeli, with his Young England movement, or Lord Randolph-Churchill with his Tory Democracy. Neither really succeeded in the effort by such means to rejuvenate and enlarge their own Conservative party. They merely provoked outbidding by Liberals—just as, in our own day, Chamberlain and Balfour have been outbidden by Winston Churchill and Lloyd George. One's mind also goes back to the time when James G. Blaine was likewise going to do so much for the Republican party by driving out the fastidious intellectuals and filling their places with a miscellaneous lot of "Blaine Irishmen," and restless ne'er-do-wells. It is not exactly inspiration and courage which Mr. Roosevelt can find in the Blaine example!

It is this high probability that Roosevelt will fail like his forerunners which leads Ferrero to say that many of the European friends of the ex-President regret his having exposed himself to the formidable test. Yet they are too far from the strife, he writes, to understand thoroughly the "psychological motives" which have constrained Roosevelt to throw himself into the mêlée. In this respect, his countrymen are better situated. They have seen those "motives" in the unfolding, and know them for a compound of mean jealousy, a smarting for revenge, and an insatiable lust for power. Whatever the distant philosophical theory of the effect on parties and on our form of government of what Mr. Roosevelt is doing, we on the spot are convinced that he is pressing on as one who has no friendship and no conviction which he would not sacrifice without hesitation on the altar of his ambition.

THE OVERSHADOWED CONGRESS.

We shall have to alter the Latin proverb. If arms can silence laws, what can Presidential primaries do to them? Let the past six weeks answer the question. During that period Congress has been continuously in session, and many legislative subjects of great importance have been before it, yet so far as the great body of the American people are concerned, Congress might as well not have been sitting at all, or have been meeting in Uganda. The debates have been but fragmentarily reported in the press, and public interest in the proceedings has been almost nil. To refer to only one instance of the complete indifference with which really significant matters have been passed over, take the passing and signing of the new pension bill, adding $25,000,000 or $30,000,000 a year to the pension budget. The thing was agreed to in Congress in perfect lassitude, and the bill was approved by President Taft without creating a ripple of interest. Yet nothing more ominous and indefensible has been done in recent years. The country should have rung with it. But people cared only to read which candidate for the Presidency was certain to carry the Fourth District of Maryland, or to get the biggest vote in the Second Ward of Ironton.

During all this time of obscuration, the work of Congress has not been sensational, but it has been necessary and useful. The appropriation bills for carrying on the Government sometimes seem humdrum while under discussion, yet the debates on them in either house of Congress are often instructive, both as regards the details of the measures and the principles of

legislation involved. It is, indeed, on these bills that the hardest work of the ablest members of Congress is done. Yet, for two months past their labors might have been carried on in the Mammoth Cave, for all the attention they have attracted. Even in non-Presidential years this part of Congressional activity—the passing of the appropriation bills—is too much overlooked. This year it has been absolutely disregarded.

Not long ago the Senate agreed to the Declaration of London. This is an international agreement of great importance, designed to fortify the rights of neutral commerce at sea in times of war. There is also the project for international prize courts. Both these highly important measures have been concurred in by the Senate, yet one vernal breath from Oyster Bay has seemed of vastly more consequence to the people. On objection by Congressman Fitzgerald the other day, Congress was prevented from making a small appropriation for the International Parliamentary Union. Other nations contribute their quota to this very useful association for the promotion of a good understanding and peace among nations, but our House of Representatives refused to fall into line. Yet who cares? The fact is barely reported, and even those deeply interested in the matter make no audible protest. Legislation is lost sight of in the dust kicked up by the Presidential race.

Another strange oversight has to do with the bill to appoint an international commission to inquire into the high cost of living. Here, if anywhere, we might seem to have a matter that would come home to the business and the bosoms of the people. They are all the time groaning about the rising prices of the necessaries of life. The bill in question is one of the most intelligent and promising efforts that have been suggested, or that could be made, to discover the true causes of the world-wide phenomenon by a world-wide investigation conducted by experts. Yet the work of getting the measure through Congress has been left to the few economists and public men interested, helped by the recommendations of the President and the coöperation of several wide-awake Congressmen. It passed the Senate, and was recently reported out favorably from the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, and is now on the calendar. The report accompanying it recapitulates the arguments in favor of such an inquiry, and prints the array of names high in the university and political world, both of this country and of Europe, who have given their warm endorsement to the undertaking. It should win the approval of Congress without fail. Judged by any rational standard, it is of much more importance than the great run of our activity in party politics, and might easily mean more for the well-being of the country, in the long run, than a dozen Presidential primaries. Even if the newspapers and the general public have too much ignored this matter, it ought not to lack the slight push now needed in order to get it through Congress.

We admit that the capacity for political excitement is limited. Men cannot be yelling all the time about everything. And it is inevitable that a certain overshadowing of the work of Congress should occur, when the passions of the multitude are stirred by an unprecedented Presidential contest. But this is no excuse for the almost entire ignoring of what is going on in Congress. We ought to apportion our interest better. Some of it should be reserved for that branch of the Government which cannot remain permanently in eclipse without grave injury to the commonwealth.

SOCIALISM AND SYNDICALISM.

Seldom has publicity come so suddenly and so lavishly to any movement as to the Syndicalist movement. Before the Lawrence strike, and for several weeks after the strike was under way, there must have been very few people in this country who knew what the Syndicalist theory stands for and what was this I. W. W. organization in which the Syndicalist philosophy is embodied in this country. To-day there is little excuse for ignorance on the subject. The emancipation of the working class is no longer to be attained through the capture of the governments of the earth by Socialism, but through the capture of the industries of the earth by the working class acting through the unions. Not ballots, but the general strike, as the highest form of "direct action," supplemented by such minor forms of warfare as sabotage and the boycott, is to overthrow the present social structure. Syndicalism has come forth as the programme of the proletarian "doers" as opposed to the intellectual Socialist talkers in the parliaments. The extraordinary development of the American press has made it possible to promulgate widely the truth that political Socialism is pretty well played out, and that the future is for the revolutionary unions.

The appearance of Syndicalism has undoubtedly created a serious problem for the Socialists in every country except in Germany, where the people take it rather phlegmatically. But it is quite certain that the Socialist parties even in England and in this country, where Syndicalism has made its appearance with such dramatic suddenness, do not feel themselves so seriously menaced as the outsider is inclined to believe. The conquest of political power as the lever of economic revolution has been the foundation upon which the Socialist parties all over the world have been built up, and in spite of the Syndicalist furore, it still remains the basis. The Syndicalist philosophy of "direct action" has recently been summed up as follows:

> Fellow-workers, you want an eight-hour day? Well, take it, and when you come back the next morning, tell the master you were on strike four hours yesterday. You want to get possession of the instruments of production? You are in possession already—all you have to do is to declare that you own the factory in which you work. If the master protests, lock him out. You say you don't get the full product of your toil? Get it, do only as much work as you are paid for, and go slow the rest of the time. You say the machinery ruins your health? Ruin the machinery for a while. You say you are treated like dirt? Put some dirt into the product.

It is a beautifully simple gospel of force. Against it we can only put the resolution adopted by the recent National Socialist Convention at Indianapolis, which declares in clear-cut terms that the repudiation of political action and the advocacy of sabotage, or any other form of violence, shall constitute a cause for expulsion from the ranks of the Socialist party.

The conflict between Socialism and Syndicalism is only one form of the division between the moderates and legalists on one hand, and the hot-heads on the other, that is found in every movement and every school. Syndicalism arose in France out of impatience with the methods of Socialist parliamentarism. Parliamentarism stands for half-measures, for palliatives, for con-

cessions. Syndicalism demands all or nothing. The great social overturn is to be accomplished at a single blow by means of a general strike of the workers of the nation, in preparation for which petty methods of warfare are highly desirable. It is a philosophy of desperation, and as such it has aroused the bitter hostility of those who by decades of patient effort and in the face of tremendous obstacles have built up the Socialist movement. Syndicalism would take a gambler's chance, but Socialism has too much at stake to risk the chance. Already the Syndicalist movement is on the decline in France, where its ideas were first developed. In the hands of the French thinkers, Syndicalism has been becoming anti-democratic —why not have a Cæsar, who will turn over the wealth of the nation to the workers?—and is thus sapping the very foundations of the political power of the workingmen.

But, in the main, the Socialist leaders have refused to be frightened out of their wits by the high-sounding claims of the Syndicalists. They insist on pointing out that it is through the now contemned political activity of the Socialists that the workers have attained that self-confidence which has made the Syndicalist philosophy possible. Philip Snowden, who is one of the leaders of the Labor Party in the British House of Commons, declared only the other day that "the partial conquest of political power which the workers have made has done more for them in six years than all the strikes they have ever waged or ever will wage." But more to the point is his sharp retort to the Syndicalist boast that the recent railway strike and the coal strike have demonstrated the superiority of "direct action" over parliamentary action. It is quite the other way, says Mr. Snowden:

> Both the railway and the miners' strikes were failures as strikes. Both were converted into successes solely by the interference of the State, the very power which the men had scorned and rejected. If the employers and the men had been allowed to fight it out without interference, the men would have been abjectly beaten.

Very much the same analysis can be applied to the Lawrence strike which first gave Syndicalism its "boom" in this country. What really happened at Lawrence was not that a strike was won by Syndicalist methods, but that a strike was won under Syndicalist leadership. Syndicalism has found a fertile field for its operations among the unorganized and unskilled workers. Such were the foreign-born mill-hands at Lawrence. But the strike was won at Lawrence, not by sabotage or barricades, but by the methods that obtain in every strike—picketing, parades, and appeals for popular support. Actually, the strike was won as a result of that extraordinary episode connected with the exportation of the strikers' children. There followed an outburst of indignation all over the country; and a Congressional inquiry—political action—was set on foot. There was the same exhibition of public sympathy regardless of class or creed in the shirt-waist strike of a few years ago. The same unorganized mass of workers was brought together in a great emergency; but at that time Mr. Haywood and the I. W. W. were not in charge, and so Syndicalism did not get the credit. We are inclined to believe that the ultimate philosophy of Syndicalism has left less impression on the minds of the mill workers in Lawrence than on the minds of newspaper readers.

"DOGMATISM" AS A VIRTUE.

Professor Meiklejohn, it appears, is quite as old-fashioned as Dr. Hibben. The newly-elected President of Amherst, till recently Dean of Brown, came out the other evening in a speech to the Brown alumni of New York in no uncertain terms against the elective system. "The boy chooses on some special line—the love of vocation, the line of 'snaps,' the line of a certain profession or the days that will let the student get out of town. What do you get? Any sort of training? None at all." In an age when the temptation is so great in higher institutions of learning to reflect minutely the complex changing conditions of outer life, he strikes a vigorous note for breadth and simplicity of instruction. "The old classical curriculum believed that if you take certain studies and work them through you'd get out of them the deepest things of human experience. I love the dogmatism, the certainty, the courage of that old curriculum. Whether right or wrong, it had something to give, something to be taken." Not that he would necessarily restore the older order unaltered. But he insists that the time has come again "for the American college to select from the body of knowledge a unified system and make sure that the boy who studies it has learned of human life. It's time for a new dogmatism."

The term "dogmatism" was, of course, used by Professor Meiklejohn apart from any unfavorable connotation. Employed in connection with the system which has taken shape at Amherst, its meaning is perfectly clear: there is to be no compromise in the new President's leadership. His words are encouraging as one more indication of the direction in which higher education in this country is moving. It may well be that colleges like Amherst and Princeton, with their less complicated problems than those of the large university, will point the way to a clean-cut reaction all around. Their influence just now is most desirable. For many have wondered whether the plans for revision which the universities have made are not hedged about with too many qualifications. Hand in hand with the requirement that students shall gain a general knowledge of some half-a-dozen subjects goes the chance for them to choose from a multitude of courses designed for much more specific ends. Universities strike the outsider as being somewhat apologetic if any programme is not strictly practical. So statistics have been gathered to prove that the college man succeeds better than his less educated brother, even in business. This question is really beside the point. College used to be thought capable of giving a man something which he could seldom acquire in purely commercial life. Why permit the suspicion to crop out that the worth of that excess is at all doubtful?

If dogmatism means asserting the conviction that the pursuit of an ideal truth is of the utmost importance, by all means let our universities be dogmatic. Far more than they seemingly realize, they have it in their power to make their communities a law unto themselves. Their main concern should be, as it used to be, more for theory than for practice. We understand how natural is the temptation to follow the opposite method. Take the subject of economics. Just now the cost of living is one of the most widely discussed questions of the day. Papers and periodicals are full of it. What more profitable than to set the student investigat-

ing some aspect of it by reference to recent printed documents? The boy "sails in" and in time writes an intelligent report on the way in which coffee, we will say, has been "valorized." The investigation has been profitable, perhaps absorbing. But his interest in general economic laws pales before that engendered in the minutiæ of a red-hot up-to-date example. Fortunately, universities are beginning to see that theoretical, or absolute, truth—the sort upon which ideals are founded—is difficult to deduce from a narrow study of actual, contemporary life. Existence examined at close range means loss of perspective. On that account it is most desirable that there should always be a distinction between the thought of the university and that of the outer world.

Professor Meiklejohn, in accordance with the Amherst programme, hopes to create an atmosphere of proper detachment by requiring a study of the classics. To us it appears significant that both he and Dr. Hibben are philosophers, who will naturally see to it that their special subject is not neglected. It and the classics easily combine. Who can think of Greek without Plato? Oddly enough, in the recent discussions on education philosophy has received little attention. Yet of all subjects it should seem to be best fitted to form the basis of any broad, rational curriculum. Small good will come, for instance, from glimpses into the greatest civilization of the past unless power is got to reason abstractly. This faculty is at present almost lost. Not only do young men find it hard to project themselves back of the present, but equally hard to pursue any line of thought which has no practical bearings. At Oxford philosophic training, we know, has been insisted upon as much as that in the classics; and the general run of Oxford graduates impress one with their eagerness to speculate on fertile topics. The same used to be true of our own students. Somehow, the capacity for flexible theorizing must be won back, if the college and university hope to live up to their traditional purpose.

The picture of a restored dogmatism, based upon a broad philosophic outlook, appeals strongly to the imagination. It would beyond question be upsetting. For though there could be no return to the loose handling of facts, now thoroughly discredited by practical, scientific methods, a touchstone would be at hand for testing the worth of a hundred little courses whose announcements make such a brave showing in college catalogues. Is the knowledge they present broadly illustrative of the most important processes of thought and faith? Do they go deep into significant human experience?

THROUGH THE OUTLOOKING GLASS

"Whichever way you look at it," said the Red Knigbt, "there is only one possible conclusion. I am the logical candidate at Chicago."

"What *is* a logical candidate?" said Alice.

"A logical candidate," said the Red Knight, "is one who, when tbe necessity arises, can prove that 'I won't' means 'I will.'"

"That should be a very difficult thing to do," said Alice.

"*I* find it the easiest thing in the world," said the Red Knight. "Let us look at it in this way: No one will deny that the President of the United States should be a man about fifty-four years old, about five feet ten inches tall, powerfully built, wear glasses, and live on the north shore of Long Island. That, I believe, is axiomatic."

"That's another word I don't know the meaning of," said Alice.

"An axiom, my dear girl, is something which is so obviously true that the man who denies it must be a crook or an infamous liar. Very well, then. In the second place, a candidate for the Presidency should be a man of wide experience. He must have lived in the White House at least seven years, and before that he must bave been a member of the Legislature, a Police Commissioner, a cavalry colonel, and the author of a short but masterly treatise on the Irish sagas."

"Is that axiomatic, also?" said Alice.

"Naturally," said the Red Knight.

"Then it means once more you."

"Exactly," said the Red Knight. "And in the last place he should be a descendant of the old Dutch patroons, a native of New York, and his name should begin with an R and end with a T and have at least two O's and a V between. Now what does all tbat prove?"

"Axiomatically, you mean?" said Alice.

"Of course," said the Red Knight.

"It means you again," said Alice.

"You are a very bright child to see the point so quickly," said the Red Knight. "Thus I am the logical candidate of the moment. But please observe that I am much more than that. I am also the physiological candidate, because I can speak faster and louder than any man in the country, and can slug a man harder through the ropes. Then I am the zoölogical candidate, because of my record in Africa. And I am the entomological candidate, because I am the broadest-minded man in the world, and my views are absolutely insectarian."

"I don't think that is a very good pun, do you?" said Alice.

"I think it's one of the best puns I ever heard," said the Red Knight, hastily, and went on. "The successful candidate must be one who knows how to make hay when tbe sun shines and how to get in out of the rain; therefore I am the meteorological candidate. He should be the man brought forward by a vast national upheaval; that makes me the geological candidate. And, above all, he must not be thin-skinned when accused of bad faith and personal motives; that makes me the dermatological candidate. So what does all tbis show?"

"It shows," said Alice, "that you *are* the logical candidate."

"It does," said the Red Knight, and, having divested himself of his armor, he thrust his hands into his pockets and whistled cheerfully.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The files of Colonial newspapers are becoming recognized more and more as important raw material for history. With few exceptions the early and rare historical books have been reprinted and originals or reprints are readily accessible in public libraries. Only a few libraries, however, possess extensive files of any Colonial periodicals, and, in tbe case of the first ones at least, the student must visit several libraries in order to see complete series of any of our early newspapers. The most extensive files are those belonging to the New York Public Library and the New York Historical Society, Massachusetts Historical Society, Library of Congress, Historical Society of Pennsylvania, American Antiquarian Society, and Wisconsin Historical Society. In 1895 William Nelson of Paterson, New Jersey, published, as Vol. XII of "Documents Relating to the Colonial History of New Jersey," a collection of news items relating to the colony of New Jersey, selected from the newspapers of all the American Colonies. This is the most important publication of such material that has been made heretofore. Now the Society of Americana of Boston is publishing, under the title of "An Historical Digest of the Provincial Press," a series of volumes in which will be reprinted all items relating to American affairs, personal references as well as historical events, in the newspapers of the several colonies down to the close of the Revolution in 1783.

The first series, which will be in twenty volumes, is to be made up of extracts from the newspapers of Massachuestts. It is edited by Lyman Horace Weeks and Edwin M. Bacon, and the first volume which has been issued to subscribers promises well for the character of the work. It is an octavo of nearly six hundred pages (the exhaustive Index filling 77 pages, double column), well printed on rag paper, with fifteen illustrations, including facsimiles of manuscripts, pages from early newspapers, portraits, and views.

In 1689 there was printed in Boston, by Samuel Green, a single-sheet broadside, with type page 6¾x12 inches, with a heading *The Present State of the New English Affairs*, and while there is no evidence that the publisher intended to issue additional numbers, this has been called the first Colonial newspaper. The honor, however, really belongs to a little sheet, *Publick Occurrences*, of which "Numb. 1," dated "Boston, Thursday, Sept. 25th, 1690," is preserved in the Public Record Office in London. That Benjamin Harris, the publisher, intended to continue it as a news-

paper is shown by his announcement on the first page: "It is designed, that the Countrey shall be furnished once a moneth (or if any Glut of Occurrences happen, oftener,) with an Account of such considerable things as have arrived unto our Notice." But four days after the date of publication of this first number, the Governor and Council, finding that it "contained Reflections of a very high nature" and "sundry doubtful and uncertain Reports," declared their "high Resentment and Disallowance" of it, and ordered "that the same be Suppressed and called in," forbidding "any person or persons for the future to Set forth anything in Print without License."

The publication of *The Boston News-Letter*, actually the first Colonial newspaper, began in April, 1704. It was published by John Campbell, the postmaster of Boston, who for about a year before beginning his printed newspaper had prepared and distributed to a limited extent manuscript "news letters." The volume before us contains also all items bearing on American affairs from the existing copies of these manuscript letters. Then begins the series of extracts from the printed *News-Letter*, this first volume embracing from No. 1, April 24, 1704, to No. 167, June 30, 1707. Besides reprinting all American items, a short digest is given of that portion of the paper which contained news of the rest of the world, mainly made up from English papers. The advertisements, often the most interesting section of the sheet, are reprinted in full. Where the same advertisement appears in more than one number it is printed from its first appearance and this entry is afterwards referred to.

The character of the material collected in these volumes is extremely varied. Besides historical events, legislative acts, etc., which are chronicled in the histories and Colonial law books, there is a large mass of local and personal information, passenger arrivals and departures, residences, real-estate transactions, wills, etc.

It is to be hoped that the enterprise will not fail of the necessary support, so that the compilers' scheme of covering the entire American Colonial newspaper press can be carried out. L. S. L.

Correspondence

DANA AND MOTLEY ON ICEBERGS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Before the Titanic horror becomes ancient history—while, in fact, it is yet fresh in memory—it may be worth while to call attention to certain old-time experiences which have a reflex bearing on it.

It has recently been asserted that the Atlantic ice-floe during the present season is unprecedented, and that the Titanic fell to a certain degree a victim to conditions hitherto unheard of. This may be so as respects its latitude south, but, nevertheless, it is well worth recalling that there are accounts of not dissimilar experiences, in neither case resulting in catastrophe, from the pens respectively of two such eminent writers as the late Richard H. Dana, jr., and John Lothrop Motley. The one occurred in August, 1856, the other, five years later, in June, 1861. The modern ocean liner had not then come into existence. Mr. Dana went abroad for the first time on the steamer Canada, a wooden paddle-wheel ship, built in 1848, which was continued in service on the Boston-Halifax Line until nearly 1870. Mr. Motley was on the Arabia, also a wooden paddle-wheel ship, dating from 1852. Both ships were of less than two thousand tons measurement, and in their construction no compartments were provided. The average passage then was from twelve to fifteen days—ships steaming at a rate of some twelve to fifteen miles an hour.

This being premised, the following is Mr. Dana's account of a portion of his voyage. Leaving Boston on July 2, the Canada made the usual stop at Halifax, and on Sunday, July 6, Mr. Dana closed a long diary entry, descriptive of what took place, as follows:

> The lookouts are on each paddle-box, on the forecastle, and in the foretop, and the captain kept the deck. The boat is at half-speed. At each half-hour, when the bell is struck, each lookout responds, "All's well," in turn, beginning on the forecastle, and so following round. It has quite a romantic effect. Staid on deck until 11½ P. M., and went below with plans, in case we should be obliged to take to boats, after collision with an iceberg or vessel.
>
> July 7, Monday. Rose early, and was rewarded by the sight of an iceberg. After a few minutes on deck, "Starboard—hard a-starboard!" was shouted from forward. "Hard a-starboard!" was echoed from aft. "Starboard; every spoke!" cried the captain. "Every spoke, it is, sir," said the mate. "Stop her! Stop her!" By this time several passengers rushed on deck, and a large iceberg lay looming in the fog a few yards to windward, with the small satellites drifting by its side. All we could see in the thick fog was the dull, dark mass, a few shades darker than the fog, high and long, with a broken, wild outline. It was soon lost in the fog to leeward. We were sailing directly upon it, and only the bright lookout saved us from running upon it.
>
> The passengers are now better satisfied with the slackened speed of the boat, and praise the captain for his careful watch.
>
> Tuesday, July 8th. Still fog, but lifting considerably, and full steam on, and all sail, making up knots. The captain has not been in bed, or at table, since we left Boston. He lies down on his sofa, in his coat and boots. I told him the passengers were well satisfied with his caution, and quite contented to go at the slackened speed. "Whether they like it, or not," said he, "it is my duty to do it. I am responsible for everything." This was a little gruff, but I liked the downright honesty of it.
>
> Wednesday, July 9th. Still fog, still the grey, gloomy ocean, broken into foam, and tumultuous seas, all about us. But we are clear of ice, and there are fewer vessels to be met in this upper latitude—for we are going north about—so we keep on at full speed.
>
> Friday, July 11th. This is our first fine day since leaving Halifax. The sun is out bright, the sea is smooth and blue, and the air soft and agreeable.

Mr. Motley's account of a similar experience, but going westward, is found in a letter written by him to Mrs. Motley from on board the Arabia, off Halifax. It is as follows:

> Friday afternoon last, 7th June (1861) about an hour before sunset, we saw the first iceberg, longitude about 43 or 44; latitude 49. We passed within three-quarters of a mile of it. It was about 300 yards long and perhaps 100 feet high, pale green in color, very precipitous in form, with a deep rift or crevasse through its whole bulk. The sea broke over its base, as the surf on a rocky shore. Very soon afterwards there was another on the other bow and before dark, seventeen had been seen. We were driving along at the rate of thirteen knots the hour, and it seemed rather a ticklish kind of egg dance as the night closed in. Fortunately, the weather was clear, and there was no difficulty in seeing them, and avoiding a collision. Several of us sat up in the smoking room on deck till daylight—going on deck from time to time to look at the bergs. We were sailing all night through a complete archipelago of ice islands. Sometimes they were very near. One, I remember, was so close to the wheel house where I was standing, that it seemed possible to toss a biscuit on it, and in all directions along the horizon there were others. It was a very brilliant sight. They seemed like islands of fire, so intense was the pale light which they emitted through the dark atmosphere.
>
> I turned in about three, when the dawn had already begun, but the icebergs were as thick as ever. At one time there were fifty counted in sight at the same moment. You may suppose, therefore, that when I was dressing at about half-after eight, I was not specially delighted to hear the shriek of the fog whistle. Presently we blew off steam and stopped, and when I came on deck the fog was so thick that you could scarcely see the ship's length. Two immense bergs had been seen just before the fog set in, one of them said to be near three miles in length. This was probably a great exaggeration, however. Fortunately, in about two hours it cleared again, and we went on our way rejoicing—seeing several large icebergs astern of us. This was the last of them, apparently. The group had extended over some 150 miles, and it was estimated that we saw as many as 200, so that there were possibly as many thousands, which were near, but out of sight. Since then, though troubled with fog from time to time, we have not slackened speed, but have been shrieking every half-minute and tearing on through the impenetrable gloom. Now the weather is brilliantly clear, and we shall run into Halifax by one o'clock, remain there two or three hours, and probably reach Boston to-morrow night.

In connection with the ice-floe and accompanying bergs of the present year, the foregoing graphic accounts certainly are not lacking in interest. Had the Titanic been handled in the same cautious way, and with a like sense of responsibility on the part of its commander, the worst marine catastrophe in history would not have occurred. Charles Francis Adams.

Boston, May 24.

THE RELIGION OF SENSIBLE MEN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In his Introduction to the edition of Froude's "Essays in Literature and History" in Everyman's Library Hilaire Belloc disputes that Disraeli was the author of the remark often set down to him, that his religion was "the religion of all sensible men," and of the reply to the question what that religion might be: "All sensible men keep that to themselves." In a tone which is likely to affect the reader's opinion of Mr. Belloc rather than of the late Prime Minister, he says "that Oriental" "could no more have made such a witticism than he could have flown through the air; his mind was far too extravagant for such pointed phrases"; and he proceeds to commend Froude because he "rightly ascribes it to Rogers, a very different man from Disraeli—an Englishman with a mastery of the English language."

Now, as a fact there is authority for ascribing this witty saying to one who was born more than a century before Rogers. In a footnote to the life of Garth in G. B. Hill's edition of Johnson's "Lives of

the Poets," the following statement occurs: "Garth, being questioned by Addison upon his creed, is said to have replied that he was of the religion of wise men; and being urged to explain himself further, he added that wise men kept their own secrets." As source of the quotation is given Spence's "Anecdotes," p. 115*n*.

Possibly the *mot* may be traced to a still remoter origin. Its production hardly requires so particular an order of intellect and such special racial qualities as Mr. Belloc seems to think, although it may exceed the powers of the "many men, many women, and many children" who, Dr. Johnson declared, could have written the Poems of Ossian. L. N.

San Francisco, May 18.

POPULAR GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The surprising failure of the general public to discriminate at once between the sophistry of Roosevelt's declaration that the people must rule and the sound declaration of President Taft that ours is necessarily a representative government, calls for a brief statement of elementary principles.

When an appeal is made to the electorate, all votes cast by the minority cancel an equal number of votes cast by the majority. It is only the excess above these cancelled votes which is effective. Therefore, it is only this indefinite body, usually small, which transfers its authority to the candidate elected, clothing him with power to represent all the people, both voters and non-voters. Precisely the same thing is true in measures passed by the recall, the initiative, and the referendum.

There is no such thing as a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. It is not a working hypothesis. The State and nation are far more enduring and far higher than the individuals living within them. And when the supreme call of war comes, the Government has the right to demand that the last dollar of treasure and the last drop of blood of its citizens shall be surrendered, if necessary, in order that the Government may live. A popular government simply means that it shall be administered for the benefit of all; and not for the benefit of the privileged few, whether individuals, corporations, or organizations. And this administration must necessarily be by representation in its legislative, judicial, and executive branches.

Roosevelt stands revealed in his elemental character. Reseated in the White House, he will seek to make his tenure permanent. Playing with calculated purpose upon the emotions of the multitude, as a musician plays upon his instrument, he will also buttress his position by alliance with the most unscrupulous politicians, by all the power of Federal patronage, by the support of favored corporations, and by the purchased support of military pensioners, who, already, are tearing at the vitals of our States and nation.

George Edwards.

Berkeley, Cal., May 15.

THE COST OF BOOKS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent, Mr. Edwin B. Holt, is to be congratulated for his outspoken language (*Nation*, May 2). The bad habits of publishers, in Europe as well as in America, are fostered by what the learned Professor Krumbacher (of Munich) used to call: *die Treue der* 200 *sicheren Bibliotheken*. Krumbacher spoke of scientific and artistic works of a high standard; more modest books can reckon on seven or eight hundred university, college, and city libraries. These libraries suffice to refund the publishers and even to insure an exorbitant profit on their publications, which often, on account of their prohibitive price, remain inaccessible to the reading and working scholars. I have been advocating for many years, in the *Revue archéologique* of which I am the director, the formation of an international committee of librarians, representing the two hundred *sure* libraries and some others provided with fair means. Whenever a book is issued with superfluous luxury, or at a price not corresponding to its aim—of course books for bibliophiles may be issued at any price—the committee should at once declare that *not one* copy of that book shall be purchased by the syndicate of libraries. After a few experiences of that sort the publishers would find it wiser and safer to consult the committee beforehand by sending an advanced copy. Only scientific works should be submitted to the committee, and only works costing above four dollars a volume. I have already proposed that such a committee be formed as the result of a meeting of librarians, and that the seat of the delegates be in Oxford. Salomon Reinach,

Keeper and Librarian of the Museum at Saint Germain.

Paris, May 22.

GARMOMBLES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the current (April) issue of the English journal, *Modern Language Review*, I have offered a solution of the old Shakespearean crux, *garmombles*, the term which in the 1602 quarto of "Merry Wives of Windsor," iv, v, 72, Sir Hugh Evans applies to the men who have been swindling the inn-keepers of Maidenhead and Reading out of their horses, etc. The word is evidently identical with Scotch *jurmummle* or Yorkshire *jurmungle*. In Wright's "English Dialect Dictionary" the former is defined as "1. to crush, to disfigure, 2. to bamboozle," the latter as "a mess, confusion." Both, moreover, are said to be obsolete even in the dialects. As far as the initial syllable is concerned, apart from the palpable hit at the Count of Mompelgard, some allowance must be made for Sir Hugh Evans's defective pronunciation, for he is a Welshman and mangles his English all through the play. It is the second of Wright's definitions of the Scotch word which applies here—only, of course, *garmombles* is used substantively. Mr. R. Warwick Bond in his edition of the early Elizabethan play, "Misogonus," included in his "Early Italian Plays" (1911), had already explained the *girmumble* of that piece, ii, iii. 79, by reference to the Yorkshire *jurmungle*.

Since writing the above-mentioned article my attention has been called to the fact that Dr. W. H. Browne, in *Modern Language Notes* for December, 1906, noted the occurrence of the word under discussion in Thomas Nashe's "Lenten Stuffe" (1599), where a fisherman delivers a herring to the Pope's caterer and teaches him to *"gear-mumble* it, sauce it and dress it." The passage will be found Vol. III, p. 207, in the new edition of Nashe's Works by R. B. McKerrow, where we have the spelling *geremumble*. The Index of this edition gives still another occurrence of the word—with the same spelling—Vol. I, p. 321, in "Four Letters Confuted" (1592), where, in belaboring his enemy, Gabriel Harvey, Nashe calls him a "fanaticall *Phobetor, geremumble, tirleriwhisco,* or what you will."

The word is not recorded in the New English Dictionary, Schmidt's "Shakespeare-Lexicon," or Onions's "Shakespeare Glossary," so it has seemed worth while bringing the instances of its occurrence together. Perhaps some of your readers may be able to make additions to the list. Nashe, it will be observed, uses it both as a verb and as a substantive. Mr. McKerrow, like Dr. Browne, makes no attempt to explain its meaning. He merely contents himself with citing in his Addenda the passage in "Misogonus," referred to above. In both of the passages in Nashe, however, the word carries with it the notion of violence, of cutting up, doubtless. This brings it close to the first of the meanings which Wright gives for Scotch *jurmummle*.

J. Douglas Bruce.

Knoxville, Tenn., May 14.

RAGGED SOLDIERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Some time ago, in looking through the French correspondence of the year 1589 in the Public Record Office in London, I came across a draft of instructions for Lord Willoughby, who was going to France with a detachment of troops to assist Henry of Navarre in his wars. One passage in the draft (inserted in the hand of Sir Francis Walsingham, principal secretary to Queen Elizabeth), which was omitted from the instructions as they were finally drawn, may be interesting to your readers because it calls attention to a prevalent evil in the drafting of soldiers for Elizabethan armies and sharpens the point of that well-known scene in Henry IV, Part II, which describes the "pricking" of Falstaff's ragged company:

> Whereas, we are given to understand that certain captains, who have had particular charge in the Low countries, as also elsewhere in our service, having more regard to their own particular profit than to their reputation and credit, do, in a most disordered sort (when there hath been special choice made of such bands as have been delivered unto them) dismiss for money the most apt and able bodies to serve, and do either furnish their places with rogues and such as are ill-conditioned persons and disposed to mutiny, or else do not supply their places at all, and instead of whole bands have scarce half-bands, notwithstanding we are charged with their whole pay, a matter both dishonorable and prejudicial to our service; our pleasure is, therefore, that you shall see due execution of such orders as shall be set down by our Privy Council for the due punishing and avoiding of such like abuses.

The draft from which this passage is taken is in the State Papers, France, Vol.

XX, folio 56. I have ventured to modernize the spelling and punctuation.

CONYERS READ.

University of Chicago, May 18.

Literature

RECENT VERSE.

Poems and Dramas. By George Cabot Lodge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 2 vols. $2.50 net.

Hard Labor, and Other Poems. By John Carter. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. $1 net.

The World That God Destroyed, and Other Poems. By Frederick E. Pierce. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.50 net.

The Hill of Vision. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

In the Wake of the Phœnix. By James A. Mackereth. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $1 net.

Roses, Loaves, and Old Rhymes. By Annie Matheson. London: Henry Frowde 4s. 6d. net.

Quiet Places: Poems. By Carlos Wuppermann. New York: Shaemas OSheel. $1.

Foam Flowers: Poems. By Stephen Berrien Stanton. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $1 net.

The Masque of the Elements. By Herman Sheffauer. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Wife of Potiphar, with Other Poems. By Harvey Maitland Watts. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. $1.50.

Portraits and Sketches. By E. Herrick. London: Elkin Matthews. 1s.

Verse Pictures. By E. Herrick. Same Publisher. 1s.

Dreams and Gables: Sonnets. By E. Herrick. London: H. R. Allenson. 1s.

Forty-two Poems. By James Elroy Flecker. London: J. M. Dent & Sons. 2s. 6d.

The complete poetical writings of the late George Cabot Lodge, including his dramas, "Cain" and "Herakles," have been gathered into two volumes with a supplemental biography by Henry Adams. While Lodge was not a great original poet, while his poetry may lack the consecration of genius, it has talent and character; while it may not make tradition, it is itself in the best literary tradition. It is unmistakably the work of a man of taste and reading, acquainted not only with his own literature, but with those of other languages as well, who, out of the conflicting modern influences to which he has been exposed, has finally attained to a point of view and a manner of his own. A strong sense for the adventurousness of life, a conviction of the excellence of unrest and activity and of a saving discontent with settlement and security,

Lest we grow tired and tame and temperate—

these are the main characters of his verse and are admirably illustrated in the following sonnet:

Let us go hence!—however dark the way,
Let us at all adventure hasten hence!
Too well we know what secret excellence,
Real and unrealized, brooks no more delay
Of who would make love perfect, and display
In life the spirit's true magnificence . . .
Haste!—lest we lose the clear, ambitious sense
Of what is ours to gain and to gainsay.
Let us go hence, lest dreadfully we die—
Die at the core of life where love is great,
Where thought is grave, audacious, and serene . . .
Thither and hence all vast achievements lie,
There where the truth's transcendent virtues wait
Up the dark distance, radiant tho' unseen . . .

The pseudonym "John Carter" serves to label a set of verses which have attracted some attention severally from the fact that they were written by a convict in the Minnesota State Prison. While they bear no resemblance to Verlaine's work, written under similar circumstances, they possess like his the kind of poetic merit which is inseparable from the utterances of the human spirit under the influence of strong emotion. Superficially their most singular characteristic is the incongruity which results in their case from the juxtaposition of actuality with the conventions and assumptions of modern poetry:

The line forms sullenly; there is no sound,
Save a sharp voice that rasps its "Forward march!"
The shuffling feet creep onward through the arch;
Locks clatter; and in weariness profound
Most sink unconscious to a dreamless sleep,
While some few through the night long vigil keep. . . .

Ah, we that know the better from the worse
Our deeper guilt must pay a thousandfold.
In mourning garb come those we loved of old
And some weep silently; but others curse.
"Ye filled the cup; why should ye not then drink?"
The words are just; our whipped souls can but shrink.

Mr. Pierce has something of a taste for Biblical subjects, which he treats in a suggestive, rather than a symbolical, way. The greater part of his volume is taken up with the colloquial poem on the deluge—it can hardly be called dramatic—which gives its name to the book; while his "Armistice" feigns a parley at some length, held on the shores of time amid the discouragements of eternity, between the arch-enemies Michael and Lucifer. Mr. Pierce's quality is that of seriousness—a quality which is naturally at its best in such lines as those on his father's grave:

Unmarked he lived and unregarded died
Who slumbers here; much dared, endured, and willed;
Seemed great to friends and God and none beside,
Foundation deep where fates denied to build.

Yet, dust beloved, couldst thou but know how crowd
Thick coming memories round thy noteless bed,
Thou might'st be proud to know thy children proud
Of their unknown, unstained, unconquered dead.

Obscure and shunned the path 'twas his to go,
Yet one at which the boldest heart might quail,
Through bitter, hopeless years descending slow
Disease's dark, Apollyon-haunted vale.

Despair and anguish round on every hand,
And Reason rocking on her crumbling throne,
Few sympathizing, none to understand,
He fought his dreary fight unhelped, alone.

Mr. Stephens's muse, on the contrary, is a much more tricksy spirit; indeed, she displays at times an unmistakable streak of Celtic whimsy. "The Sotherer," "Peadar Og," and "MacDhoul" are as waggishly irresponsible performances in such a vein as any one would care to see. And yet Mr. Stephens has his graver moods, too, in which he can be as impressive as he is at other times racy. Of this rather more quotable manner his transliteration of Chopin's Funeral March is a good example:

Yea, ye shall rest, O be sure that your sleep will endure:
Through the daylight, the dusk, and the dark, while the moon and the sun
Rise successive and fail and die down when the journey is done:
Ye shall rest, taking heed of no thing that shall come or shall go:
Ye shall sleep through the thunder nor heed when the hurricanes blow:
When the strong trees are felled and the rocks toppled down from the height:
While the mountains dissolve into sand and the valleys upright
Climb stark into mountains again, ye shall hear not a sound,
Secure in the sleep that I give in the heart of the ground:
Till the earth like a mote through the spaces falls into the sun,
And the work of all things that have been is a work that is done.

This same transition from vivacity to sobriety is no less characteristic of Mr. Mackereth. Impish as is his "Paddy Magree," his lines on the coronation night of King George are weighted with a kind of severity which is becoming rarer every day in English verse:

The latest King in time is crowned,
Hailed by a matchless empire's lips,
Proclaimed to every ocean's bound
With salvoes from a thousand ships.

The pomps, the plaudits melt away;
Like clinging pride of storied wars
They drift, the dust of yesterday,
A moment 'neath the steady stars.

On nipples of unnumbered hills
The lonely beacon-glow expires;
Lost in the downs the desert rills
Alone salute the stellar fires.

Hushed is the hamlet, dim the hall;
The smouldering city masks her eyes;
On shadowy shores no sound at all,
Save where a wave frets once and dies.

Through velvet darkness no foot goes;
The regal tale is wholly told.
The sleep is on the wild-wood rose
That laps the bones of Kings of old.

In general terms, Charity may be said to be the inspiration of Miss Matheson's "Selected Poems," of which her present volume is virtually a new edition. Her verse is the expression of a nature essentially religious, deeply sympathetic of the ills of humanity, and thrilling readily to the daily contacts and encounters of existence. To the delicacy with which she has succeeded in interpreting the feelings proper to such a character is due her popularity with a wide range of readers:

Within a dreary narrow room
That looks upon a noisome street,
Half fainting with the stifling heat,
A starving girl works out her doom.
Yet not the less in God's sweet air
The little birds sing, free of care,
And hawthorns blossom everywhere.

Swift ceaseless toil scarce wins her bread:
From early dawn till twilight falls,
Shut in by four dull ugly walls,
The hours crawl round with murderous tread.
And all the while in some still place,
Where intertwining boughs embrace,
The blackbirds build, time flies apace.
. . . . . .

And if she be alive or dead
That weary woman scarcely knows,
But back and forth her needle goes
In tune with throbbing heart and head.
Lo, where the leaning alders part,
White-bosomed swallows, blithe of heart,
Above still waters skim and dart.

Mr. Wuppermann's subjects are so unequal that it is difficult to hit off his verse in a single phrase. They range all the way from heavy dramatic monologues by such personages as Tantalus and Mary Magdalene to snatches of impromptu on clouds and roses. The former show some sense for blank verse, and that is reassuring as far as it goes; the latter, some sense for lyric trifling. The best thing in the book, however, is in neither of these kinds, but in the way of a sonnet, "Pelléas et Mélisande":

Doubt not there are more things in heaven and hell
And the wide earth between, than thou and I
Have dreamt us of, depths that no human cry
Hath fathomed with its shrillness, to dispel
The silence of long æons—who can tell
The mystic meaning of the unbounded sky?
Ah, poet, thou hast asked the what and why—
Behold the answer that thy musings spell:

Darkness, the dumb, mysterious moon, the kind
And patient star throngs, sick with fear, that wait
Above the whispered warning of the wind;
Fathomless forces of the soul that bind
Impotent phantom things to love and hate:
The splendid triumph of life's master: Fate!

Mr. Stanton's verse, on the other hand, is generally slight—or slender. Now and then he does a sonnet, but his ambition is evidently epigram. Occasionally he produces an effect of concision and point. The following lines on "Materialism" are as poetically successful as anything of his:

All dry and waste our gardens lie o'ergrown.
Where streams of cool refreshment flowed of yore
The forests of the soul have been cut down,
The fountains of the muses spring no more.
No more in myrtled Greece survive the groves—
Apollo wanders elsewhere with his lute;
Dodona's shrine and Delphi now are mute;
Amid the trees what nymph or dryad roves?

In his "Masque of the Elements" Mr. Scheffauer has attempted what may be called a cosmic poem. On the whole, it is probably a fair sample of the sort of theme which evolutionary science may be supposed to offer the poets of the future, wherein the moral agencies and interests of the past are replaced by the great powers and representatives of nature—sun, moon, earth, the four elements, time, and space. While appreciation is hardly at the height of these motives as yet, it may be said at a venture that Mr. Scheffauer's execution is not wholly unequal to his subject. In fact, "The Song of the Spirit of Creation," with which the volume closes, is not without a certain impressiveness of its own:

Once more the soft, terraqueous chaunt I hear
In choral, and the nuptual planet-dance
I mark. With puissant sceptre o'er each sphere,
Life thrones in music and in wonder's trance.
Hail! vessels solar and terrestrial, hail!
Whose prows shall cross the dim, celestial bars
With helm siderial and cloudy sail,
Bannered with youth and lanterned with the stars.
What fates for ballast? by what voices grim
And laughters urged, your astral course I mark,
Warped to what ports remote your hulks shall swim
Or anchor silent in what stagnant dark?
Mine arms have raised you from the cosmic deep;
Now Fire hath sprent his jewelled drops and sown
Marvellous seeds whence beauty's plants shall creep,
Season to season weaving, zone to zone.
Now sacerdotal Love shall shape and dye
His forms within the house of joy and tears,
And Birth shall bless and Death shall sanctify
Earth's passion and her pageant through the years.

In spite of the titular poem of Mr. Watts's volume, a rather lurid rendering in dialogue of the graceless old scandal, the writer is, if anything, less happy in dramatization than in the delineation of nature—a mere scene or aspect, a tone or color sufficing for the evocation of a whole countryside or season, as in his stanza to Winter:

Under bare poles the forest bends beneath the hurtling blast,
And the pine tree dreams of the wild sea days to come to its tapering mast;
And the hemlocks on their rocky ledge give voice to a winter song,
And the snow falls fast with a stinging dash
And the birches creak and the oak-boughs clash,
And the north wind hastens along, along,
And the north wind hastens along.

Amid the variety of good verse accumulating under the signature of E. Herrick, the consciousness of ocean runs in a singularly persistent undertone of allusion and figure. In particular, "The Ballad of the Monmouth" renews with unusual success and spirit one of the favorite motives of English poetry:

The Monmouth and the Foudroyant
Were close in deadly battle grip,
And Arthur Gardiner swore aloud:
"Thy snowy ensign shalt thou dip
And drench it in the blood-streaked brine,
And with it wipe away the stain
That soils my name along with Byng's
And let me sail at peace again" . . .

The Swiftsure and the Hampton Court
Made little headway in the chase,
For Gardiner's soul was set beside
His straining sails, and made the pace.
The dolphins danced before the prow.
They loved the Monmouth all and each.
And then she found the Foudroyant
And all her guns broke into speech. . . .

Their music shook the evening air,
Their light across the sea was thrown;
Right well the Captain knew his ship,
Hard pressed, the Monmouth held her own.
For two to one is slender strength
To fight a man who fights the past,
The flower of King Louis' fleet
Was like to find her peer at last. . . .

And so they took the Foudroyant, battered and wet with blood and brine.
She was the pride of Louis's fleet; the Monmouth least of all the line.
So Gardiner made clear his name of the false fog of slander's breath;
The morning woke the world again, but Gardiner slept sound in death.

For all the poetical association of numbers it seems something of an anomaly to reduce verse to the exclusively numerical denominations affected by Mr. Flecker. His "Forty-two Poems," he explains, is a reissue of his "Thirty-six Poems" plus six new poems. However it may be with his measures, his inspiration seems to have been affected to some extent by the French: he has one or two translations of Baudelaire and Leconte de Lisle which preserve the temper of the original pretty well. In his own vein, too, there is traceable a little something of that kind of serious levity which has come to be attributed rightly or wrongly to modern Gallic verse:

I am afraid to think about my death,
When it shall be, and whether in great pain
I shall rise up and fight the air for breath
Or calmly wait the bursting of my brain.

I am no coward who could seek in fear
A folklore solace or sweet Indian tales;
I know dead men are deaf and cannot hear
The singing of a thousand nightingales.

I know dead men are blind and cannot see
The friend that shuts in horror their big eyes,
And they are witless—O I'd rather be
A living mouse than dead as a man dies.

CURRENT FICTION.

Through the Desert. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The Henry Sienkiewicz of "Quo Vadis" does not appear here. This story has none of the vivid panoramic quality which took his earlier readers by storm. There is, to be sure, an historic backing for the tale. The events take place in Egypt and the Sudan in the time of the Mahdi, and the fall of Khartum and the taking of Gordon have their influence in the narrative. But it directly concerns the adventures of two children—a Polish boy of fourteen and a little English girl of eight. Mr. Rawlinson, the girl's father, is a director of the Suez Canal Company, and Vladislaw Tarkowski, father of the boy, "Stasch," is his chief engineer and close friend. Both children are motherless—a fact which goes far towards accounting for their adventures. No pair of sensible mothers would have been likely to permit their boy and girl to set out in native hands on a long journey at such a time, even though the end of their journey was a long way from Khartum—already besieged by the Mahdi. However, the two fathers are more easily satisfied, and set out from Port Said to inspect a new canal system at Medinet, after making arrangements for the children to follow them a week later. Unluckily (or luckily for the story-teller), the Arabs in whose charge the children are to travel are members of the Mahdi's own tribe, and they are kidnapped as hostages almost at the start. The ensuing adventures give the boy Stasch plenty of chance to show his strength and prowess; and in the end he brings back his little companion and himself to safety, alone through the desert, according to the best traditions of the honorable company of boy-heroes. It is a story for children rather than adults, but its pictures of desert life and its interpretation of boy and girl character are upon a much higher plane than that of the ordinary story of the general type.

The Luck of Rathcoole. By Jeanie Gould Lincoln. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

A prophecy, a talisman, a gentleman of fortune, a fair and saucy American maid, plenty of masks, sword-play, and quaint language, are the not unfamiliar materials here employed. The opening scene is laid in New York, and the time is supposed to be 1789. Washington is obligingly letting himself be inaugurated in the background, while in the foreground the young man and the maid are being introduced. He is of Scotch-Irish blood, and has come to America in search of a lost necklace without which his family cannot prosper, or he himself be safe. But he is perfectly ready to interest himself in other worthy matters. Miss Faith Wolcott, known as "Miss Moppet," is clearly such a matter, and as she is obliging enough to become a factor in the business of the necklace, a respectable plot is woven, as romantic plots go. Miss Moppet possesses "that rare gift of the gods, perfect beauty." Oddly enough, Nugent is not described as an Apollo, but he has "a quick eye and a strong arm, backed by almost reckless bravery," and that, after all, is more important.

The Fighting Blade. By Beulah Marie Dix. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

This is not a book which would be popular just now in England, for its hero is a young German soldier of fortune who kills a large number of Englishmen during the course of the tale, both on his own responsibility and as a captain under Cromwell. He has a duel on hand with Roaring Wat, the brother of pretty Thomsine; Wat wishes he had not, and his little sister dresses up as a boy and goes secretly to the German's lodgings to stop the affair. "In all those tingling trepidating moments, while she scurried through the midnight town on her crazed errand, she had been visioning the monster to whom she must make her plea." So, of course, when she lays eyes on him she falls deep in love. He is kind and polite, and from then on we have no serious anxieties as to the outcome. Even when the Royalists have caught Karl Ludwig von Kerstenbroock, and the gallows awaits, we are not really frightened. We have a feeling that all is going to be well. But will the author allow us one suggestion? On horseback the easiest way to carry a disabled man is not to sling him over one's shoulder, as Karl Ludwig does.

The Real Mrs. Holyer. By E. M. Channon. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

How large a dose of improbability may the gentle reader fairly be expected to swallow in a realistic novel? It is hard to say. A young Englishman of family marries an ill-treated governess, and they spend a honeymoon of a few weeks in the country. Although the bridegroom is an exceptionally frank youth and the bride a clever and sensible girl, she does not learn that his father is a nobleman and has a country house within a few miles of them. She knows only that for a time his father must not learn of the marriage. Her husband, called away for a short business trip to Jamaica, has urged upon her the importance of keeping their secret. Time passes, and nothing is heard from him; yet she makes no attempt to trace him, since this would involve declaring herself to his family. She bears a son, and supports herself and him by teaching in the village school; then, after five years, the mystery is cleared up by an accident. If we are willing to accept this fundamental improbability in her character, we shall find the story enjoyable. The emphasis is placed skilfully so as to divert attention from the weak places, and the heroine, with the exception just noted, is thoroughly human and attractive. The other characters are well-drawn types rather than individuals.

A LIFE OF MARK HANNA.

Marcus Alonzo Hanna: His Life and Work. By Herbert Croly. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

The singular interest of this book is undesigned. It lies less in the subject than in the author. Mr. Croly, that is to say, acting as official biographer, sets out to give us the "true" Mark Hanna, to revise current judgments of him, to clear away misunderstandings, and to arrive at a dispassionate appraisal of the man; always proposing to himself a certain ideal conception of him. His concluding chapter is a long and, no doubt, conscientious effort to explain and, to a degree, glorify Hanna as a "pioneer." Yet between the deprecating introduction of the volume and its apologetic summary lie the facts of the life; and these are presented so fairly by the biographer, with so little attempt to palliate or gloze over, that by themselves they pull down a good part of his theoretic structure. Struggling to work out a better view of Hanna's political activities, to rescue his character and

make it appear less sordid than contemporary estimates had made it, Mr. Croly is baffled by his own frankness and honesty. It is an almost pathetic case of an artist thwarted by refractory material.

Something, indeed, the biographer does accomplish in bringing out the human side of Mark Hanna. We see him a rather heavy and entirely unpolished man, yet good-natured, friendly, personally unpretentious, with a rough kind of democratic feeling for all sorts of people, kind to his employees and with a sincere interest in the welfare of workingmen. His affection for McKinley—amounting almost to devotion—was a master-passion in his life. That it brought Hanna fame and power does not affect its genuineness or intensity. He paid $100,000 out of his own pocket to help effect McKinley's nomination in 1896; he put his organizing abilities and his purse at the President's service all during his first term, and was cut to the heart when it appeared, for a time, that McKinley thought it neither advisable nor safe to trust his political fortunes longer to Hanna's management. But this was got over, and the two were on terms of the greatest intimacy until Czolgosz's bullet.

It is hard to read much importance into Hanna's early career as a business man. By shrewdness and energy and by taking advantage of his opportunities—such as those offered by the expanding trade of the great lakes—he amassed large wealth and acquired the reputation of a masterful man of affairs. His gradual drawing into politics was a natural development of his business activities. He had large interests, and they had to be protected. His street-railway franchises had to be guarded and renewed, and the readiest way to do that was to make friends of the mammon of local politics. So we early find him a generous campaign contributor. He even "peddled tickets" for the "right" members of the City Council. The votes of politicians in control of the traction franchises "had to be secured by some kind of influence." "A street railway company . . . had to purchase this influence or go out of business." The only alternative was that of "buying either the needed votes or the needed influence.' Mr. Hanna's Company was "no exception." "He did what was necessary to obtain the additional franchises." One sees that Mr. Croly is frank!

So he is in his account of Mr. Hanna's politico-financial operations on a national scale. Mr. Croly labors to show that Hanna honestly believed in the doctrines of protection. But his sincerity may be conceded; what were the methods that he sincerely pursued? His biographer gives us a plain tale. Hanna systematized the collection of campaign funds as it had never before been done. In this he was not so much a pioneer as Mr. Croly would make him out. Brave men had fried the fat out of protected manufacturers before this Agamemnon. But no one had so carefully seen to it that each piece of fat was located and duly fried. "Responsible men were appointed to act as local agents in all fruitful neighborhoods. . . . In the case of the banks, a regular assessment was levied, calculated, I believe, at the rate of one-quarter of one per cent. of their capital. . . . Life insurance companies were liberal contributors. . . . Mr. Hanna always did his best to convert the practice from a matter of political begging . . . into a matter of systematic assessment. . . . The explicit recognition on the part of contributors that they were *paying for a definite service* [our italics] enabled Mr. Hanna still further to systematize the work of collection." Could the process of commercializing politics have been more openly carried on? Mr. Croly is aware of the evil and is troubled by it, but does not appear always to recognize it in all its enormity. He records at length, for example, Mr. Hanna's efforts to induce Congress to make choice of the Panama route for the Canal; he makes no reference to the charge, which has been made on oath, that Hanna had had a campaign contribution of $60,000 from those interested in selling the French property to the United States. But this would have been, on Hanna's avowed principles, only a "definite service" regularly paid for.

The book's contribution to the political history of Hanna's day is not extensive. No important secrets are revealed; few new documents of significance are printed. There is a long and interesting account of the way in which the "gold" plank came to be adopted in the Republican platform of 1896, but it serves only to confirm what was previously known. The public record which Mr. Hanna left behind him is confessed by Mr. Croly to be "slim." His most important political negotiations were not committed to paper, and his correspondence, as only in part preserved, "throws comparatively little light upon the critical decisions and moments of his career." Yet the labor which Mr. Croly has expended has not been in vain. His style is diffuse and the book is unnecessarily long; but between its covers we have a truthful outline of a life big with morals for those who study Hanna's generation, and who see how its evil lived after it to vex the next. One of the men who in these pages is often referred to as a friend and coworker of Hanna's, has been heard to sum up the active principle of his political life more pithily than Mr. Croly anywhere attempts it. He did it in these words: "Whenever Mark Hanna wanted anything, his first impulse was to go out and buy it."

The Making of Western Europe. By C. R. L. Fletcher. Vol. I: The Dark Ages. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

The sub-title of this work, "An Attempt to Trace the Fortunes of the Children of the Roman Empire," indicates clearly the purpose of this and of the volume that is yet to come. The first volume, now before us, has its limits laid down by its theme, the Dark Ages. Since the days of Maitland, if not earlier, these words have formed an epithet very convenient for the historical reader and extremely elusive in its many meanings for the historical student. Mr. Fletcher capitalizes the words, occasionally, in the course of the work, tacitly assumes them to indicate some process of retrogression or social somnolence, assigns them a period of time that ends with the year 1000 A. D., and then proceeds, probably without intention, to make use of a great quantity of evidence which shows that the term is a misnomer. All of this evidence asserts, as Dill has amply explained, that the altar fire of human culture never burned dim; and that, if it did so seem, it was for the sole reason that too often it was observed through the eyes of the barbarians. To the men of the South these years at no time presented more than a very simple, if extended, problem in assimilation, a problem whose analogue we have seen in our own times.

Perhaps in this touch and go acceptance of a convenient and popular generalization we may find the key to the inner life of the volume. The style, as might have been expected from our knowledge of the earlier "Introductory History of England," is vivid rather than restrained, popular rather than scholarly, sweeping rather than accurate. Bold strokes, contrasting suggestions, wide-reaching generalizations, take the place of patient accuracy and logical deduction. There has evidently been ample preparation, but there are comparatively few marks that indicate the nature of the tools used. The footnotes are informational and suggestive rather than scholarly, and for indebtedness to some of his contemporaries there is little acknowledgment. But in these very qualities lies also the strength of the work. Its vivid and rapid method make it delightful reading, and viewed with the eyes of the general reader or of the young student of mediæval history, its impressionism gives a sweep and depth that might have been lost by more painstaking methods.

The story of the making of Europe depends, among other causes, upon three guiding forces. The persistent life of a body of ancient law and manners, the intrusion into this of an older body of Eastern thought, and the growing economic necessities that forced a population which had been concentrated near

the Mediterranean to spread itself over an area eight or nine times as great. The second of these forces concerns itself with the great central problem of the Middle Ages, Christianity; and in his treatment of this topic Mr. Fletcher has been particularly clear and enlightening. This is especially true of his characterization of the almost imperceptible growth of the religion in its early years, and of the large debt that it owes to Pagan society around it. On the other hand, he dismisses the cults of Mithra and Isis with almost a word.

But Christianity became the great power of this period because it took to itself all the life of that old body of Roman law, and identified itself with the feudal system. As the author remarks, the so-called barbarians came into the Empire to enjoy its benefits rather than to destroy it. Now among those benefits was this Christianity, which, within itself, came more and more to be the medium of the transmission of all the accumulated values of the past. The elimination of the Arian heresy in the West is nearly coterminous with the first consciousness on the part of the Church of her position of strategic importance. This is the time, too, of the awakening in her of those designs and plans that should, in their mighty evolution, at last come into conflict with another force born of commerce and trade. The Christianity of Western Europe united its fortunes with those of Feudalism and landed preference, and it rose and fell, as a human mechanism or social organism, with Feudalism. In his chapters on life in Gaul and Italy and in that on Charles the Great, Mr. Fletcher repeatedly returns to this idea. But the author here, as before, approaches the question from the Northern side, as if Europe had consciously turned Teutonic and that a seeming revival of Roman law and social order had, in the end, modified barbarian habits. Rather is the reverse true, that the tribes which spread themselves throughout the Empire eagerly sought assimilation and willingly adjured tribal habits. This is shown, at successive stages of the growth of the Lombard Law, in the gradual disappearance of the idea of "blood money"; and, had Mr. Fletcher kept this idea thus in view, he would not have asked why, in the story of Lombard Italy, there is distinct mention of using Lombard law for Lombards and but one isolated case in which the application of Roman law is mentioned. The point is that, normally, Roman law determined all procedure, but that the dominating presence of the Lombards demanded the naming of the cases in which the foreign and not yet assimilated method was employed. On any other assumption than this it seems impossible to explain why the living body of mediæval law should be, as it was, altered Roman and not altered barbarian practice, among all the children of the Empire except, perhaps, England.

There is an interesting chapter on Islam, the last contribution of the East to the West during this period, that might have been expanded if a larger amount of space had been allowed for the question, too often forgotten, of the influence of the Jewish element in the religion and life developed among the followers of the Prophet. Some, perhaps unreasonable, estimates place the number of Jews in the neighborhood of Alexandria at the time of its conquest by Amru at above a million. Quite certainly the conquest and settlement of Spain by the Moors involve a transfer to Europe of a people who had taken to themselves a religion from Arabia, physical characteristics from North Africa, and a civilization absorbed from that part of Judaism that abjured Christianity. And thereon hangs a long tale that ends in the awakening of scientific knowledge in the West.

The volume is bulky but light in weight and easy to handle. It is not illustrated, but contains three adequate maps and an ample index.

American Colonial Government, 1696-1765. A Study of the British Board of Trade in its Relation to the American Colonies, Political, Industrial, Administrative. By Oliver Morton Dickerson, Ph.D. Cleveland, O.: Arthur H. Clark Co. $4 net.

The popular American conception of British history is a product of Whig writers, and none among these has exercised greater influence over our interpretation of his country's history than Edmund Burke, our admiration for whom as a man of letters has obscured the fact that his mind and pen were so long employed in the interest of a small clique of Whig politicians of narrow views and small ability. As a member of the Opposition in 1780, Burke brought into Parliament a necessary bill to cut down the civil establishment and, in the course of the ensuing debate, succeeded with his inimitable wit in ridiculing the Board of Trade, which he called "this hospital for the maintenance of veteran authors, not upon half, but full pay." He was at his best as he described the 2,300 "huge and massy volumes" which had been compiled within the course of almost a century.

All unconsciously, public opinion has accepted this "Old Whig" verdict on a department of government created particularly to promote the trade and colonies of Great Britain. But here comes Mr. Dickerson, who is among the first to make a careful investigation of these "huge and massy volumes," the examination of which Burke postponed till Doomsday, and by a very scholarly analysis of the situation reaches quite a different opinion. The Board enjoyed periods of great activity, separated by periods of somnolence, due not to the character of the office nor its personnel, but to the character of the Ministry. The department was established in 1696, and down to the accession of George I performed the functions assigned it with zeal and intelligence. Between the years 1714 and 1748 occurred a period of quiescence, because the Whig leaders preferred to concentrate authority. This was particularly true of the Duke of Newcastle, one of those fussy, nagging executives who cling tenaciously to their authority and grant no confidence or power to subordinates. The result was that the Lords of Trade, whose office was not organized for offensive warfare, were forced to suffer many encroachments upon their prerogatives.

With the appointment of Lord Halifax to the presidency of the Board, in 1748, began a new period of great activity and influence for a department that had appeared moribund. Mr. Dickerson, in his discussion of Lord Halifax and his successors, has added a valuable chapter to the history of the institutions of Great Britain and the relation of the mother country with her colonies. He has made a careful study of Lord Halifax's career at the Board of Trade and has clearly proved that an important element in the renewed activity in colonial business, so conspicuous in the middle of the eighteenth century, was due "to the energy and ambition of Halifax, who recovered the powers which had gradually been usurped by the Secretary of State, and even acquired new ones which the Board had never before exercised; such, for instance, as the power to appoint colonial officials and to perform other executive functions."

This period of revival lasted until 1766. The question naturally arises why Mr. Dickerson has chosen the year 1765 as the close of his study. That year has no significance in the history of the Board of Trade; whereas the years 1766 and 1768 did mark decisive changes which are casually mentioned in the narrative. In the first named year, the Board of Trade was completely subordinated to the department of the southern secretary; and in July, 1768 (not January, as Mr. Dickerson writes), the recently created Secretary for the Colonies became president of the Board of Trade, an event which brought to an end the issue raised in almost every Ministry of the period: Should the president of the Board of Trade or the Southern Secretary exercise the full authority over the colonies? Lord Halifax attempted twice to procure for his office that power; Lord Shelburne tried in 1763, Lord Hillsborough the next year, and Lord Dartmouth in 1766, the ques-

tion was carefully discussed in the summer of 1767, and in January a new Department of State was created for the colonies. Mr. Dickerson has missed the full importance of this issue, probably because his energy has been so fully expended in the examination of those "huge and massy volumes" that he did not search for some very significant passages in volumes of the memoirs and correspondence of contemporary statesmen, several of which are not mentioned in his otherwise excellent bibliography. He has thus been led to neglect almost entirely one important phase of his subject: the Board of Trade in politics. Certain politicians were bitterly opposed to the unification of the Colonial Office either by increasing the power of the Board or by creating a new Secretary of State for the Colonies. Mr. Dickerson does not inform us why Pitt foiled Lord Halifax's plans, a fact of which he is ignorant; also why certain politicians opposed the promotion of Lord Dartmouth to a third secretaryship; and why several of the Bedfords were never reconciled to the changes of 1768. Had he attempted in a discussion of these events to depict the political environment within which the Board lived, he would have greatly enhanced both the historical value and readableness of his work.

The chief interest of the volume is centred in the operations of the Board of Trade, its relation to the other departments of the Government, and its imperialistic policies. Particularly good is the analysis of the Privy Council and its committees, for in the chapter devoted to the subject the operation of the governmental machinery is displayed and sufficient proof is offered that there was only one committee of the Privy Council, not two, as has been so frequently supposed, which took under consideration colonial affairs. As the author writes:

> The whole machinery of the British Government for colonial administration included a Board of Trade to investigate, gather facts, and make recommendations; a Committee of the Privy Council to act as a board of review and a court of appeals, both administrative and legal; and the Privy Council, meeting with the king, before which all final actions of importance were registered.

The final judgment of the work must be highly favorable. The subject is not one that will appeal to the public in general, although the lucidity of Mr. Dickerson's style has made the volume very readable. Occasionally, indeed, the monotony of the discussion becomes wearisome; but in a work of this character fulness of treatment, even with danger from dulness, is to be preferred to brilliancy of style and superficiality. This fulness of treatment is offered by the volume, which is undoubtedly the first adequate discussion of the subject and one of the best treatises covering a very much neglected period in our colonial history.

La Famiglia Italiana Nei Secoli Decimoquinto e Decimosesto. By Nino Tamassia. Milan: Remo Sandron, Libraio della R. Casa. Pp. xx+373.

During the centuries which preceded the Communal Era, the diminished population of Italy was, for the most part, dispersed in small groups: in open *ville*, in the ecclesiastical *masse*, in *case coloniche*. Production was completely localized; economic competition ceased, and the state, as a unifying social force, became little better than a phantom. The political unit was no longer the nation or the city, but the family. Compelled to provide for its own security, the family changed its character; patriarchal government was revived, and only such persons as were agnatically connected together and subject to the same paternal power were recognized as kinsmen. Subsequently, a voluntary association of families gave birth to the Commune. This is a fact of primary importance; and, because a single concrete example is often more illuminating than many pages of generalities, we shall illustrate it by a brief account of the origin of the oldest of Tuscan republics.

The Pisans who, earlier and more vigorously than their Genoese rivals, swept the Saracens from the Western Mediterranean, and drove the prows of their galleys against the chains of the harbor of Palermo, were simply private citizens; though free at sea, they had as yet not achieved self-government on land (Amari, "Storia dei Musulmani di Sicilia," Vol. III, lib. v, cap. i). In the aggregate they formed a compact group of families, the richest and strongest in the city, the owners of all, or nearly all, ships which went to make up the navies of Pisa. United by common interests and by oaths, they had early established those sea-customs—*consuetudines quas* [Pisani] *habent in mare*—which were approved, in 1073, by Pope Gregory VII, and confirmed, six years later, by the Emperor Henry IV (Muratori, "Antiquitates," IV, 19). At first, of course, these customs can have had no validity or coercive power except as among the associates themselves, and, even for them, only when they were engaged in maritime undertakings. But the associates were not merely merchant adventurers; they possessed towers in Pisa and lands in the *contado*, and they must soon have realized that the same oath-fellowship (*conjuratio*) which enabled them to achieve freedom and supremacy at sea might prove an equally effective weapon upon dry land. Thus, side by side with the Bishop and the Visconte, the lawfully constituted powers of the state, we find a voluntary private association, continually growing in power and importance, gradually usurping public attributions, and, at last, blossoming into the free Commune. In the last decades of the eleventh century Pisa had achieved autonomy and was governed by her own consuls.

From the nature of the case, the territorial jurisdiction of the embryo Commune had been purely voluntary, representing, as it were, the sum of all the fragments of authority which the associated families separately enjoyed and exercised. In process of time, however, as the associative nucleus acquired greater cohesion and stability, a vigorous collective life destroyed the autonomy of the individual associates, and, little by little, those jurisdictional rights which its members had previously exercised over their own allodial lands and feudal estates were transferred to the body politic. Thus, from the very first, the newborn Commune possessed considerable territorial jurisdiction, and this it naturally sought to consolidate and enlarge, with the result that it was brought into immediate conflict with Lucca. Such, in its barest outlines, is the history of the origin of the Commune of Pisa, and, *mutatis mutandis*, it is the history of the origin of all or almost all the larger Italian republics; a voluntary association of family groups (see, on the whole subject, Volpe, "Questioni fondamentali sull' origine e svolgimento dei Comuni Italiani," Pisa: Tip. Successori Fratelli Nistri).

Considerations such as these enable us to understand why, in the early days of Communal freedom, public ambassadors were often dispatched on behalf of private citizens, and why the right of family vengeance so long continued to be recognized: the Commune seeking rather to limit its exercise as inexpedient than to suppress it as unlawful. Nor did the family cease to exist as a political unit until the Communal era had drawn to its close. In Italy, so far at any rate as the upper classes were concerned, the family, in the modern sense of the term, was a product of the Renaissance.

It will thus be perceived that, when Professor Tamassia undertook the task of writing a book on the Italian family in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, he committed himself to no mere chronicle of domestic life. Besides chapters on marriage, divorce, concubinage, and the like, the work contains others on crime, private vengeance, morals and religion, law and justice, and so forth. It is, in fact, a study of the Italian people during the period of the Renaissance, and one which possesses especial charm and value because the author has regarded his subject from an entirely new angle. The result is a volume of which it is impossible to speak too highly, and we hope that it may soon find a competent Eng-

lish translator. We have read nothing so profound or so illuminating since the days of Burckhardt and of Symonds.

Notes

R. L. Stevenson's memoir of Fleeming Jenkin is to be issued by Longmans in a separate edition.

The same house has in hand "The Authority of Religious Experience," by Dr. Slattery, rector of Grace Church, New York.

Mrs. Stratton-Porter's new book, "Moths of the Limberlost," is announced by Doubleday, Page & Co. for June.

Bell & Sons of London are bringing out in eighteen volumes of about 120 pages each a series of English History Source Books, covering the range of English history from Roman Britain to 1887. The work is under the general editorship of Kenneth Bell and S. E. Winbolt.

Dr. E. Sieper of Munich is the editor of a work in several volumes which will begin to appear shortly. Its title is "Modern England," and it will be published by the German-Anglo Committee for the promotion of friendly relations between the two countries.

The second issue in the American Historical Series, edited by Charles H. Haskins (the first was Professor Hazen's "Europe Since 1815"), is an "Historical Atlas," by William R. Shepherd, professor of history in Columbia University. The books are published by Henry Holt & Co., but the printing of the maps in the present volume has been entrusted to Koerner & Dietrich of Leipzig. The impression is beautifully clear. The maps begin with the ancient empires and conclude with a plan of the Panama Canal. Besides the usual maps of countries, cities, battles, there are such interesting additions as a Ground Plan of a Monastery (St. Gall), a Plan of a Mediæval Manor, etc. The book is well conceived and well executed. An interesting addition to Everyman's Library (Dutton) is "A Literary and Historical Atlas of Europe," by J. G. Bartholomew. The historical maps begin with Europe in 525 A. D. After them come plans of battles and maps of such regions as Dumas's Novels, Borrow's "Lavengro," Dickens's Works, etc. At the end is a literary gazetteer, followed by the index.

Percy Ashley's "Modern Tariff History," of which the first edition was published in 1904, now appears in a second edition (Dutton). The main changes consist in the addition of chapters to each of the three parts into which the book is divided—on Germany, the United States, and France, respectively. The new chapter on Germany describes the revised commercial treaties concluded with almost all countries in 1903-06, and the conventional tariff which went into effect in 1906; that on the United States, of course, takes up our Payne-Aldrich act of 1909; that on France considers the latest measure of all, the French revised tariff of 1910. In these supplements the same qualities appear which made the book valuable in its first edition—clear exposition, accuracy, absence of prepossession, and a judicial statement of the currents of opinion in the several countries. Mr. Ashley's judgments may sometimes seem colorless to those having strong convictions on the controverted questions of principle, but they are always sensible, and between the lines one reads a clear sympathy with liberal trade policies. It cannot be said, on the whole, that the trend of recent legislation has been in the liberal direction. Mr. Ashley notes, indeed, the signs of reaction against extreme protectionism in this country; but in Germany the new conventional tariff leaves the duties on manufactures on the whole unchanged, and increases the rates on agricultural products, while in France the tariff of 1910 pushes protection a notch higher. The book can be heartily commended as a general survey of the course of tariff legislation in the three countries since the close of the eighteenth century.

The verses which John Stow asserts in his chronicle were made by Lydgate for the pageants at Queen Margaret's entry into London, 1445, have most probably been unearthed, after lying in manuscript only partially identified all these years. They were found by Prof. Carleton Brown of Bryn Mawr College, in MS. Harl. 3869, just preceding the "Confessio Amantis." The verses bear no signature, but the scribe's superscription, part of which has been trimmed away, reads: "1445, ye 28 of May, Quene Margaret . . . the Citie of london." Also, headings belonging to the poem correspond so closely to Stow's account as to make the identification almost complete. So the tag to one stanza is "Atte the Brigge foot in Suthwerke Pees and plente. Ingredimini et replete terram"; in Stow are the words: "At the bridge foote toward Southwarke, a pageant of peace and plenty, *Ingredimini, & replete terram,* and certaine verses in English." On what authority Stow ascribed the verses to Lydgate does not appear, but Mr. Brown is right in thinking that tests of style serve to confirm it. The work is surely no more brilliant than the Monk of Bury's good-intentioned best, and besides has much of his quality. Mr. Brown in printing his find, which amounts to 170 lines, explains that at one place a space, sufficient for two stanzas, has been left blank by the scribe (who may have been copying what he knew to be a faulty document), and by a pretty bit of reasoning surmises the nature of their contents.

Arnold H. M. Lunn has edited a volume of "Oxford Mountaineering Essays" (Longmans), devoted rather to the suitable preparation of the spirit of the prospective climber than to the relation of climbing experiences actually achieved. The book opens with an appreciation of Prof. C. J. Holmes as an artist of mountains, by Michael T. H. Sadler of Balliol. The mountain artist, he holds, needs a discriminating hypercivilized primitivism, which shall have at its command a wealth of detailed knowledge from which wisely to select and discard until the proper synthetic effect shall be attained, and this quality he finds in Holmes to a greater degree than in any other modern artist. As for artists of an earlier day, the necessary selective point of view simply made no appeal, he holds. Norman Egerton Young contributes a readable essay on Mountains in Greek Poetry, fitly interspersed with quotations generally, though not invariably, translated at the foot of the page. Homer and Hesiod, Pindar, Theocritus, Æschylus, and Euripides are all drawn upon, Homer furnishing more than the other five combined. A chapter on "Roof-Climbing at Oxford" may suggest a *reductio ad absurdum,* but the philosophic spirit in which it is cast saves it. The volume as a whole is a commendable offshoot of Oxford culture, and will make pleasant reading to any one who has the requisite sympathy with the point of view.

In a monograph entitled "Saleswomen in Mercantile Stores, Baltimore, 1909" (Charities Publication Committee), the Russell Sage Foundation has published the results of an inquiry which it undertook in cooperation with the Consumers' League of Maryland. The author, who died before her book appeared, was Miss Elizabeth B. Butler, known for her earlier investigation of women's trades in connection with the Pittsburgh Survey. In the present volume she has set down the results of a comprehensive and painstaking study of shop conditions—heating, lighting, ventilation; arrangements for rest, refreshment, and the general comfort of employees; the organization of the working force; in particular, hours of work, irregular and intermittent employment, wages, bonuses, and rates of pay for overtime. The reader finds not so much an interpretation as an accumulation of material. Moreover, the material for the most part is of a kind which yields its fullest meaning only to persons with knowledge of comparable conditions elsewhere, and with the trained understanding to which bare figures are vivid. An exception to this general rule is the eminently readable chapter on saleswomen themselves, in which certain types of workingwomen are sympathetically and convincingly portrayed. Even in the dryest passages, Miss Butler wrote with prepossessing simplicity and readiness of expression.

While no great weight, either literary or historical, attaches to the "Memoirs of the duc de Lauzun" (translated by E. Jules Méras; Sturgis & Walton), they are decidedly entertaining. The author gives circumstantial accounts of his love affairs with French, English, and Polish ladies. Up to 1783 he had about twenty-one, including Mrs. Robinson ("Perdita"). Twenty of these were successful; but he relates them in such a matter of fact way that one has difficulty in finding the basis for a formal charge of conceit or fatuity, though he undoubtedly had his full share of both. Needless to say, his affairs led him into a variety of situations, none the less amusing as we read of them in English from the fact that the translator writes with a quaint French accent. There was Lady Sarah Bunbury's note, for instance, written in English and containing the simple message, "I love you," the duke at the time not knowing a word of anything but French. He had to rush out and buy a dictionary before he could embrace her. After 1778 he was largely occupied with military matters; he recaptured the colony of Senegal, which had been taken by the English, and later went to serve with Rochambeau in America. He rode so hard and fought so well for our cause that we can easily forgive him the following observation on a fellow officer, also French, laboring with a company of militia; "M. de Choisy is a brave man, but constantly in a passion. He began by telling the militia they were all

poltroons, and in five minutes frightened them almost as much as the English, and assuredly that was saying a great deal." He returned to France after Yorktown, and the memoirs come to an end, though he lived ten years longer and became a distinguished general in the Revolution. His noble blood, however, his past relations with the royal family, his independent character, and his moderation towards Vendéan prisoners, finally brought him to the scaffold, in 1793.

Theodor Fontane's "Grete Minde" is a characteristic work of the author, and is one of the most remarkable short stories in German. For the sake of the text alone H. W. Thayer's edition (Holt) is therefore welcome. But it further commends itself by a sympathetic review of the career of Fontane, abundant historical and geographical data bearing upon the story, and as many notes to the text as the intelligent student is likely to need.

"Das Nest der Zaunkönige" (Heath), the third story in Gustav Freytag's cycle of historical novels, "Die Ahnen," appears in abbreviated form in the edition of E. C. Roedder and C. H. Handschin. Summaries, in English, replace in the text omitted portions of considerable length; we should rather have seen these summaries transferred to the notes. The introduction warmly commends the democratic spirit and the moral earnestness of the author, and the notes give scrupulous attention to peculiarities of style as well as to matters of historical fact. A valuable feature of the notes is a preliminary presentation in systematic form of archaisms and other devices by means of which Freytag sought to transport his readers back to the beginning of the eleventh century.

According to a recent announcement, the Nobel Institute of Christiania, Norway, is about to begin the publication of a series of scientific works under the title: Publications de l'Institut Nobel norvégien. The purpose will be to treat questions of interest for the international peace movement. The publications will be printed in English, French, or German. The first volume was issued May 1, is by Dr. A. Räder of Christiania, Norway, and bears the title: "L'Arbitrage international chez les Hellènes." This large work will be followed by other studies by Prof. Achille Loria, Turin; Prof. L. Oppenheim of Cambridge; Prof. H. Lammasch of Vienna; Prof. Phil. Zorn of Bonn; Prof. P. Reinsch of the University of Wisconsin; Dr. H. Federspiel, Copenhagen University, and Prof. Halfdan Koht of Christiania University.

The Publications of the Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Study, Vol. I, nr. 2, has just been issued by the secretary of the Society. It contains an article on Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," by Dr. A. M. Sturtevant; a "Study of Selma Lagerlöf's Style," by Dr. A. L. Elmquist, and one on "A Type of Scandinavian Word-Formation," by Dr. Leonard Bloomfield, besides other excellent material. Especially welcome will be the "Notes on Recent Scandinavian Publications," which includes some thirty of the most important works on Northern literature, philology, history, and culture recently issued in Scandinavia, Germany, and America.

The literary executors of the late Prof. Borden P. Bowne have published two of his courses of informal classroom lectures, under the title "Kant and Spencer" (Houghton, Mifflin). While the book contains some shrewd criticisms of Spencer, whom Professor Bowne first assailed in his earliest writing, nearly forty years ago, it brings no very substantial addition to philosophical literature. Suitable enough, no doubt, for their primary purpose, the lectures hardly had such originality and importance as to make inevitable their perpetuation in a bulky volume. The text, taken down by a stenographer and unrevised by the author, abounds in verbal errors and is singularly slipshod in style.

Nearly four years after the appearance of the first volume of "The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge" (Funk & Wagnalls), the publication of Volume XII (Trench-Zwingli) completes the work. The editor is Samuel Macauley Jackson, who has had the assistance of George William Gilmore, and, in Volumes I-VI, Charles Colebrook Sherman. This encyclopædia is a reconstruction of the celebrated "Realencyklopädie für protestantische Theologie und Kirche," of which the first edition, under the editorship of Tholuck and Herzog, was completed in twenty-two volumes in 1868, and which reached a third edition in 1896. The late Philip Schaff edited an English edition in three volumes and very much condensed, which was completed in 1884. In 1891 a third edition in four volumes was published. The present work is a more ambitious undertaking, the twelve volumes extending to above 6,000 pages and including more than 20,000 titles. The articles from the third German edition have been revised and condensed, for the most part by their authors, and much new matter has been supplied, especially on topics of interest to English and American students. Brief sketches of a large number of living theological scholars and religious workers have been included. Much attention has been given to the bibliographies, under the direction of George William Gilmore, and these form the most valuable feature of the work. The encyclopædia is Protestant in point of view, retaining in this respect the character of its German basis, which was constructed in opposition to the great Catholic work of Wetzer and Welte, but it is non-partisan towards the various Protestant denominations. It is conservative, especially in the fields of doctrinal and biblical theology, in which departments the articles are of least value. Of much greater merit are the contributions in church history, ecclesiastical biography, and comparative religion. The work is adapted to the needs of the general student, rather than to those of the specialist, although the investigator will often find the bibliographies of real help. It records progress and registers present opinion, but does not add to knowledge nor advance new theories. In biblical questions it is behind both Cheyne and Hastings, and is hardly equal to some recent secular encyclopædias on ground which it occupies in common with them. Its importance lies in the large territory of special interest to religious students which is not covered by any recent work of such wide scope.

"What Is Judaism? A Survey of Jewish Life, Thought, and Achievement" (Putnam), by Abram S. Isaacs, does not bear out the promise of its rather pretentious title. It is a collection of essays of very slight texture, reprinted from various periodicals, on subjects which, for their adequate treatment, require far more space than was at their author's command. Ten pages each suffice for Jewish history and literature, and such a weighty subject as "Has Judaism a Future?" is discussed in a purely rhapsodic manner. Sentences like the following abound in this chapter: "The Jew, then, is neither a Daniel Deronda nor a Fagin, neither a Shylock nor a Nathan"; "Call him an arrested development, if you like; a survival, an anachronism," etc. etc. Even worse things are met with elsewhere. There are exasperating repetitions and grammatical constructions at which one gasps, as, for instance:

> And, just as their constant migrations over so long a period insured their physical vitality, as they overcame obstacles and unfavorable conditions, so their continuous contact with new epochs of culture, now in Persia, now Arabia, now Spain, now Central Europe, here in Italy, and there in Poland: whether it was the Renaissance or the Reformation, the age of feudalism or the age of steam, this continuity of impressions and influences gave freshness and vigor to their intellects.

A list of Jewish celebrities, ludicrously incomplete, appears three times (pp. 58, 70, and 106). It includes Paul Lindau, the son of a Protestant pastor. The literary ineptitude of the book stares at the reader in many statements, like, "Among noted works that have been translated into Hebrew are 'The Mysteries of Paris,' plays of Shakespeare, poems of Schiller and Goethe, and choice productions from Longfellow, Mark Twain, Zola, and De Maupassant." The chapter on the Story of the Synagogue alone has some value. It is difficult to see why Professor Isaacs should have thought it expedient to gather into a volume, with so little change and revision, fugitive papers which merely obscure his well-known familiarity with Jewish subjects.

To all who know the delights of intelligent sight-seeing we recommend "Travellers' Tales" (Putnam), by Mrs. Manson Smith (for the mysterious "Princess" turns out to be a woman prominent in Baltimore society). The charm of this book lies in the fact that the author, instead of attempting to out-Baedeker Baedeker, assumes the reader to be well acquainted with Europe, and treats in detail only those things which are likely to have escaped his notice. Rather than a mere guide, she is a cultured impressionist; and her knowledge and understanding of what she sees are not due to hasty cramming. Then, too, she never gives one the impression of being hurried, of being the slave of a fixed itinerary; for she is not "doing" Europe, but enjoying it. Nor does she play the part of a forlorn sojourner in any of the countries that she visits, for she is entertained nearly everywhere she goes. In Madrid she is invited to witness a bull-fight from a private box, in London she sits in the peers' stand to watch the Royal Progress, and at Fox How she takes tea with Dr. Arnold's daughter. And she induces foreigners whom she has met by chance to talk in an interesting way. For instance, an old gentleman from Basle tells her of the quaint wedding

formalities and curious tipping customs that prevail in his native city. The main flaws in the book—and they are not bad ones—are her too-frequent adverse references to a certain ex-President, which seem rather out of place, and her choosing to begin and end with anecdotes about trained fleas—neither of them very apt or funny.

The report comes to us from Leipzig of the death, in his sixty-second year, of Edwin Bornemann, who was known for his advocacy of the Baconian authorship of Shakespearean plays.

Science

The Great Star Map. By H. H. Turner, F. R. S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1 net.

Just a quarter century ago, nearly sixty astronomers were assembled in Paris to organize a huge scientific enterprise. No less a task it was than to photograph all important stars in the heavens, whether north or south, calculate and publish their numerical positions, and issue lithograph plates of the whole. The way that it came about was this: the desirability of photographic charts had often been discussed, but their possibility had first been demonstrated in 1882 when the great comet of that year was photographed by Sir David Gill at the Cape, and alongside it, on the same negative, unexpected numbers of faint stars. This at once showed clearly that star charts could be made by photography in vastly less time than had heretofore been consumed in the laborious method of setting them down optically. Eighteen great observatories originally undertook to parcel out the whole sky and procure the necessary plates, with the intention of obtaining an indisputable record of the face of the stellar heavens at the close of the nineteenth century, which should be available for study by the astronomers of any future age. Five were British, four French, two Italian, three were German, Russian, and Spanish, respectively, and five Latin-American. Singularly the United States has never joined in this great international undertaking, although the high honor of taking the first photograph of a star fell to Bond at the Harvard Observatory in 1850, as Professor Turner relates.

Of all the contributing astronomers, none could have given a better popular account of this vast work than Mr. Turner has given in this little volume, which makes even the technicalities of such research acceptable to the lay reader. Each observatory has taken from a thousand to fifteen hundred plates, each containing stars varying in number from less than a hundred in sparse areas to 5,000 in the rich regions of the Milky Way. After exposure and development came the measures, which required many millions of figures, and "took a staff of four or five people at Oxford some ten years or so to complete; and the printing of them another four years." Although the Great Star Map in all its sections and aspects is yet far from complete, Mr. Turner writes hopefully of its probable conclusion within the next few years, and points out how, even in its present unfinished stage, it has served as a means of detecting new and variable stars, and in verifying theories of stellar motion and distribution. Incidentally, too, a campaign was undertaken about ten years ago for getting the sun's parallax by measuring photographs of the asteroid Eros, and the result exhibits a remarkable degree of precision. Mr. Turner goes critically into the estimated cost of the Great Star Map, and finds it to exceed half a million sterling; and if the work were published in full completeness of chart and volume, it is certain that the shelves of observatory libraries the world over would bend and burst with the costly mass. But every one who reads this story of the unique enterprise will find out just why it has been immensely worth while.

The D. Van Nostrand Co. is issuing a large number of texts on engineering subjects. They are generally to be commended, but it is vexatious to have them bound in so flimsy a manner, and printed on cheap paper, highly glazed and unnecessarily loaded. The books are far from cheap, and better material should be used. Prof. Julius Frith of the University of Manchester presents a rather elementary treatise on "Alternating Current Design." "Electric Traction and Transmission Engineering," by Prof. Samuel Sheldon is an exposition of the main problems encountered in the design of a complete electric railway system from the cars to the power station. "The Electric Central Station Distributing Systems" of Messrs. Harry B. Gear and P. F. Williams has a similar aim in untangling the complexities of distributing stations. These two books fit well into each other. The student who has learned the theory of the electric transformer, even from such excellent books as those of Professor Kapps or Professor Fleming, needs an introduction to the practical aspects of transformer design and construction. "The Design of Static Transformers," by H. M. Hobart, is an adequate help for such problems.

"Vehicles of the Air" (Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Co.), by Victor Lougheed, which was first issued in 1909, now appears in a third edition. Though the book has been somewhat expanded, few of the many new machines are described or pictured. Yet, in its present form, it contains many interesting facts about flying, and even makes a study of the flight of various animals, reptiles, and fish. The part of the book touching on materials and construction is unusually good, and the author would do well to expand and develop it, if a fourth edition of the book is contemplated. He might profitably concentrate his energies on a few parts of the subject, rather than attempt to cover the entire field.

In trying to describe the various important flights which have taken place, he has been embarrassed by their very multitude. The account of them up to the end of 1909 is nearly complete. Subsequent to that date the particulars are given of those flights only which resulted in new records. The interesting computation is made that the "total distance flown is mounting up at the rate of at least 60,000 miles a week (chiefly in France), and the aggregate is well past the 1,000,000-mile mark." In all this flying the comparatively few fatal accidents have generally been "due to some preventable carelessness or recklessness, rather than to any inherent danger inseparable from the reasonably judicious use of the new vehicles of the air." The tabular history of flights brings the story up to July, 1911. On page 214, the faulty table of wind pressures at various velocities, taken from the "Mechanical Engineer's Pocket Book," should have been corrected, the actual pressures being about 40 to 45 per cent. less than those given. The book contains above 500 pages and 270 illustrations, many of the latter being remarkably fine. It can be recommended to general readers, and, for certain purposes, to engineers.

John Wesley Hoyt, former Territorial Governor of Wyoming and professor of chemistry in certain Ohio colleges, died a week ago in Washington in his eighty-second year. Mr. Hoyt's interests were very wide. He published treatises on agriculture, civil service, chemistry, and a history of ancient and modern universities. He was sent by the United States as Commissioner to expositions in London, Paris, and Vienna, and was decorated with the Imperial Order of Francis Joseph.

Drama

Play-Making: A Manual of Craftsmanship. By William Archer. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2 net.

This book exhibits all the qualities which naturally would be looked for in a work by William Archer, who has long been recognized as one of the ablest and most experienced of English dramatic critics. It is admirably written, rich in theatrical learning, and closely packed with sound, if somewhat obvious, advice. On the other hand, it is not remarkable for catholicity of taste or breadth of judgment. On all points dependent upon expert knowledge it speaks with authority, but only the most devoted of Ibsen worshippers will agree with all its critical opinions. Mr. Archer's perceptive faculty is often strangely blinded by his Norwegian obsession.

In defining the dramatic or undramatic he finds no difficulty, of course, in demonstrating the fact that drama does not always and inevitably consist in the conflict of will against will or in a victory over obstacles. He suggests that the real essence of it is crisis, and that

a dramatic scene reveals a crisis within a crisis, furthering the ultimate event. This is true enough, but is scarcely an improvement upon the old and simple formula that drama is the revelation of character by circumstance. He is on sure ground when he pours ridicule upon the elaborate analytical stage directions of Bernard Shaw and other modern dramatists; but he fails to see, or at all events to say, that this device, in many instances, is merely a cloak to conceal the inability of the writers to make their characters self-expressive. His discussion of the proper limits of the "scenario"—how many details ought to be included in the first rough draft of a play and to what extent the author ought to feel bound by them—though full of acute observation, will not help the student much, as he is forced to admit that every playwright must necessarily employ the method best suited to his own abilities. But it may be observed that the degree of what he terms the "plasticity" of the framework and characters must depend, first, upon the imaginative power of the creator, and, secondly, upon the definiteness and sincerity of his purpose. It is only in the making of the serious artistic play that the question is of much moment.

His chapters on The Point of Attack are interesting in their illustrative comparisons and nicety of critical dissection, but prove nothing except the independence of dramatic genius of all rules except the few fundamental principles familiar to everybody. Virtually, as Mr. Archer remarks in his preface, there is no universal prescription for playmaking. The art of it is largely instinctive, but may be developed, of course, by the study of what has been achieved by the masters. It is doubtful, however, whether much is to be learned from such comparisons and distinctions as he draws between such antipodal authors as Shakespeare and Ibsen. Such conceits, however ingenious, are purely fantastic. But they at least lead up to the confession that the retrospective and hereditary drama is not superior in plan or effect to the Shakespearean masterpieces which are content to reflect living human beings without reference to their pedigrees. There is excellent matter in the chapter on the proper functions of the first act, with a good deal that is superfluous. Much more valuable and instructive, in its combination of philosophical reasoning with significant illustration, is the essay distinguishing the interest of an audience from its mere curiosity, and showing the importance of keeping alive the expectation of an impending crisis. The subsequent discussion concerning the wisdom of a continuous maintenance or occasional relaxation of dramatic tension, is virtually an elaboration of this topic, but its illustrations are not always felicitous. Ibsen is not an infallible guide.

The article on the nature and use of the "peripety" shows a richly stored and ready memory, but is largely clever padding. It is followed, however, by an admirable paper on the difference between reasonable chance and improbable coincidence, with enlightening examples of both, and vigorous insistence upon the respect which the playwright must pay to plausibility. The question of the legitimacy of ending a dramatic dilemma by the sudden conversion of a dominant character—which is the subject of a succeeding chapter—is not susceptible of much argument. Here, plainly, plausibility must be the chief determining factor. In the essay upon "character-drawing" and "psychology" there seems to be some confusion of ideas, although it is impossible to suspect Mr. Archer of ignorance of the essential difference between the two things. On the subjects of "dialogue" and "details" he writes humorously, and, in the main, justly; but all artificial dialogue is not of the same quality as his quotations. And is the stage soliloquy so absolutely inadmissible? Many persons, when alone, do unquestionably talk aloud to themselves. This is by no means the only point on which many readers will disagree with Mr. Archer, but his book is a very good one, although, for practical purposes, it is needlessly long. Facility of composition is frequently a snare to him.

Next season Winthrop Ames, in association with Lee Shubert, will produce "June Madness," by Henry Kitchell Webster. This is the native play which was presented in Chicago early this season by the Drama Players. Mr. Webster is well known as a novelist by his "Calumet K." "The Banker and the Bear," etc., "June Madness" is his first essay as a playwright. Mr. Ames and Mr. Shubert have engaged Hedwig Reicher to act the principal part, that of Mrs. Thornborough, in which she made a hit in Chicago.

Augustus Thomas has changed the title of his new comedy from "When It Comes Home" to "The Model." The earlier name had, he found, been preëmpted by another dramatist. The latest designation will fit the story equally well.

William Faversham announces his intention of entering the Shakespearean field next season. He proposes to begin with a revival of "Julius Cæsar," which he promises shall be a happy mean between the profusely spectacular and the too austerely simple. The character he has selected for himself is that of Antony. Tyrone Power will be Brutus, Frank Keenan Cassius, and Julie Opp Portia. Afterward he intends to make other Shakespearean productions. Manifestly there is room for a third competitor in the arena in which Mr. Mantell and Mr. Sothern have been so successful.

Charles Frohman is meditating a new stage version of Lewis Carroll's "Alice Through the Looking Glass." The adaptation is to be made by Edward Sheldon. There is to be accompanying instrumental music, but no musical numbers. It is said that the production will illustrate some of the latest ideas in stage craft.

At the annual meeting of the trustees of Shakespeare's birthplace at Stratford, Sir Sidney Lee said that the redistribution of the collections between the Birthplace and the New Place must be done very systematically. His own notion was to retain on exhibition at the Birthplace all biographic records and documents relating to the personal history of Shakespeare and his family, early editions of Shakespeare's works, rare books, illustrating his life or writing, early portraits, relics that could be reasonably claimed to be personal memorials of Shakespeare or of his father—who lived and died in the Birthplace—and all early views of the Birthplace. At the Birthplace visitors should come as nearly as is possible into touch with Shakespeare's career. Nothing that was associated in any way directly with Shakespeare would be sent away. Nash's House he would devote to everything that illustrated the early history of the town, its development after Shakespeare's death; objects of Shakespearean interest later than Shakespeare's own time, and to specimens of domestic furniture of the sixteenth or early seventeenth century, for which there never had been room at the Birthplace. He should also like to see at New Place a tablet with an inscription stating what had once stood there, and what had become of the edifice, and recalling that Halliwell Phillips was the moving spirit in the acquisition of the estate. In Nash's House, too, he would place tablets descriptive of its history.

A great demonstration in honor of Maurice Maeterlinck was held in the Royal Opera House, Brussels, the other evening. The King and Queen of Belgium were present, with many other notable persons. The poet himself was the centre of general observation and attention. Madame Bartet of the Comédie Française recited a eulogy from the pen of Gérard Harry. Next Madame Bartet read some pages from Maeterlinck's "Nuptial Flight of the Bee," which were enthusiastically applauded. This was followed by the performance of the four acts of "Pelléas and Mélisande," with the incidental music written for it by Gabriel Fauré, the director of the Paris Conservatoire, who had come from France to conduct the orchestra. The poet's wife, Mme. Georgette Leblanc Maeterlinck, appeared in the part of Mélisande, while MM. Alexandre and Ravet of the Comédie Française played the rôles of Goaud and Arkel. The tragedy never had a finer interpretation.

Under the title "Polite Farces" (Doran), Arnold Bennett publishes three little pieces, which are said to be for the drawing-room. The intellectual status of the drawing-room is not defined, but it ought not to be much superior to that of the nursery for these playlets to find approval. In "The Stepmother" fun of an elementary kind is made of a vain and foolish woman, who is described as a popular novelist. In "A Good Woman" a girl, on her wedding morning, hesitates between her betrothed and an old lover who turns up unexpectedly. "A Question of Sex" concerns an attempt to palm off a girl baby as a boy upon a rich bachelor uncle. They are all humorous after a fashion, but are wholly unworthy of Mr. Bennett's abilities, and there is no discern-

ible reason why they should be embalmed in print.

Music

The urn containing the ashes of Felix Mottl is now deposited in a monument erected to the memory of the great Wagner conductor in the Waldfriedhof, near Munich. The monument is by Prof. Fritz Behn; beside the name of Felix Mottl it has carved on it the words, "Orpheus and Eurydice."

The German poet and novelist, Felix Dahn who died last January, supplied a number of musicians with material for their compositions. Xaver Scharwenka derived the plot for his opera, "Mataswintha," from Dahn's famous story, "Der Kampf um Rom," while Heinrich Vogl and Ferdinand Doebber used other of his stories operatically. George Henschel made a successful musical ballad of "Jung Dietrich," and other of Dahn's poems were turned into songs by Weingartner, Ingeborg von Bronsart, K. von Perfall, Christian Sinding, etc.

Frederick S. Converse, whose "Pipe of Desire" was produced at the Metropolitan while another of his works, "The Sacrifice," was staged in Boston, is composing a third opera, the name of which has not yet been revealed.

Among the novelties played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra during the past season was a set of "Character Pieces," by Arthur Foote—four piano pieces orchestrated by the composer himself, so skilfully that no one would have suspected they had not been composed originally for the orchestra. The audience liked them also because of their melodious traits and touches of Oriental color.

London harbors 1,700 professional vocalists, and no fewer than 638 of these are sopranos. Of "professors" of the voice, piano, violin, etc., there are more than 6,730. Of solo violinists there are a round thousand, but strangest of all is the fact that there are no fewer than 400 musical directors. The choral societies of London and outskirts number 73.

There are in Germany and other European countries 120 theatres in which operas and operettas are sung in the German language. They employ about 3,000 professional chorus singers. These are not only shamefully underpaid but in only twenty-eight of the theatres referred to are they employed more than six or seven months a year.

Rudolf Schütz has written a book (published by Breitkopf & Härtel) on Stepheu Heller, a composer whose pieces are undeservedly neglected. In his day prominent judges accounted him the equal or even the superior of Chopin. That he was not; but he wrote at least a dozen piano pieces, the revival of which concertgoers would applaud. Most of Heller's works belong to the realm of drawing-room music; but there is much more substance in them than in the productions of Thalberg, which mistakenly were supposed to be equal to Liszt's. Among the compositions of Heller which one is more likely to hear to-day are the Tarantelle in A flat, the "Lilli Preludes," and the sketch "Im Walde."

The Austrian Government has officially approved the value of mechanical sound-reproducing machines for educational purposes. The "Ministerium für Kultus und Unterricht" in Vienna has contributed funds for the publication of a "Neue Gesangsschule mit praktischen Beispielen auf dem Grammophon," by Prof. Eugen Fischer and the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* speaks highly of the value of the new method. It consists in providing records to produce exercises and songs as sung by prominent artists. The pupil first listens to these attentively, then sings with them, and finally tries to sing the music alone, as nearly as possible with the same tone-color and phrasing as the original. A number of teachers have attained gratifying results by this method.

Jan Blockx, the composer, who was born in Antwerp in 1851, died last week in his native town. Since 1886 he had been a teacher of harmony at the Antwerp Conservatory. He composed a number of operas and orchestral pieces, and was busy on a work for the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

Art

THE LONDON ACADEMY.

LONDON, May 17.

The famous Burlington House institution is not only an Academy, but a Royal Academy. The principal place in the chief room is therefore occupied this year by a "command" picture of the coronation. This piece had to be done by somebody, and Mr. Bacon has probably got through the business as well as the circumstances allowed. It contains scores of portraits, executed with photographic exactness, but except for the royal personages themselves, a few bishops, and two or three generals, there is scarcely any one to whose features an ordinarily well-informed person could attach a name. Christopher Williams's representation of the investiture of the Prince of Wales at Carnarvon Castle was not required to be a portrait album of the aristocracy, and is proportionately more interesting. But both these pictures are attempts at a kind of pictorial record which in these days is achieved more effectively by the kinemacolor process.

In historical pictures generally this year's Academy is singularly lacking. Scarcely any painter has found inspiration in the life of ancient times, or even in early legends. The Bible supplies only one subject, a Job. Classical mythology gives the usual Sirens, and two Penelopes. One of these, by J. W. Waterhouse, shows the faithful wife working at the loom and treating with indifference the suitors who are offering her flowers through the open window. In the other, by Sydney Muschamp, she is undoing her work by night. Sir L. Alma-Tadema sends a picture with a classical setting. It is entitled Preparations: In the Coliseum, and its archæological detail would make it tempting material for a jigsaw puzzle.

Apart from a few battle pictures—Rossbach, Albuera, San Sebastian, and Balaklava—there is little to arrest the eye in the scenes from modern history. The subjects include the death of Rufus; a council of Queen Elizabeth's deliberating on the news of the sailing of the Armada, assisted by the inevitable globe; the first performance of "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; the Speaker being held down in the chair of the Commons in 1628; a gathering of Jacobites; and Dr. Johnson visiting Sir Joshua Reynolds's studio. An unfinished picture by the late Edwin Abbey, The Education of Isabella the Catholic, is successful mainly by its contrast between the gorgeous array of Isabella herself and the religious garb of other figures in the procession.

On the whole, the most attractive pictures are those which treat varied scenes by sea and land—not merely the seascapes and landscapes, technically speaking, but those whose appeal is heightened by human interest. Their wide range may be illustrated by taking a few instances at random; for example, clearing timber in Wharfedale, foxhunting in the Midlands, the coffee hour in a Breton village, passengers waiting for a ferry in Zeeland, an autumn evening in the Alps, a pergola at Capri, the morning sun at Douarnenez, and even the Yee Fung Mun Gate at Nanking.

J. S. Sargent, who has no portraits this year, draws upon his Italian experiences for a vivid Bringing Down Marble from the Quarries to Carrara, a Breakfast in the Loggia, and a so-called Cypresses, which is really a study of sunlight falling on the backs of three Sienese oxen. A curiosity in its way is a picture by Sir Harry Johnston, the African explorer, who began his career as an art student and still follows painting as a hobby. It is a water-color, depicting a row of flamingoes on the Lake of Tunis.

W. L. Wyllie and C. Napier Hemy are still ahead of all their rivals as marine artists. They have, respectively, five and six canvases, each with the authentic tang of the sea. Miss Alice Fanner specializes successfully in pictures of yacht races. Coast scenery appeals to B. W. Leader, whose Evening on the Sands of Towyn, especially, wins high praise. Dreadnoughts, submarines, and the like are represented by some of the younger sea painters. Strangely enough, the most recent of all inventions finds its chronicler in the doyen of the Academy. James Sant, born in 1820, has lived long enough to paint a picture of two peasants gazing upwards from a hillside path at an aeroplane. As the work of a veteran in his tenth decade this is one of the marvels of the exhibition, for it shows no trace of failing powers.

The usual space has been given to pictures of homely incident. In A Bolt from the Blue a lady taking a quiet meal with her daughters is disturbed by a fateful telegram. Grandmother's Wardrobe shows a young girl scrutinizing the contents of an old chest, and in The Oak Cupboard there is a similar investigation of forgotten treasures. A blacksmith has made such a good job of mending a child's iron hoop that the artist labels it As Good as Ever. Bank Holiday, by William Strang, presents a young working couple seated at the table of a restaurant. There is an air of mingled helplessness and courage on the face of the man as he studies the wine list. In Home from the War a young soldier in the uniform of the Peninsular period is discoursing to a group of old friends occupying the settle of a village inn. In a similar setting the politicians of the countryside are discussing The Question of the Day.

A Rehearsal with Nikisch is less notable for its study of the orchestra than for its representation of the interior of the Queen's Hall. A different type of rehearsal is brought to mind in the spectacle of a monk and choristers trying over The New Chant. Another art is recognized in The Ballet Master and in John Lavery's La Mort du Cygne, a reminiscence of the final pose of Anna Pavlova's famous dance.

The grimmest picture is Vendetta. An Italian, appropriately accoutred, is peering over the wall of a mountain road into a ravine, into whose depths the other party to the feud has presumably disappeared. For the sake of contrast, this ought to have been hung next to Be Prepared, in which the Boy Scout movement receives serious treatment.

Such pictures tell their own tale, but there are a few that would require an explanatory memorandum to make them intelligible. Among them is one by J. C. Dollman, aptly entitled The Unknown. A half-nude woman is seated in front of a fire in a desert, facing a group of monkeys. She is commonly supposed to be a witch. No less mysterious is Briton Rivière's Into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, an allegory of knights, wolves, hares, etc, galloping through a vale towards a young lady with rosebuds. More easily understood, but equally freakish, is Arthur Wardle's The Lure of the North, with its mermaid seated on an iceberg, up which polar bears are clambering out of an Arctic sea.

Portraits are always a notable feature of a Royal Academy exhibition. This year Sir Luke Fildes is painting the "State portrait" of the King apropos of the Coronation, but it will not be ready until next month. William Llewellyn, who was elected an associate a few days ago, has completed his "State portrait" of the Queen, and Arthur S. Cope contributes one of the Prince of Wales. In Emil Oesterman's King of Sweden one's attention is distracted from the royal sitter by the painful newness of the suit he is wearing. The British Cabinet is represented by excellent portraits of the Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor, the Foreign Secretary, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Labor party by Solomon J. Solomon's still more effective likeness of its leader, J. Ramsey Macdonald. At least three eminent judges hang in effigy on the walls; the other men of mark portrayed here include Lord Avebury, Gen. Botha, Bishop Talbot, John Murray, the publisher; Bland Sutton, the surgeon (with a vacant operating table in front of him); and Prof. Bernard Hopkinson of Cambridge. Mrs. Lees is shown in the robes she wore as Mayor of Oldham in 1910. Some striking faces look out from the portraits of little-known or unnamed persons. There are several charming children. "A Lady and Gentleman" would have attracted attention by its intrinsic merits, but the artist, William Orpen, has made sure of its being noticed through his device of a small round mirror above the lady's head, in which he shows a reflection of himself working at his easel.

The sculpture galleries are also mainly portraiture. We find busts of Joseph Chamberlain—where the empty frame of his single eye-glass produces an odd effect; of Andrew Carnegie, of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, of Hilaire Belloc, of Lord Kitchener, and of Kennedy Jones of the *Daily Mail*, whose chief, Lord Northcliffe, has to be content with a mezzotint in the black and white room. Earl Curzon appears at full length in the model of a statue, over against a statue model of Lord Clive. Sir W. Goscombe John sends a life-size recumbent figure, in bronze, of the late Marquis of Salisbury, which is to find a place in the family chapel at Hatfield. The largest piece of statuary in the exhibition is also a memorial—Sir George Frampton's Protection, a maternal figure with two children clinging to her knees. It is to commemorate the late Dr. Barnardo at his Village Homes at Barkingside. By general consent the most artistic piece of work in this section is J. Havard Thomas's model in black wax of the Thyrsis he is to execute in bronze.

H. W. H.

THE PARIS SALONS.

PARIS, May 18.

In this year's Paris salons for a far-away foreign country there are not many painters worth talking about. The fingers of both hands, perhaps of one, will count them among the 1,292 paintings of the Société Nationale and the 1,925 of the Société des Artistes Français. The only test must be—for men unknown before something unusually distinguished, and for those who are already known some remarkable new step forward.

What is the use of saying that Carolus Duran is still painting portraits as he has been doing forty years; that Aman Jean is again realizing his color scheme in a tapestry of The Four Elements, where as usual some of his figures are not clothed and others are not in their right mind, though the whole work will be vastly appreciated by the numerous generations of his pupils; that some of the most sympathetic painters—Cottet, René Ménard, Lucien Simon, and others—are conspicuous by their absence from the Nationale, and that foreigners mostly exhibit there, while the Artistes Français open their doors wider to "efforts" of young students, and also teem with portraits? Something may be said later of young Americans who win official distinctions. For present use, the man profane to art will be contented to know that ninety-nine out of a hundred of all the works exhibited verify the everlasting human truth—"The imitator of the imitator finds imitators!"

The most strikingly new exhibit at the Nationale is from a Spaniard, Valentin de Zubiaurre. His two pictures are catalogued as "Basque types." They will please those who have eyes to see such types; that is, all who have travelled in person along the unique Corniche road overlooking the Bay of Biscay from San Sebastian to Bilbao, and all who read lovingly the book of George Borrow, or take human interest in the Spain of settled habits—settled ages ago.

One of the paintings is of a holiday country scene, a few young people dancing and old folk in front with something to drink at a table beneath trees—pleasures of hope and pleasures of memory. In the other painting, seated meekly at a little table where the passers-by can drop a coin, with the candles of the dead lighted, are sober-faced fishermen's wives—"for the victims of the sea." This has been a favorite subject in Breton paintings, but how different from what we see here. The background is startlingly like the work of the Primitives; and yet it brings out the bare, rolling Basque hills under the crude light, with a distant hamlet in the valley and a few straight darkling trees. All the impressiveness of the land and the people is there—a clear-eyed, calm-nerved people, homely, but ever going forth, before Columbus and after Cortes, to discover new worlds of body and soul, or like their one saint, Loyola, to convert them.

It is another field and another manner than that cultivated by Zuloaga, who seems to lead among these Spanish painters that have been taking so high a place in late Paris Salons. Zuloaga has this year, in one picture, too much

blood from the hapless horse of his solitary, homeward-turning bull-fighter and there is too much blood in his other painting of a realist crucifix surrounded by prodigiously unpleasant devotees. Spain, pious or sportsman, is not all so emphatic. But in his portrait picture of "my uncle Daniel and his family," Zuloaga goes a step nearer Goya, without his caricature, which essentially is excessive and unbalanced emphasis. The uncle, a worthy-looking, worn-faced painter, is at his easel; three tall daughters of what Maurice Barrès calls the Spanish "chlorotic" type, are in line, their paleness heightened by rice-powder, and contrast with great sunken black eyes and black hair, with white teeth shining between violent red lips, with dark-draped curving contours, slender, vital, distinguished, belonging to an unmixed race of a proud spinal atavism acquired by rock-climbing, seafaring ancestors before the English pudgy Apollo or long-limbed Camilla scouring the plain had been evolved. The comfortable mother is seated at one end of the canvas, the immensely modern-looking son respectfully eclipses himself at the other. It is the visualizing of the modern family of a strong ancient race and persistent middle class—of such families as the Anglo-Saxon traveller seldom gets to see.

These two painters are at the Nationale. It is only fair to say that Carlos Vasquez, among the Artistes Français, also accredits his country's painting as he did before this newer exasperated school came in. His Robber Magpie is flanked by a delicious pair of country policemen—those who remain among the best impressions of the traveller in Spain. And let no one say all these are not purely visual impressions, and so have little to do with art in to-day's philosophy. So much the worse for philosophy, too prominent in many paintings here in which there is indeed little left to see.

Another of the most striking painters among the Artistes Français is a foreigner—the American MacCameron. He shows a troubled couple—Waiting for the Doctor. This young painter won a considerable name for himself in the Paris Salon some years ago, by his very real Absinthe Drinkers. His work is powerful portraiture, with little that is distinctly American except a certain brutality. Frieseke and Richard Miller are his two chief American rivals in French fame of painters in these late years. They have more of their native soil attaching to their figures, perhaps because they oftener choose their models among their countrywomen. Frieseke from the beginning has aimed at lightsome feminine grace and attains it in figures curving from habits of rocking-chairs rather than from the straight-backed seats on which the conventional French girl is fashioned. Richard Miller, returning from early wanderings after what is "different" in French life, succeeds in femininity also, often with color harmonies of drapery.

The work of an American painter whose eyes had long been accustomed to Spanish life and its vital motions would be curious. This year, as in other years, there is an astonishing number of young painters, men and particularly women, who have been received at the salons for very creditable brush-work with the distinction of the master's style, without original subjects, showing that they have worked up to a high standard of mechanical excellence. When they begin to think for themselves and to train themselves to think of beautiful things in life around them or in their own higher thoughts, instead of things their masters are painting, we may have American high art.

Because we are more independent in thinking in nature, we have better landscape painters. It is an art steadily sinking in France for some reason, perhaps because a certain amount of poetry in the air is necessary to its proper existence. Among Americans of the Artistes Français, Albert Gihon has been favorably known for a number of years. His painting seems new, perhaps, because it goes back to the old, like George Inness and earlier American painters; and yet it is human as in Europe. In his summer scene at Montigny on the River Loing, he realizes a gentle, sentimental, intimately friendly art of nature touched by the loving hand of man and instinct with human life. A French painter, who has begun attracting attention for a singularly new treatment of nature is Communal, with his scenery in the higher French Alps. It is his native ground, and he has seen these high lights and red roses of dawn fleet across the Vanoise glaciers, and sheer rock descents and mountain meres. You may rebel against the exact colors, but go and see for yourself—just above Mont Cenis northward—and you will find the lights are there and the forms, and, doubtless, the relations of colors. "I never saw a landscape like that," said a Philistine to Turner. "Own up that you wish you could!" was the very proper retort of the painter who knew what he saw.

The real glory of the year's salons is at the Artistes Français, in the work of a master who was but lately young and abhorred of the Philistine. It is Henri Martin, in two paintings—Autumn and Les Dévideuses (two girls winding yarn). When I wrote of this painter at his beginnings, I was sharply reminded that he was only "decorative." He is decorative still, to a degree seen out of pictures only in fairy land. The two girls, one winding yarn from the other's hands, are seated facing each other on a stone balustrade reaching across the picture. Between the balusters and across the rail, we look off to a sudden glory of molten autumn tints from the valley below up yonder to the hills and horizon. And the lines are decorative, and the colors, and all the composition of colors and lines—with nightingales at sunset from the shining hillsides answering the heart of youth. Autumn is hung in another hall; but from the door between you can look, right and left, at both paintings at an appropriate distance. They are surely decorative; and few laboring critics would venture now to doubt that Henri Martin is a painter with a high art of his own.

One of the consolations of these recent salons is the steady advance in importance and in imaginative power of this decorative painting, that is, painting designed to fill space, architectural or not. The loss of the churches was a great blow to high art; and the loss can be made good only by sumptuous private or public constructions. Otherwise painting would be confined to gallery landscapes and portraits and imaginative combinations of them, with here and there some glorified stage-pictures. French cities have been good in ordering from their painter sons great decorative works of art for Hotels de Ville and hospitals and universities—and public gardens. And private fortunes are spending their money usefully along the same lines. Toulouse will soon be one art museum, judging from the number of paintings and statues ordered by its municipality. The Société Nationale has this year a special section for "Sculpture and Decoration of Gardens"—which is another step forward towards identifying the money-spending of the idle rich with so sane a thing as art.

To-day we are dealing with painting. At the Nationale, one of the notable pieces is The Marriage of Psyche—an arch-coving from the *plafond* of the dining-room of some Lucullus of Buenos Ayres. The painter is José Maria Sert, the Catalan, who astonished salon visitors a few years ago by colossal decorations for a cathedral in Spain. Auburtin, in the same salon, has four scenes, dainty in color and conception—Sounds of the Flute, Songs on the Water, Spring's Portrait, Nymph with a Shell. They would be lost in any gallery, but they may well decorate the lofty walls of the palace of some merchant prince. Petronius says that Nature, when she wished to perpetrate a joke, creates a "nouveau riche"; but the world will forgive any Trust magnate who knows enough to order art like that. S. D.

Commendatore Eduardo de Martino, M.V.O., marine painter in ordinary to the late Queen Victoria, is dead in England, whither he came from Italy in 1875 to pass the rest of his days. He was a man of extraordinary talents. Born in Naples sev-

enty years ago, he soon entered the Navy, but was forced in 1867 to retire, owing to paralysis of the right side. This was the beginning of his career as artist. Fortunately, his passion for the sea could still be indulged. His pictures of boats and other marine subjects soon attracted much attention, and he had the patronage of several sovereigns. The late King Edward, the German Emperor, and the King of Italy accounted him not only a great artist, but a welcome friend. His most ambitious works include a series of eight big canvases illustrating the life of Lord Nelson and his triumphs at sea.

Finance

WHEN THE MARKETS COME TO A HALT.

Many weeks ago it was predicted on the Stock Exchange that, whatever happened in the interim, the near approach of the Presidential conventions would surely be marked by feverish activity. The political canvass is now reaching its pre-convention climax; yet financial markets, instead of responding by excited movements up or down, have lapsed into complete inertia. This mood was strikingly illustrated when the news of Mr. Roosevelt's victory at the Ohio primaries came in, a week ago. What Wall Street would say, when it read the morning papers of that Wednesday, was a question much discussed by Wall Street itself before Wednesday came. What it did appear to say on Wednesday was "Talk about something else"—which may have meant that the time was not ripe to get excited over politics, or that Wall Street lacked the capacity for excitement. At all events, the market gave no response to the political news; its attitude might have been taken, by a casual observer, to reflect complete indifference.

In fact, it was not wholly easy to adopt the programme of "talking about something else." No other subject invited animated exchange of views. The usual topics had been discussed to the point of weariness. Everybody knew all that was worth knowing about the early crops, about the steel trade, about the European money market, and about the financing of the United States Rubber Company. Not only had these matters been talked out, but the speculative markets had discounted them, over-discounted them, and checked off the proper part of the overdiscount on them. Nothing else, therefore, was reasonable to expect than that financial markets would yield to the lassitude which sometimes prevails in the spring season, and wait for something new to happen.

Sometimes there are explanations for such inertia, quite unconnected with the market's opinions on concrete events of the day. One reason why the markets halt at present is that it is not so plain as it seemed to be, a few months ago, what is to be the character of the general financial situation, later in the year. Neither in politics nor in industry nor in agriculture have events thus far moved exactly as had been anticipated, and yet it appears to be the fact that Wall Street looks on the future cheerfully. In some ways, hopefulness is probably more in the ascendant than it was in the early springtime. At the opening of March, a good part of Wall Street ridiculed the stock market for advancing in the face of the labor troubles. At the end of May, it is not only taken as perfectly natural that the market does not decline on shocks in the field of agriculture and politics, but there is a very manifest disposition to eschew all unfavorable argument and inference.

The existence of such a mood goes far to explain the absence of response on the Stock Exchange to what might be deemed unfavorable news. It is not the cheerfulness of 1908, when Wall Street and the business world decided to deny that any of the visible unpleasant facts existed, and to act as if they did not. It is unlike the enthusiasm of 1909, which was based on things that happened or that rumor insisted were soon to happen. The mood of 1912 is rather one of chastened and humble expectancy, that takes with thankfulness such good things as come, recognizes the bad things but looks for something to offset them, and still persists in the belief that matters are gradually getting better.

It is on the whole a rational and satisfactory mood, not being a product either of delusions of extravagant hope or of delusions of imaginary terror. When something of an exceedingly favorable character has unexpectedly happened in years of this sort, a period of something like a genuine boom has usually ensued. Thus far, it must be admitted that nothing of that nature is in sight; in fact, that the probability of it has apparently been blocked in at least two directions from which it might have come. But even if that were to be so during the rest of the year, there is something to say for intermediate periods of sane and prudent business, when wealth accumulates on legitimate lines.

Very probably, 1912 will be remembered in history as a year of sensational social and industrial disturbance, and perhaps of political upheaval also—it was rather impressive that readers of last week's European news accepted the barricades in the streets of Budapest (an intimate reminder of 1848) as quite a matter of course. One may suspect that the same historians who write, a generation hence, of all these movements of political unrest, will be puzzled when they read the story of the financial markets.

Perhaps the anomaly is explained by the fact that the panic of 1907 gave finance a rude but wholesome and necessary awakening from its own wild dreams. It is the markets which are sober now. But political epochs like this are apt to come in sequence to epochs when the moneyed interests were in the saddle, and were riding as wildly as the ordinary proletariat is riding now. We had a glimpse of that capitalistic orgy of a dozen years ago in the reminiscences of the shrewd Scotch promoter at last week's hearing in the Steel Trust suit. This cool-headed manufacturer described how he took at their proper valuation the ring of adventurers who were doing in the steel trade what the Fisks and Goulds were doing in the railway industry thirty years before; frightened them with a show of competition; made them pay $3,000,000 for his million-dollar steel plant, and, gauging properly the "craze for combinations all over the country," unloaded his tube plant on "two or three fools" who were ready to pay "some pretty high prices."

The Scotch must certainly have had their innings in those days; this was some years before Mr. Stevenson's compatriot did exactly the same thing on a vastly larger scale and pocketed his $217,000,000. How the resultant prodigious mass of watered stocks was again unloaded on the public is another part of the story. If the people at large are a bit wild in their present ideas of men and things and financial institutions, it is not for the High Finance of 1899 and 1901 to cast the first stone. It was infinitely madder in its day.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Andrews, E. A. The Wholesome Countenance. Newark, N. J.: The Author. 25 cents.

Angell, J. B. Selected Addresses. Longmans. $1.60 net.

Balfour, A. J., and others. Against Home Rule: the Case for the Union. Warne & Co. 50 cents net.

Borden, M. G. Jesus Christ Science of Healing and Living. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.

Brehaut, Ernest. An Encyclopedist of the Dark Ages, Isidore of Seville. Columbia University.

Brown, M. W. Northamptonshire (Cambridge Geographies). Putnam. 45 cents net.

Bruce, G. H. Lawyers, Doctors, and Preachers. Irvington Publishing Co.

Chandler, A. D. Express Trusts under the Common Law. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25 net.

Chaucer. Selections, edited, with notes, by C. G. Child. Heath.

Clay, Mrs. J. M. The Sport of Kings. Racing Stories. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.

Coffey, P. Science of Logic. Vol. I. Longmans. $2.50 net.

Collier, W. M. At the Court of His Catholic Majesty. (King of Spain). Chicago: McClurg. $2 net.

Cushing's Manual of Parliamentary Law and Practice. Revised by C. K. Gaines. Boston: Thompson, Brown Co.

De Loach, J. H. Rambles With John Burroughs. Boston: Badger. $1.25 net.

Dillenback, G. P. The Mills of the Gods. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.

Dole. C. F. The Burden of Poverty. Huebsch. 50 cents net.

Fabre, J. H. Social Life in the Insect World. Translated by B. Miall. Century Co. $3 net.
Giles, H. A., and others. Great Religions of the World. New edition. Harper. $2 net.
Gill, E. M. Practical Dry-Fly Fishing. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Goldsborough, F. C. Poems and Sonnets. London: Nutt.
Goldmark, Josephine. Fatigue and Efficiency: A Study in Industry. Charities Pub. Committee. $3.50.
Gosse, Edmund. Two Visits to Denmark, 1872, 1874. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Grant, Robert. The Convictions of a Grandfather. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Gray, David. Ensign Russell. Century Co. $1 net.
Hasbrouck, Stephen. Altar Fires Relighted. Burnett Pub. Co.
Hedemann, Baroness v. My Friendship with Prince Hohenlohe. Putnam.
Hering, O. C. Concrete and Stucco Houses. McBride, Nast. $2 net.
Inglis, John. George Wendern Gave a Party. Scribner. $1.25 net.
James, William. Essays in Radical Empiricism. Longmans. $1.25 net.
Jonson, Ben. Cynthia's Revels, or the Fountain of Self-Love. Edited by A. C. Judson. (Yale Studies.) Holt.
Joyce, T. A. South American Archæology. Putnam.
Kempshall, J. W. Out of the Ruts: A Story for Girls. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
Kester, Vaughan. The Just and the Unjust. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Kinney, Bruce. Mormonism: the Islam of America. Revell. 50 cents net
Lee's Priceless Recipes: 3,000 Secrets for the Home, Farm, Laboratory, etc. Chicago. Laird & Lee. 35 cents.
London, Jack. A Son of the Sun. Doubleday, Page. $1.20.
McGilvary, Daniel. A Half Century Among the Siamese and the Lao: An Autobiography. Revell. $2 net.
Maxwell W. B. In Cotton Wool. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Mendel, F. E. Our Little Polish Cousin. Boston: Page & Co. 60 cents.
Merwin, Samuel. The Citadel: A Romance of Unrest. Century Co. $1.25 net.
Munro, W. B. (Editor). The Initiative, Referendum, and Recall. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Nearing, Scott. The Super Race. Huebsch. 50 cents net.
Needham, M. M. Folk Festivals. Huebsch. $1.25 net.
Neil, M. H. How to Cook in Casserole Dishes. Philadelphia: David McKay. $1 net.
Nixon, L. E. Fairy Tales a Child Can Read and Act. Doubleday, Page. 75 cents net.
Phillips, D. G. The Price She Paid. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Post, M. D. The Nameless Thing. Appleton. $1.25 net.
Prentys, E. P. How to Visit Europe on Next to Nothing. Dodd, Mead. $1 net.
Rand, Benjamin. The Classical Psychologists: Selections from Anaxagoras to Wundt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.
Report, Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments of the City of New York, 1911.
Roe, G. E. Our Judicial Oligarchy. Huebsch. $1 net.
Ross, E. A. Changing America. Century Co. $1.20 net.
Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice. Ben Greet edition. Doubleday, Page. 60 cents net.
Simpson, Andrew. The Baldheaded Man. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
Springsteed, A. F. The Expert Waitress: A Manual. Revised edition. Harper. $1 net.
Steuart, R. H. J. The Book of Ruth: A Literal Translation from the Hebrew. London: Nutt.
Strindberg, A. There Are Crimes and Crimes. Trans. by E. Björkman. Scribner. 75 cents net.
Swain, E. G. The Stoneground Ghost Tales. Cambridge, England: Heffer & Sons.
Taber, M. J. Bells: An Anthology. Boston: Badger. $1 net.
Temple, O. P. Notable Men of Tennessee, from 1833 to 1875. Compiled by Mary B. Temple. Cosmopolitan Press. $3 net.
Thayer, H. R. Structural Design. Vol. 1. Van Nostrand. $2 net.
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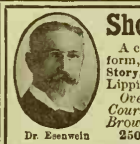

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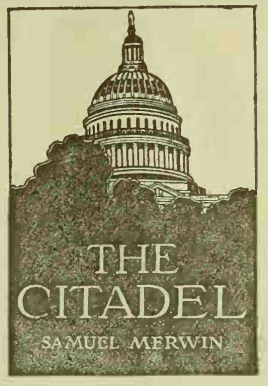

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The Nation

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The Week

Mr. Taft has wisely urged the National Committee to conduct public hearings in the matter of contested delegates. It is all very well to cite the precedent of the Roosevelt steam-roller tactics of four years ago. But we all know that if Mr. Roosevelt chose to settle matters in secret session at that time, he must have had a very good reason for it, to question which is to expose one's self to everlasting infamy. And in the second place the Colonel, when he tries to "put something over," has a gift for "getting away with it" that Mr. Taft can never hope to rival. It is plain that Mr. Roosevelt's followers would have made an enormous amount of capital out of any unfavorable action taken by the Committee in secret session. The cry of fraud would have been raised on the floor of the Convention. As it is, Mr. Taft has little to lose in an open trial of his case before the Committee, provided his interests are ably defended there. Publicity in this business of the Southern delegates may cut both ways. It will be shown that Federal patronage has been instrumental in winning delegates for Taft. But Mr. Roosevelt's representatives should also be made to show the means by which they have been winning delegates for the Colonel.

It would be unfair to say that Col. Roosevelt has changed his mind about fighting Senator Root's selection as temporary chairman of the National Convention. He has had no mind of his own on that subject. His mind is in the hands of his delegates. This he explicitly admitted on Sunday. He then stated that such delegates as he had "seen" were of the opinion that the temporary chairmanship was "unimportant," and that "no issue should be made" in respect to that matter. But he added that he wanted to "hear from the delegates throughout the country before committing myself finally." Now he has heard and, his mind having been made up for him by the majority, he has discovered that the duty of opposing Mr. Root is a stern daughter of the voice of God, resting as it does upon the highest principle about which no honest man can hesitate or vacillate. Hence the orders go forth to fight Root from the drop of the handkerchief.

Not even the fact that it is said to have originated in the Department of Justice, can convince us that the Humphreys bill, which was unanimously passed by the House on Monday, is a wise measure. The case of the Government against the steamship lines for violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust law is about to come up in court. The Humphreys bill bears directly upon this suit in that it empowers the court, if it finds the steamship lines guilty, to "prohibit all vessels employed pursuant to such contract, combination, or conspiracy, or in such monopolization or attempt to monopolize, from entering at or clearing from any port of the United States," this prohibition to last, under penalty of $25,000 fine for each ship, until the "conspiracy, combination, or contract" is ended. Under this law it is quite possible that steamers bearing thousands of returning Americans might be turned back as they neared New York, and sent to Halifax or Montreal to unload.

In searching history for an analogic missile to fling at the opposing candidate, Mr. Taft need not have gone back so far as Louis XIV. Andrew Jackson ran his campaign of 1832 largely on the assurance of his personal popularity with the hurrah-boys element; but in those days, instead of the candidates going upon the stump and appealing directly to the people for their votes, both parties made liberal use of token coins covered with satirical devices. Most of those directed against Jackson naturally contained quotations from his self-assertive utterances, and their commonest subject was his warfare upon the United States bank. One which proved particularly telling bore on its face the figure of a hog at full gallop, with the inscription, "Perish Credit, Perish Commerce, 1830. MY Victory. MY third Heat. Down with the Bank!" On the reverse side was a bust of Jackson with the legend, "MY Substitute for the United States Bank. MY Experiment, MY Currency, MY Glory." There is no record of a smashed bank in the Colonel's case, but in some other respects a Jacksonian analogy would be not without fitness.

The passage of the eight-hour law for all Government work, and for the Panama Canal after it is completed, evidences a remarkable change in the sentiment of Congress. Only one Democrat voted against it in the Senate, and but ten Republicans. A number of Democratic Senators voiced their misgivings—but the bill slipped through with comparatively slight discussion; and thus a vitally important legislative step is taken, with the public hardly aware that it was under consideration. Just as almost no newspaper attention was paid to the passing and signing of the pension bill which Mr. Taft, knowing better, approved, so this eight-hour bill is likely to be overlooked in the excitement of the Presidential campaign. Yet its results will be far-reaching, indeed, affecting every taxpayer in the land. Every contract for public work hereafter will be more costly because of this provision, and from considerable work, like building ships for the navy, the contractors will be frightened off in numbers. It is all a part of the effort to regulate economic conditions by statute. We have got into the habit of thinking that by raising or lowering the tariff we can increase and decrease the prosperity of millions of workingmen. Now it is thought that by putting the Government at a disadvantage with most private corporations, the latter will be induced to follow suit and make their day one of eight hours only. However desirable the short day, this is a very questionable way to obtain it—by making extra burdens for those classes in the community who do not work on Government contracts.

The Ohio Constitutional Convention fittingly crowned its labors by naming a special day for the verdict of the voters upon the forty-two proposals to be submitted to them. To have coupled voting upon a new Constitution with voting for President and other officers would have been for the members of the Convention to show

slight courtesy to their own work. One detail of the voting arrangements will strike some citizens of other States as a little peculiar: the liquor license provision is to have a conspicuously separate place on the ballot, an honor accorded to no other in the entire list. Yet these others include such fundamental changes as woman suffrage, the initiative and referendum, direct primaries, and reform of judicial procedure. The explanation is to be found in the part that regulation of the liquor traffic has played in Ohio. It has made and unmade Legislatures, and been the test of political faith.

To combat the dissemination of fictitious news in matters affecting international relations is among the first tasks set itself by the European bureau of the Carnegie Peace Foundation. It is a task of great difficulty, but the results that may be obtained are easily worth the effort. No one will deny that the conscienceless and the ignorant newspaper press is responsible in large measure for the regularly recurrent crises which agitate European politics. Whether the cause be simply ignorance or unconscious prejudice or deliberate misrepresentation, a central bureau that shall make it its business to call the attention of editors to fictions that pass in their columns as facts must count in the long run for a higher standard of international ethics. There is the maxim, of course, that a lie once cast abroad cannot be overtaken. But if an active hue and cry be set up after every lie as it turns up, the public may ultimately be taught to receive tainted matter with suspicion.

In some quarters there is a simulated or genuine concern over the clause in the army appropriation bill which will terminate Gen. Wood's career as Chief of Staff on March 4, 1913. Secretary Stimson has come to his defence by saying that the rule proposed—that no one shall act as Chief of Staff who has not served with troops of the line for ten years— would have barred out George Washington, Scott, Sherman, Sheridan, and Schofield. But those men were great soldiers and leaders, officers trained in several real wars. Gen. Wood is primarily a medical man and only secondarily a soldier. To think of comparing him with men like Meade and McPherson, graduates of West Point and scientific officers of unusual ability, is to outrage the memory of those patriots. Of course, the easiest way to throw dust in the public's eyes was to say that the friends of Gen. Ainsworth are taking revenge; that the move is a corrupt bargain between Senator Warren, who wants to save the army post he has carefully nurtured at Cheyenne, and Chairman Hay, who has a grievance. Why would not an equally straightforward and, we think, a considerably more truthful statement be that Gen. Wood has disappointed and angered members of both committees of Congress on military affairs; that they, both Republicans and Democrats, have lost confidence in him because, as Chairman Hay has proved, he takes one position at one time and reverses himself the next? If there really is politics in this whole thing, not all the politics is in Congress.

The failure of *Hampton's Magazine*, after a brief and notably checkered career, will undoubtedly be cited in some quarters as another victory for the Interests in their campaign against free speech in the magazines. In this connection we may quote from George French's latest article in the *Twentieth Century*, entitled, "The Damnation of the Magazines," an extraordinary article for the way the writer's very honest statement of facts is totally belied by his conclusions and by his flaming title. If anything stands out clearly in this account, it is the fact that the damnation of those magazines that have met their fate came, not as a result of the activity of the Interests, but as the result of a vicious editorial policy and a buccaneering system of business management, both in its unscrupulousness and its extravagances.

Despite a certain amount of unnecessary rhetoric, Senator Smith's speech on the Titanic disaster is a useful summing up of the results of his inquiry. Capt. Smith he treats handsomely, beyond bringing out the one forever damning fact that he paid no attention to warnings and crashed into ice at the highest speed made on the voyage. At Capt. Lord's door he lays, and we believe justly, part of the terrible responsibility for the fearful and unnecessary loss of life. There can be no doubt that the Californian, by a rare coincidence of the sea, lay within sight of the sinking Titanic, and never moved, or even inquired by wireless what was the meaning of the rockets and lights. That is a stain upon the honor of all seamen; like that constituted by the refusal of some in the Titanic's partly filled lifeboats to go to the rescue of those whom they heard in their death struggles near by, it can only be effaced by many acts of gallantry to come. There is no doubt that if the hero of the tragedy, Capt. Rostron, had been on the decks of the Californian, the loss of life would have been reduced to a minimum—indeed, all would probably have been saved. Senator Smith is correct, too, in pointing out that there was lack of discipline on the Titanic. "If this is discipline," he asks, "what would have been disorder?"

Does not the fire on the Carmania at Liverpool on Sunday suggest that when the International Conference for the purpose of safeguarding life at sea meets it should take up the question of fire? There have been a number of such serious outbreaks on vessels of various classes during the last three years, but fortune has so greatly favored the shipowner that nothing very dangerous has occurred on board ship at sea. We are aware that if this subject is broached to shipping men a chorus of voices will at once protest that it is impossible to conceive of there being a really serious fire on a transatlantic steamer. But in view of the recent cocksureness of the fraternity that ships of the Titanic type are virtually unsinkable, it might be well to study this question also from a scientific and professional point of view. The flames on the Carmania seem to have spread with great rapidity, and the conflagration required the service of the entire Liverpool fire department. Would it not be wise to consider what would have happened had the ship been beyond the reach of city firemen? Naval officers have learned in the last two or three wars to strip their ships of everything very combustible, even making the officers' furniture of steel; at the same time, our merchant vessels have been increasing the amount of rugs, furniture, curtains, etc., of an inflammable character.

The death of Daniel H. Burnham removes a notable figure among American

architects. An organizer of remarkable ability, Mr. Burnham had of late years become conspicuous by reason of semi-public services for which his memory will long be cherished. We refer, of course, to his interest in the city beautiful, notably in Washington, where his work in coöperation with Charles F. McKim and Augustus Saint Gaudens insures to this country one of the most beautiful capitals in the world, developed according to the original plans of Major L'Enfant. For Chicago, his home since 1856, and the scene of his chief labors, Mr. Burnham had for some years past been working on a plan which, if followed out, will redeem that city from its present ugliness. In such matters as these Mr. Burnham thought broadly and with rare foresight. He built invariably for the distant future as well as for the immediate present, and it is indisputable that he worked with genuine patriotism, as well. But for the country at large Mr. Burnham's chief service will remain the Chicago World's Fair of 1893, an exhibition for which he would not, of course, have claimed exclusive credit; it was the work of all the leaders of the profession. The ability to work with others, the power to conceive great schemes and carry them through, and the realization of the duty of the architect to public and country found in him their complete development.

Year by year the task of the baccalaureate orator grows more difficult. Once upon a time his duty was very simple. Here were several hundred young men on the point of leaving Alma Mater's cloistered seclusion for the experiences, the trials, and the temptations of the world. Warning and advice were in place. But what is there about the world to-day that a commencement speaker can teach his audience? Among his listeners are men who have managed to take away enough time from cloistered seclusion to run down in their own motor-cars for a week-end near Broadway; men who have worked their way to Europe in cattle-boats and come back as able seamen; men who have worked as bear-leaders and strike-breakers; men who have edited daily newspapers and conducted successful theatrical tours; men who have managed football finances running up into the fifty thousands; men who have held mock political conventions, pulled wires, and—alas—stuffed ballot-boxes. If your baccalaureate orator is a venerable divine of the old pastoral school, there are several things about the world which these fledglings in cap and gown could teach him.

The Cuban situation is apparently going from bad to worse. The proposed suspension of the Constitutional guarantees, which is equivalent to the declaration of martial law, and the talk of a prompt repeal of the law against organizing parties along racial lines, which is supposed to be at the bottom of the trouble, show how serious the situation is. If Congress gives President Gomez the power he desires, he can shoot captives summarily. A reconcentrado policy is also being talked of by Cubans against Cubans—the very same Cubans who were so outraged by Weyler's reconcentrado camps. But what Gomez really needs is to borrow half-a-dozen American army officers of the type of those that built up the rurales during the Magoon administration, to run the revolutionists to earth. His persistent policy of playing politics with the army, even to the extent of conniving at the attempted assassination of a high officer, is now bearing fruit in the apparent inability of his military to accomplish anything. Moreover, Gomez is hampered by his own record. Did he not become President by reason of his having taken up arms against Palma? Is it so very wicked of the negroes now in revolt to do likewise, or is it that imitation which is the sincerest form of flattery? Finally, a sinister development is the report that if the outbreak is not soon quelled, a loan will have to be arranged. It has been openly charged in the Cuban press that Gomez has taken from the Treasury its last dollar. The possibility of a financial paralysis of the republic must, of course, have been known to the revolutionists.

Discussing the system of "exchange professors" between France and the United States, the Paris *Temps* rather wickedly recalls the *mot* in one of Dumas's plays: "I have just met X. We have exchanged ideas, and now I find myself without any." It is not implied that such is the case with any of the American professors who have lectured at the Sorbonne, or with the representatives of the French universities who have brought their ideas to the American market. But there is a feeling in university circles in France that students as well as professors from abroad could find some ideas still left in France, despite all that have been "exchanged." Accordingly, a new "national office" has been created for the schools and universities of France, the chief aim of which is to give information as to what France "can offer the foreigner desirous of study." The scheme is ambitious and elaborate, covering a multitude of details about expenses and special courses and academic degrees and so on. French institutions of learning already attract many students from abroad—above 5,000 is the latest figure given—but the hope is greatly to enlarge this number by means of special appeals calling attention to the special advantages offered.

Sunday's parliamentary elections in Belgium appear to have disappointed the expectations of the Liberals and Socialists, who had joined forces on the issue of the Government's Educational bill, which provides for a state subsidy for the Catholic schools. For nearly thirty years the Clerical party has held a majority in the Chamber, and this it still bids fair to retain, though by a slender margin. The Opposition strength in Parliament has steadily increased, but any sudden overturn is made very difficult by the existing plural franchise. Every Belgian citizen above twenty-five years of age has a vote. If he is the owner of real estate to the value of 2,000 francs, or possesses a corresponding income from land or funds, he is entitled to a supplementary vote. If he has graduated from an institution of higher instruction, or holds one of the higher posts in the civil service, or is a member of one of the learned professions, he has two supplementary votes. Thus in the last legislative elections there were 986,499 single voters, 386,224 electors with two votes, and nearly 300,000 electors with three votes, the last class alone almost balancing the great mass of workingmen votes, and the second class disposing of an overwhelming majority in votes, though in a numerical minority of 300,000 in a total electorate of 1,673,000. Naturally, the abolition of the plural vote constitutes an important feature of the democratic programme in Belgium.

DEFECTS OF THE PRESIDENTIAL PRIMARY.

Any criticism of the Presidential primaries, instituted for the first time in several States this year, must begin by admitting that the new system promises to be an improvement over the old, and that we are in for extended experiments with it. The fact that serious defects in its operation have manifested themselves, calls only for correction, not for abandonment. And even with all the confusion and mistakes and positive evils that have marked the first application of the new method, it cannot well be denied that it is superior to the old. It is superior, that is, in giving the party as a whole a better chance to express its real choice. That this opportunity has not been more freely availed of, does not affect the argument. That the results have not been such as to show that the system is incapable of abuse, is also beside the point. Grant the blunders and confess the disappointments, the true question is whether the Presidential primary, properly safeguarded, is not better fitted than the old way to satisfy the people that their wishes are respected in the election of their rulers. To create such a feeling of satisfaction is one of the great ends of democratic government.

Consider, for example, what happened last week in New Jersey. It may be true—we believe it is—that the victory of Roosevelt in the primary did not represent a real majority of the Republican party in that State. It certainly did not respond to the wishes of Republicans of most intelligence and weight in their communities. But what of that? The chance was there to make the best sentiment of the party prevail, but it was not seized. Republicans by the thousand did not vote at all. If they threw the primary into the hands of the unthinking, the flighty, the purchasable, that was their own fault. And depressing to them as the outcome was, who will assert that it was not better so than it would have been if the whole matter had been arranged in the old fashion, with Sewell and Dryden, Kean and Briggs, sitting around a table in secret and "delivering" the State's delegation?

Democracy will grasp imperfect instruments, and use good ones bunglingly; but will bestir itself to remedy defects when they are made clear to it. Now, certain weaknesses in the Presidential primary have been made so apparent in the past two months that steps must be taken to remove them before the system is put on trial again. One need is imperative. It is that of making the Presidential primary really a party primary. The laws governing it should make it impossible for Democrats to vote in a Republican primary, or vice versa. The scheme being one to ascertain the will of the party, none but enrolled voters of the party ought to be permitted a voice. Yet in Massachusetts the Roosevelt managers openly advertised for Democratic votes, and we have heard that it has been chucklingly admitted at Oyster Bay that 20 per cent. of the Roosevelt vote in Massachusetts and some other States was cast by Democrats. This reduces the whole thing to farce or fraud. Before the Presidential primary can be regarded as at all an accurate means of determining the preference of a political party, it must be confined strictly to that party.

Another thing to be taken promptly in hand is the matter of permitted expenditure of money. What we have seen this year shows the necessity of a sharp extension of corrupt-practices acts to cover the Presidential primary, and also of limiting the amounts that a candidate or his committees are allowed to expend in any given State or district. The $70,000 spent by Roosevelt in New York County was a public scandal of which there should be no repetition. If the reports of the vast sums laid out in Pennsylvania by the supporters of both Roosevelt and Taft were not grossly exaggerated, they smell of corruption. A Presidential primary that can be bought up, or that is made too expensive for any but millionaires, would be too obvious a mockery to be tolerated.

Still another reform upon which the advocates of the Presidential primary seem to be agreed is that it must be held at about the same time in all the States. The successive primaries of this year have been plainly demoralizing. We have seen the theatre of excitement and of manipulation pass from State to State. First Illinois is torn to pieces and then Massachusetts, with Ohio and New Jersey following. All the political machinery and the sinews of war are moved from one State to another like a circus on its travels. It is not only the suspense and the long-drawn fighting, so bad for the nerves of the country, that we have to consider. In this descent upon State after State, there is an open temptation to resort to corrupt methods. The moral effect of preliminary victory is felt to be so great that it will be struggled for desperately and at all costs. The danger is that we shall have a recurrence of the old evil of "October States," when Ohio and Indiana were flooded with money and overrun with politicians, while the electorate was debauched, all for the sake of "pointing the way for November." That mischief grew to be so inflamed that it was done away with in response to a universal demand; and the friends of the Presidential primary must be on the alert to prevent corruption, thrown out of the window, from coming back through the door.

MAYORS, GERMAN AND AMERICAN.

The Berlin newspapers have been giving much space to the election of their new Lord Mayor, Adolf Wermuth, well known to many Americans because of his successful management of the remarkable German exhibit at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. In 1900 he was appointed to the Department of the Interior, of which he became undersecretary in 1904. Four years later he became a privy councillor, and in 1909 Secretary of the Treasury, which high position he filled until a difference of opinion with the Chancellor over the inheritance-tax question led to his resigning in March of this year. To have obtained a man of Cabinet rank for the Mayoralty, and one who has been for thirty-six years in Government positions, is felt by the Berliners to be an unusual achievement and to prove to the rest of Germany that their chief executive position is worthy of the very best men in the highest places in the Government. The new *Oberbürgermeister* will receive 40,000 marks a year, or $10,000 in American money, though, of course, the 40,000 marks purchases very much more in Berlin than it would in New York, where the Mayor is paid $15,000—none too large a salary for the responsibilities carried.

The chief difference between the election of Herr Wermuth and of an American Mayor is in the term of office. Four years is the longest service of a mayor in this country. The Berlin Aldermen

chose Herr Wermuth for a period of twelve years, being free to select from among all German citizens. If he is successful and in good health, he will be reëlected when his term expires; or he may be pensioned. In the 104 years that have elapsed since the chief or lord mayors were first elected in Berlin, only nine persons have held the position, Herr Wermuth being the tenth, giving an average service of more than eleven and one-third years. In New York there have been nine Mayors in twenty-seven years, and no less than forty-eight in 104 years. Does not this in itself suggest one reason why Berlin has been so much better governed than New York? Herr Wermuth's immediate predecessor had served since 1899 as chief mayor and for six years previously as vice-mayor. Herr Kirschner's career as a city official began in Breslau in 1873. He has, therefore, been a practical municipal administrator for a lifetime. Where can we point in this country to a Mayor who has been all his life at work on civic questions or has had a Governmental career comparable to Herr Wermuth's? Mayor Gaynor has had a long official career, but only by reason of his service on the bench. Mayor Harrison of Chicago is the only living American of whom we know who has had five terms in a large city. Ferdinand C. Latrobe held the chief magistracy of Baltimore for seven terms—fourteen years—and Mr. Harrison's father was also five times Mayor of Chicago. On the other hand, the Lord Mayor of Munich, who visited New York a month or so ago, has held his present position no less than nineteen consecutive years, to the complete satisfaction of the city.

The usual American rule, as everybody knows, is to deny a civic career to a man, however able. He has his choice, if he wishes, to serve for a lifetime as a clerk, or at most a minor official, or of becoming a partisan candidate for high office, with the likelihood of defeat at the end of one term, as it came to Mayor Low after his, and to the Socialist Mayor of Milwaukee, who, whatever his mistakes, seems to have tried sincerely to better the city. The Socialist Mayor of Schenectady is also not likely to be judged on his merits as an administrator when his term is up. He, too, will probably be fought with the cry that it is a disgrace for the city to have at its head a Socialist, whether good, bad, or indifferent. The result usually is that good men leave office after too brief service to be really masters of their tasks, while the demagogue is apt to remain for at least a term or two, by reason of his appeal to class or mob, or his skilful use of a more or less base partisan machine. Where, then, is the opportunity for a continuous policy? What the chance for an original mind to work out administrative problems?

By this comparison we do not, of course, mean to imply that we would change our democratic system overnight for the German. The latter doubtless has its defects, too, but it must be confessed that, compared with our own, the results are amazingly good. We are not prepared to say that in a vast city like New York, with its great variety of nationalities, and the marked differences in relative interest in the government between sections and classes, the people should be deprived of a direct election of their chief magistrate. But we would point out first that, by the elimination of partisanship in the government of cities, we could take one great step towards continuity of service and towards luring into municipal office more of the kind of officials who govern cities abroad. Once let us wipe out the distinctions brought about by national party names and we shall find Mayors of long service less the exception and more the rule. Moreover, no one has ever maintained that a democracy is the most efficient form of government. A relative inefficiency will, perhaps, always be the price that a democracy must pay for the privilege of having a voice in its own affairs. The end is to make that relative inefficiency as small as possible, and Mr. Bryce is not the only observer who has noticed the vast progress we have made in the right direction.

CANADA'S GREAT PROBLEM.

"Immigration to Canada," says a Government report just published at Ottawa, "is the crucial economic factor in the progress of the Dominion." The reason for this is that "every financial responsibility that has been assumed for the development of Canada, whether in pledging public credit for railways, or for civic expansion, or for industrial enterprises, has been assumed in expectation of a greater increase of population than the natural increase." The risk in such a policy is well shown by the discrepancy of three-quarters of a million people between the estimated and the ascertained population of 1911. It is this discrepancy, in fact, that has brought the problem of Canadian immigration sharply to the fore. The Dominion has long been dependent for its development upon settlers from the outside. In the language of the report, the expansion of modern Canada is the expansion of immigration. "No other country has, relatively, such a record of assimilation of non-native peoples as Canada." How warmly she welcomes them may be seen in her liberal naturalization laws, which give to any alien who takes the oath, full rights of citizenship after three years' residence. The Dominion is thus somewhat in the position which the United States occupied for the first seventy-five years of our existence. The difference is that our problem was never so acute economically, although serious enough politically, partly because we could not have mortgaged the future if we had wished, and partly because it was seldom necessary to urge aliens to take advantage of the obvious opportunities in this land.

Canada, however, cannot afford to wait for the foreigner to make up his mind. With her, promptness is one of the elements of the problem. Where shall she look for immigrants? She is receiving them from two sources which she regards as highly satisfactory—the British Isles and the United States. This double stream "kneads quickly into Canadian national life." Each part of it is desired. The Americans, mainly farmers accustomed to prairie life, go West, where their experience and ready adaptability are invaluable—such is the complimentary phraseology of the report. The Britishers, largely wage-earners, scatter over the entire Dominion. The problem is consequently two-fold: to maintain the flow to the western provinces, and to increase it in the eastern. This would mean specific encouragement of British immigration, a policy that is enforced by political considerations. This political factor has been formally recognized in the Canadian House of Commons, where a former Cabinet Minister declared it "good policy to have the bulk of your immigration from the British islands." The occasional spread-eagle utterances of prominent American politicians are hardly calculated to diminish this feeling.

Canada's plain course, then, is to expand her immigration from Great Britain, which, owing to relative pressures of population, means not Scotland or Ireland, but England.

At this point the report begins to use guarded language. It speaks of "this rather embarrassing topic," and of the "need to handle the question frankly." The difficulty, it appears, is "the traditional British willingness . . . to unload" inferiors and their dependents on "the colonies." "Our attitude," affirms the report, "rightly is 'No inferiors need apply.'" It is not simply a state of population, then, that is to be remedied, but first a state of mind. England is interested in the immigration question on her own account because of her actual and prospective recipients of charity, represented by the eight thousand which the Bristol Civic League found within the limits of that city. This is true, even if the president of the Bristol Chamber of Commerce could go on to ask what reason there could be for a chamber of commerce to discuss emigration. Immigrants of this sort, willing and able to work, the Dominion would welcome. What she objects to is the industrially maimed and halt. The report does not hesitate to lay the blame for the English attitude towards Canada upon the English, who have much "to learn and unlearn in the way of adapting themselves to Canadian conditions." It characterizes as "ineffably foolish" the supposition of any Englishman that Canada can be adjusted to his notions on sight. And it goes so far as to point out "the overwhelming necessity that the people who come to Canada from Britain shall be prepared against exercising upon people of alien birth an influence that makes the idea of joining the Empire repellent to them."

In that last clause lies the largest consideration connected with the problem —the possibility and the desirability of making Canadian immigration a factor of Imperial unity. At the beginning of the century, only 20 per cent. of British emigration was going to British countries. In a dozen years, that proportion has risen to 80 per cent., with Canada having become the chief hope of British statesmen in that regard. On the other hand, within the last year Frenchmen have been officially warned by their Minister of Industry against emigrating to the Dominion. The need for strengthening the ties that bind Canada to the mother country is shown by the contrast that is drawn between the feeling of the Englishman in Canada and in Australia. In Australia, he finds the prevailing accent to be that of his own dear London. He hears England freely spoken of and sees it written of as "Home." He finds no large element of republicans. In Canada a different spirit prevails. Loyalty is mixed with independence. Canada needs England, but she will not cease being Canada on any terms. It is evident that the difficulties of her immigration problem are not small. The frank and thorough way in which she is facing them, however, is the best means of bringing that day which Lord Grey predicted, when Canada will be the centre of the Empire, the leader of the Britannic nations.

AEROPLANE PROBLEMS.

The solution of the problem of flight in heavier-than-air machines, which Wilbur and Orville Wright attained after years of patient experimentation, came about as a result of the partial abandonment of a preconception under which the majority of the earlier experimenters had labored. This consisted in the assumption that the flight of birds in the air could be rivalled by imitating the anatomical structure of the bird. Most of the earlier machines showed a predilection for flapping wings and curved surfaces. As late as 1897 the machine built by M. C. Ader for the French Government "reproduced the structure of a bird with almost servile imitation." Professor Langley's "aerodromes" revealed a similar tendency in the tip imparted to the comparatively flat wings. Success was attained by the Wrights in working out the principles of what may be called the non-avian school represented by Lilienthal, Chanute, and their successors in the field of gliding flight. Here the problem resolved itself into a matter of combining the sustaining energy of fairly flat surfaces with the driving power to be obtained from a highly-perfected motor-engine. The principle of bird structure was not altogether abandoned. The warped ends of the aeroplane with which the Wrights met to so considerable a degree the problem of stability hark back to the avian tradition. The monoplane, in build and still more in appearance, would seem to be a still further return to older principles. But this has seemingly been accomplished at the sacrifice of a large measure of stability as compared with the biplane.

It is not detracting from the fame of the Wright brothers and their foreign contemporaries to point out that their success was due in large measure to the development of the gasolene engine. That would explain why, independently of the Wrights though some time after them, Santos Dumont, Farman, and Delagrange succeeded in flights of respectable duration. High engine efficiency supplied not only the necessary motive power, but provided a very important factor working for stability. It also furthered the rapid development of the art by enabling men to study the problem where it could be most successfully studied—in the air. The problem of stability for the Wright biplane was solved by a highly efficient engine. It needed a still better engine, of the type turned out by the French manufacturers, to make the monoplane possible, with its greater dependence upon speed for equilibrium. Thus the automobile makers have done their part in devising motors capable of developing a hundred horsepower and being mounted on a frail structure of lathing and canvas. It was the first step to devise speed that should make flight possible. That accomplished, aviators have begun to study how to dispense with speed. Thus it may yet be the historical function of the perfected engine that it enabled men to fly long enough to master the secret of flight, or at least of perfect equilibrium, without a motor.

Hence it would appear that the old desire to wrest from the bird its entire secret has not lost its appeal. The latest experiments conducted by the Wrights at their old trial ground on the sand dunes of North Carolina were directed towards the solution of the problem of automatic equilibrium. But apparently, also, the Wrights had their minds fixed upon the question of flight without mechanical power. That would be indicated by the renewed trials with gliders which are reported to have taken place. It was characteristic of the courageous methods of these two Dayton pioneers. In their early experiments they soon found it necessary to throw over all hitherto compiled data of air pressure and to work out tables of

their own. During six years of flight it must be that their stock of aerial data was enormously increased. And possibly the point had been reached where Wilbur Wright and his brother found themselves strong enough to attempt the realization of the dream cherished by the older experimenters—the use of the air currents by man precisely as the birds make use of them.

But the question of making the aviator independent of his engine may be conceded to be a fairly distant ideal. For the present, the great effort must be to make the aviator with his engine independent of the vagaries of the air. It would be highly regrettable if the craze for speed and long-distance records should divert attention from the problems that still await solution. The aviator reaps a harvest of fame and profit that the experimenter must dispense with. And it is the glory of the Wright brothers that they were not content to enjoy quietly the full measure of fame and wealth that came to them, but set themselves other difficult pioneering tasks. Wilbur Wright was not spared to achieve that complete mastery of the air towards which he made the first great step. A kindlier fate may be that of his brother.

AN ELUSIVE GREAT SEAL.

We have had in the current political campaign an illustration of the fragile basis on which much so-called history rests, even when the events involved are too recent to warrant a presumption of confusion in the minds of the men most actively concerned in them. The question whether Mr. Taft was or was not present when the Roosevelt Cabinet discussed the suspension of the prosecution of the Harvester Trust will never be settled to the satisfaction of everybody interested, because it must depend so largely upon the accuracy of unassisted human memories. The historian who gives any prominence to this episode must therefore content himself with quotations from the pleadings on both sides of the dispute, and leave his readers to draw their own conclusions.

Such historical difficulties are suggested also by the newspaper announcement published a few days ago of the discovery of the great seal of the Confederate States of America, "the existence of which has been shrouded in mystery for nearly half a century, . . . its whereabouts pledged to secrecy by the most solemn Masonic oath"—just why, we are not informed. The first thing that must have struck the careful reader of this news was the discrepancy among the several versions printed almost simultaneously. The seal may be old, but its discovery, or recovery, is too new to afford any reasonable excuse for the representation in one account that the United States had purchased it along with a lot of Confederate documents a number of years ago, and in another that it had been given to Rear-Admiral Selfridge at that time as a souvenir, in one that the Admiral had sold it and in another that he had presented it to the people of Virginia, etc. The single fact of importance which is left in no wise uncertain is that the relic under consideration has passed into the control of three prominent Virginians, who intend to find a home for it in one of the public institutions of Richmond.

What lends picturesque interest to the announcement of the discovery is the fact that, at intervals since the dispersal of the effects of the Confederacy in 1865, there have appeared at least two other claimants of the honor of possessing the great seal. The State of South Carolina received in 1888, as a gift from a former citizen, what purported to be the genuine article. The donor, or some one in his behalf, undertook to rehearse its pedigree, including a story of how it came into his possession directly from the hands of Col. John T. Pickett, commander of the rear guard of the Confederate forces defending Richmond, who had found it in the office of the Confederate Secretary of State while the evacuation of the city was in progress.

Eleven years later another claimant appeared in the person of a West Virginian, a descendant of Col. Alexander Boteler, chairman of the committee on whom the Confederate Congress imposed the task of procuring a seal for the infant republic. This Boteler seal, like the one which has just started for Richmond, was of silver, whereas the South Carolina seal was described as of baser metal.

But with the lapse of another eleven years there was published, under respectable auspices, a circumstantial account of the flight of the last remnant of the Confederate Government from Richmond towards the Gulf. Their final council, according to this narrative, was held in May at Abbeyville, S. C.; and that evening Secretary Benjamin asked for a hatchet, and with it defaced the great seal of the Confederacy. "About twelve o'clock the same night," the writer goes on, "the party continued their retreat . . . and while crossing the Savannah River in the darkness some one suggested that the seal be thrown overboard. . . . When the boat reached mid-stream it was dropped with a dull splash into the sandy bed of that beautiful Southern watercourse, where to this day, its mission all fulfilled, it serenely rests."

There may have been other accounts of the fate of the great seal, but these will suffice to show how easy it is, when the possible future importance of an object or an event is not in anybody's thought, for the details to become confused in the minds of those who ought to know most about it. In this instance, a presumption is created in favor of the authenticity of the relic which was the latest to turn up, by the circumstance that it was traced to its hiding-place in Rear-Admiral Selfridge's safe through some of Col. Pickett's memoranda which are now in the Library of Congress. Its hallmarks, moreover, are said to bear every indication of genuineness. But what, then, was it that Secretary Benjamin defaced at Abbeyville and somebody dropped into the Savannah River at midnight? Shall we ever find out till some enthusiast, with the persistency of Dr. Owen in his hunt for Shakespeare's head, drags the Savannah for this battered emblem of sovereignty? Or is the whole Abbeyville incident a romantic fiction, and is the adult Benjamin's hatchet doomed to pass into the same legendary limbo with the juvenile Washington's?

THE MISSION OF THE CHURCH.

"Smith doesn't care a farthing about the state of his soul . . . he declares that he believes churches are a good thing, and he will do almost anything for a church but attend its services. What he really means to say is that he thinks the church is a good thing for Jones and me, but that, as for himself, he gets on comfortably without it. And the great danger both to the church and to Smith lies in the fact that he does apparently get on so comfortably with-

out it!" In these words Meredith Nicholson states for *Atlantic Monthly* readers one of the tremendous, if quiet, changes that have come about in a single generation. There are literally multitudes of persons who can remember, with him, communities where it was not respectable to miss "divine service." To-day there is slight exaggeration in the statement that the apologetic tone has shifted to the church attender. The burden of proof is no longer upon the one who, for whatever reason, stays away. In number, at least, he is too respectable to be denounced, and, if the whole truth is told, his respectability is a matter of something higher than mass.

Why does Smith not go to church? What makes him act so differently from his fathers? Well, Smith is not deeply concerned with the conduct of his ancestors. Art, for instance, might have interested some of them, but that would not strike Smith as any reason why he should bore himself with it. A thing must justify itself to Smith, not by having appealed to the world in the past, but by appealing to Smith now. And the church simply does not appeal to him. He answers your question of why he does not go, therefore, by asking why he should go. How are you going to reply to him? Since he has graciously said that he thinks churches are a good thing, perhaps the most plausible answer would be that he owes it to them and to himself to join in making them better—more attractive, that is, to men like himself. Even this will probably not affect his attitude. You might as well suggest that he help improve the stage or literature or newspapers. He feels that he is only a common human being, and that these things are quite outside the range of his influence. If they appeal to him, good. But if they do not, he can only let them alone and get along without them until they do, it being manifest that he can get along without them much better than they can get along without him.

The problem, then, is not how to save Smith, but the church. That this view is just the reverse of that which would have been generally taken in any preceding age merely emphasizes the difficulty of the situation. To be sure, there are persons who hold the old view. There is the anxious mother who got a religious society to pay her son a dollar for every church service he attended, hoping to see him become worthier of her love. The experiment failed. Found guilty of impersonating an officer, the youth was sentenced to a term in jail. Meanwhile, the streets are filled with young men who almost never enter a church, and yet are under no suspicion of serious misconduct. The conclusion is inevitable: either the church has exaggerated its importance, or its work is being done in other ways. We think both things are true. In the past the church professed to know vastly more than it did know of the origin and the destiny of man, and more than it is at all necessary to know in order to be a decent and even religious person; and in the present all of its non-theological activities are supplemented by other organizations. Why, then, save the church? If for no better reason, because it is poor economy to let an expensive and complicated plant go to waste instead of wearing out and being renewed like living tissue.

What shall the church do to be saved? One set of voices cries for a return to the old ways, which means, specifically, more theology. Another and larger cry is for greater social service; that is, more attention to the bodies of mankind. It may be doubted whether either alone solves the problem. The theology of the past may be dead, but, on the other hand, it is as true as it ever was that man does not live by bread alone. The question of our day is not faith or works, but what faith, what works? To give coffee and rolls to a hungry man out of a job is to serve God, if you want to put it that way, but if the church stops with coffee and rolls, it makes a ludicrously and pitiably inadequate use of its resources. Now there is a work that is not being done by any other organization in any formal way, a work that needs to be performed as sorely as any, and that is the elevation of the motives that actuate men and women, the strengthening of their better selves. This task the church has nobly discharged in previous times, and it should continue to discharge it in the years to come. But perhaps it is a task that hereafter is to be attended to incidentally rather than formally. Character, Gov. Wilson has remarked, is a by-product. Even so, the church can surely find a way to preach effectively while it is binding up humanity's wounds. And it will do well to remember that its power, like the power of any institution, bears no fixed relation to the number of persons who identify themselves with it.

RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

To weld into a book all the conscious intellectual currents and all the unconscious emotional tendencies of a certain people at a given period has ever been the coveted goal of the writer of novels. America has yet to wait for the long-heralded American novel. But Germany can now boast of a work very nearly fulfilling all requirements of such a vast undertaking. It is "Die Intellektuellen," by Grete Meisel-Hess (Berlin: Erich Oesterheld). The author attracted attention by her story, "Die Stimme," published some years ago, and later by a dignified and scholarly work on the problem of love and marriage, and has proved herself possessed of unusually mature judgment. In this book she presents what might be called a composite portrait of the young generation of Germany and Austria, which has outgrown old faiths and thrown aside old ideals and launched forth to "realize itself" with a reading of life based upon undigested science, economic data, and an exaggerated importance of the individual ego. Hence the eternal recurrence of the conflict between that ego and the social instinct, between personality (no more abused word in the modern vocabulary than this!) and society. Hence also the pitiful spectacle of intelligent human beings who waste their strength in self-indulgence, in the cult of hobbies, and the pursuit of chimeras. Hence also the emotional impotence and spiritual sterility of those precious æsthetes and supercilious intellectuals who abound in the professional circles of Vienna, Berlin, and Munich, and whom Frau Meisel-Hess has portrayed in types so true and striking as to be unforgettable.

Into this world the author has placed some women, among them one exceptionally gifted who seeks fulfilment of her life under less restricted conditions than her orthodox Jewish home. Her experiences in the quest for happiness, in connection with those of her brother, her cousins, and her friends, make a well-constructed and absorbing narrative. But in the spirit of the book lies its greatness. It is written from the standpoint of one who has known the Odyssey of the modern ego, who understands and yet does not despair of humanity. She smiles at the futile affectations of the æsthetes and the destructive speculations of the intellectuals. She looks upon the panorama of contemporary conflicts as upon inevitable and logical phenomena in the development of society. There is no proselytism for any new theory, for any new experiment in

the more intimate relations of human life.

The problem of love and marriage is the engrossing topic of many new stories. A very original variation upon the old theme is that of the Swiss writer, Ernst Zahn, in "Die Frauen von Tannö" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), in which the author treats with admirable discretion the complications arising when a pedagogue reformer tries to pledge to celibacy the women of a rural community which is ravaged by an apparently hereditary ailment. Another unusual theme is skilfully handled by Carlot Reuling, in "Die Strasse der Erkenntniss" (Egon Fleischel & Co.). The hero of this novel suffers from having fallen heir to his father's great name and reputation for brilliancy, and the tragedy reaches its climax when he proposes to the girl he loves and discovers that even here his progenitor had preceded him. Hermann Stegemann, the Alsatian writer, draws in his "Theresle" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) a heroine who, with an infallible intuition for the right course to pursue, works out her salvation independently of her family, and from a simple waitress rises to the ownership of a summer hotel. Karl Bittermann strikes a timely note in his story, "Der Ruf der Felder" (Egon Fleischel & Co.), in which he traces the regeneration of his peasant heroine, who had followed the lure of the city and only on her return to the soil returns to her better self.

A group of stories by women about women deserves special mention. Gabriele Reuter's singularly charming and pathetic story, "Frühlingstaumel" (Berlin: S. Fischer), relates the experiences of a gifted actress who convinces her audiences of the genuineness of her feelings, but in real life fails to find credence. The caddish hero is drawn with great subtlety, and an eccentric woman painter supplies an element of grim humor. Helene von Mühlau's stories are rather depressing, dealing mostly with blighted lives, but there is strength in them. "Eine irrende Seele" (Egon Fleischel & Co.) is a remarkable study of a sensitive soul whose vitality is exhausted in the conflict between her illusions and the real world. "Nach dem dritten Kind" dramatically presents the tragedy of an army officer's wife whose family increases out of proportion to her husband's income. An unusually good first book is Elsa von Bonin's "Das Leben der Renée von Catte" (Egon Fleischel & Co.). In the heroine and her brother Hannsbabo the author has drawn types of the old aristocracy of the "Mark," with a sure and sympathetic touch which suggests the study of Fontane.

Hans Heinrich Ehrler is also a new name. His "Briefe vom Land" (Albert Langen) is a simple love story in the form of letters, containing some choice bits of description of a most delicate feeling for nature and revealing a character of unusual distinction. With a dramatic power surpassing even his strongest work so far published, Ludwig Thoma has in "Der Wittiber" (Albert Langen) moulded into a grim tragedy the story of a widowed peasant who, in his hunger for affection, drifts into a love affair with a servant girl, and himself becomes a drunkard and his son a murderer. Lulu von Strauss und Torney, in her "Judas" (Egon Fleischel & Co.), also presents a rural tragedy, but upon an historical background, the scene being a German village in which the news of the French Revolution suddenly rouses the simple country-folk to violent resistance against exploitation and abuse by the authorities in power. This, however, is only the background for the story of two brothers, the elder, a drunkard, neglecting and mortgaging the family place, the younger working as a hired hand to save it for the other's wife and children, but a victim of the villagers' vile suspicions. The author has a keen insight into the folk-soul and has succeeded in giving her work a touch of the heroic epic. Rudolf Herzog, who lectured for the Germanistic Society this season, has also written a story with an historical background, "Burgkinder" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.). The central figure is a very sympathetic character, living a recluse life in a castle near the Rhine, and bringing up the orphaned children of a French refugee. The story has strong dramatic moments, when the blood of the father asserts itself and calls them to espouse the cause of his country and ally themselves with his people.

A. von Ende.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The publications of the Bibliographical Society of England are necessarily limited in their circulation. It is expressly stated that copies can be supplied to members only, and "in no case can more than one duplicate copy be supplied to the same member," unless that member has "lost or damaged" his. In some cases, no doubt, the supply is fully equal to the demand. Many would reckon their libraries complete without the "Dictionary of Booksellers and Printers at work in England, Scotland, and Ireland, 1641 to 1667," or the "Abstracts from the Wills and Testamentary Documents of Binders, Printers, and Stationers of Oxford from 1493 to 1638." But the Society's latest volume, "A List of English Editions and Translations of Greek and Latin Classics Printed before 1641," has a distinct interest and value for students of the classics, and it is to be regretted that so few of them will ever have the privilege of reading it. It has been compiled by an American, Miss Henrietta Palmer, for whom Victor Scholderer has written an excellent Introduction.

The authors are arranged alphabetically, Greek and Latin together, and even the Pseudo-Classics are included. For instance, "The Hystorye Sege and Dystruccyon of Troye, by Dares Phrygius, which was a souldier while the Siege lasted," appears in three English translations made in the middle of the sixteenth century, and "The Riddies of Heraclitus and Democritus," printed in 1598, and equally a work of fancy, is ranged alongside of the authentic classics. We suspect that the "Historical Treatise of the Travels of Noah into Europe," by Berosus the Chaldean, a writer who survives in a few fragments, represents merely what Berosus might have written on this subject. In fact, to be strictly accurate, the word "classics" should have been omitted from the title.

In the list one notices, in the first place, the total absence of Æschylus, which is not surprising when one remembers that, for generations after the Aldine edition was published, his text was so corrupt as to be unintelligible. Of Aristophanes one play, the "Knights," was edited in 1593; no play was translated. Sophocles is represented by an edition of the "Antigone," 1581, and what seems to have been an adaptation of the "Œdipus Rex" in three "Cantoes," published in 1615 and not now extant. Euripides comes off best with three entries, a free translation of the "Phœnissæ," an edition of the "Troades," and Erasmus's Latin version of the "Iphigenia at Aulis."

The dramatist who appealed most to the taste of the age was Seneca, who has more entries than any other writer except Virgil and Horace. Plato was neither translated nor edited, but two editions of the spurious "Axiochus" appeared in 1592 and 1607.

Among the translators, Chapman with his Homer, Hesiod, and partial translation of "Hero and Leander," stands head and shoulders above the rest. Men who had the scholarship necessary for a translation were engaged in reconstructing corrupt texts and would have thought translation beneath them. Such work was done chiefly for moral edification, and by inferior scholars. Many curiosities of literature are included in this list, for instance, the version of Martial in Welsh (1571), and the translation of Horace's "Satires" in 1566 by Drant, who in his preface says that he has "shaved off Horace's hair, pared his nails, and wyped away all his vanity and superfluity of matter." Another eccentric work is Stanyhurst's version of the first four books of the "Æneid," which Professor Saintsbury has called "the most absurd book in all literature." It is written in English hexameters constructed on the classical basis of quantity instead of accent. This sort of thing was called "reformed verse" and more distinguished writers than Stanyhurst, Abraham Fraunce, for instance, followed the fashion.

In 1585 reformed spelling had reared its head, and we find an edition of Æsop entitled "Æsopz Fablz in tru Ortography with Grammar-notz." With a few exceptions which became English classics, such as Chapman's translations and North's "Plutarch," these editions and translations are accessible only in such libraries as the British Museum, the Bodleian, and the Library of the University of Cambridge, and several are not positively known to have existed except in the intention of the author who procured a license

for their publication and perhaps went no further.

Correspondence

THE TESTIMONY OF A FRIEND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am of those who used to think that Mr. Roosevelt's was the case of an impulsive man, whose heart was right, who acted and spoke as he really thought without much regard for consistency, but with real sincerity. But my eyes were opened. His inconsistency is calculated and deliberate. He plays to opposing sides of the gallery. His untruths are calculated and deliberate lies, uttered for the purposes of deceit. To say that he would not stir a finger to attract a corrupt boss is crass nonsense. He would not only raise his finger to beckon such a man, but he would as effusively grasp that man's hand and shake it with warmth as he does the greasy hands of locomotive engineers—when reporters are around. The proof is at hand. He did that very thing with Boss Cox in Cincinnati. He did, indeed, refuse to dine at a public dinner if Lorimer were there, but that was to catch pious gudgeons. He shook Cox's hands to catch political gudgeons. This has been his constant habit through life in order to promote politically his own personal fortunes.

A young naval officer, an enthusiastic admirer of his, wrote me the other day that his course of late had somewhat weakened respect for him, but he was in favor of Mr. Roosevelt's policies, and therefore would support him. I entered into no argument with him. I simply suggested that he take pen, ink, and paper and write down in succinct form what he considers Mr. Roosevelt's policies to be, and I prophesied that he would be rather astonished when he got through with the job. He has promised to do so, and I am awaiting the result with some interest. When he tries to jot down in black and white the rambling, incoherent, inconsistent, hazy utterances of a demagogue, and formulate them into statesmanlike propositions of concrete policies, his mind will be in a state to receive information, to which it is now impervious.

The best way for any man to decide for himself whether Mr. Roosevelt is a true man is to ask himself a few questions:

(1.) What did Mr. Roosevelt say to the American people about Taft in 1908?

(2.) What has he said of Mr. Taft in 1912?

(3.) Has he not unsaid in 1912 everything he said of Mr. Taft in 1908?

(4.) If yea, is he speaking falsely now, or did he speak falsely then?

(5.) If it is not a case of bearing false witness, then or now, was he deceived then, or is he deceived now?

(6.) If he spoke falsely then, what was his motive?

(7.) If he speaks falsely now, what is his motive?

(8.) If, after years of close acquaintance and intimate intercourse, with ample opportunities of knowing the character, disposition, and ability of his one-time friend he was so wofully deceived in 1908 as then to paint him as a strong, able, and conscientious man, or is so wofully deceived now as to vilify him as a weakling, an ingrate, and a hypocrite, what guarantee have the people that he is not, or will not he, equally deceived in the men who now, or hereafter will, surround him?

(9.) If his tongue cannot be depended on to tell the truth, or his judgment to discern character, whichever it be, is it the part of wisdom for the people to put him in a position where the consequences of his false witness, or misplaced confidence, whichever it be, will be disastrous to the country?

(10.) When he is charged with having arrested, as President, the prosecution of the Harvester Trust, at the request of the very capitalist who is now showing his gratitude—for favors to come, as well—by financing his present campaign, is it any answer for him to say that his Secretary of War, whom he then sought to promote, the President whom he is now seeking to destroy, was an acquiescing party thereto? And, if it is no answer, what shall be thought of the sincerity of a man who denounces favoritism in public and practices it in private?

If you think the letter is worth publishing as the opinion of one who, in his younger days, believed in Theodore Roosevelt as a man, and, like him, was a Republican, and, like him, said he would not vote for James G. Blaine if nominated, and, unlike Theodore Roosevelt, stood by his words, whereas Theodore Roosevelt ate his; and if you value the opinion of a man who, ever since 1884, has fought to the best of his poor ability fraud and chicanery in his party's politics, while Theodore Roosevelt, in public, was ever professing to fight the bosses, and in private was lying down with them as meekly as any lamb, obtaining office by their means, and now seeking to do the same, even to the extent of buying away from his former friend the Southern officeholders; and if you think this letter ought to be over the name of the writer, you are at liberty to publish it.

In the younger days of this republic, its citizens were wisely taught to fear "the man on horseback." Mr. Roosevelt, in his pose as a "rough rider," in his insane ambition for a third term, in his demagogic appeals to passion and prejudice, in his insensate egotism as the only man who can do things, in his crudities and ravings, is the man on horseback whom we have most to fear. John Brooks Leavitt.

New York, May 28.

THE "HAT SPIRIT" OF OYSTER BAY "JUDGED DOWN" IN 1672.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Oyster Bay style of losing first one's hat and then one's head in the prize-ring was condemned by judicious Friends two hundred and forty years ago to-day.

An account of the American journey of George Fox, 1671-3, printed in the January number of the "Journal" of the Friends' Historical Society, London, thus describes the visit to Oyster Bay, May 17-27, 1672:

"Thence wee went about 40 miles to oyster bay where was a Generall meeting wch held 6 dayes and was lardge where wee mett with som of the hatt spirits wch was Judged Downe & condemned and the truth was sett ouer all."

Verily, "truth is mighty and will prevail" in the long run, over the hat spirit and the prize-ring method.

Veritas clamantis in deserto.

Hanover, N. H., May 27.

THE ORIGINATOR OF THE FEDERAL IDEA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The criticisms of a recent publication (Taylor, "Origin and Growth of the American Constitution") involve an historical problem that merits further comment. The one fundamental question at issue is: Who originated the Federal Idea? By the Federal Idea is meant the idea of a confederation having a central Government armed with the power to legislate, independently of State Governments, directly upon individuals. This power is exemplified typically in the ability to tax individuals, and is, of course, diametrically opposed to the unwieldy system of levying quotas upon colonies or States.

The author of the volume in question (pp. 28-29) explicitly states that this Federal Idea is the fundamental concept of the Constitution:

> Approaching it on its financial side, he [Pelatiah Webster] set for himself the task of constructing an entirely new Federal fabric to be endowed, for the first time in the world's history, with the independent power of taxation. . . . In that fundamental concept was embodied the path-breaking idea (*bahnbrechende Idee*) that wrought the revolution.

But on page 21 occurs the sweeping and erroneous statement: "Certainly at the time of the making of our first Federal Constitution neither Franklin nor any other American statesman had conceived of a Federal system armed with the power to tax."

On the contrary, it is certain that Franklin had conceived of exactly that kind of a system as early as 1751, and got it embodied in the Albany Plan of Union in 1754. In short, he originated this central idea of the Constitution more than a score of years before the publication of Pelatiah Webster's interesting pamphlet of 1783.

In dealing with the Albany Plan, the author of the recent volume asserts (p. 122) that "the scheme of taxation contemplated in that plan was simply the requisition system, based on quotas." This point may be settled by referring to the reprint of the plan in appendix iii of the volume itself. The author reprinted the document, but erred in accepting an interpretation of it given in an older, secondary work. He failed to practice the precept of Langlois which he often repeats: "There is no substitute for documents; no documents, no history."

To lead up to the Albany Plan of 1754: None of the plans of the preceding sixty years suggested even faintly the Federal Idea. (For the text of these plans see Carson, "One Hundredth Anniversary of the Constitution," Vol. II, appendix). Franklin first suggests Federal taxation of individuals in a letter of 1751 (reprinted in Smyth, "Writings of Franklin," III, 42).

Again, in Franklin's "Short Hints" on a plan of union, drawn up and submitted to some of his friends, just before the Albany Convention of 1754, the financial scheme suggested three years earlier was somewhat elaborated, as follows:

General Treasury: Its fund, an excise on strong liquors, pretty equally drunk in the colonies, or duty on liquor imported, or—shillings on each licence of a public house, or excise on superfluities, as tea, etc., etc. All of which would pay in some proportion to the present wealth of each colony, and increase as that wealth increases, and prevent disputes about the inequality of quotas.

Here, then, is a direct statement made by Franklin, before he attended the Albany Convention, to the effect that his new plan of taxation was for the explicit purpose of obviating the difficulties of the old quota system.

As finally embodied in the Albany Plan of 1754, Franklin's new idea takes the following form:

Power to Make Laws, Lay Duties, etc.: That for these purposes they [the President-General and Grand Council] have power to make laws, and lay and levy such general duties, imposts, or taxes, as to them shall appear most equal and just (considering the ability and other circumstances of the inhabitants in the several colonies), and such as may be collected with the least inconvenience to the people; rather discouraging luxury, than loading industry with unnecessary burthens.

The Federal nature of this plan is again attested by the further provision that, besides a general treasurer, the Grand Council may nominate and the president-general confirm, a "particular treasurer" in each colony to have charge of the funds arising from the Federal taxes.

The fundamental nature of the new idea embodied in the Albany plan is further revealed by an elaboration of that idea in another plan drawn up later in the same year. The Massachusetts plan was proposed by a committee of the Assembly of that province. The original copy of the plan is in the handwriting of Thomas Hutchinson, who was a member of the Albany Convention. This plan is largely an elaboration of the Albany plan, with a few important changes.

The Massachusetts plan provides more machinery for carrying into effect the Federal legislation and tax-levies. "Collectors" of the general taxes are to be appointed in each colony. "And all laws and orders for enforcing the payment thereof in any and every colony . . . shall be as fully and effectively observed and executed as if they had been the laws of that particular colony where any offence shall be committed, and all offences against such laws and orders shall be tried and determined accordingly."

Here, then, is a complete Federal system, the Federal laws to be enforced by the courts of the land and, since the proposal was to establish the articles of union by act of Parliament, there would be provided a supreme court in the Privy Council.

The people of Franklin's day did not fail to recognize his early contribution and its likeness to the Constitution of 1787. When the Albany plan, with comments on it, was printed in the *American Museum* of Philadelphia in 1788, the man who submitted the paper for publication wrote as follows to the editor:

New York, Oct. 28, 1788.

Sir: As I am one of the numerous admirers of your valuable museum, I beg leave to suggest an important production of Dr. Franklin's, to your notice—which ought to be wrested from obscurity—and deserves a place in your museum. I mean a plan of government for America, promulgated at Albany in 1754. I am surprised it has lain dormant and unnoticed among all the publications on the subject of the new government. As the outlines of the plan bear so strong a resemblance to the present system, it will not only prove extremely interesting, but will tend to convince the wavering, that the new constitution is not the fabrication of the moment, but urged upwards of thirty years ago by that great man—even when we were subordinate to a superior head. May we not then reasonably suppose he never lost sight of his favorite system, till, in the end of his life, he has lived to see it accomplished?

I am, etc.,

A true Patriot and Federalist.

Due credit should be given to Pelatiah Webster, and to all others who in the years just preceding the Federal Convention of 1787 proposed new ideas or modified older ones that were to become embodied in the great instrument. But in the matter of priority of suggestion as regards the "great discovery," the "wholly novel theory," the historian must go farther back than 1783 or 1781. The one absolutely fundamental principle of the Constitution was thought of at least as early as 1751, and was formulated in detail in 1754. So far as can now be determined, the originator of the Federal idea was Benjamin Franklin.

RAYNER W. KELSEY.

Haverford College, May 23.

Literature

AN EXPERIMENT IN PEDAGOGY.

The Montessori Method: Scientific Pedagogy as applied to Child Education in "The Children's Houses," with Additions and Revisions by the Author. By Maria Montessori. Translated from the Italian by Anne E. George. With an Introduction by Prof. Henry W. Holmes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.75 net.

In an heroic age like our own, when every scientist is either Newton or nobody and none may be a Kipling who is not also a Shakespeare, it is rather difficult to do justice to a clever and sympathetic woman who offers a suggestive experiment in pedagogy, especially when she announces herself as only the third person who has had anything significant to say. Those who have heard of the Montessori method as a revolutionary discovery will be disappointed to learn that it is a method which, unnamed, is practiced to some extent by every intelligent mother of young children. Any child so fortunate as to own a nest of small boxes, which he piles one upon the other, pyramid-like, in the order of size, is illustrating the Montessori auto-education in the matter of dimensions. The child whose godless parents allow him a pack of playing cards with which to satisfy his delight in the construction of mathematical series, possesses good "didactic material" for education in number and arrangement. And every mother who wisely prefers to let the child work out his own salvation in these matters, with attentive and sympathetic observation and only a little judicious assistance, has grasped the idea of the Montessori teacher. Nor is Dr. Montessori the first to appreciate the impediments to quiet and orderly behavior which are presented by the size and weight of the chairs and tables, the doors and the steps, of the adult household; nor the first to seek a remedy. To appropriate all of these ideas as one's own private "method" is much like seeking a patent for paring potatoes with a knife.

Yet in justice it must be said that to Dr. Montessori belongs the credit of perceiving their possibilities for a system of education and for elaborating them into an institution and a method. The volume in which her method is expounded is fresh and readable, even where it is technical, and it may be cordially recommended, not only to teachers, but to every parent of young children. It reveals to us an attractive personality, a woman of native originality and keenness of intelligence, who has a genuine love for children and a sympathetic insight into their point of view, and who is at the same time well trained in medicine and biology, though her psychology is not to be commended. But, what is most to the point, she is able to show us her method in operation and to offer results.

These, however, are subject to two important limitations. In the first place, the "Children's Houses," as her schools are named, have so far been designed for only very young children, from two and a half to seven years of age. It is clear that a method adapted to children of this age might have no relevancy whatever to the education of older children—and in particular the method of auto-education and the liberty of the child. Whatever discipline we might impose upon the older children, few of us would deny that the young child should be largely untroubled by responsibilities and for the most part simply allowed to grow. Yet there is no evidence that Dr. Montessori's theory is mindful of this limitation. In the second place, the Children's Houses have so far been chiefly occupied by the children of the very poor. The Children's House was, in fact, in its inception, a sort of day-nursery, established in a tenement-settlement, for the children of working mothers. For these it may be surmised that the exercises in cleanliness and order, in bodily grace and in manners, have a special, though not exclusive, application. And probably these are the children who, because of hereditary insensitiveness or of poverty of stimulus in their surroundings, have the greatest need of education of the senses. At any rate, successful results with children of this class would not conclusively justify the universal adoption of a system of education based upon methods of teaching defectives.

For such, indeed, was the origin of

tho method. Dr. Montessori regards herself as the lineal and solo descendant of Itard, a prominent physician of the period of tho French Revolution, who conducted tho education of the idiot boy known as "the wild boy of Aveyron," and of Dr. Edward Séguin, who, taking the work of Itard as his starting point, founded and conducted various institutions for tho feeble-minded in France and the United States during the latter half of the nineteenth century. Dr. Montessori tells us that her own "true degree in pedagogy" was obtained from two years' experience with the feeble-minded in Rome. Séguin's method was to lead the idiot "from the education of the senses to general notions, from general notions to abstract thought, and from abstract thought to morality." But though, as Dr. Montessori asserts, by this method the idiot became normal, he remained inferior, and for her the chief result was to suggest how much more might be accomplished by the same method for the normal child. The opportunity came for putting the suggestion into practice when the Roman Association for Good Building invited her to undertake the organization of infant schools in its model tenements, and in 1907 she opened the first *Casa dei Bambini*. To appreciate the appalling conditions which Dr. Montessori and the Association sought to remedy, one should read her eloquent Inaugural Address, printed as chapter iii of "The Method." The idea was quickly adopted in other countries, especially in Switzerland, where there are now seventy Montessori schools.

Two purposes are combined in the Children's House: it is both a school and a pedagogical laboratory. Nor is it always clear whether its fundamental principles, the liberty of the child and the passivity of the teacher, are determined by the welfare of the child or by the desire to preserve him as good material for scientific observation. For Dr. Montessori, however, the two ends are coincident. Hence, the function of the Montessori teacher, or "director," is, above all, to observe. She is never to point out errors, for even slight errors show that the child has ceased to be spontaneous and needs a change of occupation. Her active responsibilities are confined chiefly to a forecast of the direction of the child's activities and a provision of the suitable material; and assistance should be offered only when it is welcomed. The ideal Montessori teacher must, therefore, be a person of rare tact and discernment.

On the other hand, since there is little or no formal teaching, one director may easily conduct a Children's House of forty or fifty pupils, who may be in attendance from nine o'clock until five. Here, as Professor Holmes points out in his Introduction, the Montessori school differs from the kindergarten. "While kindergarten children are generally engaged in group work and games with an imaginative background and appeal, . . . the Montessori children spend almost all their time handling *things*, largely according to their individual inclination and under individual guidance." Indeed, the idea of a Children's House is that of an all-day home specially furnished both for the comfort of children and for their assumption of its entire care. There are no fixed desks or benches. The chairs, tables, and rugs must be light enough to be easily carried by the children themselves from the house to the garden—of course, there must be a garden in which the children can work. A bathroom is a most important feature, and a rest-room where hammocks can be slung is highly desirable. There must be a supply of dishes and of pitchers and basins for washing the hands, all of a size to be easily handled by children. Upon the educational value of these arrangements Dr. Montessori lays great stress—and rightly. They constitute "didactic material" of a most important kind, which even the better homes do not always supply, not merely for training children in independent responsibility for the decencies of life, but for cultivating bodily grace and poise and the ability to perform bodily tasks with a minimum of strain and noise.

This, indeed, embodies the Montessorian conception of discipline. Her idea is that children have a natural love of accomplishment, are delighted to do what they know how to do, and will willingly obey an instruction where they are not annoyed and impeded by ignorance, awkwardness or unwieldiness of the material to be handled. Undoubtedly there is much truth in this. At the same time the poise and maturity of good breeding attained by the Montessorian infants is somewhat astounding, and there is evidence of a good deal of make-believe in "the liberty of the child." In some cases, as in the "lessons in silence," where the children are rendered breathless by the suggestion that they may hear the baby breathe, or "the whisper of the trees," it seems that the liberty of the child is but another name for the shrewdness of the teacher.

So far, however, the institution appears to be an admirable one, and especially adapted for its original purpose and environment. Possibly much may still be said for the exercises in the discrimination of sounds, colors, forms, sizes, weights, odors, smooth and rough surfaces, which, under the head of "education of the senses," constitute a large part of the curriculum. A typical illustration of the method employed is furnished by the series of geometrical "insets," or, better, inlays, each of which just fits a depression cut for it in a board or frame. The selection of the proper place for each figure is both a fascinating game and a cunningly devised method, characteristic of the system of auto-education, for drawing attention to differences in form and testing correctness of discrimination. Yet it is just here that we begin to doubt. Some of these sense-tests invite constructive analysis; others by their very nature forbid it. As a matter of mere sense-education, it may be doubted whether these formal exercises, however important for the dull or defective, add anything of value to the similar education which a wide-awake child receives at every moment of the day.

The chief question, however, is that suggested by the programme of "intellectual" education, as exemplified in the process of learning to write. For Dr. Montessori this is both an after-thought (it was the children and their parents who urged it) and a cherished discovery—namely, that, by the utilization of energy now wasted, any normal child can equal the performances, say, of the son of Boris Sidis. By means of free exercises in tracing geometrical figures around the edges of the insets, which are used as patterns, and then in filling in the outlines, the muscles are trained for the use of the pencil and also coördinated with the eye. Then to the child are given sand-paper patterns of script letters, pasted upon cardboard, to trace first with his finger and then with a pencil, and at the same time he hears the sound of the letter. This is the first of Séguin's "three steps"—the association of the visual and muscular-tactile sensations with the sound. The next is to select or to trace the appropriate letter when he hears the sound; and the third is to give the sound when the letter is pointed out. Presently, after much repetition, he combines a number of letters to form a word; and in the process of learning to write he has virtually learned to read. Dr. Montessori claims that by this method children of four learned to write neatly within three months.

This may well be. No observant parent will venture to deny the possibility. The question is rather whether a sufficiently docile puppy might not have done the same—that is, a puppy willing, like the Montessori infants, to practice blindly all the analytic steps; and whether in intellectual quality the result would have been measurably different. For the method is strikingly similar to the method of teaching a dog tricks. Dr. Montessori would reply that the dog misses the joy of recognizing in the combination *m-a-n-o* the familiar word for hand. But she admits (pp. 303, 304) that her own pupils did not always enjoy this pleasure—that is, they did not recognize their acquisition as *language*—and it is evident that any such recognition was independent of the method. The truth is that the psychology of the method is crude. Dr.

Montessori fails wholly to distinguish between an intellectual achievement and the formation of a habit. She places before the child the predigested results of analysis, trusting to the brute force of association to effect a coherence and a meaning. It is true that in the acquisition of reading and writing association plays a large part. Yet even here there is room for a genuinely intellectual activity in which the amount of repetition otherwise necessary would be reduced by the child's analysis of his task. Unhappily, however, any effort to understand what he was trying to do would impose a certain strain upon his mind. So far, then, from converting the normal child into an intellectual prodigy, we may doubt whether the method suggested by the education of idiots will develop even the normal average of intellectual power.

If the method is to be confined to children under seven, the weakness of its intellectual programme may not be serious. It will be a vital weakness if, as it seems, the Children's House is to be the model for a general system of education.

CURRENT FICTION.

Hieronymus Rides. By Anna Coleman Ladd. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This is a book of "Episodes in the life of a Knight and Jester at the Court of Maximilian, King of the Romans." It is the story of Hieronymus of Cologne, bastard son of Emperor Frederick IV. With royal and gypsy blood in his veins, he falls naturally into adventures both chivalrous and madcap. For the love and service of his half-brother, Maximilian, he fights Turk and Moor; he submits to torture and imprisonment and at the last suffers the death which was meant for his kinsman. He is by turns soldier, knight, madman, jester. He loves deeply twice and gypsy-wise once. In his company we fall in with fifteenth-century characters of every description: emperors, priests, statesmen, soldiers, peasants, cutthroats, Venetians, Tuscans, Spaniards, Germans, Turks. We have history and biography, wars and public policies, and, in equal amount, heraldry and millinery. The translation from this to that period is complete with no tang of affected archaism. The chronicle is supposedly supplied by one Martin, chaplain to Maximilian. But as this is not practicable through all of the hero's innumerable adventures, the pen of Martin appears and departs with rather disillusionizing effect. The whole furnishes a striking picture of the times and a most lovable portrait of a mad, sad, merry, loyal spirit. Endless research must have gone to its making. It is perhaps a certain monotony of tone that makes the story, for all its stir of incident, sit a little ponderously on the reader. There is no shading; the falcon figures as large as the lady, as in a vast decorative drawing, without perspective. But it is a thoughtful work and repays reading.

The Chink in the Armour. By Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is not, as the title might lead one to suppose, a swashbuckling romance. There is not a sword-thrust or a "'Sblood, Sir!' he cried," between these modest covers. The time is the present, and the scene is a gambling resort not far from Paris. Bring to that resort a young and innocent English widow, with a tolerably good income, a wonderfully good pearl necklace, and a desire for experience, and you have a situation sufficiently modern. Frank Danby handled a similar motive very disagreeably in "Baccarat." Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes is incapable of being disagreeable. Her style has something of the vague lady-like charm of Mrs. De la Pasture's gentle pen; and the thrilling situation towards which the whole invention moves would be more thrilling if it did not have the effect of being told at second-hand—like a child's version of a ghost-story. Sylvia, the heroine, is the dainty blue-eyed, golden-haired English heroine of (English) fiction, ready with her blushes, and capable of fainting on occasion; and she makes a quaint figure in the Casino at Lacville—an airy-fairy Madeline with modern improvements. She is particularly original in her final choice, not of the faithful English suitor, but of the French gambler who has been the unconventional comrade of her somewhat risky but never risquée escapade.

The Green Vase. By William R. Castle, jr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

In a sense this is a geographical romance, for its development turns on the inheritance of Old Boston traditions, on the spiritual emptiness of South Boston, and on the soul-cleansing influences of the Arizona desert. South Boston weds latent Old Boston in the shape of ancestral tastes lying dormant in the heart of a wage-earning maid. Genuine Old Boston, one who "thought naturally in terms of Japanese prints," breaks the bonds in which "generations of virtue" have held him; under pressure of tragic opportunity he possesses himself of Old Boston manquée and carries her off to fulfil her thwarted dreams of beauty. The attempt goes down in failure, but the Arizona desert purges each and every one of dross till in the end righteousness and peace and atavistic tendencies kiss each other.

Much is interesting in the unfolding of the story, and much is crudely, irritatingly improbable. Perhaps the foremost outrage on belief is the love of Helen for Henry. His lack of æstheticism must have shown itself, if he is correctly described and quoted, long before they came to the marrying point—very long before the arriving bride was confronted in the new home by "The Green Vase," symbol of the Philistinism which was to wreck her peace. The reappearance of her worst gossiping enemy as a trusted friend is absurd; so is the behavior of the Beacon Street fine lady who chokes and whines and weeps, seen and heard, before each of the two men she loves in vain. The social handling of the story in all its strata, low and high, is disturbingly forced. The desert influence is well depicted, and the desert affords perhaps the only ground where these distorted souls could plausibly find themselves again. There is no denying that through thick and thin the interest holds, but it is the interest of wondering how it will all come out rather than of a sense of solidity in the material.

The Return of Pierre. By Donal Hamilton Haines. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

It is surprising to note how little plot is requisite nowadays for a novel. Pierre Lafitte, a young conscript, returns from his three years' service to his home in the little village of Ardun, and finds his sweetheart apparently betrothed to another man. The Franco-Prussian war breaks out; Pierre reenlists and fights through the war, rising to the rank of captain. The rival, who has proved to be a German spy, dies; and on Pierre's second return he marries his old love. This, with the help of large type, thick paper, and much description of army life and battle scenes, is able to pass as a novel. The author has evidently studied the history of the war with some care, and the character of Pierre is sympathetically and rather well presented. But the book lacks body and saliency; it is not much more than a diluted short story.

HARVARD ESSAYS.

Harvard Essays on Classical Subjects. Edited by Herbert Weir Smyth. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.25 net.

Of these eight readable and instructive essays three may be classed as simple expositions, three as inquiries or investigations, and two as partaking in some measure of both qualities. In "The New Criticism of Roman Art" Professor Chase gives a clear and judicial account of some recent attempts of German scholars to rescue Roman sculpture from the undue disparagement which was the natural result of the revelation of the Greek originals to nineteenth-century Europe. The connoisseurs of the Post-Renaissance centuries accepted the mar-

bles of the Roman galleries as ideal masterpieces and unapproachable models. But after the work of Winckelmann and the transportation to the European museums of the Elgin and Ægina marbles, Roman sculpture came to be valued by Hellenists mainly as material and documents for the reconstruction of the history of Greek art. The new criticism is more than a counter-reaction in favor of the rehabilitation of Roman work. It is an endeavor to assign it its true place in the larger evolution of mediæval and modern art. In opposition to the abstract idealism and conventional limitations of Greek sculpture, the special innovations of this Roman art are "the illusionist manner, the development of the background, the elaboration of naturalistic plant and floral ornament, the continuous method of narration, and the production of novel optic effects by deep undercutting and isolation of the figure." These traits Professor Chase exemplifies in their historical development by careful description, accompanied by illustrations, of the four great typical monuments: the Ara Pacis Augustæ, the central reliefs on the Arch of Titus, the reliefs of the Column of Trajan, and certain of the reliefs on the Arch of Constantine.

The late Prof. M. H. Morgan's essay on "Some Aspects of an Ancient Roman City" gives more than its title promises. Beginning with the contrast which Pompeii suggests with the broken skyline and smoke-laden atmosphere of a modern metropolis, he passes on by insensible transitions to a more general comparison of the external conditions of ancient and modern life, and in a succession of pregnant paragraphs illustrated by a wealth of anecdote and quotation contrives without pedantry to compress into the compass of a readable essay a veritable handbook of antiquities.

Professor Jackson's study of Alciphron is something more than a direct matter-of-fact account of that entertaining ancient letter-writer. It treats of Alciphron's typical significance as a representative of the Greek literary revival under the Roman Empire, known as the "New Sophistic," and interestingly traces his indebtedness to Athenian comedy for many of his most amusing incidents and traits of character.

Though various aspects of the subject have been studied by Gaston Boissier, Reitzenstein, Wilamowitz, and Schneidewin, Professor Gulick is in a sense breaking new ground in his "Notions of Humanity Among the Greeks." So vague a term demands perhaps a greater nicety of definition and a fuller citation of the sources than was compatible with the plan of this book. When we have discriminated the various English, French, and Latin associations of *humanitas* and its paronyms, there still remains the delicate problem of correlating these words with their nearest Greek equivalent. Professor Gulick is always interesting and suggestive, but neither he nor any other student of the topic has avoided the pitfalls which these ambiguities set for unwary or too ambitious generalizers. He is, of course, aware of, and explicitly refers to, the fundamental distinction between humanism and humanitarianism. But the uncritical reader will sometimes be led to confound them in his rapid and not always quite adequately motivated transitions from the one point of view to the other. It is one thing to write the history of the growth of pity, helpfulness, human kindness, and humanitarian sentiment, and quite another to trace the development of the ideas, or ideals, of culture, the educated man, humanism, and cosmopolitan breadth of view. The two series may be associated in our own ultimate ideals, they may tend to develop *pari passu*, but there is no necessary connection between them. Professor Gulick's essay is richer for his bringing together of all the passages suggested to him under either head. But some of the interpretations into which this breadth of treatment seduces him tempt to a minuteness of criticism which would do injustice to his work as a whole. A doubtful passage in a spurious letter attributed to Dion is hardly sufficient authority for the statement that Plato uses the word *apanthropos* "of one who isolates himself from the wisdom and judgment of his fellowmen." The associations of the English word "resignation" carry us far from the *Verneinung* of the will, which for Schopenhauer was the essence of the highest Shakespearean tragedy, and to say that Alcestis was "resigned" to die for her husband is no answer to his statement that ancient tragedy exhibits quiet submission to the inevitable, "aber kein Aufgeben des Willens zum Leben selbst." Schopenhauer himself enumerates instances of self-sacrifice in Greek tragedy, but his point is precisely this: that self-sacrifice for a cause is not Hamlet's or Macbeth's final recognition of the worthlessness of all causes. Professor Gulick's essay, then, is a good beginning, but a really critical treatment of the theme demands a philological apparatus which he could not present in a popular essay.

Professor Parker's "Plato and Pragmatism" illustrates the versatility, or perhaps the virtuosity, of a well-trained classicist. He has assimilated the style of his colleagues of the philosophical department, as he might adopt that of Livy for an exercise in Latin prose composition. A foregone conclusion is dramatically presented as a succession of tentative inquiries in which the reader is taken into partnership, and all ideas make their entrance upon the stage embodied in personifications and metaphors.

In "Ovid and Metamorphosis" Professor Rand writes with his usual felicity and literary charm, and in the illustrative original translations incidentally reveals himself as a skilful master of the Popian couplet. The high value of the entire essay as an interpretation of Ovid seems to us quite independent of what an abstract résumé would have to single out as its main thesis. Professor Rand is entirely right in his protest against the view that the "Metamorphoses" is to be read as a useful compendium of all mytho'ogies conceived in the spirit of its Greek predecessors or of Boccaccio's "De Genealogia Deorum." Admirable is his defence of the wit and fancy of the "Amores" against the censure that sees only indecency in their playfulness, or the pedantry that complains of the lack of the lyrical cry in their persiflage. He justly maintains the essential unity of Ovid's work by showing that the "Metamorphoses" approaches both life and mythology from the same point of view. But in the management of his transition to this final thesis, he, like his author—*nimium amator ingenii sui*—lets his wit run too far. "Change and transformation in the realm of ancient legend allured him now, because in that little world of contemporary mythology which he had built, change and transformation had played a sovereign part." This is a clever and arresting way of making his point, but in all soberness it is surely straining the analogy thus to identify the transformations of mythology, or the old philosophic and poetic topics of mutability, with the sudden shifts in point of view and the Heinesque or Horatian parody of one's own emotion that are the distinctive notes of the "Amores." And, similarly, though there is truth in the main contrast between Ovid's unreserved allegiance to flux and flow and the Lucretian vision of indestructible atoms as that which abides in change, the antithesis is not aptly illustrated by the line,

> Haec quoque non perstant quae nos elementa vocamus.

It is quite fanciful to take this as an anticipation of our new physics. The *elementa* of Ovid's line, as Professor Rand is, of course, aware, are neither the atoms nor our elements, but the traditional quaternion, earth, air, fire, and water, and the impermanence and the transformations of these had been a commonplace from Plato's "Timæus" down. In fact, Ovid is doing little more in this passage than repeat Lucretius's development of the theme, and his *summa tamen omnia constant* also repeats the Lucretian formula for that which abides, *summarum summa est æterna.*

Space fails for an abstract of the two longest essays, Professor Moore's "Greek and Roman Ascetic Tendencies" and Professor Smyth's "Greek Conceptions

of Immortality from Homer to Plato." These two complementary studies in the history of religious ideas, as already intimated, may be classed both as expositions and inquiries. They are masterly expositions and condensations of the work of predecessors in this field, but it is apparent on every page that the authors have studied the original sources afresh and are either drawing their own conclusions or giving a personal expression to ideas which they have made their own. Taken together, the two essays form an excellent introduction to the history of ancient religious thought as opposed to mythology on the one hand and cult on the other.

The editor's preface, speaking of the wide diversity of topics treated, claims no other unity for the book than that of the Harvard conviction "that the literature and art of Greece, and the literature and art of Rome, are so intimately bound together that they may not suffer divorcement." To this the reviewer is happy to add a certain unity of style and tone, in qualities which it is pleasant to believe are distinctively American. A similar volume of German essays might display more erudition or originality. A French volume might possibly maintain a higher level of interest and literary charm. An English volume might exhibit finer single passages of eloquence—purple patches of declamation or description, or dreamy, romantic sentiment. But one would have to look far to find eight essays by different hands so uniformly temperate and rational in style as these, so free from fine writing, bad taste, grotesque imagery, extravagance, exaggeration, and perverse ingenuity.

The book is appropriately dedicated, in a graceful copy of Greek elegiacs, to Prof. William Watson Goodwin, the honored master of all Harvard Hellenists of the past two generations.

Geschichte der Frankfurter Zeitung. Volksausgabe, herausgegeben vom Verlag der Frankfurter Zeitung. Frankfurt am Main.

When, in 1906, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* celebrated its semi-centennial, the paper published a book commemorative of the occasion, which was mainly intended for private circulation. This has now been reissued in a *Volksausgabe*, a stout volume of 1,100 pages, which brings the history of the journal and its connection with public events down to date. Aside from its immediate purpose, the volume possesses genuine general interest as a reference book of some of the most important political and commercial happenings of the world during the past fifty years.

Few journals anywhere can look back upon a past of similarly consistent and successful aims. The paper has had the good fortune to be, from the day of its foundation, in July, 1856, to the year 1909, under the sole control of an editor and publisher of singular integrity, sagacity, and power. Leopold Sonnemann issued in Frankfort at first a modest *Geschäftsbericht*, which rapidly developed into a *Handelsblatt*, and on this commercial basis he reared the journalistic structure which has become one of the world's great newspapers. The public career of the proprietor kept pace with the development of the journal. Sonnemann became the leader of the German *Volkspartei*, and an important member of the Reichstag, besides occupying positions of honor in the city of Frankfort. He died, universally respected, October 30, 1909.

As the organ of the Democratic party in Germany the *Frankfurter Zeitung* has come into frequent conflict with press laws, and with the powers which, under the changing conditions of the fatherland, enforced the laws with varying severity as suited their purposes. In July, 1866, when the Prussians occupied Frankfort, the editors, for publishing an article hostile to the conquerors, were forcibly taken from their sanctum and marched off to headquarters. After some military browbeating, they were, however, released the same day. In times of peace the editors fared worse. Not infrequently they were called upon to defend themselves against charges of disrespect to the civil and military authorities, including Bismarck and the Emperor, and in several instances the sentence was for imprisonment. In its relations to Bismarck the journal does not lay claim to absolute consistency. It is not ashamed to own that its first estimate of him was far from accurate. On the 26th of September, 1862, it devoted to the new president of the Prussian Ministry, Karl (*sic*) von Bismarck-Schönhausen, an editorial expressing its complete distrust of the man who had attained power by a *coup d'état*. A few weeks later he was characterized in its columns as "a nobleman and diplomat of the old school, a man who can talk brilliantly about a good many things, but is an easy-going amateur in everything, and knows nothing of the people, its views, aspirations, and hopes." The astute Berlin correspondent, who wrote thus, predicted Bismarck's downfall within a year. A more serious mistake in its course, which the *Zeitung* does not attempt to palliate even now, was its sympathy with the Paris Commune in 1871. The letters from Paris which Ludwig Pfau wrote to the paper at that time, expressed "the sharpest condemnation of the doings of the victorious party." With all its persistent advocacy of the rights of the people, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* has always drawn a sharp line between the party of pure democracy and the Social-Democrats, and has found few kind words for Lassalle and his followers, though never in favor of anti-Socialist laws. Nor was it ever an enthusiastic advocate of popular government measures. Its attitude towards the colonizing policy of Germany and her military expansion has been uniformly cool and guarded.

One of the great merits of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, in American eyes, was its stanch advocacy of the cause of the Union during the Civil War. At a time when some of the most influential German papers, including the *Cologne Gazette*, leaned towards the Confederacy, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* preached faith in the permanency of our institutions; and, what was of great practical importance, in the soundness of our credits. On the fourth of July, 1876, the *Zeitung* issued a special centennial number, joining in our rejoicings. It was the first paper on the continent of Europe to send a permanent correspondent to New York, and in 1873 was the only European journal, besides the London *Times*, that published special cable reports about our railway crisis. Its judgment on American affairs has always been sane and well-informed. It early recognized the advent of the United States as a world power, but refused to join in the general cry of the "American peril." In 1907 Theodor Barth wrote for its columns a series of remarkable letters concerning our economic and political developments. Latterly, it has shown keen insight into our conditions by predicting a possible third candidacy of Roosevelt on the expiration of President Taft's present term.

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* justly prides itself on the excellence of its *feuilleton*, in which department it is surpassed only by the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, a journal with which it shares the completeness of American financial news, while leaving it far behind in regard to other information of our doings. In the list of the many men of international fame who have contributed to the *feuilleton* of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* are the names of Tolstoy, Anatole France, Robert Koch, Björnstjerne Björnson, Georg Brandes, Jozef Israëls, Maeterlinck, Strindberg, Verga, Fogazzaro, Claretie, D'Annunzio, Arrhenius, Humperdinck, and others of similar eminence.

While the *Frankfurter Zeitung* does not, perhaps, survey the whole field of European and transcontinental politics as systematically as, for instance, the *Kölnische Zeitung*, and in its editorial columns does not always display the impartiality of, say, the *Weser-Zeitung*, there are in the German language but three or four Berlin and Vienna papers that rival it in variety of contents and in journalistic enterprise of the best sort. And none has shown greater earnestness in upholding the advocates of universal peace and international arbitration. Nor, finally, has any other

European paper cultivated such pleasant relations between employer and employed. The list of those who, according to the volume before us, have completed a twenty-five years' service, or celebrated a jubilee of some other kind, in the editorial and administrative offices of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, is quite impressive, and so is that of the savings, pensions, annuities, and other funds for the benefit of all the employees to which the proprietors have contributed their share.

The American People. Vol. II: The Harvesting of a Nation. By A. Maurice Low. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.25 net.

In tracing the main threads of American national psychology from the Revolution down, Mr. Low's style becomes more oracular than it was in the first volume. It may require a little mental readjustment on the reader's part to make the necessary allowances for rhetorical exaggeration. This will appear incidentally in our quotations. Mr. Low's main thesis is that our democracy has progressed strongly and normally, that it has completely assimilated successive immigrations, that it has broadened its outlook through assuming the responsibilities of rule beyond the seas. He formulates somewhat elaborately a law of immigration by which each incoming mass forces its immediate predecessor up a peg in the social and economic scale, while the excess of male immigrants encourages intermarriage both with our native-born women and with those of earlier immigrant stocks. In short, there seems to be an automatic principle of assimilation by which racial character is broken down almost as soon as the newcomer lands. At this point the prevailing ardent democracy takes him up and Americanizes him. This process is keenly analyzed, though Mr. Low's alleged laws of social promotion through competition at the bottom will presumably cease to operate as cheap land and jobs become rarer. It is well observed that no national ideas of any sort can be traced to any of the early immigrant races. Indeed, the process of Americanization has been ruthlessly prompt and complete.

Any undue elation we may draw from Mr. Low's very favorable political analysis is tempered by his wider social generalizations. Here the ampullosity of his style and his habit of quoting with confusing generosity from our newspapers and magazines may partially conceal the sting of a very severe criticism. Under the delusion of a false chivalry we have made of our women a rather expensive sort of household pet, shutting them off from all real interests and influence:

> Presidents have not been made or unmade by a woman's smiles or a woman's wiles; love of woman has made no man patriot; no man has played traitor to win a woman's favor. In American history there is neither Helen nor Borgia. . . . American history, because woman has neither reigned nor ruled, is at once the most decorous and the dullest of which we have any mention.

Deprived of these perturbing and romantic elements, American social life and political ideals have reduced themselves to an ardent and unreflective equalitarian democracy. Under the resentment of superiority, manners have gone by the board. Americans, as Mr. Chesterton once shrewdly remarked, have not bad manners, but no manners. The same instinctive dislike of authority has made us a lawless people and impatient of all restraint. The striving for immediate and material ends has kept our minds in a rudimentary stage. "The American mind has become shallow, almost childish, with an extraordinary power to generalize, but strikingly deficient in the ability to analyze, a mind with neither depth nor breadth nor grasp." Thus our politics have been highly fickle with few leading and consistent ideas. All the European monarchies have been more genuinely progressive and radical in actual legislation. Our hope lies mostly in a certain vitality of the democratic principle and in the chance that as a world power we may achieve a more comprehensive notion of the state.

Such in essentials is the picture Mr. Low draws, though his circumlocution obscures the outlines. At bottom it is not unlike Kipling's portrait. Both are caricatures, and both have much truth in them. An incapacity for ideas is an honest British heritage, which is, however, especially graceless in a nation unprovided with compensatory guiding prejudices. Our regrettable shortage of Helens and Lucrezia Borgias is due to the fact that we unhappily derive not from the British aristocracy but from the British middle classes. Our exaggerated alertness and impatience of legal constraint are qualities proper to near descendants of successful pioneers. A somewhat jealous and unmannerly democracy is a necessary defect of a society still quite fluid as regards classes. These are commonplaces upon which it is not profitable to dwell.

Mr. Low's book, taken broadly, is at once interesting and singularly academic. Washington, where he is a veteran newspaper correspondent, is possibly the worst place to undertake such a work. And, in fact, Mr. Low has a little the look of being left high and dry in critical isolation amid the dehumanized science of the Government experts, the detached curiosity of the diplomatic circle, and the limited intellectual complacency of the Congressional set. Add to this a journalistic reverence for the casually printed word, and the reasons are complete for not taking this very readable book too seriously.

On many sides the author's information is strangely inadequate. The intellectual and specifically Socialistic ferment introduced with the German and Russian Jews he quite ignores. It is a force seriously to be reckoned with, and for better or worse constitutes a contribution of ideas in our body politic. Mr. Low seems unaware of the meaning of the eager and sometimes inchoate efforts for self-culture expressed in the Chautauqua movement and the women's clubs. The gradual Continentalizing of American habits of recreation, largely through foreign travel, escapes his notice. The growth of well-endowed art museums and institutions for disinterested research throughout the land might well have occupied his attention. These things are symptomatic of a more diffused and less narrowly concentrated democracy, of a growing interest in the things of the spirit. The so-called Progressive movement he takes on a Wall Street rating at far less than its real significance.

On the whole, this is a stimulating book, quite candid if a little pretentious, and serviceable by way of reminder that democracy must be weighed not by its inner passion, but by its results in human happiness. In this sense the democratic experiment in America is still inconclusive.

The Russian People. By Maurice Baring. New York: George H. Doran Co. $3.50 net.

"My object in writing this book," Mr. Baring explains in his preface, "is to supply the average reader with an introduction to the course of Russian affairs; to supply him with a rough idea of those things which, it is generally assumed, the student will have found out for himself." He intends his book to be more elementary and entertaining than "the serious, well-built, and accurate works of the classic writers on Russia, such as Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, M. Leroy-Beaulieu, Professor Morfill [who scarcely belongs in this company], or Professor Pares."

The volume hardly corresponds to the author's intentions. Though it is written in a lively, journalistic style, and is in many ways a useful addition to English books on Russia, it is not consistently elementary, rather less so than Wallace's great work, and it is not so "well-built and accurate" as one might expect of an author who, though addressing himself to untrained readers, does not wish to sacrifice the high standards of the "classic writers." Its most valuable feature is a sketch of the general course of Russian history from its beginning to the nineteenth century, comprising about a third of the whole book, and drawn largely from the work

of Professor Kluchevski. This is clear and entertaining, filling a distinct gap in popular historical literature. The opening chapters, on Russian physical geography, the Russian character, and Russian manners and customs, are equally successful. On the other hand, the chapters on the emancipation of the serfs, the mir, the zemstvo, and the revolutionary movement, are inferior to the accounts of the same topics already accessible in Wallace, Leroy-Beaulieu, or Pares, not only in scientific worth but in clearness and charm of presentation. An exception may be made, however, of Mr. Baring's treatment of the positive and negative results of the revolutionary agitation of 1904-7, where he is on ground not covered by previous writers, and where he performs his task well.

Faults of detail are numerous. The chapter on Pushkin is a gaudy patch, disfiguring rather than adorning the historical narrative upon which it is sewn. Some slips are evidently due to haste in writing. Yet not even a journalist can be pardoned for calling (p. 195) Nicholas I and his brother Constantine sons of Alexander I instead of his brothers, or for classing (p. 188) Tatishchev (died 1750), and Kantemir (died 1744), as writers in the reign of Catherine II (1762-96). More important, the statements (p. 322) on the changes of the electoral law for members of the Duma are sadly confused; Mr. Baring apparently jumbles together two distinct events. The modification of the electoral law by means of the Senate's interpretations, after the dissolution of the first Duma in July, 1906, was indeed technically legal; the promulgation in June, 1907, of a new law for the election of the third Duma was in flat defiance of clause 87 of the fundamental laws, to which Mr. Baring himself refers, since that clause provides that no temporary measure, adopted by the Government between sessions of the Duma, shall alter the electoral law for that body.

Notes

Amundsen's book on his expedition to the South Pole is appearing serially in Denmark and Norway; the publisher is Gyldendal of Copenhagen and Christiania.

Cassell & Co. have in press John Redmond's new book, "The Home Rule Bill." Mr. Redmond deals with the historical aspects of the question, and analyzes the new bill, of which the complete text is given.

This week Holt will issue "France in the Time of Philip Augustus," by Achille Luchaire, edited by Louis Halphen and translated by E. B. Krehbiel.

Something should be said in commendation of Edwin Fairley's edition of Buckley's translation of "The Odyssey," books vi-xiv, xviii-xxiv (Merrill). Buckley's text has been altered and generally improved with the aid of the better-known translations by Butcher and Lang, and by Professor Palmer, and a short introduction, a few pages of notes, and a glossary of proper names have been added. The binding is not ugly, the paper and type are unusually attractive.

Petermann's Mitteilungen for May contains an article by Dr. A. Wegener in which the origin of the continents is treated from the point of view of geology, the physical arguments having been stated in the April number. In the military department there is an account by Hauptman G. Kuchinka of the Russian railways from a military geographical standpoint, and a description of a projected railway in the Chinese province of Shantung to connect the open port of Chifu with the interior.

"The Use of the Bible in the Education of the Young" (Longmans), by T. Raymont, is offered as an aid to elementary and secondary teachers in adapting Bible instruction to their pupils. The fact that Biblical instruction of any kind is rigidly shut out of the public schools of so large a portion of this country leaves such a book a somewhat narrow field with us, so far as its practical use by teachers is concerned, but Mr. Raymont's presentation of the subject offers many good suggestions to parents who are interested. Leonard Huxley has edited a volume of representative selections from the writings of Matthew Arnold, entitled "Thoughts on Education" (Macmillan). The arrangement is chronological, and the source of each extract is indicated by title and page, except in the case of selections from Arnold's annual reports as inspector.

The "Proceedings of the Bostonian Society," just published, contains an interesting account by Charles F. Read of Washington's three visits to Boston. The first was in 1756, to confer with Gov. Shirley, then Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's forces in North America, to arrange a question of military precedence. In his "Notes" on that journey, he writes that he treated some ladies "to ye Microcosm" while in New York. According to an advertisement in the *Mercury* of that date, this was an "elaborate and celebrated piece of mechanism, called the Microcosm, or the World in Miniature. Built in the form of a Roman Temple, after twenty-two years of close study by the late ingenious Mr. Henry Bridges of London. It will be shown every day from six in the morning till six at night to any select company (not less than six), at six shillings each." There is also an account of the Latin Grammar School of Boston, England, by J. J. McGinley, which existed as early as 1329. The present structure was erected in 1567, and soon after, according to the records, it was agreed "that a Dictionarye shall be bought for the Scollers of the Free Scoole; and the same boke to be *tyed in a cheyne*, and set upon a deske in the school, wherunto any scoller may have accesse as occasion shall serve." One of the school buildings is the old Guildhall, interesting to Americans, as it contains the stone cells, with iron gratings, where the Pilgrim Fathers were imprisoned. It is fast falling into ruin, and a subscription has been raised to restore this "valuable relic of antiquity."

The fur trade had so much to do with the discovery and settlement of the West that every scrap of information concerning the method of its exploitation is of importance. For this reason, the publication by the Lakeside Press of Chicago of the "Autobiography of Gurdon Saltonstall Hubbard," in the series known as the Lakeside Classics, is a matter for congratulation. Mr. Hubbard entered the service of the American Fur Company in 1818, and for the next few years was generally a member of what was known as the "Illinois Brigade," which spent each winter purchasing furs from the Indians in the vicinity of the Illinois River. In the spring the thirteen boats of the Brigade were united from the various trading stations, and sailed with their cargo of furs on the spring flood up the Des Plaines River and across the Chicago Portage to Lake Michigan and thence to Mackinaw, the centre of the fur trade of the Northwest. In his old age, Mr. Hubbard wrote the recollections of these experiences. This autobiography was privately printed by his family some years ago, but is now republished from the original manuscript in the Chicago Historical Society. The little book is exceedingly interesting and full of information on the early history of the Lake region.

The Carnegie Institution of Washington has undertaken the republication of the leading classics of International Law. The first volume published is a treatise by Richard Zouche, who was a judge of admiralty from 1641 to 1649, and, as the editor puts it, "a good specimen of the civilian who was produced at Oxford, while the thorough drill in the old system of legal training as revived by the impulse given to it by the Italian refugee, Alberico Gentile, still lasted on." The work is edited by Prof. T. E. Holland, and consists of two volumes, the first an exact reproduction of the original edition of 1650, the second an English translation. Zouche does not give his own opinion on any point, but, as he states in his preface, after adducing cases and principles, and expounding the arguments on one side and the other, he leaves the judgment of the hearers free and unfettered. Though a great number of the questions propounded by him are now only of historical importance, several of the points he raises are unsettled even at the present time. He was the first to use the term "International Law," and the great merit of his work is that he conceived of the Law between Nations as a whole, and that he recognized war as merely the means by which, as a last resort, the rights which the nations enjoy in time of peace may be vindicated.

While inclined to be repetitious, especially regarding the work of the State University, Frederic C. Howe's "Wisconsin: An Experiment in Democracy" (Scribner) is a clear and interesting summary account of the series of steps that has centred the attention of political students upon the Commonwealth of La Follette. The first chapters of the volume, narrating the struggles of the future Governor and Senator against the forces in power, are easily the most entertaining. They have somewhat the interest of an epic. With the removal of La Follette from the scene, one's point of concentration is gone. The dramatic contest between youthful Progress and hoary Re-

action is succeeded by an unexciting, although by no means uneventful, period of development, with the expert in charge everywhere. One's attention, accordingly, becomes diffused. But the story which the book unfolds is too important to need extraneous attractions. The direct primary, the regulation of railway rates, employer's liability, State insurance, tax equalization, and extension of the opportunities of the University are among the "experiments in democracy" of these twenty years. The unique feature of Wisconsin politics and administration is the part which the University plays. It is the State research laboratory, in which questions are investigated, policies formulated, and bills drafted. With one hand it reaches the Capitol, and with the other the most distant farmer. By such achievements as that of making Wisconsin the second State in the Union in dairying, it has won the admiration of the most hard-headed agriculturist, so that farmers are now following their sons to Madison for a few weeks at least in the University's lecture-rooms and stock pavilion. Mr. Howe is too enthusiastic over what has been accomplished to be well qualified to point out weaknesses, actual or potential; and, like the men who have made the new Wisconsin, looks upon Germany, because of its devotion to efficiency, as the model state. In both of these respects his comments and conclusions need modification, but as a record the book is highly valuable.

Although the humor of calling English women "John Bullesses" is exhausted before the end of Yoshio Markino's "Miss John Bull" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) is reached, the picturesque language of the well-known Japanese artist holds to the end its naïve charm. His highly complimentary opinions of English babies, girls, and women are saved from monotonous sweetness by the prick of humorous criticism. Witness the incident of the old lady who obstructs the entrance of the omnibus. "I don't say every one. Perhaps one among ten thousands," he adds. "The British public is very polite. They dare not utter grumplaining words to old ladies." For the new word Mr. Markino deserves the freedom of the land of Lewis Carroll. He looks at all sides of his subject:

> Talking generally, the John Bullesses have very charming and romantic appearance just like butterflies. They are the good subjects for novels, poetries, and pictures. But their inner side is very much *matter-of-fact*. . . . What I like best in John Bullesses is that their nature is quite sentimental, yet they absolutely deny it. This very spirit has brought up many a great hero and heroine in England.

The lover of nature speaks in his admiration of the "gracious and benevolent trees" at Windsor, and of the young ferns that "timidly came out from the cool moisted ground in the shape of question marks." His loyalty to England, he declares, is not unpatriotic.

> Nonsense! It makes me so grieved I think that there are many fools who misunderstand the word "patriotic" as "the fighting spirit" with the neighboring country. Don't you know friend-making is far more patriotic? . . . May the graceful Queen forgive my dreadfully ragged English, for my heart is in the full uniform before her Majesty.

He philosophizes, among other things, on dress: "When the old women try to dress up themselves to look younger they look even older than their real age. . . . You cannot imitate your neighbor's religion. So with the dresses." The secret of dressing well, he declares, is to have a costume in which one is "comfortably contented"; "if you have your heart and soul well in them, you look quite well; even if your dresses are most extraordinary." To these reflections he was led by seeing a suffragette in a motoring costume with a "roofed cap and in long boots." To the cause of suffrage he gives his Banzai, and closes an entertaining book with a description of the "picturesque and poetic" procession on the 17th of June, 1911, "one of the nicest and most successful things the suffrage John Bullesses have ever done." An effective adjunct to his amusing but not wholly idiomatic prose is his thoroughly idiomatic self-expression in many pen-and-ink sketches and a few full-page drawings of charming color and design.

Prof. William Dallam Armes has done a good service to scholarship by his careful editing of More's "Utopia" in Robynson's translation (Macmillan). The volume, which is intended as a text-book for college classes, is provided with an introduction, excellent concise notes, a glossary of archaic words, and with an analytical index, a most desirable feature in connection with a book like More's, which discusses a profusion of topics. In the introduction More's literary art receives very explicit treatment, and his influence as an intellectual figure is well summarized.

The latest publication of the Irish Texts Society is a reissue of Volume III, "The Poems of Egan O'Rahilly." O'Rahilly was perhaps the most important of the Munster poets of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Certainly none of them is read with more enthusiasm by Irishmen to-day, and the first edition of his poems was quickly exhausted. The Irish Texts Society, in providing for a new issue, took advantage of the opportunity to include additional material, and the present volume is extensively enlarged and revised. Five new poems—one of them, the "Elegy on Blennerhasset," being of considerable interest—have been added to the body of the work; several historical documents, illustrating various poems, have been inserted in an appendix; and the introduction has been largely rewritten, and many statements corrected or modified. In short, for all purposes of scholarly consultation the new edition entirely supersedes the first. We might add that the original editor, the Rev. Patrick S. Dinneen, has been assisted in the revision by Tadhg O'Donoghue.

To The Spell Series (L. C. Page), which has already explained the secret allurements of Holland, England, and Italy, Mrs. Caroline Atwater Mason adds a volume on "The Spell of France." It would have been better, we think, to have inserted the qualifying word "southern" in the title, inasmuch as Mrs. Mason deals only with the countries of the Midi, Provence and Languedoc. For, although she has an undeniable right to prefer southern France to northern France, and to find an authentic "spell" only in the former, she and her publishers have no right to ignore a possible difference of opinion in so arbitrary a fashion, which, moreover, might well mislead the prospective purchaser. This criticism aside, the author has produced a pleasant little volume in that sentimental and semi-fictional vein which seems especially to attract the American public. Here the necessary historical and archæological information is conveyed to the reader in a sprightly dialogue between husband and wife as they make the round of the famous sites and antiquities of Arles, Nîmes, Avignon, Vaucluse, Pont du Gard, and the stations of the Riviera and the Pyrenees.

It is a book of simple and genuinely enthusiastic enjoyment in beauty of land and magnificence of man's work, and, last, but perhaps most pungent and exhilarating of all, in the humors and small memorable adventure of foreign travel, with its chance encounters and fleeting acquaintances.

Believing that earlier biographers of Josephine, like Aubenas and Saint-Amand, have been too favorable to Napoleon's first wife and portrayed her more as she ought to have been than as she really was, Joseph Turquan some fifteen years ago (before the appearance of Masson's valuable work on the subject) undertook to write a life of the "real" Josephine. Part of this, dealing with the period from 1796 to 1804, is now put into English by Miss Violette Montagu, "The Wife of General Bonaparte" (Lane); a second volume on "The Empress Josephine" is in preparation. M. Turquan very properly prints many of the passionate letters which Napoleon wrote to his wife from Italy immediately after their marriage; they leave no doubt about the ardor of his love for her at this time, but they were not appreciated by his wife, who took more interest in her poodle and in other admirers. Otherwise, M. Turquan's material is largely drawn from well-known memoirs. Many of his passages are mere flights of his own sentimental imagination, disparaging moralizations upon feminine frailty, and such exclamations of sympathy as "Poor Bonaparte! How his love was misunderstood!" "Poor fellow! He was very much in love!" Some of these passages may be tolerably *réussi* in the French original, but in English they seem mawkish, and make the portrait of this foolish, unhappy coquette perhaps less attractive than she really was.

The "Comparative Grammar of the Greek Language" (Frowde), by Joseph Wright, is intended for students, not for specialists, who are referred to more extensive treatises, listed in a select but fairly representative bibliography. It contains, therefore, little that is original and devotes but small space to controversial theories. It aims to be comprehensible from the beginning by students with little or no knowledge of Sanskrit, and attains this aim much more often than other similar treatises. Characteristic of the method is the large number of examples cited, upwards of fifty in many cases. The author rightly believes that examples are more effective than statement. There is, however, no indication that any list is exhaustive, even when it contains but three or four. In general we miss an attempt at historical treatment of the development of forms. Occasionally distinction is made between historic and prehistoric periods of Greek, but this is not consistently carried out, and no genuine perspective is exhibited. But there is

a good index, and the book is usable and accurate.

Science

The history of the beginning of aviation, with which Claude Grahame-White's "The Story of the Aeroplane" (Small, Maynard) opens, is filled with many incidents that could only be known to a pilot of wide experience and acquaintance. More than any previous writer on the subject, the author has an insight into the character of the men by whom the conquest of the air has been made. He describes with particular vividness Blériot's crossing from France to England on July 25, 1909. An account is given of Blériot's flying school at Pau, which was made necessary by the demands for aeroplanes and for instruction in managing them after he flew over the channel. The development of the aeroplane engine follows, and in this, as in other chapters, the author tells an agreeable running story. The sensations of flying are also elaborately set forth, together with Mr. Grahame-White's experience while he was learning the art. Notable flying records are chronicled in seven tables, and the aeroplane death-roll is given in a manner similar to that found in the author's previous work written jointly with Henry E. Harper. After the accident list, the subject of the safety in flying is taken up, a long chapter being devoted to the question. Among many other matters treated in this chapter is the difficulty of navigating an aeroplane in a strong wind. The following quotation is suggestive of the progress that may be expected:

No passenger-carrying service will be possible, either, until the aeroplane is able to meet adverse weather. Of course, one does not imagine that a flying-machine will be able to fight against a gale. Nobody expects that—at least not for a very long time to come. But what the aeroplane wants to do is to be able to fly in any such high or gusty wind as we have on many days in the year. Such winds do not approach the velocity of gales, but they are sufficient, at present, to keep an aeroplane to the ground. It is clear that the aim of every one who has the interests of flying at heart must be to rid the aeroplane of this reproach of being unable to fight a wind.

M. Blériot, M. Farman, M. Paulhan, and nearly all the greatest of the world's thinkers in the matter of air craft, are now hard at work upon this problem of conquering the wind. M. Paulhan has very clear and definite ideas on the subject. His theory is that a machine must be made with its plane surfaces capable of being altered in size as the machine passes through the air. Already, with an experimental machine, he has demonstrated that the mechanical difficulties of reducing the surface of a plane without robbing it of its strength can be overcome. The idea of this reduction in surface is simple. If it can be brought to perfection, some design will be adopted whereby a pilot, by the movement of a lever near his seat, will be able to "reef" his sails, like those of a ship.

The military aeroplane is discussed at length, and there are many stories of the aviation meets in various countries in which the author has taken part.

"Let's Make a Flower Garden," by Hanna Rion (McBride, Nast & Co.) goes to prove that more than mere garden knowledge is needed for the making of a good garden book. Here the personality of an artist, showing itself in a style both clear and humorous, and in a broad, if occasionally whimsical, outlook, helps to unite garden sense and garden sentiment. Though written for beginners, this record of personal experience may well be read by the seasoned gardener, not only for its advice, but also for its individuality and taste. Whatever the author touches—and she wanders to wild gardens and to birds—she handles with an excellent balance between the practical and the personal. The volume is attractively printed, and is well illustrated by photographs and by drawings by Frank Verbeck. Form, style, and matter combine to make this one of the best flower-garden books of recent years.

"Everblooming Roses" (Duffield), by Georgia Torrey Drennan, does not bear out all the promise of the title-page, which suggests that the book is a practical guide in "culture, habits, description, care, nativity, parentage." A practical guide the book is not; for although considerable definite advice is given, this advice is diffuse and haphazard, mainly by reason of the author's "I'd like to say more but can't just now" style. On the other hand, the chatty historical and literary allusions and digressions are inclined to terminate suddenly before a formidable wall of floral names—including Rhyncosporum jasmanoide. Roses that "amateurs need never attempt to grow" are discussed at length, the "touching history" of Souvenir de Malmaison is given in full, and meanwhile hints as to the selection and care of roses are dropped here and there. As a consequence, the book is a hybrid, half practical and half literary. Some amateurs may indeed be attracted by this compound; for our part, we prefer instruction and entertainment in separate volumes or at least separate chapters. It should be added that the book contains a useful fifty-page descriptive list of roses that bloom during most of the summer.

In the autumn of 1909, Clark University celebrated its twentieth anniversary. The exercises held at the time were both interesting and instructive. The University itself is somewhat unusual, in that it has been content to refrain from bidding for a large number of students and has allowed a small band of teachers and pupils to devote themselves to scientific research. In harmony with the aim of the University, students were invited to attend lectures on the most recent developments of science. Four of these lectures, delivered under the auspices of the department of physics, have been published by the University Press. The collection begins with three lectures by Prof. Vito Volterra of the University of Rome. With remarkable lucidity, considering the abstruseness of the subject, he discusses the modern conception of time and space. He attacks the problem by the method of Minkowski, who introduces time as a fourth dimension of space. Since we can form no geometrical idea of space with more than three dimensions, Professor Volterra considers the problem when two directions represent space as a plane, and the third direction, which ordinarily gives volume, is replaced by time. The consequences are then deduced for waves from this postulate. The second and third lectures deal with elasticity. Some remarkable results are illustrated by elastic reactions of gelatine cylinders; and finally the mathematical development of the effect of past distortion on the elastic properties of solids is sketched. This effect of past actions on the present condition of a body, he calls mechanical heredity. Prof. Ernest Rutherford follows with a fascinating account of the history of the alpha rays, which he concludes with a description of his own work to prove that these particles emitted by radioactive bodies are atoms of the gas, helium. The next lecture, by Prof. R. W. Wood, deals with his interesting and illuminating experiments on the spectra of metallic vapors. The volume closes with the results of a systematic study of the properties of steel by Prof. Carl Barus, who spent many years investigating this important subject in all its aspects.

"Engineering as a Vocation" (David Williams Co.), by Ernest McCullough, gives the bright and dark sides of the profession as a livelihood. On the whole, his picture of the life of the engineer is not alluring, but after all a profession is attractive because of the possible rewards it offers rather than the average gain, and the former are great. The author wisely counsels a broad and thorough education. He lays stress on the value of a good English style, but is not himself a very good model. The writer who persists in using "illy," in calling the graduates of engineering schools "alumnæ," in splitting infinitives and in mixing tenses of verbs, strengthens the opinion that the style of engineering students is a bit crude.

The Rede Lecture for 1911 was given by Sir Charles Parsons, who took for his subject "The Steam Turbine." The Cambridge University Press (Putnam) now publishes the lecture in book form. The writer is one of the leaders in this modern adaptation of the old turbine of Hero, and it is interesting to note the sudden evolution of this toy into the driving power of great ships. A pathetic interest is aroused by his illustration of the turbine engines in the ill-fated Titanic.

Wilbur Wright, pioneer airman and inventor of the first practical flying machine, died at his home in Dayton, O., on May 30. The son of a clergyman, who afterwards became a bishop of the United Brethren Church, Wilbur Wright was born near Millville, Ind., in 1867. Neither he nor his brother, Orville, who was so closely associated with him in his experiments, had more than a high-school education, yet they worked out most intricate problems in mechanics. One of the first questions they attacked was that of discovering a means of controlling the balance of an aeroplane. After a brief test of the principles of automatic balancing control, favored up to that time by inventors, they resolved, with their customary boldness, to discard precedent and embark upon a fundamentally different principle—that of mechanical control, with the machine as inert as possible to the effects of change of direction or speed. It was their discoveries along these lines, their invention of fore-and-aft deflecting rudders, and of ailerons or wing-tips that flexed in response to a driver's touch of a lever, which constituted their claim to the monopoly of all airship rights. Their active experiments began in October, 1900, at Kitty Hawk, N. C., but it was not until 1903 that a power machine was made by them to fly, and then less than a minute at a time. In the summer of 1908 the Wrights came into world-wide

prominence. Wilbur, by his flights at Le Mans, France, astonished Europe, while Orville was flying at Fort Myer, near Washington. The history of their achievements since that time is too well known to need recountal here. Yet any account of Wilbur Wright would be incomplete without mention made of his simple bearing. In the hour of his success, when he was acclaimed and petted by foreigners, he remained unaffectedly himself.

Dr. John Arthur Irwin, who died at his home in New York on Saturday, was born in Roscommon, Ireland, in 1853. Before coming to this country he had taken degrees at Trinity College, Dublin, and at Cambridge University. He was a member of several European and American medical societies, and the author of not a few treatises on his subjects.

Drama

Irish Folk-History Plays. By Lady Gregory. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3 net.

Half a dozen of Lady Gregory's dramatic compositions (three tragedies and three tragic-comedies) are contained in these two volumes. All of them, except the first, "Grania," have been performed in the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, but the Irish players did not try any of them in this country. Perhaps it was prudent not to do so. To tell the truth, they do not exhibit much dramatic instinct or faculty, although they possess positive literary value and have a special interest for students of Irish legend, character, and dialogue. All of them are infinitely better suited to the study than the stage, for, although they are not altogether lacking in effective incident, serious or comic, and occasionally thrill with passionate and eloquent emotion, they are exceedingly loose and feeble in construction and often grossly extravagant in design. They are also weak in characterization, all the personages, whether kings or peasants, being cast in very similar moulds and speaking after very much the same fashion. Whatever the type represented, the personage, in thought and language, is plainly a reflection of Lady Gregory, who, with all her imaginative sentiment and her intimate knowledge of Irish character as a whole, has, apparently, little power of individual creation. Though the talk of her puppets is racy of the Irish soil and atmosphere, and contains vigorous, poetic imagery, sure pathos, and humor, much of its charm would inevitably vanish in the passage across the footlights.

Of the tragedies the hitherto unrepresented "Grania" is undoubtedly the most vital work. Three persons talk together through three acts. Lady Gregory has expanded her legendary material beyond all discretion. But the tale itself is human and tragic, and the wayward passion of the ardent heroine, the fierce jealousy of the elderly King whom she flouted, and the struggle between love and loyalty on the part of Diarmuid—a rough Irish Lancelot—are portrayed in scenes abounding in psychological insight and oratorical vigor. A fine natural robustness animates the narrative, together with some strokes of genuine pathos and a flavor of the antique, if not of the heroic. In the final reconciliation of Grania and Finn, after the death of Diarmuid, there is an inconsistency for which the original fable is probably responsible. "Kincora," which deals with the rivalries of the famous Brian and his associate Kings, Malachi and Maelmora, and the mischief wrought by the ambitious Queen Gormleith, belongs rather to the category of romantic melodrama than tragedy. This piece is livelier in action and more varied in incident, and therefore better adapted to theatrical representation. But the real value of it resides in the characteristic Hibernianism of its moods and dialogue, rather than in its dramatic qualities. There is no real differentiation of personalities, except, perhaps, in the case of Brian, who is marked by a certain intellectual distinction. Kings and servants are equals in political knowledge and sententious utterance. Their discourse makes excellent reading, but is destructive of all dramatic illusion. It is doubtless true that monarchs and serfs in ancient Ireland were pretty nearly on the same intellectual plane, but it was a much lower one than that occupied by Lady Gregory. "Devorgilla" is an episode rather than a play. It is the story of the unhappy Queen who induced her husband, King Diarmuid, to call for the assistance of the English, and thus to bring irremediable ills upon his country, and who tried afterwards to make atonement by good works done in the seclusion of a convent. She is esteemed as a saint until her identity is revealed. The tale is pathetically told, but not in terms of the drama.

The so-called tragic-comedies may be dismissed very briefly. In "The Canavans," placed in the time of Queen Elizabeth, several typical Irish characters are engaged in lively comic incident, but the tale is farcical to the verge of extravaganza. In "The White Cockade," an episode after the Battle of the Boyne, the spirit of the time is fairly well caught, and the Irish dialogue, as usual, is vital, but the piece is very poorly made, and James II is depicted as so contemptible a creature that no interest in his fate is possible. This, of course, is a mistake dramatically. In "The Deliverer," the scene of which is laid in ancient Egypt, with Jews in the place of Israelites, a not very successful attempt is made to establish a parallelism between Moses and Parnell. It is a clever bit of patriotic fantasy which could appeal only to a special Irish audience. All these plays have their particular value in the repertory of an Irish national theatre, but their dramatic possibilities are insignificant compared with their legendary and literary interest.

From the end of July till the beginning of December Laurence Irving and Mabel Hackney will be on tour in the English provinces. They will produce four new plays —the "Typhoon," by the Hungarian dramatist, Lengyel; also Mr. Irving's own versions of Beaumarchais's "The Barber of Seville," "The Marriage of Figaro," and "The Guilty Mother." Their repertory will further include "The Unwritten Law," "The Incubus," and "Hamlet." Soon after Christmas they hope to be seen again in London.

One of the latest ventures in London is that of the Cabaret Theatre Club, which is to be opened very soon. This is to be run on novel lines. From 9 to 11:30 o'clock each evening there will be a dramatic entertainment. Thereafter supper will be served to the accompaniment of a lighter programme, composed of dancing, operettas, sketches, and playlets of every kind and description. The organizers disclaim all attention of following in the track of the Chat Noir in Paris. Among the writers upon whom they will, in the first instance, draw are Villiers de l'Isle Adam, August Strindberg, John Davidson, and Wedekind.

Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton's play, "Peter's Chance," which has just been tried at the London Royalty, opens with some admirably realistic scenes in a London Mission. Peter's story is that of a weakling torn between his religion and the charms of Kitty Roman, the female thief. When Kitty lures him away from the mission, he returns to rob the chapel—at her bidding. At the very door his religion prevents the sacrilege; and he is murdered by Kitty and an accomplice while defending the chapel doors against them. Kitty is said to be played with vivid effect by Florence Lloyd, but the dominant figure of the play is the unsophisticated, large-hearted Father Bentley, said to have been played in masterly fashion by J. D. Beveridge.

There is much smart writing in "The Grey Stocking and Other Plays" (The Riverside Press), but not much of solid dramatic or even theatrical value. The author, Maurice Baring, is a man of wide experience, considerable powers of observation, aided by a happy knack of characterization, but, like many other modern playwrights, his eagerness to shine as a social satirist and to make his personages talk cleverly, renders him careless of the qualities most essential to success in the theatre. His dramatic motives are weak or confused, and action is continually swamped in dialogue, often much more sparkling than appropriate or human. At the root of "The Grey Stocking" there is a valuable theatrical idea. A good girl, full of the joy of life, is fascinated by an intellectual prig, and discovers after marriage that she has nothing in common with her husband—who adores her—or with his friends. So she remains faithful, fond, and miserable. Two young men, with either of whom she might have been happy and to

both of whom she is affectionately inclined, confess their hopeless passion for her, and then bid farewell, for ever, to her and temptation. Then she learns that her husband has accepted a professorship at Cambridge, and that the remainder of her life must be passed amid surroundings which, of all others, are the least congenial to her. All this might have been the ground-work of a pregnant and poignant life-story, but Mr. Baring has not handled his material skilfully. He has written some clever scenes, but has not succeeded in welding them into vertebrate drama. Nevertheless, this is the best piece of work in the book. "The Green Elephant," a more or less ingenious piece of theatrical mystification, in which everyhody is suspected of stealing a jewel which has not been stolen at all, but pawned by the heroine, is as preposterous in detail as it is trivial in theme. "The Double Game," a Russian revolutionary tragedy, might be useful for stage purposes, being swift in action and full of intrigue and incident. The central figure, that of a young noblewoman, who has sacrificed everything in the zeal of her revolt against despotism, and who commits suicide when she discovers that the man she loved and trusted was a traitor, is well and eloquently drawn. The piece is all the more effective, perhaps, because it is written in two acts instead of four.

Music

The star system is nothing new in the musical world. Generations ago the Paris Opéra was famous for its ensembles of stars, three or four of the greatest artists of the time often appearing together in some favorite opera. Such ensembles are rare now. The other evening, however, "Rigoletto" was sung in Paris by the Monte Carlo Company, with a cast including Caruso, Delmas, and Titta Ruffo. In Germany, the newspapers seem to imagine that New York has set the pace in this matter. In Vienna, they talk about their Imperial Opera being "Americanized," because its present manager, Gregor, is doing his utmost to present famous artists, from Caruso down.

Famous artists, unfortunately, are scarcer than ever. A startling illustration of this fact is furnished in a recent number of the Hamburg *Fremdenblatt*. Speaking of a performance of Wagner's "Tristan," with Edyth Walker as Isolde, it refers to this American singer as "the only Isolde to be found to-day on the German operatic stage." Imagine how delighted these Germans would be with our Gadski, or with Fremstad.

The report that Mascagni was to write an opera in collaboration with Gabriele d'Annunzio is confirmed by recent advices from Paris. These two popular men met the other day, and the contract was signed which puts the Italian author under bond to write his first libretto. The publisher Sonzogno, who made a fortune with the prize opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana," has also been in Paris to make arrangements for the production of this projected opera, which is to be called "Parisina." He intends to have it sung first in that city, in Italian, by prominent artists, in a series of performances that are also to include other Mascagni operas.

One of the latest recruits to Oscar Hammerstein's forces in London is Miss Bertha Cæsar. She appeared with signal success in the three characters of Olympia, Giulietta, and Antonia, in "The Tales of Hoffmann." Offenbach, when he wrote this opera, intended that these three rôles should be sung by one and the same person. The feat was accomplished at the original production of the opera by Mlle. Isaac.

The programme book of the London Philharmonic concert on May 23 contained the unusual words, "Analytical Notes by Richard Wagner." The symphony played was Beethoven's ninth, and the notes were those written by Wagner for one of the venerable Society's concerts which he conducted in 1855.

When the London Symphony Orchestra, after travelling 11,000 miles and playing, under Nikisch, in twenty-seven cities and towns in the United States and Canada, returned home, it was taken in hand by Siegfried Wagner, who had not visited England for some seventeen years. He gave a concert the first part of which was devoted to selections from his own operas, while three of his father's works filled the second part, including, appropriately enough, the "Siegfried Idyll," which, as every one knows, Richard Wagner composed at Triebschen, as a surprise for his wife, after the birth of their son. The operas from which extracts were heard were "Herzog Wildfang," produced in 1901; "Der Kobold," (1904), "Bruder Lustig" (1905), "Sternengebot" (1908), "Banadietrich" (1910), and "Schwarz-Schwanenreich" (1911). The soloists were Madame Lilli Hafgren-Waag and Walther Kirchhoff of Bayreuth. Dr. Rottenberg, the Frankfort conductor, who has been directing the "Ring" cycles at Covent Garden, recently expressed the opinion that Siegfried Wagner is "sadly misjudged" in his own country, where, according to his view, he "suffers under the misfortune of being the master's son." He fared no better in England. Although Weingartner, who is much admired in London, has declared that he regards Siegfried Wagner as one of the best living conductors, the concert given by the latter was attended by "a surprisingly small audience." Nor was there much balm in the critical verdicts on his music.

Art

THE VENICE FÊTES.

VENICE, May 10.

This spring is a season of unusual festivity in Venice. In addition to the Art Exhibition which has been held regularly every other year for some twenty years past, we have had the inauguration of the new Campanile. Every one will remember the dismay which the fall of the historic belfry of St. Mark's on July 14, 1902, after a life of a thousand years, caused not only in Venice but throughout Italy, and even in foreign countries.

The work of clearing away the rubbish was started at once, and Giacomo Boni, the well-known Venetian archæologist, living in Rome, was called to prepare the foundations for the new tower. Owing to differences of opinion, he resigned his appointment and was succeeded by Luca Beltrami, the restorer of the Castello Sforzesco in Milan, and he in his turn by a commission of architects under Gaetano Moretti. On St. Mark's Day, April 25, 1903, the foundation-stone was laid by the Count of Turin, representing the King of Italy, and the then Patriarch of Venice, Cardinal Sarto, now Pope Pius X. New piles were driven in around the old ones, which were still in good condition, and new blocks of Istrian stone placed around and above the original platform; the new foundations are thus calculated to support 90,000 tons, whereas the tower weighs only 20,000. The cost of reconstruction amounted to 2,200,000 lire ($550,000), of which 500,000 were provided by the Venice municipality, 100,000 by the King, 1,555,000 by public subscription, raised partly in Venice itself and partly in the rest of Italy, while 55,000 lire were sent from abroad, chiefly by the London Royal Academy. Finally, on April 25 last, the new tower was solemnly inaugurated with a most imposing ceremony, in the presence of an enormous and enthusiastic crowd, by the Duke of Genoa, representing the King, and by the Patriarch, together with all the civil, military, and ecclesiastical authorities of the city.

Now that the Campanile has risen once more, even the most skeptical agree that it was a necessity. The instinct of the Venetians proved right, for the straight, severe tower breaks the series of parallel horizontal lines of the Procuratie, and acts as a support round which the mass of St. Mark and of the other comparatively low buildings of the piazza concentrate; its absence threw the whole architectural scheme out of gear, while the view of Venice from the sea, without the Campanile, was simply unrecognizable. And the result is eminently satisfactory.

The reconstruction of the Campanile is more than a mere architectural achievement. The old tower was the old Venice, the Venice of the Republic with all its pomp and magnificance, its glorious traditions, its conquests in the East. The fall of the Campanile, if it did not coincide with that of the Republic, curiously resembled it, inasmuch as it was a sudden dissolution of an institution which had outlived its time. The year 1902 marked the end of a period of depression through which Italy had been passing, and the rebuilding of the new tower progressed side by side with that wonderful renascence of Italian prosperity and of the Italian spirit which has marked the first years of the twentieth century, and of which Venice itself has had no small share. The Venice

of to-day, if it is no longer the queen of the Adriatic, is also no longer a city of the dead, a mere haunt of tourists, peopled with hotel-keepers, beggars, and guides, as many foreigners, including some who have pretensions to culture, still seem to think. Although the tourist traffic has grown enormously and the city is also a summer sea-bathing resort for Italians, the port has been expanding steadily, and through it the trade of a large part of Italy, and even of Central Europe, flows on its way eastward once more, as in the days of the *serenissima;* industries are arising, both in the city itself and on the neighboring mainland dependent on it, and every year new enterprises are started, new fields of activity opened up. The people are richer and better dressed, the building trade has taken a new lease of life, new houses are rising and old ones being improved, and there are evidences of increasing wealth on every side. This year, when after a decade of silence the great bells of the Campanile are ringing out the chimes once more, the Italian occupation of Tripoli promises to offer still further means of expansion for Venetian trade with the Levant, and while the festivities for the new monument were held, Italian soldiers were fighting in Lybia and the guns of Italian warships were booming in the Ægean, reviving the enterprises of the Dandolos and the Morosinis. Even if the war with Turkey had done nothing else for the country, it has had the supreme merit of making the Italian people united in fact and in feeling, as well as in the "Statesman's Year-Book" or the "Almanach de Gotha."

If ancient art is well cared for and modern traffic is prospering, modern art has certainly not been neglected. The exhibition of this year, if not better than any of the preceding shows, maintains the usual high level of excellence. The organization, due to the energy and ability of Signor Antonio Fradeletto and of the Mayor of Venice, Count Grimani —the exhibition is a municipal undertaking—is admirable, both from an artistic and a business point of view. Venice has now come to be one of the chief markets in Europe for modern works of art, and its biennial shows are perhaps the most important periodical international exhibitions in the world. Every year some new feature of interest is added, and everything is done to attract fresh talent and new schools of art from every country.

The chief novelties of this year are the Swedish and French pavilions, and the prevalence of "one-man shows." In the central hall of the main building we have the great mural decorations of Pieretto Bianco, The Re-awakening of Venice, representing the restoration of St. Mark's, the rebuilding of the Campanile, the construction of a battleship in the arsenal, and the work of the port; they are an interesting and original composition in which the artist has given proof of considerable power and effective technique, but somewhat monotonous in tone. No less than sixteen artists have their own shows. Cesare Maggi, one of Italy's most talented young artists, certainly is worthy of the honor, and stands very well the ordeal of a room filled with his own paintings; he has evidently been inspired by Segantini, especially in his mountain landscapes, but is no servile imitator. Gaetano Previati is an original artist, also of the so-called "divisionist" school, of which Segantini was one of the founders, with a charming dream-like fantasy and a keen decorative sense. Ettore Tito is undoubtedly the strongest of the Venetian artists of to-day; his great decorative panel, Italy as the Heir and Guardian of the Maritime Glories of Venice, exhibited in the Venetian pavillion in Rome last year, is painted in the grand heroic manner reminiscent of Tiepolo, while his portrait of Princess Borghese is one of the best things in the whole exhibition. Auguste Sezanne has illustrated the splendors of San Marco in a series of delightful paintings, glowing with gold and rich coloring and full of quaint poetical imagination, for he has peopled the great spaces and dim corners of the cathedral with figures of angels, Byzantine princesses, and warriors who seem to have stepped down from the mosaic-covered walls. Canonica, who is perhaps the best living sculptor in Italy, also has a room to himself, and the works he exhibits, especially a child's head and the funeral monument to a little girl, are well worthy of his reputation.

On the other hand, such artists as Ciardi and Bianca, although by no means without talent, are not sufficiently original to deserve one-man shows. Giacomo Grosso is powerful and brilliant in technique, but vulgar and loud—his portrait of the actress Virginia Reiter is a typical example of his work; he belongs to a period of Italian art now happily passing away. There are also some retrospective shows, one of Avondo, the Piedmontese landscape painter, and another of Tranquillo Cremona, one of the early impressionists; they are chiefly interesting from the point of view of art history and development. In the other rooms there are many good things by Fragiacomo, Arturo Noci, Marcini, etc., and also by younger and less well-known men, which show that Italian art is alive and vigorous.

The foreign pavilions are now six in number—the British, the French, the German (this was formerly limited to the Munich "secession"), the Swedish, the Belgian, and the Hungarian. This year the British section is less important than usual; possibly the splendid British show last year in Rome made it difficult to renew the feat after so short an interval. Lambert's strange picture, The Mask, is perhaps the most striking of the collection. The German building contains the work of four highly original artists: Adolf Hengeler, Ludwig Dettmann, Hans von Bartels, and Fritz Erler. The first-named is to my mind the most attractive; his interiors peopled with fascinating children are fresh and full of rare charm, and in some of his other works he shows the best qualities of Stuck, without the latter's occasional lapses into ugliness. Erler's decorative panels are pictorial and painted with a large brush and a sure touch, but they do not seem to mean anything particular, or at least their meaning requires an explanatory programme for the benefit of the initiated.

The French pavilion is also limited to four artists: Lucien Simon, J. E. Blanche, E. R. Ménard, and Gaston La Touche. Simon exhibits some admirable specimens of technique, which explains the hold he has gained over younger men, but he is evidently greater as a teacher and an inspirer of others than as a producer of finished works of art. Blanche has some clever impressions of English pageants, in which the contrast between the gray skies and the solemn, gloomy buildings of London and the brilliant Coronation processions, scarlet and gold uniforms and military splendor are admirably rendered.

In the Swedish pavilion, Anna Boberg's decorative views of Norwegian fjords are attractive, but rather monotonous. Belgium sends many valuable works; perhaps the best are the extremely delicate semitone drawings by Knopff. Hungary is less well represented than in Rome last year or in Venice itself two years ago, but Mannheimer and other artists exhibit some good portraits. An interesting show of works by members of the Wiener Künstler Genossenschaft occupies a room in the main building, and several other works by foreign artists are scattered about the different rooms.

The general arrangements of the Venice exhibition, as usual, deserve warm praise, and offer a striking contrast to the disorganization and discomfort of the Roman shows of last year. Everything runs smoothly; the pavilions are scattered about the charming public gardens, which are easily and quickly reached by the useful penny steamers, and it is often a relief, after toiling away at the startling vagaries of the ultra-violet rays of certain fearfully modern artists, to come upon an open veranda looking out on a peaceful expanse of lagoon.

L. V.

H. C. Levis's "A Descriptive Bibliography of Engravings and Prints," announced by Ellis, includes the most interesting books on the subject in English.

Finance

THE "MONEY TRUST INQUIRY."

After a somewhat prolonged period of backing and filling by the House Banking and Currency Committee over the so-called "Money Trust inquiry," and after a conflict of opinion between the committee and the banks regarding a series of searching questions, sent out in printed form to all such institutions, it was announced at the beginning of this week that formal taking of testimony would be begun at New York on Thursday. It will apparently begin with the examination of well-known financiers, and will have to do, in general, with the relations of organized wealth to the various financial institutions, individually and as a whole.

The present position of that investigation is unfortunate in several ways. Very many people, even of those who were not averse to a public inquiry on the subject, expressed their belief, at the time the House decided on the investigation, that it ought not to be conducted in the heat and excitement of a Presidential campaign. This opinion was not based primarily on the possibility that the inquiry would be used for campaign purposes and might, therefore, lack the unbiassed and judicial attitude which is preëminently important. That was a serious enough consideration in itself. But it had further to be remembered that inquiries of this nature, once they become identified in the public mind with the political manœuvres of an electoral campaign, are inevitably stamped as mere campaign expedients.

The more such proceedings are made part of the clamor of the hustings, the greater the probability that the general public, in its surfeit and weariness over the whole electoral controversy, when the vote is taken and the campaign ended, will dismiss from its mind the findings of the Banking Committee, along with a multitude of other "campaign issues." Such a result is so plainly foreshadowed by all the experience of previous Presidential campaigns, that some of the warmest and most aggressive advocates of the "Money Trust inquiry" have from the first deprecated active pursuance of the investigation during the political struggle.

It was equally regretted, by the thoughtful part of the community, that a collision of authority should have arisen between the committee and the banks. Technically, the banks which refused to fill out the committee's blank forms of inquiry regarding certain accounts of their individual shareholders, were in the right. The National Bank law does expressly provide that no such institution "shall be subject to any visitorial powers other than such as are authorized by this title" (which refers to the official bank examiners, under the Controller of the Currency) "or are vested in the courts of justice." This provision is all-embracing, and it is difficult to agree with the committee's counsel, Mr. Untermyer, that it is nullified by the voluntary consent of banks in certain cities to allow the Clearing-House Committee to exercise general powers of supervision.

What the foregoing section of the law unquestionably has in mind is the assertion of "visitorial powers" by some other arm of government. It certainly could not apply to the voluntary opening of its books by a bank to a properly constituted organization connected with it in the way of ordinary business. But even so, people who look a little way ahead cannot help thinking the conflict unfortunate—more particularly so, since a joint resolution of both houses of Congress, conferring such authority and signed by the President, would revoke this protective clause. As matters now stand, it may be presumed that, in the absence of such a resolution, the committee's inquiry will be conducted through examination of individuals; which, after all, is the proper scope of such a committee's labors. The fundamental question in this inquiry is whether our credit institutions are or are not being brought under a common control, through which the facilities of the general credit fund are arbitrarily granted or denied. This is the allegation of the projectors of this investigation. It has been made insistently and in the most extravagant terms. If it is true, the fact ought to be established by unimpeachable public evidence. If it is untrue, it cannot be disproved except through public hearings before a committee of inquiry, and the proper purposes of the inquiry may be fulfilled more completely and satisfactorily through an investigation thus conducted.

It is announced that the committee is about to take testimony on the question of the relations of concentrated wealth to the Clearing House and the Stock Exchange. In this the committee will be treading old ground; in particular, the Stock Exchange side of the matter was investigated with the utmost thoroughness by Gov. Hughes's special committee of 1909, who were personally far better qualified to inquire into and pass upon the functions of the Exchange than a Congressional committee could possibly be, and whose report, while eminently judicial, was candid and convincing.

In the matter of the New York Clearing House it is quite safe to predict that the committee's inquiry will clear the air and remove some wholly unwarranted misconceptions from the mind of the outside public. Whatever criticisms may have been levelled by thinking and experienced men against the conduct of individual banks and bankers, at certain junctures in the past, the Clearing House organization and committee have been free from them. The traditions of the institution are of a sort which all New Yorkers conversant with its history regard with pride. It has stood, to the extent of its authority and power, for what have been called old-fashioned banking methods. It has, indeed, occupied for two or three generations the honorable position of guarding primarily the interests of the depositor against unsound and dishonest banking and its consequences. The very powers of supervision over banks in its membership, to which the Pujo committee's counsel has referred, were asserted in response to a spontaneous demand of bank depositors that their interests should be protected by a committee in whose standing and competency the community had confidence.

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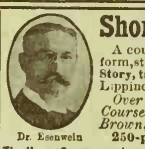
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1912.

The Week

Mr. Roosevelt's cries of "naked theft" are more and more taking on the appearance of naked folly. Some of his most vehement charges were dashed to the earth in Chicago on Monday by his own supporters. Deliberately and repeatedly and in detail he had asserted that open and monstrous "frauds" had been practiced by the Taft adherents in Indiana. The Taft delegates, he vowed, represented barefaced robbery. But his case was submitted by his skilled counsel to a jury of fifty men, at least thirteen of whom were his ardent friends, and by a *unanimous* vote it was decided that there was not a shred of evidence to sustain his calumnious assertions. It was not a steam-roller crushing down righteous protests; it was simply an overwhelming demonstration that a series of slanders and lies had been emitted by the steam-roarer.

When the American troops were withdrawn from Cuba in 1909 it was confidently asserted by most of their officers that they would be back within six months. Any one who believed that the republic would last a year was ridiculed. Six months would be quite long enough to loot the Treasury, or for the "outs" to oust the "ins." But more than three years have passed; the tenth anniversary of the establishment of the republic has come and gone, and though the Gomez Administration totters, perhaps to its fall, it may yet succeed, with the moral support afforded by the American Government, in weathering the present crisis. If it should not, another intervention will be necessary, and the work of rebuilding will go on again in better hands, we trust, than in 1906.

For it cannot truthfully be said that our Government of intervention set an ideal example to the natives of what a Government ought to be. It played politics on the American order, subject to the modifying influences of Cuban conditions, and it was recalled far too soon. It left many improvements unfinished; its superb system of roads was hardly begun. As we pointed out at the time, the whole structure of government and virtually the entire administrative law of the Island were made over from an Anglo-Saxon point of view and turned over to Latin-Americans before they had really had time to know what it all meant—the Gomezes and Guerras not caring, of course, to know. Just why the recall of our troops took place when it did has been explained only on the ground that President Roosevelt wished to have the American flag hauled down during his Administration; but never was a less-finished job palmed off as a complete one. We set out to teach the Cubans how to govern, and we left them not only a dubious administrative example, but had started them housekeeping in a structure they were largely unfamiliar with, with a café-swaggerer and an opera-bouffe revolutionist as the head of the house. To say that the collapse of this Government means that the Cubans can never learn to govern themselves is as unjust as it would have been ten years ago to affirm that our American cities could never learn to govern themselves properly.

The letter of Mr. Vanderlip, chairman of the Clearing House Committee, to Mr. Pujo, chairman of the House Banking Committee, emphasizes the unhappy turn which the Committee's inquiry into New York banking affairs is taking. We hold no brief for the New York banks or the Clearing House Association in this matter, and we have repeatedly expressed our judgment that a careful inquiry into the facts, known or alleged, regarding the so-called "Money Trust," was not only advisable but necessary—though, in common with the chairman of the Banking Committee, we have held that the inquiry should not be made in the heat and excitement of a Presidential contest. But we have also felt, and so, we believe, have the majority of impartial readers of the recent proceedings before the Committee, that the manner in which the inquiry has thus far been pursued was frequently unfair, based on apparent assumption that something was wrong in each specific incident taken up for examination, and calculated to prejudge the case before both sides had been heard. If the hearings are to be continued at the present time, we submit that, in justice to the Committee's own reputation, the policy of a one-sided inquiry and of a prosecution be changed to something more in line with Mr. Pujo's own professions.

By a vote of 27 to 20, in which party lines were broken down, the Senate on Monday upheld the report of the Conference Committee on the Army Appropriation bill, thus terminating General Wood's service as chief of staff on March 4, 1913, if the House should also accept the report. The truth is that the feeling against General Wood goes deep and rests on a firm basis—too good a basis, indeed, to weaken the cause of the anti-Wood Senators in voting him out of office. That, as we have already said, is a mistake. Congress ought not to legislate against an individual office-holder. It has no right, moreover, to trespass upon the President's functions by naming the committee of army officers which, in connection with certain Senators (Warren among them) and Representatives, is to investigate the question of what army posts should be retained and what sold. At the same time, it ought to be perfectly obvious that if General Wood were a man of the type of General MacArthur, General Young, General Miles, General Bell, not to speak of Schofield, Sherman, and Sheridan, such legislation against him would be impossible, even if there were a dozen Ainsworths to pull political wires.

The detailed figures of the Pennsylvania Republican primary are now available. Despite the supposed excitement over the Taft-Roosevelt contest, only 474,032 Republicans shared in the primary, whereas 745,779 voted for Taft in 1908. Of these 474,032, only 191,179 were for the President, as against 282,853 for Roosevelt. In some counties, such as Adams, Bedford, and Greene, but one-third of the voters of 1908 took the trouble to go to the polls in order to rule. Mr. Roosevelt owes his selection to 282,853 voters only, a trifle more than one-third the 1908 vote, his own vote in 1904 having been no less than 840,949. The saviour of his country has thus been appointed sav-

icur in Pennsylvania by a small minority of those normally Republican; yet he is more than ever convinced that there is an irresistible popular demand for him. In only one county, Allegheny, did the Republican vote exceed that cast for Taft in 1908, and this "Republican" vote, it is openly charged, embraced Democrats, Prohibitionists, and Socialists, who were induced by one means or another to help place Mr. Flinn, the "reformer," at the head of the party in the State. In Philadelphia, which was carried by Taft, the vote fell off by 72,203, and in Lancaster, another Taft county, not 50 per cent. of the Republican vote went to the polls. All of which repeats the experience in Illinois, Ohio, and New Jersey. When the people rule in a Presidential primary this year, they are few in number.

The plan for a group of "Museums of Peaceful Arts," announced by Dr. George F. Kunz at the meeting in New York last week of the American Association of Museums, is certain to be welcomed by the public as soon as its purpose and scope are clearly understood. Philadelphia has for years had its "Commercial Museums," based particularly upon the idea of aiding our foreign commerce by showing manufacturers what and what not to send abroad. The scheme which Dr. Kunz outlined is something far more elaborate—the estimated cost is to be $20,000,000—with separate buildings devoted to electricity, steam, astronomy and navigation, safety appliances, aviation, mechanical arts, textiles, commerce and efficiency, mining, labor, agriculture, etc. That there is excellent precedent for such an undertaking, for which Dr. Kunz announces the support of men like James Speyer, E. H. Gary, Charles M. Schwab, Jacob H. Schiff, Henry M. Towne, and Robert Underwood Johnson, is not perhaps well known. Not much more than a month ago some distinguished delegates from a similar institution in Germany were visitors in New York in search of material for their museum—the Munich Deutsches Museum—which is devoted to presenting and preserving the history of the development of industry and natural science, as well as the housing of a technical and scientific library; noteworthy papers and drawings by the leaders in commerce and industry and science, with particular reference to inventions. Models of our skyscrapers, of our subways, our acroplanes, of the New York Public Library, were some of the exhibits the committee took back to Munich, as well as one of the sleds which Peary used on his trip to the North Pole. The history of any art, or science, or industry can best be learned if its development is illustrated in an objective manner, and to the Deutsches Museum, which is international in its scope, come visitors from all over the world.

Three years ago the National Committee on Prison Labor was organized for the purpose of studying the problem of contract labor in penal institutions. The specific findings of the Committee have confirmed the general belief that the system of contract labor stands condemned as a practice uneconomic, honeycombed with graft, and deleterious in its effects on the morale of the prison population. The results of the National Committee's agitation, carried on in conjunction with the American Federation of Labor, and summarized in a little pamphlet just published by the Committee, are impressive. The principal aim towards which the efforts of the Committee are directed is the employment of prison labor on public work only. Wisconsin has lived up to its reputation for progressive reform by setting to work on a complete remodelling of its convict labor system, to be based on a report now being compiled by the secretary of the National Committee acting as an extraordinary member of the State Board of Public Affairs. The present Governors of Massachusetts and Kentucky were elected on platforms containing a prison-labor plank. The substitution of public employment for private contract employment is now under way in Virginia, New York, and Alabama. And the problem is also under official consideration in Rhode Island, in Maine, in Iowa, in Maryland, and in Tennessee.

The report of the special commissioner appointed by the Governor of California to examine into the disturbances at San Diego confirms the general impression of what the issues and methods are in the conflict between the citizens and authorities of that city, on the one hand, and the I. W. W. on the other. From a reading of I. W. W. literature the Commissioner finds:

> It is the organized and deliberate purpose of the I. W. W. to teach and preach and burn into the hearts and minds of its followers that they are justified in lying, in stealing, in trampling underfoot their own agreements, in confiscating the profits of others, in disobeying the mandates of the courts, and in paralyzing the industries of the nations.

Nevertheless, as far as San Diego is concerned, no attempt was made to translate these principles into overt acts. More than two hundred arrests were made by the San Diego police, but those were solely for violating the street-speaking ordinance. On the issue of free-speech the Commissioner finds that the City Council was within its Constitutional rights in forbidding public meetings within an area of six blocks in the congested section of the city, but that the police have overstepped their authority in prohibiting I. W. W. meetings anywhere within city limits. On this point and on the arbitrary acts of the so-called Vigilance Committee—the report was written before the Reitman incident—the Commissioner speaks out strongly. At the same time the report makes it very clear that the I. W. W. agitation in San Diego has been a nuisance and a pest, and that it explains, even if it does not excuse, the conduct of the city authorities.

Golfers well on in years will be encouraged, or, at least, moved to be less discouraged—by the news that a veteran at the game has again won the amateur championship of England. John Ball has now a record to exceed even that of our amazing "old man" of golf, Walter J. Travis. It is twenty-four years since Mr. Ball won his first championship, and here he is still able to survive a great field of the finest players in England, and come out first. The wonder is, of course, that such a triumph can be scored by a man of his age, in a game requiring the nicest adjustment of the senses and control of the muscles, combined with the mental and moral qualities which every golfer will explain to you are necessary for the highest achievement at the sport. It is stated in the dispatches that the finals in the championship were regarded as a battle between the new school and the old in golf, and that the old school won. It is hard to understand what this means unless it be that the youthful

golfer leans to tremendous "swiping," with the frequent penalty of wildness, while the older players strive for direction and steadiness. But the latter, as everybody knows, will win more than half the time. If Mr. Ball won by never missing and keeping on the line and not minding it if his opponent outdrove him forty yards, then he was illustrating not the old school of golf but the common-sense school.

Study of the social evil goes on apace. The admirable Chicago and Minneapolis reports on conditions in those cities are now followed by a report from the Vice Commission of Portland, Oregon, which bears upon the question of disease. In Philadelphia and in Atlanta, vice commissions have also been appointed, the membership of the former being exceptionally fine, including such workers as Rabbi Berkowitz, George H. Earle, jr., Miss Anna F. Davies, head-workers of the college settlement; Mrs. Martha P. Falconer, superintendent of the House of Refuge for Girls, and the Rev. Joseph Cochran, to mention only a few. A well-known reformer and attorney, William Clark Mason, is chairman. Mayor Blankenburg, in constituting the committee, wrote an admirably sympathetic letter and assigned a secret service police squad to serve the Commission. The Atlanta Commission is composed only of men, sentiment there being curiously against the appointment of women, although the questions at issue concern women primarily. The sessions are to be open, and everybody is requested to come forward and give testimony. Excellent as this procedure is, as a matter of policy we doubt if it will, because of the publicity, attain the ends sought, but it is a fine thing that so important a Southern city is going to know the conditions within its limits. In Indianapolis, too, the women are pressing the Mayor to close up the vicious district, but without much success, so far.

Americans are not alone in wishing that some pages might be blotted from the history of their political campaigns. In the German Reichstag, a few days ago, Count Posadowsky deplored the violence of electoral appeals and recriminations, and gave it as his opinion that "all election literature ought to be torn up and not left as material for the satire of a future Tacitus of the German Empire." But would not a penetrating Tacitus pounce upon that very utterance to give point to his satire? He might say that our generation did not shrink from doing what it hoped would be hidden or forgotten hereafter. We do the unfair thing, that is, but are averse to having the bad reputation for it fastened upon us. However that may be, the record stands, and the future historian will have the scanning of it. The moving finger writes, and not all our shame or repentance can alter a line of what is written. But the Tacitus who one day comes to give the sum of it will be bound to take all the contemporary evidence into his cognizance. He will have to set it down of the United States in 1912, for example, that although political controversy sank to unwonted depths, and though the President was assailed by the ex-President in the language of the bar-room and the prize-ring, the proof is overwhelming that this vulgar squabble did not represent the attitude or meet the wishes of the great mass of Americans, who stood aghast at the spectacle.

The appointment of Viscount Haldane to the post of Lord High Chancellor is another step in the process by which the scholars and men of letters in the Liberal party have gradually been withdrawing from the Parliamentary firing line. The Lord High Chancellor is a political as well as a judicial officer, but it is not so exposed a position as the Secretaryship of War, during the incumbency of which Lord Haldane has had some very severe criticism to meet and some very difficult problems to deal with. Following John Morley's elevation to a peerage and removal to the quiet atmosphere of the House of Lords, Viscount Haldane's appointment leaves only Augustine Birrell, of the original "highbrow" contingent in the Asquith Cabinet, in active service on the floor of the House of Commons. Rumor has already dealt with Mr. Birrell's transfer to the House of Lords, but that, of course, can hardly occur until the Home Rule bill has been disposed of, as Mr. Birrell now holds the strategic post of Irish Secretary. A great change has come over the face of British politics since Mr. Asquith came into office, and the men who have forced their way to the front are the fighting men of the type of Lloyd George and Winston Churchill. Yet it is no mean tribute to Mr. Asquith's talents that he should have succeeded so admirably in imposing harmonious coöperation on men of such diverse temperaments and training as Lord Haldane, Lloyd George, and Sir Edward Grey.

Speculation has been busy with the conferences at Malta in which Premier Asquith, Winston Churchill as First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Kitchener, and the commander-in-chief of the British naval forces in the Mediterranean have been taking part. Among other guesses is the one that Great Britain is partly to hand over the defence of her interests in the Mediterranean to France, and that the Anglo-French *entente* will thus be changed to a formal alliance. But, as it appears, the "momentous" meeting at Malta has left things very much where they were. At the present moment, Great Britain's strength in the Mediterranean has been reduced to almost a nominal basis, as a result of the policy of naval concentration in home waters inaugurated half-a-dozen years ago. During this time the Suez Canal has been virtually under the protection of the French Mediterranean fleet, and a formal alliance could hardly alter the situation. What is probable is that the Malta conference did not deal with such momentous questions as alliances, or even with the policy of building Dreadnoughts against Italy and Austria, but with the more immediate problems arising out of Italy's military operations in the Mediterranean.

The attempted assassination of Count Tisza by a Deputy is the culminating point of parliamentary terrorism. Enlightened opinion in Hungary has taken to heart the lesson of the recent riots in Budapest, but apparently the Hungarian Diet never learns. The press has been calling upon Parliament to abandon "the strife of programmes and temperaments," and to recognize that the time has come for a definite solution of the universal suffrage question. But the fact that on Tuesday of last week no less than seventy-five Deputies had to be thrown out from the Chamber before order was restored and the Government's Army bill could be dealt with, shows plainly that the strife of temperaments is still to be seriously reckoned with.

THE REVIVAL OF VIOLENCE.

A prediction about the Chicago Convention comes to us in a letter from a cool-headed Republican who is to be a member of it. He writes that the "meeting will doubtless be a riot, and violence is almost certain to occur." This may be undue apprehension, but there is much talk current to bear it out. The commonest metaphors employed about the work of the Convention reek of force. There is to be a ruthless use of the steam-roller, we are told by one side, and "strong-arm" methods are to be remorselessly applied. From some of Mr. Roosevelt's zealous youth we are getting dire threats of violence. Medill McCormick declares that if the Roosevelt contestants from the State of Washington are not seated, they will "shoot the roof off the Convention." This is doubtless the exaggeration which a rich young fellow falls into when he thinks to be forcible by talking like a cowboy. Let Mr. McCormick begin his shooting, and one "good Chicago polis-man," in Mr. Dooley's phrase, would promptly attend to his case, quenching him and his cigarettes by a dip into Lake Michigan. But allowance made for all such posing and blustering, there remains enough to disturb people who have been accustomed to think that there is something more in politics than the display of brute force.

This tendency to substitute violence for reason and the argument of pike and gun for logic, has had many recent manifestations not directly political. It seems to be getting the fashion to think in terms of force, not intelligence. The most popular philosophy of the day inclines to ask the mind to take a back seat in favor of "life-force." M. Bergson would doubtless be the last man to practice violence, or to defend it, but his conception of vast creative powers struggling like giants in puny men has fitted into a good many notions prevalent about the duty of getting what you want by violent means. We used to deplore violence, but now we apologize for it. The idea seems to be that if you don't go out and fight for your cause by smashing things and resisting the police, you show yourself a half-hearted and craven creature to whom nobody need pay any attention. This spirit of violence is invading field after field. The way to argue is with your fists. If you go to a "Futurist" and try to persuade him that his ideas about art are all a mistake, the proper answer for him to make is to hit the critic in the eye.

We do not say that this glorification of violence stands out naked and unashamed. The thing is cloaked. It is not violence which is openly praised, but energy. That is the favorite word. It is supposed to go along with great simplicity of nature and deep earnestness of purpose. What we are asked to admire is a man or a set of men conceiving everything with great directness, moved by elemental passions, and moving on to a predetermined goal with a rush of intensity that nothing can resist. Reflection and hesitation are considered out of place. They only waste time and paralyze the will. The thing to do is to make up your mind quickly where you want to go, and then take the bit in your teeth and gallop there madly, no matter upon whom you trample on the way. It is this kind of native force brushing aside obstacles and rapidly attaining its ends that is to-day apotheosized.

No disguises, however, philosophical or other, can really hide the essential quality of all this. It is the negation of the intellect, the disavowal of science, the enemy of society and of all secure human progress. Everything to give way to energy? That may easily mean sheer brutality, the law of tooth and claw. For the implications of this view are almost always physical. It is the biggest muscle, the largest number, that must conquer. But reason is also a form of energy. So is humane feeling. So is patriotism. To these, however, our modern school of the divine right of the strongest gives little heed, or, if it does, clothes them all in violence. We are somehow to "get there." It is for man to "deliver the goods," no matter where he gets them or how damaged they are. Argument is good, if it happens to be on your side, but the only argument of final validity is the assertion of power to beat your opponent to a frazzle.

This recrudescence of the spirit of violence will pass. The world cannot be put back permanently into the stone age. Even in politics we shall find out again that the only way to get on is by sitting down to reason together, by conciliation and concession, by the methods of men who respect themselves and respect one another and are not rowdies. All these explosions about knocking people over the ropes and shooting off roofs are simply a temporary reversion to barbarism of which we shall all soon be ashamed. Patience is perhaps the chief political virtue. It was the sublime quality of that statesman whose name is so often nowadays taken in vain, Abraham Lincoln. If he were with us to-day, we should doubtless have from him many a shrewd and humorous thrust at the follies of the energetic school, of which the motto is that if you see anything you want in politics, take it; but we may be sure that he would counsel us to possess our souls in patience until this madness, too, was over-past.

THE REPUBLICAN OPEN SORE.

One feature of the contested seats in the Chicago Convention is like a ghost come again to haunt the Republican party. We refer, of course, to the delegates from the Southern States. Already we have heard from both factions in Florida and in Alabama: "There is no Republican party in this State." The same might be said with truth of nearly every other Southern State. There is a machine, but there are no voters. Office-holders struggle with ex-office-holders, or would-be office-holders; delegates and contestants are moved about like pawns, or bought like cattle; but all pretence of there being a real party acting through chosen representatives, was long since abandoned. This disgraceful condition of affairs has continued for years. It has often been a public scandal. Frequently it has caused the most bitter party and personal recriminations. It is simply being made public at Chicago just now somewhat more glaringly than usual.

For years this state of things has been regarded as a Republican open sore. But no determined efforts have been made to heal it. Again and again plans have been brought forward to purify or reduce the Southern representation in the Republican Convention. But nothing has come of them. The latest one, however, came nearer success than any of its predecessors. In the Convention of 1908, where Roosevelt marshalled the Southern postmasters and collectors, who, he now complains so angrily, are being used against him, a resolution was introduced by Senator Bourne de-

signed to abate the nuisance. He proposed that each State should continue to have four delegates-at-large, but that district delegates should be apportioned, not by population, but by the number of votes cast for President in the preceding election. This would obviously whittle down the number of Southern delegates almost to the vanishing point; and it was so intended. The proposal was rejected by the Convention, yet only by a vote of 506 to 470.

The evil has persisted only because Republican politicians have wished it to persist. That block of 200 votes or so in the South has been as a glittering prize for them. It was so easy, or might be so easy, to seize it, and it might prove so decisive! For years Republican Presidents and candidates have eagerly clutched after the Southern delegates. They were arrayed for Arthur in 1884. Sherman was reaching for them in 1888, and thought he had them, but afterwards complained bitterly that Alger had "bought up his niggers." Harrison had them in 1892, and his dependence upon their vote was made the ground of as violent an attack upon his candidacy as is now directed against President Taft's for the same reason. In 1908 Roosevelt flung himself into the fight to force the nomination of Taft, and rounded up the Southern delegates in the approved style; also setting his steam-roller in operation before the Convention to smash flat every contestant. If the result of the whole has been to degrade and debauch the Southern Republicans, whose fault is it but that of the party which has lacked courage resolutely to take hold of the scandal and make an end of it? Nearly the first act of the National Committee at Chicago last week was quietly to pass a resolution declaring that it had no intention of doing anything to interfere with the Southern representation in the party! The sore is to remain open.

Admission of the evil, however, does not imply that those who play the game, into which it enters, are not bound to abide by the rules. Until to-day it has never been contended, as Col. Roosevelt now virtually contends, that a Republican nomination achieved by the aid of Southern Republican delegates has no power to bind the party. Harrison was renominated in 1892 demonstrably by the votes of the Southern phalanx. In opposing him, Senator Wolcott read out a list of all the office-holders who were there in the Convention to do as they were bid by the dispenser of Federal patronage. This was done to bolster up the argument that Harrison was not the real choice of the party; but there was no threat or dream of bolting his nomination. The thing was vicious, but it was regular, and that was enough. Similarly, in 1908, Roosevelt had a noble assortment of Southern office-holders to vote for Taft at his orders, and he would have been the loudest in denouncing any Republican who should have contended that the action of the Convention, even though the balance of power in it was held by dummy delegates representing States where there was no possibility of a single electoral vote for the party, was not binding on the conscience of every member of it. Only when his own inventions return to plague him does he cry out that fraud and villany are striking down the righteous. The whole method of Southern representation ought unquestionably to be reformed. As it works, it is bad for the party, bad for the Southern Republicans—both tempted and betrayed, as they too often are—and bad for public morals. But in the matter of this wrong, as in that of boss government and the tariff, Theodore Roosevelt never lifted his voice or raised a finger during the seven years of his Presidency; and if he is now injured by a vicious system which he not only permitted to go unchallenged and uncorrected, but cheerfully took advantage of, the only thing to say to him is: "Tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin!"

PROSPECTS AT BALTIMORE.

It was inevitable that the Democratic campaign for the Presidency should thus far have appeared to be side-tracked. With a dog-fight on one side of the street and a shooting-match on the other, people walking quietly about their business cannot expect to attract much attention. The Republican hurly-burly has deafened the country to the other party. Yet it is the unmistakable general opinion that the chances are very strong that the next President of the United States will be named at Baltimore, not at Chicago. The prevailing view is that expressed by Col. Watterson when he says that no party so debauched and butchered as the Republicans now are can possibly elect a President, no matter who their candidate may be.

The election of delegates to Baltimore is now nearly completed. Rival headquarters, after the fashion set by Republicans, put forth stout and absolutely inconsistent claims. Their contradictory figures recall the story of Lord John Russell, whose brother, the Duke of Bedford, had deposited $50,000 in the bank to Lord John's credit and who asked him if his account did not look better that quarter. Russell replied: "I never look at it. The clerks make so many mistakes in their arithmetic that it is no good looking at their figures." Many of the Democratic figures are obviously untrustworthy, but the standing of the various candidates is roughly known. Clark and Wilson are in the lead, the Speaker having apparently a few more delegates than the Governor, but neither having a majority in sight, much less the necessary two-thirds. Underwood comes next, and then Harmon.

To speak of the last-named first, his success in Ohio, whose forty-eight delegates were bound to him last week by the unit rule, illustrates the elements both of his strength and his weakness. A powerful minority is opposed to him even in his own State, and outside it he has made but trifling headway. Yet no man has or deserves more respect for sterling public qualities than Judson Harmon. Few question that he would make a satisfactory President. His age is, on general principles, a disqualification, yet he comes of a long-lived family and is at sixty-six in full vigor and capable of a great amount of hard work. His Administration in Ohio, too, has been of a sort to win the approval of sober-minded and substantial citizens. Especially notable have been his achievements in tax-reform. His resolute adherence to his convictions and his independence are not questioned. And yet even his friends now perceive that it is scarcely possible that he should be nominated at Baltimore. There is nothing against him except a state of mind, but that is the most deadly opposition that any candidate can have. What we mean is, of course, the general feeling that Gov. Harmon is too much out of touch with the living political forces of the day. He would be called behind the times and stigmatized

as a reactionary. This, we believe, would be highly unjust to Gov. Harmon, but the charge would surely come and it would be difficult to meet it in a way to satisfy the large public. Now, there is no use in fighting against psychology in politics, and it is at present dead against Judson Harmon. His best friends are aware of this; and many of them are free to say that they do not think his nomination at Baltimore is possible or would be wise.

If psychology is against Harmon, common sense is against Clark. Though he will have a large number of delegates at first, his candidacy has not really appeared serious. The chief reason is that the people of this country cannot sit down and imagine Champ Clark President. The misfit would be too glaring. As against Roosevelt, Clark would be simply ludicrous. Most Democrats who are free to express their opinions and who have any knowledge of the facts, are fully of that mind; and it is inconceivable that the Baltimore Convention should put forward the Speaker except upon the theory that the Democrats can elect a yellow dog this year.

If it narrows down to a choice between Underwood and Wilson, there would be much to say for the former. He has never been tried out in a large way as an executive, but in the House he has shown fine qualities of leadership. He is both sagacious and patient, fair and firm. No man ever better grasped such a great opportunity as came to him in the present Congress. His complete overshadowing of the Speaker is a suggestive test of the calibre of the two men. Underwood is a Southerner, yet prejudice against him on that score could hardly count heavily in the election, though it might be a factor to reckon with in two or three closely contested Northern States. What Democrats are really troubled about, in connection with Mr. Underwood, is the question whether he has sufficient weight and thrust to impress himself deeply upon the country in a Presidential campaign; whether his speeches or writings would be of a sort to formulate issues in a way to catch attention and compel a victory; whether his personality is of the vivifying and inspiring sort.

Comparison of Oscar Underwood with Woodrow Wilson along these lines is distinctly favorable to the New Jersey Governor. No better political speaker has come to the front in a generation. His gift of pointed utterance enables him to appeal both to the highly educated and to the masses. And he has already strongly touched the imagination of the people. His success as leader and reformer was as brilliant as it was rapid, and the conviction is widespread that he has the stuff in him to go far. As a living embodiment of hostility to boss rule, as particularly well fitted to lead the battle against tariff abuses and all forms of privilege, his nomination at Baltimore would hearten the Democratic party and give to thousands of Republicans the opportunity, for which they are longing, to vote for a high-toned Democrat. And if it should become a question of pitting Wilson against Roosevelt, what Democrat could better point the contrast between restrained intellectual vigor and passionate outbursts, or could more successfully beat off the raid which, it is clear, the Rough Rider would seek to make upon the vote of Progressive Democrats?

LET THE PUPIL RULE.

In response to the request of a professor at the University of Illinois, eight thousand high-school students of that and adjoining States have confessed their real feeling about the books they have had to read in the list of College Entrance Requirements in English. It is unnecessary to explain his method of tabulating the results. The vital thing is the figures, and they are plain enough. At the top of the forty-one classics considered stands "A Tale of Two Cities," with the proud percentage of eighty-nine. Next comes "The Last of the Mohicans," with a percentage of eight-seven. These are followed by "Ivanhoe," "Hamlet," "Enoch Arden," "Silas Marner," "Macbeth," and "The Lady of the Lake." Tied for thirty-seventh place are "The Deserted Village" and "The Ancient Mariner," but they are pressed by "Sesame and Lilies" and Carlyle's "Essay on Burns," while Emerson's "Essays" lags at the very end with a mark of forty-eight. In between come "Treasure Island" and "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Paradise Lost" and "Cranford," Poe, Burns, Chaucer. These statistics make their collector moralize. Surely, he sighs, the record in the case of "The Ancient Mariner" is "a little pathetic when we consider for how many years and with what enthusiasm we have been compelling practically all our high-school students to spend weeks on this book."

Interesting as the results of this literary referendum are, they cannot be called final, for the reason that the pupils were restricted in their choices for the Entrance Requirements list. Before we are entitled to say what books high-school students approve and what they disapprove, we are bound to give them the right of initiative. Who knows how far down the list "A Tale of Two Cities" would be found if it were forced to compete with Jack London and Kipling, and we know not what other writers dear to the high-school heart? Let another contest be held, in which 10 per cent. of the pupils of any high school shall have the power to name a book for entry in the race. Then let all the selections be voted on. It may occur to the reader that there may be differences of choice due to the sex or age of the students, but the Illinois statistician assures us that these are negligible. Boys and girls, first year and last, in general display like tastes in these matters. What we need, therefore, is a nation-wide initiative and referendum among our children on the issue of what books they shall study. The election might well be preceded by a short and dignified campaign, conducted in the high-school literary societies and student journals.

And what of the recall? Is the pupil, having tried Addison and Ruskin and Emerson, and having cast his ballot against them as reactionaries, to be still confronted with them? Not if the Illinois professor has his way. Being the tribune of the pupils, he says in so many words that if he were himself at the present time in charge of a high-school English course, he would drop out the books in the lower group. On this platform, we believe he could sweep the country, regardless of how many terms he has already served. It would be unfair to leave the impression that our Illinois investigator is governed solely by the show of hands he has evoked, beautifully democratic as such conduct would be. After some cogitation, he was rewarded by the emergence of a principle which, all unconsciously, guided the selections presented to him. That principle he states as follows, in

his account of the experiment in the *English Journal:*

> That the popular books in this list are uniformly books containing *vivid and dramatic presentations of human life with strong ethical import,* while the books that are distinctly disliked are those in which the primary appeal is æsthetic, stylistic, which convey their message indirectly through their beauty or humor, or which present human life, not with bold plainness, but delicately, lightly, subtly.

There is one consideration which might be advanced by partisans of the books that are low on the list, and that is that they have been poorly taught. But what is this except to explain a candidate's failure by the mistakes of his managers? And how is it possible to criticise managers who have had such brilliant successes as those who have won the general admiration for Dickens and Scott, for Cooper and Shakespeare? We may as well admit the substantial truth of our professor's analysis, and proceed to commiserate the teachers who have had to recommend, and to congratulate the students who have had the discrimination to reject, books which are so stupid as to undertake to convey their message indirectly through their beauty or humor, or to present human life, not with bold plainness, but delicately. In taking this position, they are merely aligning themselves with the great mass of untrained readers who have never attended high school. Could there be better evidence of the soundness of their judgment?

EATING ON THE STAGE.

Nothing piques an audience more than stage meals. Is it a real roast? Is the drink truly wine? And what a pity that even an elaborately set dinner usually lasts but a few minutes! How can actors so time their swallows as to be free at the cue to enunciate clearly? These are problems which have arisen in fairly recent times. The make-believe picnic over which the banished duke in "As You Like It" presided has been replaced in certain modern presentations by actual eating and drinking, until, as some one has suggested, the charge might be made against the duke of having carried away much of the court plate. It was inevitable, of course, that the attention now given to verisimilitude of setting should not pass over appurtenances of the board. Care in the matter was further dictated by the growing importance of dining in fashionable life; as well as by writers' realization that interesting points of human character are often revealed over food. Flat and stale the world may look at breakfast, as seen from the dead-level of disillusion; the capacity for keeping up appearances, for finding life interesting and complex and perilous, can often be brought out best amid the intimacies of tea or dinner.

What may be called the mere mechanics of stage-eating and drinking have sometimes proved to be a great problem for managers. In the olden days, when the audience was satisfied to hear the empty cannikins clink and to see painted sirloins doing decorative duty on a side-table, the matter was simple enough. But so long ago as the presentation of Gilbert's "Sweethearts" one personage at least was seriously inconvenienced by the new requirement. Obliged by her rôle to eat three tarts in rapid succession, the actress requested gleefully that they be of strawberry flavor, thinking thus cheaply to indulge a favorite appetite. But, like the man set to eating thirty quail, not many nights had passed before the sight of a strawberry tart threatened to bring her to madness. A change was made to orange, with little success; finally an American's ingenuity devised a quickly soluble wafer which removed the embarrassment. The spaghetti-man in "The Music Master," we learn, has since died; the cause of the death was not stated—perhaps it was unnecessary to state it. Solid food is said not to be served on the stage, cooked apples, or, if the manager is penurious, stewed turnips, taking its place.

And what of drink on the stage? Every one will recall the double-barrelled goblets, containing between the two layers colored liquid, which used to simulate glasses of wine. They for the most part have now passed. Sir Henry Irving, rumor had it, insisted that good wine was none too good for the stage. Yet usually, we believe, ginger ale is stage champagne. Its advantages over the genuine article are obvious. One alone prescribes the use of it. For what audience could resist an uproar if, for all the waiter's care, the contents of a bottle were to plump the hero in the face or shower the diners one and all?

In spite of its difficulties, stage-eating appears to be a settled feature, and the play without it is rare. What its general effect upon theatre-goers is would be interesting to learn. Does it live up to its theoretical purpose of presenting traits which could hardly be brought out in any other way? Take Blundell's dinner in Pinero's "Letty." There was undoubted humor in the sight of this *nouveau riche* attempting to order the "stylish" things in a fashionable restaurant; yet to keep the scene from dragging, the French waiter was obliged to roll r's interminably. A certain naturalness was attained in the informal meal in "The Witness for the Defence," and by it the picture of wretched domesticity was sharpened; and in "Trelawney of the Wells," which has been revived, the gayety of a banquet was required to bring out the delicious irrelevancies of certain of the characters. In all stage-eating the time-element is difficult to handle. Sometimes the problem can be simplified by a natural interruption, as in "Macbeth," putting an end to the feasting; much the same effect was got in "The Witness for the Defence," by the criminal brutality of the husband. In most instances, however, the very few minutes spent at the table can hardly fail to leave the audience troubled. Nor does it help to say that stage-dining falls in perfectly with the scheme of other foreshortening. Eating is something upon which everybody's attention is pretty definitely fixed; and the fact that a savory-looking roast is but picked at for a moment is hard to justify. Playwrights themselves have, of course, noted the discrepancy. This past season the time occupied by the usual breakfast on the stage was burlesqued by Barrie. Napkins were unfolded and then immediately folded; *voilà*, the meal was over. In the days when make-believe was so much the way of the stage, a good deal could be and was left to the audience's imagination. To-day, the supplying of too many preliminary details incites an audience to stickle for the rest.

With eating and drinking goes smoking, of which the stage contributes an enormous volume these days. The long-stemmed clay pipes of "She Stoops to Conquer" have yielded for the most part to the ubiquitous cigarette. How brave looks the hero as, in evening clothes, he takes a silver case from one pocket and a silver matchbox from another! What a thrill runs through the audience when Lady Frieda performs a few

puffs and lays the cigarette aside! That arrangement was most happy. For the audience concluded that the actress who impersonated her simply followed the dictates of the rôle and ceased smoking as soon as she decently could. Yet stage-smoking has its advantages. It keeps the hands busy and graceful; and there is no chance of overdoing it.

THROUGH THE OUTLOOKING GLASS

The train pulled into the station, and the Red Knight looked at his watch. "Forty minutes late," he said; "another infamous trick." He seized a telegraph blank, and wrote: "Congressman McKinley, Taft Headquarters—Brigand! Assassin! Polygamist! Collect." He turned to Alice. "I feel much better now," he said. "Let us go."

Opposite them in the car sat a young lady who was reading "Thus Spake Zarathustra," and chewing gum. So they knew they were in Chicago. They came to a hotel that was taller than any building Alice had ever seen. It was so tall that millionaires living on the top floor were in the habit of swearing off their taxes, on the plea of non-residence in the State of Illinois. They entered the elevator, and by and by they reached the floor on which their rooms were situated. As they opened the door, the first thing they saw was George the Harvester and Ormsby the Barrister weeping in each other's arms, and wiping each other's eyes with packages of rejected credentials.

At the sight of the Barrister the Red Knight showed no anger. He merely took off his helmet and threw it at the bell-boy. Then he pressed his forehead against the window-pane, and the glass cracked. Then he turned to the Barrister. "You must have had a very pleasant trip down South," he said, quietly gnashing his teeth.

"I did," said the Barrister, brightening up wonderfully.

"How did it all happen?" said the Red Knight.

"Shall I tell the story by Congressional districts or by States?" said the Barrister.

"By States," said the Red Knight.

The Barrister cleared his throat and began:

> I took a barrel into Ga.
> (" 'Ga' being Georgia, of course," he explained.)
> They jumped right up and yelled "Hurrah."
>
> I took a trunkful into Fla.
> They came to cheer from near and far.
>
> I spent two trunkfuls in Ala.
> They danced and sang: "You bet we are!"
>
> I took a crateful into Ark.
> They said, "Your reasons hit the mark."

"But this is all so very, very obscure," said Alice.

"It was intended to be," said the Barrister, and went on:

> I sent to them and said "Indorse,"
> They stood right up and said "Of course."
>
> I wrote to them and said "Contest."
> They said "Cash up, we'll do the rest."
>
> I said to them "Remember now."
> They said, "Keep cool, we'll show you how."
>
> They voted once, they voted twice,
> They voted hard to earn the price.

"But who are 'they'?" asked Alice. "Are there really such people?"

"Of course there are," said the Barrister. "I invented them myself," and he went on:

> They started for Chicago, Ill.,
> To ratify the people's will,
> But—

"That's all there is," said the Barrister, stopping abruptly.

"Yes, that is all there is," said the Red Knight, "and a nice mess you made of it."

"Mercy, Sire," cried the Barrister, falling on his knees.

"Failure deserves no pity," said the Red Knight sternly. "If it were not for the chance that you may do better in 1916, I should make short work of you at once. As it is, you will, as a penalty, between today and the first of next year, read and briefly summarize every one of my past Presidential messages."

"Including the paragraph about the tariff which Cannon made you take out?" sobbed the Barrister.

"Everything!" said the Red Knight. "Come, Alice. The trumpet calls to battle. It's now or never—unless the circumstances change."

FRENCH BOOK NOTES.

PARIS, June 1.

"Le Petit Commerce contre les Grands Magasins et les Coopératives de Consommation" (Paris: A. Rousseau—205 pages 8vo), by Henry Vouters, *docteur en droit*, is a searching study of "one fragment of a vaster question which preoccupies both economists and parliaments—*the problem of the middle classes*." An introduction of forty pages explains the problem for the sake of clearness in Karl Marx's formula of capitalist evolution, that is, in relation to capitalist accumulation and increasing proletarization of the masses—for between these the middle classes, independent to a certain degree of either, ought by the formula to disappear. Our author's brief statement of facts shows that the Marxian prophecy is suspiciously slow of fulfilment; and, in reality, Socialists like Kautsky acknowledge themselves obliged to change their formula materially. The facts in the struggle for life of small shopkeepers against the great shops and coöperative stores, with corresponding legislation up to 1910, are studied in France, Bavaria, and Prussia; the middle classes of the two latter countries in particular have united in a vigorous and organized campaign of self-defence.

A first part of forty pages deals with the big shops and the objections of small traders to them, both for the practical monopoly towards which they tend and for their social and moral relations with customers, employees, and furnishers; the legislative, and particularly the fiscal measures, demanded against them; and the results obtained by taxation—and whether this does not really fall on the customer or employee or manufacturer. The second part (fifty pages) treats the competition of co-operative stores (workingmen's associations); their alleged abuses and weakness; and, again, legislative regulation and fiscal measures, with the results in the three countries named, where they have had their chief development. A conclusion, in eight pages, notes that legislation and fiscal burdens have not stayed the movement of business concentration in either form—rather the contrary. ". . . The negative policy of the small shopkeepers has proved sterile." Advantages of a positive policy are indicated; it would imply association and coöperation among these individualist middle classes themselves, threatened as they are by Capital and Labor alike. The book has four pages of valuable bibliography, exclusively French and German; and the constant references of footnotes to the text and statistical tables add greatly to this study of a burning question in the changing constitution of civilized society.

"L'Indochine Française" (Paris: A. Colin—356 pages, 56 illustrations, 4 maps—4 francs), by H. Russier and H. Brenier, is a convenient volume for those who wish to make intelligent acquaintance with Indo-China, which forms so considerable a portion of the immense colonial empire of France, just as the Philippine Islands do of the growing colonial stretch of the United States. There is a bibliographical introduction; eight chapters on the natural history and features of the country; six chapters on the inhabitants and their various races; eight chapters on working the country's resources—mines, forests, agriculture, industries, communications, and trade; five chapters on the political and administrative organization; and a conclusion concerning what has been done and what is possible. "In twenty years, exports from Indo-China to France have increased from 2 to 44 millions; and French goods imported into Indo-China from 16 to 101 millions"—in spite of an unfavorable customs system. "In such conditions, it is wonderful that people so often speak of giving up Indo-China."

"La Colonisation Française dans l'Afrique du Nord—Algérie, Tunisie, Maroc" (Paris: A. Colin—550 pages 8vo, 4 maps—6 francs), by Victor Piquet, is a book of present interest, now that Frenchmen are in full difficulty of exercising their new protectorate over Morocco. A previous work of this author on the "Civilizations of North Africa—Berbers, Arabs, Turks," was favorably reviewed in the *Nation* two years ago. Yet another gives the military history of French "Campaigns in Africa, 1830-1910—Algiers, Tunis, Morocco." These three volumes form a complete account of the vast, populous region which is now, after fifteen centuries, again actively making history. In a first chap-

ter, a geographical description of North Africa in its eleven physical divisions is given by way of introduction (25 pages). Algiers (275 pages) is taken up successively with its history, where there are a dozen enlightening pages on its Moroccan frontiers (a late burning question); its administration, military and civil, by regions and communes; its agricultural colonization, and the constitution of property; the condition of the natives, political, financial, and social; the population and economic questions. In the same order, questions concerning Tunis are explained (135 pages). The history of Morocco is narrated in its relations with France from the conquest of Algiers in 1830 to the present occupation and successful working of the Chaouïa (Shawia); next, Morocco is studied from the social point of view; in the organization of its public services, finances, and instruction; real estate and agricultural association; and colonizing possibilities (90 pages). For the whole of North Africa, the chapters on "economic activity" (mines, forests, agriculture, industries, trade, etc.), are of distinct value to international commerce and reference libraries. The maps are intended to give needed tabular information by shading: What many Frenchmen fancy North Africa is, and what it really is; North Africa, political and economical; North Morocco, and Atlantic Morocco. However the final division of the extreme north of Morocco may be made between Spain and France, this book will keep its value for exact information.

"Otahiti" (Paris: A. Colin—280 pages, 3.50 francs), by Henri Lebeau, is a wide-awake traveller's bona-fide tale of "the country of eternal summer." He had read beforehand the story of Capt. Cook's Irish sailor who manœuvred to stay in the happy island. "I have tried to give those who have not seen Tahiti as exact an idea as possible of the realities, trivial or poetic, which offer themselves to the observation of the traveller who is at all cultivated and comes nowadays to this charming isle without preconceived ideas or other intention than to look on at what passes there." In sum, meddling civilization seems to have made more victims there than the old indolent, irresponsible savagery; but the natives manage still to enjoy their pleasure island in their own way.

"Henry Harrisse" (Paris: Ch. Cadenat—83 pages 8vo), by Henry Vignaud (in French), is a "biographical and moral study" of its subject, with a critical bibliography of his writings. The "study," no doubt, had to be written where a personality of so strong idiosyncrasy was also a "*savant* who has been called, not without some reason, the Prince of Americanists. . . . The author of these lines was one of the last friends of Harrisse; but, like so many others, he had had to stop seeing him. Now that the tomb separates them, he forgets all that should be forgotten, . . . to say that he drew from his works precious lessons of the necessity of depending on original sources only and of the critic's duty to tell the whole truth, whatever it may be." The bibliography of Harrisse's publications is of great importance to those historians who have come to be called Americanists. It comprises 94 headings under 11 sections, each accompanied by a short critical note. It is well to notice that the copy of his first work, "Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima," which Harrisse left to the Congressional Library, Washington, "contains rectifications and additions enough to make another volume." Mr. Vignaud, who is president of the Société des Américanistes de Paris, has also published since the completion of his *magnum opus* on Columbus—"Les Expéditions des Scandinaves en Amérique devant la critique" (34 pages on a new false document), and "Americ Vespuce" (43 pages, his voyages and discoveries, critically studied)—both *tirages à part* from the *Journal de la Société*, 1910-1911:

> Our considerations authorize the conclusion that the attribution of Amerigo Vespucci's name, first to South America, and then to the entire continent, is quite as justified as would have been that of the name of Columbus. The great Genoese and the great Florentine are the veritable discoverers of the New World; and it is reasonable that their two names should always be associated—to the exclusion of that of Cabot. For, although this last intrepid mariner landed in the New World (that is, on the continent), before either, he neither understood the importance nor the real character of his discovery; and it had not the same influence on the development of our geographical knowledge.

The present Memoir, which is a defence of Vespucci against historians ancient and modern, concerns only the voyages; another on the giving of his name to America is to follow.

"Edgar Poe" (Paris: Bloud—260 pages, 2.50 francs), by Emile Lauvrière, appears in the series of Grands Ecrivains étrangers. It is based on the large and complete work of the author published eight years ago, with a few additions from the gleanings of later years. It is the clearest account yet given of a genius who was exalted abroad before he could have due appreciation at home; and even now he has to be explained away in his native country. In pure literature, he is the only American author who has so far profoundly influenced the literature of Continental Europe and become a world's classic. M. Lauvrière repeats his medical thesis, which was approved by the Académie de Médecine in 1905. Its conclusions, as he shows, are not unlike those of Poe himself, whose genius, even though akin to madness, realized the sober Aristotelian condition of "reason expedited to put two and two together." S. D.

SCANDINAVIAN BOOKS.

BERGEN, Norway, May 30.

Prominent among contemporary Danish writers is Johannes V. Jensen, whose latest work, "Skibet" ("The Ship"), has for its central idea the Norseman's longing for the sun and his wanderlust, special attention being given to the expeditions of the Vikings. The author's description of the founding of Copenhagen, despite certain historical errors, has the kind of patriotic intensity which captivates.

Of Otto Rung, another Danish author, Georg Brandes wrote recently: "People ought to pay more attention to Rung's books than they have done so far. He has the greatest talent of his generation." Last year, Rung put forth an able drama, "Broen" ("The Bridge"), and lately has published a novel, "Lönkammeret" ("The Private Closet"). He understands human nature, and in particular the conditions of a large city, with all its tumult and busyness. The subject of his latest book is present-day life in Copenhagen, its contrasts between the poverty in the suburbs and the splendor and dreams of happiness and beauty in the centre of the city. The story is told in a nervous style, which keeps a firm hold of the reader.

The writer, Sophus Michaëlis, known in America through the performance in New York of his drama, "The Revolutionary Wedding," is one of the ablest and most enthusiastic students of Napoleon in Denmark. Last year he wrote a serious drama on the little Corsican, but without marked success, and recently he has published a novel, entitled, "1812. Den evige sövn" ("1812: The Eternal Sleep"). As the title indicates, the novel describes the unhappy campaign in Russia. It is done with great intensity and sense for dramatic moments, and furnishes what may properly be called thrilling reading. The book will no doubt appeal to the public, but to compare it with a master-work like Tolstoy's "War and Peace"—as one critic does—seems like ridiculous exaggeration.

A short time ago Sweden's greatest writer, August Strindberg, died in his sixty-fourth year, and, in accordance with his known wishes, was buried on a Sunday at seven o'clock in the morning. The eccentric but highly gifted author was very popular in his own country, particularly among the working classes, from whom he derived and whose cause he championed to the last. In spite of the early hour, an immense crowd assembled at the cemetery, the workingmen and the students meeting under striking banners. An edition of Strindberg's "Collected Poems" is just now being published (Stockholm: Bon-

nier), and already has an imposing number of subscribers.

Of recent Swedish fiction mention should be made of a powerful work by Gustaf Janson, "Lögnerna" ("The Liars"); a collection of short stories, "Apen och andra noveller" ("The Ape and Other Stories"), by Richard Wallner; of the novels, "Paus" ("Interval") and "John Claudius' äfventyr" ("John Claudius's Adventures"), by Henning Berger, and "Nisse," by Ludvig Lindberg.

A small pamphlet which has caused a great deal of discussion in Scandinavian newspapers and magazines is written by the well-known Swedish economist, Prof. Pontus Fahlbeck. It is called "Svensk och nordisk utrikespolitik" ("Swedish and Northern Foreign Policy") and touches on the timely question of the relation of the Scandinavian countries one to another, and their position in world politics to-day. The author points out that the Scandinavian countries should no longer persist in the belief that they will be undisturbed by any European crisis, and argues that two things now are necessary for them to do: to put their defence in better shape and to join one of the leading Powers in an alliance. The danger to the Northern countries, Professor Fahlbeck sees in Russia which is looking for an ice-free harbor on the Atlantic coast. Proper precaution would therefore dictate an understanding with Germany with a view to joining the Triple Alliance. Though written with a great show of logic and acquaintance with the facts, the pamphlet has met with hostile criticism. It is opposed, for one thing, by the strong English sentiment prevalent in Scandinavia.

The latest work by the Norwegian dramatist, Gunnar Heiberg, has caused a sensation. In a five-act drama, "Jeg vil værge mit land" ("I Will Defend my Country") he deals with the dissolving of the union between Norway and Sweden in 1905, and attacks the Norwegian policy which was followed during the latter part of that year. A small minority of Norwegians, though agreeing with others that the dissolution was inevitable, maintain with great vigor that Norway should never have been compelled to abolish her fortifications along the Swedish border. The peace obtained in such way was bought too dearly, Mr. Heiberg means, and in his drama he develops his views as to the destructive moral effect of this measure on the nation. Looked at from a dramatic standpoint the work is excellent, the scenes are well built and full of life, and some of them have real beauty. But, politically considered, it is not a fair picture, the authors of the measure being drawn as petty schemers, given over entirely to selfish ambition. For this reason the drama was received with protest when performed at the National Theatre at Christiania, some of the most sarcastic and slanderous speeches being drowned out by the hissing of the audience.

The edition of Capt. Amundsen's account of his expedition to the South Pole has just been started. The first part of the book is very neatly printed and contains a number of good photographs. It begins with a short preface by Fridtjof Nansen, who praises Amundsen's courage and ability. Amundsen's own narrative gives proof of his great modesty; it is simple and direct, and at the same time interesting and vivid. The Norwegian edition of the work will be completed before Christmas. A timely publication is Dr. O. J. Skattum's book on South Polar expeditions. It traces the history of such enterprises down to the attainment of the South Pole. It is clear and trustworthy and readable.

ARNE KILDAL.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the fifteenth century, when the Mediterranean trip, then taking the form of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, was as to-day very popular, many travellers wrote accounts of their adventures. The most famous of these, judged by the editions of his book, was the pilgrimage of Bernard von Breydenbach, Dean of Mainz, whose "Peregrinationes in Terram Sanctam" is the subject of a careful and elaborate bibliography by Hugh William Davies, recently published by J. & J. Leighton, London.

Breydenbach seems to have left Oppenheim near Mainz on April 25, 1483, and to have returned in January, 1484. The printed account of his itinerary, however, begins at Venice. Among his companions was an artist, Erhard Reuwich of Utrecht, and the illustrations in the book, engraved from his drawings, are now its most interesting feature. This is the first instance in which a single painter is definitely known to have undertaken the illustration of a printed book. At Venice the party was much enlarged, Mr. Davies having found, from various sources, the names of not less than fifty-three persons who accompanied Breydenbach from Venice to Jerusalem. At least two of these pilgrims, Felix Fabri and Paul Walther, wrote accounts of the journey, both of which are still extant in manuscript, though not printed until modern times.

Breydenbach is described in the "Itinerarium" as "hujus operis auctor principalis," but, from statements in Fabri's narrative, Mr. Davies concludes that the Latin text, at least, was composed by Martin Roth of the Dominican convent of Pforzheim.

The colophon of this first edition is dated Mainz, February 11, 1486. A second edition, with German text, is dated June 21, 1486. Both of these, as well as an edition in Flemish, all from the same types, with colophon dated May 24, 1488, were probably brought out under the supervision of Breydenbach himself. The colophons of all three editions give Erhard Reuwich, the artist, as printer, that of the German edition going so far as to assert that it was printed in Reuwich's own house ("und die truekerey yn synem huss volfüret"), but, as no other book whatever is known with his name in the colophon, it is presumed that he may have borrowed or rented the types for the time being. The types may have belonged to Schoeffer, as they resemble those used by him, and very probably he was actually the printer.

The engraver of the woodcuts is unidentified—they may have been engraved by Reuwich himself. The large panoramic views, especially, are of the greatest interest, and are the first of their kind. "They are distinguished," says Mr. Davies, "from other woodcut views published in the fifteenth century by their air of truth, as well as their liveliness," and, again, "the views are undoubtedly authentic, as well as artistic, and are valuable as giving an exact picture of these famous places as they appeared in 1483."

It is interesting to trace the travels of the original wood blocks. After being used in the three Mainz editions in 1486 and 1488, they passed to Lyons in 1489, were back in Germany again in 1490, and, finally, appear in a Spanish edition printed at Zaragoza, in Spain, in 1498.

In a bibliography of this character, limited virtually to the description of twelve editions only of a single book, the most minute particulars as to arrangement and collation, sheet-marks, water-marks in the paper, citations of references, location of copies, etc., can be given. In this respect the work is a model. Besides this, the story of the book and its author is interestingly told. There are sixty full-page plates of reproductions of title-pages, dedications, and woodcuts. The books described are all in the possession of C. Fairfax Murray, and it is worthy of note that one of his two copies of the Spanish edition (Zaragoza, 1498) once formed part of the library of Ferdinand Columbus at Seville.

The volume is a large quarto, printed on fine paper, in an edition limited to two hundred copies.

L. S. L.

Correspondence

RESPECT FOR LAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a platitude that the cohesiveness of a republican form of government depends upon the existence among the people of a habit of respect for law, of a strong belief that principles rather than men should govern. No greater teacher of these ideas existed than Lincoln, who, abhorring slavery, taught the people that a government of laws was sacred, and that, therefore, they must for the time bow to the provisions of the Constitution which recognized slavery.

To my mind the gravest danger to be apprehended from Mr. Roosevelt is that he has no appreciation whatsoever of the importance of preserving among the people the foregoing humdrum civic habits. Where laws stand in the way of his purposes, they do not command his obedience, but merely arouse his impatience, so that he ignores them or bends them to his purposes. The inevitable result of his teachings and example is to induce his followers to believe that the general welfare requires that the determination of all public policies should be confided to a popular idol, who shall

decide not by any fixed principles, but by his own idea of the immediate requirements of the situation; who, when he finds a law impeding his purpose, may, if he deems it "economically unworkable," or otherwise a "bad law," ignore it; who, when any man opposes his attainment of power, may be excused or commended for removing the obstruction by foul fighting.

Mr. Roosevelt is not only a captain whose tendency is to navigate the ship of state without any standard chart or compass, or by any fixed star, but, in order to insure his own popularity, he is willing that the crew which elected him captain shall use up the general supplies and provisions, incidentally eating and drinking heartily to the captain's glory, without any thought of the length of the voyage or the needs of the future.

Reckless as almost all of our statesmen have been in encouraging Congress to treat the people to expensive governmental luxuries out of the people's store, none has ever been so devil-may-care as Roosevelt. Economy is not popular. Economy is not spectacular. Economy is humdrum, and is to be achieved by hard work and sacrifice only. Economy wins no cheers; you couldn't stage it nor set it to music.

In the present contest Roosevelt's deficiencies have been pointed out. The voters have been asked to condemn them. Were he nominated after that, it would vindicate him in pursuing his natural tendencies. In a national campaign those tendencies would again be the issue. If elected after such a campaign, he would feel that the whole people had endorsed his gratification of those tendencies. In that event, I believe that patriotic men would have to witness the spectacle of a people, intoxicated with enthusiasm for a vigorous, engaging personality, enjoying the excitement of following a flaming torch of leadership which led to ill-considered and frequent changes in governmental policy, converted by their leader's example and teachings to discard our governmental system of checks and balances, to regard with contempt or impatience the molly-coddle civic habits of respect for laws, of belief in enduring principles, or restraint in exercising power against the minority.

I believe, therefore, that Mr. Roosevelt's nomination and election would do more than any other conceivable event to bring to an end the genuine government by the people which the fathers of the republic established. H. A. B.

New York, June 5.

A PROTEST.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a recent editorial, you say in an off-hand manner: "Take our universities, for example; they are overwhelmingly against Roosevelt." I have no statistics to contradict your assertion. But my impressions, based on some knowledge of conditions in our Western universities, certainly do not support your view.

If you had said that many (if not most) of our Law Schools are against Roosevelt; if you had stated that the majority of the students and faculty of some of our Eastern colleges and universities do not support his candidacy; or if you had even asserted that the members of many of our Western institutions of higher learning are very much divided in their allegiance, you would probably have been well within the truth. It appears to savor strongly of provincialism to base an impression of this sort upon a knowledge of conditions in a few Eastern universities. Our Western institutions, more particularly the State universities, are too close to the people to be overwhelmingly *against* Bryan, La Follette, Wilson, Roosevelt, or any other candidate with a strong popular following.

True it is that there are a few Western college or university presidents who misrepresent us in this as in other matters. But most of us are progressive (if not insurgent) in our sympathies and tendencies. The great majority of us are on the side of the people against the "interests" in this war, though we are divided in our choice of leaders. In order to prevent a possible misunderstanding, I should perhaps indicate my personal preference for La Follette or Woodrow Wilson, but I am willing to accept Bryan, Roosevelt, or any other genuine champion of popular rights against a conservative or reactionary nominee. My only fear is that in action Roosevelt may prove himself insufficiently radical or too ready to compromise.

COLLEGIATE.

Bloomington, Ind., June 5.

TEDDINESS AND TEDDIDITY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In looking over "Tono-Bungay" last evening, I happened to find a few most remarkable words. Their applicability to one of our "national figures" is so astonishing that—well! I will content myself with quoting them:

> I thought of my uncle as Teddy directly I saw him; there was something in his personal appearance that in the light of that memory phrased itself at once as Teddiness—a certain Teddidity. To describe it in any other terms is more difficult. It is nimbleness without grace, and alertness without intelligence.

ROBERT SHAFER.

Princeton, N. J., May 31.

THE HARVARD EXCHANGE PROFESSORSHIP.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It seems worth while to call attention to the working out of the Harvard exchange professorship plan, which has been put into effect for the first time this year. It will be recalled that under this plan Harvard sends out a professor who spends a month at each of four Western colleges—Colorado College, Grinnell, Beloit, and Knox. Each of the Western colleges sends a member of its faculty to Harvard for a semester; these representatives devote about a third of their time to teaching, and are free to use the rest for study and research.

Judging by the experience of Colorado College, the plan has been very successful this year. Prof. A. B. Hart, the first exchange professor from Harvard, has just completed his lectures here. During his stay he has assumed the regular duties of a member of the faculty. He has taken charge of the course in American history, and in connection with the political science course has given a series of lectures on American statesmen. Besides these courses he has delivered a number of illustrated lectures on Japan, China, India, and the Philippines. All the lectures have been open to the public, as well as to the students, and have been largely attended.

One result of the lectures has been to stimulate interest in American history and politics among the students. In various respects Professor Hart has presented to them a new and interesting point of view. In this way the exchange arrangement seems likely to be of great value to the Western colleges. Next year Harvard will be represented in the West by Prof. George Herbert Palmer.

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

Colorado Springs, May 31.

A BACH FESTIVAL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Bach festival, held in the old Moravian town of Bethlehem, Pa., on Friday, May 31, and Saturday, June 1, under the leadership of Dr. J. Fred. Wolle, was a musical event of first-rate importance.

With a chorus of more than two hundred voices, forty members of the Philadelphia Orchestra, and Mrs. Mary Hissen-DeMoss, soprano; Mrs. Gertrude Stein-Bailey, contralto; Nicholas Douty, tenor, and Frank Croxton, bass, as soloists, Dr. Wolle gave on Friday afternoon the cantatas "It is Enough" and "Christian Stand with Sword in Hand"; and on Friday evening the cantatas "Soul array Thyself with Gladness" and "Strike, oh! Strike, Long-looked-for Hour." These cantatas, so far as I know, have never been sung elsewhere in the United States.

On Saturday afternoon, the Mass in B minor was sung in two parts, with an intermission of one hour and a half.

Although the festival was almost entirely unheralded, there was a very large attendance of musicians and music lovers from all over the United States, and even some foreigners travelling in this country. The festival was held in the beautiful vine-covered chapel of Lehigh University, with a seating capacity of 1,200. The fine campus and extensive lawns of University Park made a fit setting for the festival, and the weather was perfect. Each session was announced by the Moravian Church trombonists, from the belfry in the tall spire of the chapel, by the playing of three chorales. The work of the orchestra, chorus, and soloists, under Dr. Wolle's direction, was a revelation, even to the most careful students of Bach music.

This festival was the seventh held in Bethlehem since 1900, and great satisfaction was expressed by all visitors that there would be another festival next season.

HANNAH E. GODSHALK.

Bethlehem, Pa., June 5.

AUTHORSHIP OF "THE LIE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of May 23, Mr. Theron Wilber Haight revives a discussion threshed out long since in the columns of *Notes and Queries*. He advances the curious theory that the familiar poem of thirteen stanzas beginning "Go, Soul, the body's guest," commonly entitled "The Lie," was put together from some quatrains of Sylvester by Bishop Percy, and that it first

appears in his "Reliques," 1765. When Percy attributed the poem to Raleigh, Mr. Haight believes he deliberately imposed on his readers.

It is clear that Mr. Haight has not examined the evidence in the case, for he makes no allusion to J. Hannah's "The Poems of Sir Walter Raleigh, collected and authenticated, with those of Sir Henry Wotton and other Courtly Poets," Aldine edition. Hannah's conclusions in regard to the poems that may be attributed to Raleigh, and especially in regard to "The Lie," are generally accepted. A. H. Bullen, surely an acknowledged authority on Elizabethan verse, declared that "The Lie" "may be assigned without hesitation to Sir Walter Raleigh" (see his reprint of "Davison's Poetical Rhapsody," London, 1890, Vol. I, p. ixvi), while T. N. Brushfield in his careful "Bibliography of Sir Walter Ralegh, Knt.," second edition, Exeter, 1908, relies on Hannah's evidence, so far as Raleigh's verse is concerned.

It is hard to understand Mr. Haight's assertion that there is no authentic record of the existence "of that particular structure of verse generally called 'The Lie,'" until a hundred and fifty years after Sylvester's death in 1618. He is again alluding to the appearance of "The Lie" in Percy's "Reliques." Percy, in a note prefixed to the poem, states that it is found "In a very scarce miscellany entitled 'Davison's Poems, or a poeticall Rhapsodie divided into sixe books.'" Mr. Bullen has shown that it appeared in the second edition of the "Rhapsody," 1608; the only known copy of the first edition, 1602, is defective. "The Lie" is included in several MSS. Among others cited by Hannah is MS. Harleian 6910. This MS., all in the same hand, has on fol. 73 the date 1596, and it is generally presumed that "The Lie," which appears on fol. 141 verso, was written down not much later. No earlier version has yet been discovered.

In the Appendix A of his "Poems of Sir Walter Raleigh," Hannah prints from Chetham MS. 8012, an answer to "The Lie." The second line of it reads "Make answer that rude Rawly no stomach can digest." I have noticed this same poem in MS. Rawl. Poet. 172, where it is entitled "An aunswere to the lie by Lo: of Essex." Here the second line reads "Make aunswere that soe rawe a lie noe stomache can digest." In both lines, the pun is sufficiently obvious.

EDWARD BLISS REED.

Yale College, June 3.

THE CONFEDERATE SEAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is no mystery about the great seal of the Confederate States lately found in the safe of Admiral Selfridge and now to be properly housed at Richmond. Col. John T. Pickett showed it to me in the summer of 1872, and subsequently had many facsimiles of the obverse of it made and liberally distributed among friends and acquaintances at Washington, to accompany a pamphlet giving its history.

The seal never went into service, having got through the blockade too late to be put to use. That is a pity, for the seal is, or was, beautiful in design and execution. I can well believe what Col. Pickett told me when he showed it to me—that Messrs. Wyon, the famous seal makers, pronounced it the handsomest piece of work of the kind that, up to that time—1864—they had ever produced. CHARLES F. BENJAMIN.

Washington, D. C., June 7.

MACAULAY'S WORDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The sin of plagiarism has occasionally been so effectively exposed in your columns that it is sad to find an example of it in your issue of May 16. It may best be exhibited by the usual deadly parallel:

LITERARY NOTE IN THE "NATION."	MACAULAY'S ESSAY ON BUNYAN.
It is interesting to note that all the early editions [of "The Pilgrim's Progress"] were evidently meant only for the cottage and the servants' hall. The paper, the printing, the plates were all of the meanest description. It is perhaps the only instance in which the educated minority has come over to the opinion of the common people.	It is a significant circumstance that, till a recent period, all the numerous editions of "The Pilgrim's Progress" were evidently meant for the cottage and the servants' hall. The paper, the printing, the plates were all of the meanest description. . . . "The Pilgrim's Progress" is perhaps the only book about which, after the lapse of a hundred years, the educated minority has come over to the opinion of the common people.

It is to be suspected that the literary editor set out to draw upon nothing more classic than the ready-made "note" issued by the Tract Society, whose new edition of Bunyan's work was the matter immediately in hand. If so, we may derive edification from learning how even a Tract Society may fall from grace, and further from discovering, as some have done heretofore, that one of the dangers of omitting quotation marks is that it may be a plagiarist that we plagiarize. A.

University of Illinois, May 18.

[The Tract Society may be exonerated. We were informed by the contributor of the note that Macaulay was his authority for the statement made, but we were not informed, and did not remember, that Macaulay's actual words were used.—ED. NATION.]

Literature

EARLY EGYPTIAN RELIGION.

Osiris and the Egyptian Resurrection. By E. A. Wallis Budge, M.A., Litt.D., etc., Keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2 volumes. $10.50 net.

The recent publication of the Vedas of Egypt, the Pyramid Texts, the oldest body of literature surviving from the ancient world, in a careful edition of the Hieroglyphic text by Sethe of Göttingen, has made it possible to undertake researches in the analysis of early Egyptian religion, fundamental in their importance not only for the understanding of Egyptian civilization, but also for the study of the history of religion in general. Nowhere have we an uninterrupted, unarrested development in religion of such length as that which we may trace in Egypt for above three thousand years before Christ. It furnishes an imposing vista in human thought, in which we may discern the successive domination of one influence after another as nature, society, and the inner life of man contribute force after force to fashion and deepen religion.

In the beginning we discern nature contributing the two leading gods: Re the Sun, and Osiris the Nile, or the principle of life which fructified soil and vegetation alike. These two faiths, the Solar and the Osirian, early felt the influence of the Egyptian state and of social forces which humanized the two gods. They pass from the domain of nature to the sovereignty of human affairs, and with paternal solicitude guard the fortunes of men. Of the two the supremacy of the Sun-god Re, in the monuments at least, is quite clearly the older, being early identified with the fortunes of the state, till the Solar faith became indeed the state religion. Although he granted the great of the earth a celestial hereafter, Re remained a god of the living. The belief in the ever-dying, ever-rising Osiris was a popular faith which rapidly spread among the common people, and in its rise, later disclosed than that of the Sun-god, we discern the struggle of a popular with a state religion, the earliest such conflict known in the world of religion. A study of the Pyramid Texts reveals the emergence of the moral intuitions as well as the Osirianization of these ancient documents as a steady process marking the progress of the Osirian faith in its conquest of court and Pharaoh. The supremacy of the Sun-god was not shaken; Osiris remained a god of the dead, and the two faiths coalesced in a composite and confused fabric, of which it is now impossible to untangle all the complicated threads. In the end when the Egyptian state went down, Osiris triumphed, and in the Roman age he victoriously girdled the Mediterranean to make conquest of the northern peoples and even to enter the palace of the Cæsars. Monuments such as the Egyptian obelisks at Rome and the temple of Isis at Pompeii are but the scanty wreckage left by the tide of Oriental and Egyptian religion which before the beginning of the Christian era had swept across the Roman Empire. They are the last survivals from the ancient struggle between the Sun-god and Osiris, which began more than five thousand years ago under the shadow of the Gizeh pyramids.

With this large and complicated problem of the place of Osiris in Egyptian religion, Dr. Budge endeavors to grapple in the two bulky volumes under discussion. He makes the Osirian faith the original and at all times the dominant

religion of Egypt, and identifies it with elements still surviving in the inner African religions of to-day. We find such convincing evidence for this far-reaching conclusion as the affirmation that the Egyptian islands of the blessed in the celestial waters are the islands in Victoria Nyanza, although there is no indication anywhere that the Egyptians ever heard of this lake, or even that the Egyptian celestial islands mentioned are Osirian. Three random words for "people" in ancient Egyptian speech are gravely averred to be identical with three kinds of malignant spirits in interior Africa. As a matter of fact, of all the great gods in the Egyptian pantheon, Osiris is the only one who exhibits evidences of Asiatic connection, a fact which has recently been emphasized by Reisner in his Ingersoll lecture at Harvard, though much more evidence can be adduced than Reisner brings forward.

The Sun-god, on the other hand, according to Budge, is a late intrusion introduced into Egypt from abroad in the Fifth Dynasty. In reading such statements the student of the monuments rubs his eyes and reads again. Is it possible that the figure of the Sun-god as a Falcon, depicted on all the leading monuments of the First Dynasty, and even on pre-dynastic monuments is a phantom which has deluded us all? Are we all laboring under a delusion in accepting the names of Khafre and Menkure, the builders of the Fourth-Dynasty pyramids at Gizeh, as names which are compounded with that of Re, the Sun-god? And yet all this was before the Fifth Dynasty!

By such methods as these, then, the author ignores the existence of Re, the Sun-god, on the one hand, although he was the greatest god of Egypt throughout her history, and, on the other, involves Osiris in a methodless hodge-podge of inner African superstitions shuffled together at random, without discernment, analysis, or interpretation. Doubtless, some things from the life of the black races of Africa crept into Egypt in the course of ages, but it will require at least some semblance of method to demonstrate what these importations were. The work displays no ability of its author either in the discernment, the collection, or the arrangement of material. The most obvious and tangible facts are either overlooked or misunderstood. We are told that the stone temple emerged in the Sixth Dynasty, or possibly earlier, in face of the fact that Quibell found remains of a stone temple of the Second Dynasty at Hierakonpolis and ruins of the imposing Fifty Dynasty temples to the Sun-god have been excavated by the Germans at Abusir. The author solemnly assures us of the existence of ancestor-worship (Vol. I, p. 290) in this land where it never arose. We hear more than once of Egyptian *tribes*, although there never were any in historic times, and the "Book of the Dead" is identified with the Pyramid Texts!

When by some happy chance the author makes an observation which bears some resemblance to the facts, he has no difficulty in forgetting it at once. We are told regarding Osiris: "About his burial-place there is no doubt, for all tradition, both Egyptian and Greek, states that his grave was at Abydos" (Vol. I, p. 67). Having this universally acknowledged fact in hand, we are brought up on page 210 of the same volume, by the statement: "Now, the tomb of Osiris, *par excellence*, was at Busiris." In the second volume, however, we are again informed that it was acknowledged to be at Abydos in the Twelfth Dynasty (p. 9), while a little further on (p. 83) we discover that this fact had become certain in the Eighteenth Dynasty.

This happy facility with facts adduced by himself is familiar to all Orientalists who have worked with Budge's books, and any one who is not acquainted with the phenomena in the case will find an instructive list in the review of Budge's "History of Egypt" in the *American Historical Review*. One who meets this situation for the first time in the work of a man of high *official* position in the Oriental field is not a little startled, and in a recent review of another of Budge's books by George Foucart, the hardened reader of Budge will note with some amusement the pained surprise with which Foucart remarks, "Non seulement la démonstration ne sera pas faite, mais voici qu'il semble que M. B[udge] soit en contradiction la plus étonnante avec lui-même." Foucart is unable to understand how a scholar can "oublier les faits qu'il a cités lui-même en tant que documents, etc." A glance at these two volumes on Osiris, or a little use of Budge's "History" will sufficiently familiarize M. Foucart with the invariable method by which our author has produced such a formidable line of volumes as now burden the shelves of our Oriental libraries.

It is not to be expected that a man who does not know what he has himself said ten pages earlier can marshal his data and disclose in them the course of a long cultural development—a process demanding the complete mastery of a great mass of materials and a command of the whole field which will enable him to trace the Osirianizing of Egyptian religion, and the expansion of the Solar faith till his reader discerns it as the orderly unfolding of a deep and ever-expanding vista. When a modern student of religion begins his discussion with the assumption of primitive monotheism, it is quite possible for him to state as Budge does of Egyptian religion, that "all its fundamentals remained unchanged through the Dynastic Period" (Vol. I, p. xiii).

Travelers on the Nile, and students of symbolism in art will be interested in our author's interpretation of the familiar cross, known to all, as the symbol of life, and commonly designated the *crux ansata* ("cross with handles"). The actual object depicted in this mysterious Egyptian symbol, has long been uncertain. Dr. Budge identifies it at last as the umbilical cord of Horus with the placenta attached. The only objection to this highly ingenious interpretation is that it is wrong, as any tyro could demonstrate in a moment. Moreover, a little more familiarity with the current literature of the science would have furnished Dr. Budge with the fact that the famous symbol in question has recently been shown to be so commonplace a thing as a sandal-latchet, the name of which happens to possess in Egyptian the same consonants as the word "life."

This is of a piece with the author's use of Egyptian throughout. The oldest city of Osiris, called by the Greeks Busiris, appears in these pages in its Egyptian form sometimes as *Ṭeṭ*, again as *Ṭeṭu*, *Ṭetet*, and *Ṭattu!* We have long passages of the Pyramid Texts selected at random, inserted in English translation in these volumes, and we are informed by the author that they appear here in English for the first time. A comparison with the French version of Maspero at critical points discloses the basis of these first English versions. In a passsage referring to "evening kettles," which Maspera has rendered "chaudrons brûlants," misunderstanding the word "evening" as "brûlants," Budge renders "fiery caldrons." Such deadly parallels between Budge's renderings of these intensely difficult texts, and the inevitable misunderstandings in the French version could be multiplied indefinitely. Moreover, the new text of Sethe was available in sufficient time for the author to have employed it in place of Maspero's now obsolete edition, or at least to have collated his renderings with Sethe's exhaustive text.

Even among Budge's books it is impossible to find another such muddle of ill-arranged misinformation as we find in these two volumes. It has seemed the more necessary to set forth the truth regarding the work, in view of the fact that a number of widely read popular periodicals have inserted the conventional notice of it, in which the uninformed hack reviewer has highly commended it as a notable contribution to learning.

BERLIN PUBLIC LIB

CURRENT FICTION.

[THE ECCENTRIC HERO.]

The Joyous Wayfarer. By Humfrey Jordan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Unknown Woman. By Anne Warwick. New York: John Lane Co.

Views and Vagabonds. By R. Macaulay. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The Squirrel-Cage. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Manalive. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Co.

The fiction of the eccentric or irresponsible hero grows steadily in volume. The day of the plain man is not over, we decline to believe it, but he has to take second place in a considerable proportion of our current novels. The artist-idol is largely responsible for this. With increasing frequency the novel-reader is invited to the spectacle of the artistic temperament in action. It must be true that there is a public which is positively interested in the writing man, and the painting man, and the fiddling man. Chiefly a feminine public, one suspects, in America at least; for if there is any member of the community who is looked down upon by the robust American male it is the artist. He has no office hours, he is not a Mason, nobody knows how he gets along: why doesn't he go to work? The ladies are more tolerant, since the grasshopper has a certain fanciful charm for the spouse of the ant. But they feel that he ought to be apologized for, made allowances for in various ways; and the result is that relatively new and exceptionally flourishing species of fiction which occupies itself with assuring the world that the grasshopper is really a most useful creature. The simple and obviously true assertion that the artist, the real artist, is not a grasshopper at all, would knock the bottom out of this type of literature, if the ladies, and the ladies' novelists could be brought to believe it. But, of course, they could not. There are certain conventions of the sort which fiction could hardly do without. If the artist is a vagabond, the nobleman is a brute, the actor a libertine, the statesman a liar. All murderers, Mark Twain discovered, are left-handed—as it may be said, roughly, that all heroines worthy of the name have violet eyes.

The "Joyous Wayfarer" is a young Englishman named Massingdale. His father is a captain in the navy, not a stupid man, nor insensible to art, but quite unwilling that his son shall become an artist. The son cares for nothing else, but with the amenableness of young England to the hand that holds the purse-strings, allows himself to be steered towards the bar. In due time he becomes a licensed practitioner of the law, and the betrothed of a nice young English girl. But it is only necessary for her to throw him over to lead him to abandon all his respectable prospects and set off for Paris to study painting in earnest. Of course, he is to succeed in the end. But the road to success in the arts is notoriously as rough as the path of true love, and our wayfarer has his stiff adventures. He has, to be sure, the encouragement of a great Parisian teacher and of a group of Bohemians to which the master belongs. But he has no money to go on with, and is reduced to various shifts to keep body and soul together. There is a French singer and demi-mondaine with whom he has had a casual relation before his engagement, and her hopeless and picturesque passion for him plays its part in the story. But he cannot forget his English girl, and she is restored to him in proper course, with the aid of a somewhat sensational episode which gives the hero a chance to bear himself with credit in the rôle of rescuer. So much for the plot: the real charm of the book for the reader must depend on whether Massingdale's "lines" ring true for him or not. For Massingdale is, above all, a talker, a person of whimsy and flamboyant humor, and it is touch and go whether one is amused or bored by this type of hero. Our impression is that the young man is a bit of a popinjay. He is never unconscious of his professional make-up; and one eye, at least, is always on the gallery.

In "The Unknown Woman" a different type of artist is presented. Massingdale is unconventional, not irresponsible—an almost tiresomely worthy young man beneath his audacities of manner and speech. Maurice Maury is a man of the world, with a footing in society. He is in no danger of falling into a casual Bohemianism, but is untrustworthy at bottom. After living many years in Italy, he returned to New York confessedly for the purpose of taking toll of his fellow-countrymen. His wife and he are both fond of luxurious living, and there is a young daughter, almost ripe for society, and in need of all sorts of expensive "advantages." So Maury (who, of course, has genius) devotes himself to making money. At some expense—slight at first—of his own integrity, he cultivates the favor of a rich clientèle, deliberately produces inferior work of superior marketability, and for a time reaps his reward. But his complaisance is presently carried too far, and costs him his reputation and his clients. This is all incidental to the main action, which concerns his relation to "the unknown woman," who chances to be his wife. She is credited with being a creature of fire and mystery; beautiful, of course, and virtuous according to her own lights. She has a diabolical temper and a not angelic pride; but, then, she is half-Italian. As a young girl she has had an experience which in old-fashioned fiction—and life—would have labelled her "ruined," and so disposed of her once for all. But this is aggressively not old-fashioned fiction. She not only marries Maury without telling him of that early experience, but she does not even deign to be ashamed of it when he finds it out. It all happened before she knew him—therefore it has nothing to do with him. And, what is more, she looks with complacency at the prospect of her daughter's marriage to her former "betrayer"—as the old vocabulary had it. And what is most—but the matter needn't be gone into further: it is all perfectly emancipated and rather nasty. In the end the unknown woman and the spineless artist discover that they love only each other—a sadly old-fashioned ending.

There is another type of irresponsible hero who is just now popular. Mr. Locke's "Septimus" and Mr. Hewlett's "Senhouse" represent him in his more sophisticated form—the dilettante in life who finds it more amusing to be eccentric than to be elegant. In "The Broad Highway," Jeffery Farnol amalgamated him, to piquant effect, with the ancient swashbuckling hero of romance. In his pure and simple form, he is the young gentleman with theories, who chooses to reform himself or the world by turning blacksmith or carpenter.

The young gentleman of "Views and Vagabonds" turns first blacksmith and then cabinet-maker, equally to his own satisfaction and the contempt of his fellow-man. He is only a Benjamin Bunter to begin with, but his supposed father is an M.P., and his mother a lady of quality, and he has been reared for a pillar of the superior classes. He comes out of the university an advanced Socialist, however; takes to blacksmithing, and marries a daughter of the people on principle. In the outcome he is no happier than he deserves to be. The daughter of the people is as good as he, but has the hopeless limitations of the peasant; and not even the discovery that he is really of similar stock—a discovery that fills him with exultation—serves to remove the barrier between them. In short, all the enthusiast's dreams amount to in reality is a dingy existence among people to the level of whose taste in art and life the luckless enthusiast is forced in self-defence to descend. He lives in a machine-made cottage termed by his wife "Daisyville," drinks beer with his drunken father and father-in-law, and looks forward to seeing the Coronation from a local 'bus. Withal, he is not unhappy: the scene closes in a mild half-light of acceptation—upon "a world of foregrounds" in which "things are more important than the ideas behind them, phenomena than noumena. One handles and touches and tastes each thing as it comes along; for in the end it is the artist's world, not

the philosopher's." Benjamin is not the only unconventional figure in the book. There is a delightful pair of grown-up children, the Crevequers, whose vagaries are a fair offset to the deliberate follies of the carpenter-blacksmith. The moral of the story is altogether in their favor.

Mr. Daniel Rankin of Endbury also abandons a respectable career for carpentering, but from a very different motive. He has no set creed in regard to the duty of laboring with one's hands, nor has he any sort of social theory to prove. He simply takes to joiner-work because he "has to begin somehow to earn his living honestly without being too tied up to folks." He has had to escape from "the squirrel-cage" of life as accepted by Endbury's leading people. The insurance business has promised him "success" in the Endbury sense, but he cannot stomach the accepted methods, and he sees no better prospect in other sorts of business. Indeed, the business world, like the social world, seems to him a maze of insincerities and compromises—a squirrel-cage from which, turn and twist as one may, there is no escape for the half-hearted. So he withdraws, much to the disgust of polite Endbury. But Rankin is not the chief figure in this story. This is young Lydia Emery, born in the squirrel-cage, and held there firmly by her adoring family. Already attracted by Rankin, and sharing his natural instinct for escape from vulgarity and insincerity, she is propelled into marriage with a man whose motto is Success. The portraits of this man and of Lydia's family, slaves to their bank accounts, their servants, the opinions of their neighbors, are drawn with force and humor. In the end Lydia is to make her escape; but Endbury is unaffected by it: life in the squirrel-cage goes on as actively and emptily as ever. We recall no recent interpretation of American life which has possessed more of dignity and less of shrillness than this—uncompromising as it is.

If the story has a moral, it is, as Mr. Chesterton would put it, that only the responsible are irresponsible. And this is the obvious moral of "Manalive." Manalive is an extraordinary being (from the conventional point of view), who is really too sane to do anything sensible. He abandons his university and the world, not to enter the ranks of the serious-minded, but to make himself "a kind of fanatic of the joy of life." It will at once be perceived that when Mr. Chesterton's hero speaks of the joy of life, he does not mean what the words mean. Far from it. "Though not an optimist, in that absurd sense of maintaining that life is all beer and skittles, he did seem really to maintain that beer and skittles are a most serious part of it." He enters the scene with a leap over a high garden wall, preceded by a hat, a green umbrella, and a Gladstone bag, and from that moment events are lively, if not particularly intelligible even with Mr. Chesterton's gloss. It is, of course, like this writer's other so-called novels, a tract, an essay, an extravaganza—a bit of lively exercise on the part of that incorrigibly teetering mind.

THE FAR NORTH.

The Arctic Prairies: A Canoe-Journey of 2,000 Miles in Search of the Caribou; being the Account of a Voyage to the Region North of Aylmer Lake. By Ernest Thompson Seton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

Hunters and Hunting in the Arctic. By the Duke of Orleans. Translated by H. Grahame Richards. London: David Nutt. 7s. 6d. net.

As the traditional woman with her postscript, so Mr. Seton has reserved for his appendices the most important part of his book, which is a discussion of the possibility of pushing our zone of healthful and profitable habitation much farther north than has so far been considered feasible. The best grain fields of America lie in what was at one time held to be waste land because of its northern location, and the author is confident that there are immense possibilities still farther in the same direction. Man, like the lower animals, he holds, will find his best development in the coldest part of his range in which he can find a sufficient quantity of food. The giant races of original America existed on the buffalo plains of the far Northwest and in Patagonia, just as the giant race of Africa is the Zulu of the Cape. It is the excessive heat of the tropics or the under-feeding of the polar regions that produces the dwarf. As to the region which has already been won, he quotes Henry Ward Beecher's words of about thirty years ago: "You note the class of men going in there—that means brains; you see the endless grain-lands—they mean wealth; you mark those long winter evenings—these mean time to think. There is a rare combination: brains, wealth, and time to think. I tell you there are great things coming out of the Canadian Northwest. Keep your eye on Winnipeg." That there are still farther to the north immense expanses with soil conditions suitable to grain, he has satisfied himself with his own eyes. That killing summer frosts will retreat still further before the axe and plough, as they are alleged to have retreated from parts already gained, is his firm conviction. Where the balsam poplar grows the potato will grow; where the white poplar is found barley is possible, and the jack-pine marks the possibility of wheat. But these terminal lines go far beyond the Northwest limit of the Peace River region, and hence mark that entire region as an easy conquest. The climate of this region he pronounces one of the most salubrious in the world, with no special diseases and no annoying pests but mosquitoes and bull-dog flies, with which experience will teach the settler how to cope, just as it has taught the people of Minnesota and Manitoba. For milk and meat in parts too cold for our ordinary breeds of cattle he is an enthusiastic believer in the possibilities of the yak, or woolly ox, which has proved its adaptability by coming down from its frigid native haunts in Tibet, to live and breed successfully in such sea-level regions as Shanghai, Paris, Antwerp, and the London Zoölogical Gardens. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, some four thousand miles, extends a belt of land with an average width of five hundred miles, fifty States the size of Ohio, let us say, suited admirably to grazing in every respect but the severity of its winters; and to the yak this obstacle would be simply no obstacle at all, but rather the one thing necessary to make it feel really at home! The author is not sanguine enough to believe that people from warm climates are going to flock into this belt at once, when these possibilities are demonstrated. His idea is that Canada should open the way, make access easy by building railways where necessary, and invite immigration from Northern Europe—men and women who already know how to cope with the difficulties of a cold climate and who would be only too glad of the opportunities offered by rich lands at merely nominal prices. Through the generosity of the Duke of Bedford a herd of yaks has been presented to the Canadian Government for breeding purposes, with a view to testing their capacity thus to extend the bounds of a comfortable and prosperous civilization into the north. We have said so much of the immigrant and the yak which the author would introduce that we can only add, concerning the caribou which he went to find, his optimistic conclusion that its numbers still run into the tens of millions, that slaughter of it now is far less than in the past, and that there is no danger whatever of its extinction.

The volume of the Duke of Orleans is made up of descriptive extracts from the diary of a voyage to the Arctic seas in 1909, with various memoranda from voyages made in 1904, 1905, and 1907. The author is a confirmed lover of the deep, and regrets that France has not made a better showing in maritime enterprise:

> If a nation wishes to retain its vigor and to endure, it must nourish a liking for things maritime in its children, and induce them to "go down to the sea in ships." . . . It is at sea that I have experienced the most powerful and poignant emotions of my life, where I have always been most keenly conscious of the presence and pro-

tection of God; and it is when I have been face to face with the dangers of the sea that I have seen social distinctions vanish, he alone commanding who had proved himself worthy to command.

The northern seas are attractive to him just because of the dangers of the ice and the fogs and gales which constantly threaten. "Those frozen seas have taught me to love even while doubting them; to them I have given part of a wandering exile's life, part of my innermost self." These extracts from the introductory chapter foreshadow a spirited and attractive book, tinctured in every paragraph with the amiable personality of the author, and the reader is not disappointed. Sometimes he becomes quite amusing, as when his elation at the supposed discovery of wild musk-oxen on Walrus Island gives way to disgust upon finding that it is only the domesticated herd of some intrepid outrunner of the civilization which he supposed he had left far behind. "Farewell, then, to my fond illusions; farewell also to my hopes of discovering bears, walruses, and wild musk-oxen! The latter had been domesticated; the former must all have been destroyed or have disappeared inland before the warfare waged upon them by man. The devil take these salaried slaughters—and may Saint Hubert pardon them!" In type, paper, and illustrations (we can hardly include the binding) the book is unusually satisfactory to the eye.

Socialism as It Is: A Survey of the Worldwide Revolutionary Movement. By William English Walling. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

The vision of Marx and Engels saw the workers of the world, ever growing in numbers, in misery, and in desperation, ruthlessly ruled and exploited by a capitalist class whose numbers were ever shrinking but whose wealth was ever increasing. Finally, driven by the irresistible force of starvation, the multitudinous proletariat would rise in revolt, seize the government in their own interest, expropriate the capitalist class, and establish the new classless Coöperative Commonwealth as the final enduring "synthesis" of the long-drawn (Hegelian) dialectic process of social evolution. Such was the original, orthodox Socialistic dream-picture of the "catastrophic" school. Time and the inexorable force of facts long ago destroyed the baseless fabric; no one any longer believes in the "catastrophe" theory. Now comes William English Walling, one of the "intellectuals" of the American Socialist party, with a new picture of things as they are and a new prophecy of things that are to be—both rather different from the picture and the prophecy of Marx.

In the first place, instead of a small and dwindling group of immensely rich and all-powerful capitalists, Mr. Walling sees a large class of capitalists, great and small, constituting a very considerable percentage of the total population. In the second place, instead of a "middle class" virtually non-existent because it has been almost entirely absorbed by the proletariat, Mr. Walling finds a large class of people "who either on account of their ownership of some slight property or because they receive salaries or fees sufficiently large, must be placed in the middle class"; and this class he finds to be "increasing numerically more rapidly than any other." In the third place, instead of an enormous mass of oppressed, half-starved destitute workingmen constituting the proletariat, Mr. Walling finds a working class which has in fifty years materially bettered its economic position, and is now incited to the class-war on capitalism, not by hunger for food, but by hunger for *equality*—economic, political, and social, in the wide sense of the words. "*No matter how fast wages increase*," says Mr. Walling, in his own italics, "*if profits increase faster, we are journeying not towards social democracy, but towards a caste society.*" The only thing that will satisfy the true revolutionary Socialist of to-day is the establishment of social democracy with the working class in absolute control of it; no amount of material betterment of the working class is of any consequence to the Socialist unless it is created by means which bring nearer the desired consummation.

Now the grouping of opposing forces in the class war, as Mr. Walling sees it, is very interesting. He finds that we are rapidly passing into "State Socialism," or "Capitalist Collectivism," as a result of the "popular unrest" and uprising against the large corporations. This is what he calls the "New Capitalism," and he expects it to result in excellent and far-reaching reforms which will aid the small capitalist against the large capitalist (and the consumer against both), and result in many and important material benefits to the wageworker, without, however, in the slightest degree improving his relative position as regards the capitalist or bringing him one inch nearer to control of the political power. This condition he expects to endure for some considerable time, while the capitalist class and the working, or propertyless, class contend for the support of the great middle class already mentioned, for these "middle-class millions" are the "bone of contention" between Socialism and capitalism.

Read in connection with Weyl's "New Democracy" (recently reviewed in these columns), Mr. Walling's account of the new Socialism (as we may call it) and of the currents of social evolution as observable to-day, the world over, constitutes a particularly interesting study. Both men are shrewd observers, both impress the reader with a sense of fairness and frankness, and in the pictures drawn by each there is much that is alike. Yet in their views of the ultimate future they are poles apart. The student of Socialism will do well to note in reading Mr. Walling's book how notably Socialism is changing front to adjust itself to the new and greatly improved conditions of the working class, and the similarly changing front of capitalism. Somehow the necessity for the "final synthesis" of the classless commonwealth does not seem so evident in the new alignment as it used to be made to seem under the old catastrophic presentment.

The Constitution and Finance of English, Scottish, and Irish Joint-Stock Companies to 1720. By William Robert Scott, M.A., D.Phil., Litt.D., Lecturer in Political Economy in the University of St. Andrews. Vol. II, Companies for Foreign Trade, Colonization, Fishing, and Mining; Vol III, Water Supply, Postal, Street Lighting, Manufacturing, Banking, Finance, and Insurance Companies, also statements relating to the Crown Finances. Cambridge University Press; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5; $6.

In the field of commercial and mercantile history, this work of a scholar with business experience in the past, and now a lecturer in political economy at a leading Scottish university, is one of the most notable productions of recent years. It is remarkable, not only for the thoroughness with which the author has surveyed the field of corporate business activity in the British Isles in the period before 1720, so far as joint-stock companies are concerned, but also for the singularly dispassionate and business-like manner in which he has approached the many difficult problems that have arisen. The material for the history of politics and diplomacy is easy of access, as compared with that out of which the history of business endeavor must be wrought, and the qualifications of financial expert and trained historian are all too rarely found in combination. That Dr. Scott possesses both the patience to find and the skill to interpret the meagre and scattered records is indubitable testimony to his sagacity and understanding.

Dr. Scott has dealt with the internal organization and financial administration of some two hundred companies, ranging from such great corporations as the East India Company, the Royal African Company, and the South Sea Company, to the "Proprietors of the Sucking-Worm Engine" and the "Society for Improving Native Manufactures so as to Keep Out the Wet." To some of

these he has been able to devote from fifty to a hundred and more pages each, and others he dismisses with only a dozen lines or half a page on account of the meagreness of the information obtainable.

From the point of view of economic and financial history, Dr. Scott has entered a field of exceedingly fruitful inquiry, which, as he says in his preface, has been strangely neglected. Though much has been written on the history of the early British companies, the subject has hitherto been treated from the standpoint of ulterior results rather than in relation to the system itself, which made these results possible. Though the first volume, which will record the general development of the joint-stock system and bring it into its proper relation with the chief social, political, industrial, and commercial tendencies which influenced it, is still in press, unexpectedly and unaccountably delayed, and though the author's conclusions regarding the uses of capital after the close of the Middle Ages are, therefore, yet to appear, the volumes before us are exceedingly suggestive, not only to the historian, but also to the searcher for facts and illustrations regarding manners, customs, and ways of living in the British Isles two centuries and more ago.

The first of the volumes thus far issued deals chiefly with the companies that were concerned in foreign trade and colonization, and furnishes a point of view that is both unusual and illuminating. By bringing into line with the companies that were organized for trade only those that were promoted more especially for trade and settlement in America, he is able to show their essential similarity and the unity of the mercantile efforts that lay behind all the commercial activities of that time. Thus the Virginia and Plymouth companies, the company of adventurers that aided the Pilgrims in the Mayflower, the Massachusetts Bay Company, and other lesser organizations, familiar to the student of colonial history, are brought into comparison not only with the companies organized for traffic in Canada, South America, and the West Indies, but also with the other companies whose business was solely for trade in the East—with Russia, the Levant, India, and Africa. From such juxtaposition we see the interacting and co-operating forces, usually lost sight of by writers on early American history, that were effecting the expansion of British commercial interest and were integral factors in the work of settling Virginia and Bermuda, Massachusetts, and old Providence Island. We get a vivid picture of capitalistic energy and ambition in London and elsewhere, undistorted by that bias of hostility or hero-worship which has frequently marred the accounts of older writers. We see the same men concerned with the settlement of America that were interested in the trade with the East, and we can in no inconsiderable measure visualize their movements and determine their motives. Only from such a standpoint can the proper proportions be determined and a means of comparison be obtained, which will present our colonial settlements in their proper light.

One result will be an inevitable recasting of former judgments upon men to whom place has been given in our historical text-books. The most significant of such revisions of opinion concerns certain members of the Virginia Company, Sir Thomas Smythe, the Earl of Warwick, Sir Edwin Sandys, and the Ferrars. Sandys and the Ferrars do not emerge from these pages with unblemished reputations for fair dealing. According to Dr. Scott, they manipulated the records in the interest of their own party, employed methods in the company's elections suggestive of modern machine politics, and were interested to gain financial advantages that would feather their own nests and provide lucrative posts for their own supporters. Warwick and Smythe appear to better advantage. The day has gone by when we can speak of Warwick as the head of the court party, and Smythe showed little of the self-seeking disposition of Sandys, who received as much for one year of service as Smythe did for twelve. Dr. Scott clearly demonstrates that the business of the Virginia Company was not fairly carried on, and that the Sandys party was responsible for much of the mismanagement that threatened the career of the colony and led to the downfall of the company.

To students interested in the every-day life of the period, the third volume is a mine of information. Details can be obtained of the methods of supplying water to London, of conveying letters and parcels, of lighting the streets, of making paper, and of manufacturing silk and linen fabrics. Descriptions are given of the uses of lead, brass, and glass, of the systems of extracting vegetable oils, making soap, and refining sugar, of the manufacture of tapestry, lacquer, leather, and various textiles. Elaborate chapters follow on the Banks of England and Scotland, on fire and marine insurance, and on the crown and national finances, accompanied by statistical tables and a pocket chart of the daily fluctuations of the stocks of the South Sea and East India Companies from May to September, 1720.

We shall look for the publication of the first volume with exceptional interest, but even as it stands the work is of unusual value, deserving hearty recognition.

My Memoirs. By Marguerite Steinheil. Illustrated. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. $3 net.

Nothing could be more free from tragic anticipation than the guarded girlhood, surrounded by tenderly affectionate parental solicitude, of Marguerite Steinheil-Japy, as she sometimes styles herself in these Memoirs. The daughter of a rich industrial father, and of a beautiful peasant mother, she was born at Beaufort, a village in the Territoire de Belfort, near the Swiss and German borders, on April 16, 1869. Unlike her brothers and sisters who were sent to boarding-schools, she was brought up at home under the eye of her father, a man of great cultivation and of evident charm, who taught her himself to play the violin, the organ, and the piano, and trained her in connoisseurship and deportment. She also learned to paint and to sing, and, on her long rides and rambles with her father, to love nature and to observe it. Altogether, it was a happy, wholesome childhood and youth to which Mme. Steinheil looks back, marred only by the memory of an unhappy love-affair with a young lieutenant to whom she was betrothed, but from whom she was finally separated by her family through counsels of characteristic French prudence.

Despite all these precautions, however, her transition from girlhood to womanhood was abrupt and rather brutal. Her father died when she was nineteen, and a year later, through the influence of her relatives and largely on the strength of their ironic assurance "that happiness was far safer and more lasting with a man of mature years than with the average young man," she made an ill-mated marriage with the painter, Adolphe Steinheil, who was just twice her age. Henceforth a sinister note begins to sound in her life, and the portents of a tragic *dénouement* are not lacking. Separated from her husband shortly after the birth of a daughter—the Marthe who figured so extensively in the reports of the trial—but continuing to live with him on formal terms for the sake of their child, Mme. Steinheil opened her salon in the Impasse Ronsin and entered feverishly into the manifold excitements of Parisian society. Her circle was political and artistic, and among the friends who remained most faithful to her in her ordeal later on, were many men of international note, such as Henner and Bonnat, the painters, and Massenet, the composer, who was in the habit of styling himself "Your devoted, faithful, obedient, respectful, and punctual accompanist." Of these three, as well as of Coppée, Zola, and many others, Mme. Steinheil has amusing and typical anecdotes. It is evident that she played her part as a hostess well, that her position in society was assured, that she

even attained to a measure of leadership in certain circles, and acquired political influence that she was not slow to exert on behalf of her husband, friends, and petitioners.

It was this success that, according to her account, first caused her to be remarked by Félix Faure. The President, who seems scarcely less a "bourgeois monarch" than Louis Philippe, made such use of what he regarded as her political sagacity and psychological acumen, that, in her relation with him, Mme. Steinheil, who makes no attempt to draw a veil over her equivocal "friendships," appears less a mistress in the vulgar sense than a royal favorite. The story of the state documents of which he made her the custodian, and of the stolen necklace which gives a strong flavor of romance and melodrama to this whole episode in her life, heightens the illusion and links her with the great ladies who were likewise great courtesans, of the *ancien régime;* though the story of her accusation, her prison experiences, and her trial, will remind the reader rather of that *cause celèbre* of the seventeenth century in which Mme. Brinvilliers was the central figure. When it is recalled that Mme. Steinheil was acquitted—as an accused may be in France, where an agreement of the jury is not necessary either for acquittal or conviction—by a vote of seven to five in her favor, it is seen how narrowly she escaped, not only the actual fate of the notorious poisoner on the scaffold, but the association of their names forever in a common infamy. That she was actually guilty was, indeed, generally assumed by the popular mind, of which the judicial prejudgment of her case was but an accurate reflection; and in the howling Parisian mobs that demanded her death and showered their insults upon her, so that she was moved secretly and under guard from one prison to another, we seem to hear the very voice of Paris itself, always turbulent and bloodthirsty, which has hurled its imprecations and curses at its victims in all ages.

A kindlier feeling prevailed towards Mme. Steinheil before the end, and this, too, is characteristic of Paris, which, having expended its wrath and desire for vengeance, tends in the end, by a kind of emotional recoil, to take to its heart and make martyrs of those whose lives, a moment before, it was demanding with wolfish ferocity. That this mercurial disequilibrium should be echoed in the public press is not surprising; for the newspapers everywhere to-day are, in most cases, only the more articulate voice of the mob. But though we may thus explain it, we cannot help a shudder of horror, disgust, and disquietude at the part played by the press in the case of Mme. Steinheil. She was shamelessly terrorized and betrayed by certain of its representatives, and one who reads her account of the frightful experiences she passed through can wonder less that she committed so many grave errors of judgment, than that she did not utterly break down under the stress and strain of such hounding.

No one has ever been punished for the crime of the Impasse Ronsin, and the identity of its perpetrators remains as mysterious as ever. Mme. Steinheil is inclined to believe—and the facts of the case seem to sustain her theory—that in part, at least, it had a political motive, and that there were factors involved which made its complete clearing up not altogether desirable for those in high quarters. French politics at that time were a hotbed of intrigue, and enough ugly scandals have come to the surface to make the existence of others, more carefully covered up, quite credible. In this aspect, the *affaire Steinheil* connects itself readily with the *affaire Dreyfus*. Indeed, when Félix Faure died, and persistent rumor had it, for a time, that Mme. Steinheil was in some way implicated in his death, it was as a Dreyfusard or an anti-Dreyfusard agent—there was some conflict of opinion on this point—that she was supposed to be acting. Fortunately, in her own case, if it be true that a deliberate attempt was made to hush up a grave scandal by procuring the conviction of an innocent person, this plan was frustrated, and did not lead to a miscarriage of justice worse, because more irreparable, than in the case of Dreyfus. "I feel the shudder of a judicial error," exclaimed the judge, M. de Valles, at the trial, and Mme. Steinheil was acquitted.

Notes

"Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt," by James H. Breasted, is announced for early summer by Scribner.

The same house will publish "Types of English Piety," by R. H. Coats.

Sturgis & Walton Company has in press "The Life of Nietzsche," written by his sister, Mrs. Foerster-Nietzsche. The work is in two volumes, and the first volume, entitled "The Young Nietzsche," will appear this month.

Francis McCullagh, the English war correspondent, is bringing out, through Herbert & Daniel, "Italy's War for a Desert," in which Italy appears in a very unfavorable light.

Dell H. Munger's "The Wind Before the Dawn," promised shortly by Doubleday, Page & Co., is a story of life on the prairies.

A series of modern German novels is coming out in small format neatly printed and bound in cloth, under the title of Ullstein Bücher. They are issued in this country by Brentano's, at the low price of twenty-five cents each. Five volumes which have already come to us are "Thomas Kerkhoven," von Korfiz Holm; "Gewitter im Mai," von Ludwig Ganghofer; "Georg Bangs Liebe," von Karl Rosner; "Frau Agna," and "Mutter," von Heinz Tovote.

From the sixtieth annual report of the trustees of the Boston Public Library we learn that the library now contains a million volumes with a circulation for the past year of 1,612,270 volumes for home use. Of these four hundred are sent every day by delivery wagons to branches, schools, engine houses, and institutions. The cost of maintenance was about $400,000, of which the city contributed $355,200, the remainder being the income from trust funds. The importance of the scholarship work of the library is shown by the fact that "nearly 20,000 students are pursuing their studies either within immediate reach or within easy access of the central library building." The value of the special collections is such as to make it the "Mecca of America for these men and women who are pledged to the service of learning." The retirement of worn-out employees and a pension fund for their support in case of need are recommended.

The dreadful conditions which Jane Addams sets forth, with frankness and sympathy, in "A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil" (Macmillan), are, after all, rendered only a little less hideous by the multiplying proofs of deepened public concern at their prevalence. To the well-known facts about the social evil in this country the volume confessedly adds nothing new. What stands out most prominently in Miss Addams's survey is the systematic exploitation of women for immoral purposes, the enormous financial returns to many of the persons involved, the demand for younger and younger victims, and the indifference of important sections of the public to the economic evils which create and foster vice. So long as employers trade, either deliberately or through perverse indifference, on the fundamental economic fact that a woman "has something to sell besides her labor"; so long as otherwise respectable landlords knowingly accept immoral persons as tenants; so long as the law and its administrators treat every woman who falls as though she had thereby become a hardened criminal; and so long as women, by their demand for luxury and their disregard of social responsibility, contribute to make marriage a long-deferred or fleeting relationship, so long, we may be sure, will the "new conscience" in sexual matters have a hard and unremitting fight. Miss Addams's volume is painful reading, but we heartily wish that it might be read and pondered by every man and woman who to-day, in smug complacency, treat with indifference or contempt the great struggle for social purity, or spend in charity the wealth which underpaid labor has made possible for them.

Nothing but citation will do justice to the profundity of Octave Uzanne's observations on "The Modern Parisienne" (Putnam):

> She is a Protean creature. She dresses to attract men. She does her hair herself. The Parisian cook is a middle-aged woman of from thirty-five to forty-five years of age. The *charcutière* is nearly always a fresh and attractive little woman. The *charcutière* is almost always a fat, sleepy brunette. The conduct of dressmakers is not beyond reproach.

In the introduction the Baroness von Hutton mentions some "exquisite little monographs, each a jewel in itself, which

Charles Dickens would have loved." Here is one of them:

The baker's assistant has no special age. She wears that curious sort of expression, often seen in her class, defying research. She is rarely good-looking or attractive. She is nothing in particular. Her figure is concealed in many folds of thick woollen material which itself is covered by her blue wrapper [*sic*]. On her feet are goloshes. Yet she is not heavy or clumsy; on the contrary, she steps softly and lightly.

Somewhat later, referring to books by Jules Simon, Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, and le Comte d'Haussonville, our author thinks these gentlemen "generalize too freely on the subject of the workwomen of Paris." Then through four chapters he "studies" four classes of unfortunate women. At the end of the book he tells us that all of this may be compared to the superficial foam on the sea waves; the true Parisienne lies hidden underneath. In the last sentence but one we learn that "the modest girl, the sober-minded wife, the wise mother, are to be found in Paris in greater numbers than in any other place." By this time we are glad to hear it, for we were thinking that M. Uzanne had confined his investigations to the pages of tenth-rate novels. The quotations illustrate sufficiently the quality of the translation.

Certain "scientific proofs" urged by Sir Almroth Wright against woman's suffrage receive elaborate attention in a monograph on "Feminism" from the pen of May Sinclair (the Women Writers' Suffrage League). On the question of militancy her position is a bit ticklish. She does not wish to defend or condemn it as a general proposal. She insists that "women hate and fear violence, hate and fear to commit it more than they hate and fear to suffer it. They have endured it as they have endured imprisonment, they have endured violent handling and all manner of outrage, over and over again, before they could bring themselves to commit a technical assault upon a window."

Recalling the nursery rule which forbids a girl striking her big brother because big brother cannot hit back, she thinks that in the case of the suffragist "it is the big brother who has violated the pact."

I am not forgetting Mrs. Pankhurst; how, in a "demonstration" in Westminster, she technically struck the policeman who obstructed the perfectly constitutional advance of the suffragists. She did it, if I remember rightly, at his cordial invitation. And the policeman was wiser than Sir Almroth Wright. He understood that this was not violence properly so-called. He said "Mrs. Pankhurst, you did it for a purpose." And he showed himself a most enlightened man.

In all the suffrage agitation she can remember no other "classic act of offensive, as distinguished from defensive, violence committed on the human person," except the assault upon Winston Churchill. "I admit that the 'Truce of God' was broken with regard to Mr. Winston Churchill's face, as he could not hit the lady back again. No doubt the lady considered herself the temporary scourge of God."

Prof. Edward L. Thorndike aims in "Education: A First Book" (Macmillan) to get at the bottom of things educational. The possibility of education lies in the neuromuscular system, our organ for behavior. This is an arrangement for being sensitive to situations, and producing responses which are exactly related, qualitatively and quantitatively, to those situations. This organ includes nerve-cells, or neurones, each one of which acts by receiving a stimulus at one end, conducting it to the other, and there discharging it. Now, each of these neurones is so connected as to receive stimuli from many others and discharge into many others. But these connections are in unstable equilibrium, and so we get the principle that "the physiological basis of education is the modifiability of the synapses between neurones." Incidentally, there are said to be about eleven thousand millions of neurones in the system, which makes the problem somewhat staggering when the author impresses upon us again and again the demand that the production of a given educational result with a child should be made a matter of just as exact and pre-determined scientific procedure as the procuring of some given result in the physical world outside of us, such as the tunnelling of a mountain. "The same situation, acting on the same individual, will produce, always and inevitably, the same response. . . . So the general rule of reason applies to education: *To produce a desired effect, find its cause and put that in action.*"

Now it is true enough that the same kind of lathe, working in the same way on the same kind of block, will produce the same kind of croquet ball always and inevitably, but to delude the young student of pedagogy with the belief that any such degree of sameness in materials and working conditions can be obtained in the field of human education as to make the analogy closely applicable is to lead him hopelessly astray. That education has much to gain from the application to its various problems of the same spirit and method that have characterized great scientific investigators in other fields will be granted by all, but the first condition of real progress must be the recognition of the essential difference between bridging the two sides of the Hudson River and bridging the chasm between the already attained and the attainable in a child's mind. The failure to appreciate that difference runs all through Professor Thorndike's book, in spite of the fact that it contains a mine of helpful suggestion to any intelligent reader. Real scientific progress is not to be promoted by applying identical methods of procedure to materials and conditions that are radically different.

"The Leading Facts of New Mexican History," Vol. I (The Torch Press), by Ralph Emerson Twitchell, gives the impression at first sight of being a work of industrious research, but Prof. Herbert E. Bolton of the University of Texas has made a careful study of the volume for the *American Historical Review*, and has furnished proof, satisfactory to scientific historians, that "the book is . . . purely a compilation, and of the simpler kind, most of the text being either a close paraphrase or a direct copy of two works"; and that this has been done without due acknowledgment of the sources, which are Lowery's "Spanish Settlements within the Present Limits of the United States, 1513-1561," and Bancroft's "Arizona and New Mexico." Besides these two, there has been a similar use of several other works.

"The Technique of English Non-Dramatic Blank Verse" (Chicago: R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co.), by Edward Payson Morton, is an excellent study of blank verse from Surrey to Swinburne. Along with Milton, Landor, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Browning, Tennyson are included minor names from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, as representing tendencies of their time. Dramatic verse is excluded, because in the drama the verse-form is not primary. Comparisons with the heroic couplet, with dramatic blank verse, and between individual poets, are made in statistical form, and the tables are intelligently interpreted. Lines, Cæsuras, Feet are the leading chapter headings; a brief chapter of summary and comment follows, another comparing the individual poets closes the little book of 129 pages. The accuracy of the author's count can be tested only by recounting, but the care given to definition and the general air of good sense tend to give one confidence. The subject may not be inspiring to the general reader, yet serious students of verse-form will find the book interesting, even if one dissents occasionally.

Recent British scholarship has done not a little to draw the sting of the ancient charge that the study of the Germanic past is left too exclusively in the hands of its Continental inheritors. In the wake of Kerr and Chadwick comes R. W. Chambers with a handsome volume on what passes currently in the text-books for the very oldest considerable poetic monument in English ("Widsith, A Study in Old English Heroic Legend," Cambridge University Press; Putnam). Against this study no indictment of insularity can be laid; the scholarly labors of America and the Continent have been scrutinized and ordered with exemplary thoroughness, and drawn upon with excellent good sense. Indeed, the author's resolution of the poem into a seventh century "Ealhhild—Eormanric lay" and a still older "catalogue of kings," plus sundry interpolations, discerningly harks back to the methods of Müllenhoff and ten Brink, though his results, partly owing to a judicious appreciation of Heinzel's work, are not theirs. But the reader will be agreeably disappointed if he anticipates nothing more than a closely reasoned essay in the higher, and drier, criticism. So compendious a poem as "Widsith" demands for its proper illustration a goodly portion of all there is to know about primitive Germanic geography, history, and saga, and this the author supplies in a series of substantial essays which form an excellent introduction to the whole subject. The volume also contains a fully annotated text of the poem, appendices, and maps.

We are pleased to note the appearance of the first number of *Gaelica: A Journal of Modern-Irish Studies* (published by Hodges, Figgis & Co., Dublin), which promises to be a periodical of some importance in Celtic philology. It is to be a quarterly review, edited by T. F. O'Rahilly, and conducted by the Association of Modern-Irish Studies. Since the *Revue Celtique* and the *Zeitschrift für Celtische Philologie* deal with the whole range of Celtic scholarship, and *Eriu* contains chiefly material relating to early Irish, there is no learned journal primarily devoted to Irish philology of the modern period. Even the *Gaelic Journal*, which combined to some extent scientific articles with current

news and matter of a propagandist character, was discontinued three or four years ago. The field is therefore open for the now undertaking, and there is even urgent need of such an organ of modern Irish research. *Gadelica*, to judge by its first number, will rise worthily to its opportunity. The contents, as might be expected, are largely texts, for it will be a long time before even the more important Irish writings are all accessible in print But in addition to various interesting documents the journal contains notes and reviews bearing on various problems of linguistics and of literary history.

The larger part of the *National Geographic Magazine* for April is taken up with an account of the Taal volcano and its eruption in January last year by Dean C. Worcester, secretary of the Interior of the Philippine Islands, and is the result mainly of his personal observations. Among the forty illustrations are reproductions of some remarkable photographs taken at short range and at the risk of his life by the Government photographer, Charles Martin. The recent coronation of the King of Siam is described by our military representative, Col. Lea Febiger, U. S. A., with twenty-five exceedingly interesting illustrations. A chapter is taken from the Duke of Mecklenburg's "In the Heart of Africa." Among the illustrations are two showing the jumpers attaining the almost incredible height of 8 feet 5 inches. A brief sketch is given of the explorations in Peru by the expedition under the direction of Dr. Hiram Bingham of Yale University.

Dr. W. E. Knickerbocker has published his thesis, "Ellipsis in Old French" (for sale at the Columbia University Bookstore). He discusses in particular those phases of ellipsis which are presumably unconscious: the loss of words of one or two letters through coalescence with following identical sounds, and the "non-repetition of closely recurring words and syllables." Many of the conclusions are uncertain, as the preëlliptic stage is often hypothetical, but the book is none the less a valuable contribution to the study of Old French syntax. It is particularly interesting in its suggestions as to the origin of certain usages that have survived in modern French.

Mrs. Margaret Elizabeth Sangster died last week at her home in South Orange, N. J., aged seventy-four. As editor, she is, perhaps, best known, having been on the staffs of several periodicals, including *Harper's Bazar*, the *Christian Herald*, and the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Among her published works are: "Hours with Girls," her first pronounced success, which sold as well in England as it did in this country; "May Stanhope and her Friends," "Spiendid Times," "Miss Dewberry's Scholars," "Five Happy Weeks," "Poems of the Household," "Home Fairies and Heart Flowers," "On the Road Home," "Easter Bells," "Winsome Womanhood," "Little Knights and Ladies," "Janet Ward," "Eleanor Lee," "Lyrics of Love," "When Angels Come to Men," "Good Manners for All Occasions," "Little Kingdom of Home," "The Story Bible," "Fairest Girlhood," "The Queenly Mother in the Realm of Home," "The Joyful Life," and "From My Youth Up."

The death is reported from London, at the age of seventy-eight, of the Rev. John Sheepshanks, for many years Bishop of Norwich. Among his writings are: "Confirmation and Unction of the Sick," "Charge, Eucharist, and Confession," and "The Pastor in the Parish."

Science

HOSPITAL-WORK AT THE CANAL.

Ancon Hospital looks down from the terraced slope of Ancon Hill upon Panama City, where the sun rises out of the Pacific. Its hundred and more buildings are so spaced as to combine practical compactness with abundant air, room, and comeliness. Cool breezes play over and through them, day and night, unceasing.

On the eighth of last February, 1,207 patients lay in the cots, while the newest case was card-catalogued No. 114,806. February, nevertheless, is among the most healthful months of the year; on July 22 of last year, the hospital housed 1,488 patients. This figure seems high, but, not only does Ancon receive virtually every case of injury and disease in the whole Canal Zone, from Colon to Panama, with the exception of emergency surgical cases at Colon, Cristobal, and Gatun, but also such Panamanian sick as can pay for service, all the Republic's insane, and a considerable number of outside pay and charity patients. Adding the Zone's population of about 88,000 to that of the Republic of Panama, it appears that Ancon ministers to the needs of some 155,000 people.

Of the total number of pavilions composing the present hospital, a considerable proportion were constructed by the French in the sad old harvest days of death and failure. In the single matter of ventilation these needed little change, but they entirely lacked protection from mosquitoes, and, incredible as it may seem, possessed neither bathrooms nor closets, the French water supply being planned only for drinking purposes, cooking, and scant and occasional spongings. All this has, of course, been altered. Each building is now thoroughly screened, has abundant water supply, closets, and baths, with tubs, showers, etc., and is fitted with electricity. The entire hospital is arranged on the separate pavilion system. The wards, each surrounded by its broad, screened balcony, are arranged in groups of various shapes, sometimes end to end, in line, sometimes on three sides of a square.

For administrative purposes, the plant is handled in two divisions—the hospital proper and the insane department. The former division is again subdivided into the medical clinic, the surgical clinic, the eye and ear clinic, and the board of health laboratory. An outpatient department, presided over by the chiefs of clinic, treats about 1,000 cases monthly. The medical group includes a separate tuberculosis ward and an isolation building. The surgical group, with its 420 beds, centres in the operating-room, a cement-floored, virtually open-air hall, supplied with modern equipment and with several tables, to permit as many simultaneous operations. The staff here consists of twelve or thirteen surgeons. They constitute the actual working force of the operating-room, being assisted therein by only three nurses, who never handle the instruments.

Under Col. Gorgas, chief sanitary officer, the superintendent of Ancon Hospital, is Lieut.-Col. Charles F. Mason of the Medical Corps, U. S. A. Col. Mason's staff, numbering about thirty physicians and surgeons, is composed without exception of paid civilians, brought from the States. His nurses, male and female, number from eighty-five to one hundred, and are all graduate, trained nurses of two years' experience, selected in the States by civil service examination. The male nurses, of whom there are from fifteen to twenty, are used in certain of the black male wards. The women of the force have the help of black West Indian maids at the asylum and in the ambulance service. To assist in the nursing and cleaning there are also about 150 attendants and 35 maids, all West Indian blacks. One feature of great significance in this pioneer institution is the Board of Health laboratory, so called because it performs not only the vastly important clinical laboratory work of the Hospital, but also equally vital work for the entire sanitary department, as well as for other departments of the Isthmian Canal Commission. The laboratory staff consists of a chief and two assistant physicians, carried respectively as bacteriologist and pathologist, a chemist, a physiologist, and the usual laboratory helpers. The field that these men cover, the variety and value of their labor, can scarcely be overestimated.

The Isthmus of Panama, before the Medical Corps of our army took it in hand, was easily one of the deadliest pest-holes on earth, chiefly owing to the virulence of its special demons, yellow and malarial fever. To-day, on the Isthmus, yellow fever has faded into an "historic disease," no endemic case having occurred in Panama since November, 1905, or in Colon since May, 1906. As for malaria, its annual average, in 1906, of 1,200 to the thousand (these figures include those who had the fever more than once in the year, each case being counted), had been beaten down in 1911 to a paltry 81. This virtual abolition of the two specific diseases of the place leaves two maladies of the Temperate Zone, pneumonia and tuberculosis, the chief offenders. And the death-rate of Panama, Colon, and

the Zone, for 1910 and 1911, respectively, was 21.18 per 1,000 and 21.46 per 1,000, that of New York city being 21.72 per 1,000 for the year 1909.

Much of its great success the Hospital owes to its laboratory. Dr. Darling, the chief of the laboratory, for example, taking an innocent young family of mosquitoes bred from larvæ and unspotted by the world, led them to the hospital ward and "bit" them on patients about to be dismissed as cured of malaria. Then he shut them up, and later on dissected their intestinal tracts under the microscope. By this test was established the highly important but hitherto unsuspected fact that men were being discharged from the hospital while yet enough malarial parasites remained in them to infect susceptible Anophelines, and therefore to spread that curse that cost the French their lives, their fortunes, and their enterprise. Malarial parasites in the blood of the patients had been so reduced in number by treatment in the hospital that the usual "blood-test" could not find them. Only this research with the mosquitoes betrayed them. Now not a man goes out of Ancon Hospital carrying the poison.

Searching dead rats for fleas sounds like the symbol of loathly futility. Yet Col. Gorgas's rat-catching brigade brings monthly to the hospital more than 3,000 of these creatures, and any fleas found on them are examined for the plague bacillus. Which, being interpreted, means that the hideous bubonic, so lately a terror in the land, is kept out by work indicated from the laboratory. When an epidemic of the sleeping sickness broke out among the commissary mules, it was the Ancon laboratory men who proved that the disease was transmittable, not by a biting horse fly, as had been previously supposed, but by the ordinary house fly. Then they showed the quartermaster's department what to do. By this and by many similar dealings the laboratory has saved the Government great inconvenience and large sums of money in the matter of live stock alone.

The Canal Zone draws its abundant water supply from six large reservoirs. This water is so pure that you may drink it from any tap as safely as if it bubbled from the rocky crown of Mount McKinley. Now the United States, of course, controls the watershed. And, equally of course, Col. Gorgas polices that shed to within an inch of its life. But, again, the ultimate check on all possible harm lies in Ancon Hospital laboratory. Of the six great reservoirs, some deliver their water directly, some through alum mechanical filters. But the waters of each of the six are examined bacteriologically, chemically, and microscopically once a month. The mechanical filters are examined chemically every month, two or three samples being taken, and bacteriologically every day or two. On occasion, special examinations of the various supplies are made more frequently.

No one who looks into the work of the department of sanitation as a whole can fail to appreciate its deep and far-sighted economy. Only one who knows the usual gait of private or governmental enterprise in the lower tropics can justly value the conscientious hard work spent on devising schemes to do Ancon's business while saving Government money.

To give an example or two, the most noteworthy economy evolved in Ancon is one of pure innovation. During the summer of 1910 the hospital's consumption of gauze and gauze bandages was very heavy, the number of surgical cases averaging 348 daily. Under the necessity of saving, Col. Mason then determined to try washing and re-using bandages from non-infected cases. The plan worked so well that it has now become the regular practice. This washed gauze the surgeons actually prefer to the fresh article, as softer and more absorbent. And the saving to the Government amounts to no less a sum than $5,000 annually.

A considerable and constantly growing source of actual income to the hospital is the influx of paying patients from Central and South America. Attracted at first by Ancon's fine record in surgical cases, some few wealthy persons from Chili, Peru, Guatemala, etc., who otherwise would have gone to Europe for operations, stopped off experimentally at Ancon. These went home delighted with the skill with which they had been handled, the comfort in which they had been housed, and the kindliness that had uniformly surrounded them. They rapidly spread the fame of Ancon along the whole coast, from Mexico to the Cape, and to-day nearly half the private rooms of the hospital are occupied by South or Central Americans, while a growing stream begs hard for space. Ancon Hospital, it is said, is helping to establish better relations between this country and our southern neighbors.

By far the greatest achievement of Ancon Hospital is its success in handling malaria. The sanitation department has so dealt with the Zone that the number of malarial cases brought into hospital, expressed as a percentage of the Isthmian Commission's entire working force, fell from a monthly average of 6.83 per cent. in 1906 to 1.55 per cent. in 1910, and in 1911 to 1.54 per cent. And Cols. Gorgas and Mason believe that the time is near when malaria will have become, like yellow fever, an "historic malady." But present conditions prevent its utter extirpation. Governed by the time at which the rains set in, the malaria rate shows a sharp rise in May. During the heavy downfall of June and July, pools form along the ever-changing areas of new construction faster than the mosquito brigade can get at them with shovels and machetes and larvicide. So the fever figure mounts rapidly. By August, however, the sanitation department has the whole range well in hand, and the percentage quickly drops almost to the vanishing point. Without going into details, it is enough to state—and the statement is based on long personal experience—that the most enlightened practice in other portions of South America and in the West Indies does not cure malaria, but at best merely subdues it till it gathers headway for another outbreak, which finds the victim always weaker than before. Now, Ancon cannot afford to have its patients coming back. So, by a procedure of its own evolving, it at once and completely clears the disease from the patient's system. And it handles the malignant type that kills in twenty-four hours as surely as it does the familiar old tertian variety, in which all South America has its being and which lets you live ten days if you do not bother it.

The other evening at Tivoli a famous German professor stood looking down the lobby at its crowd of notables and tourists. Suddenly he leaned forward while his eyes flashed.

"See him! See him there, by the second pillar! Quick! Look quick!" he urged his companion. "That is the Col. Gorgas. And Col. Gorgas, my friends" —here the big fist came down with a bang—"is a greater man—a far, far greater man—than Cæsar."

KATHERINE MAYO.

Drama

Compton Mackenzie is making a dramatic version of his novel, "Carnival," for the use of Gerald du Maurier.

Among the interesting incidents of the future, in London, is the promised revival by Charles Frohman of "The Amazons" of Pinero. The three girls will be embodied by Phyllis Neilson-Terry, Pauline Chase, and Marie Löhr. Some of the players in the original cast were Lily Hanbury, Ellaline Terriss, Pattie Browne, Rose Leclercq, and Frederick Kerr.

"Behind the Curtain" is the name of a new play by Michael Morton, which will be seen soon in London. It is said to tell a strong love story, and is written in four acts, with scenes in and out of England.

"Sumurûn" appears to have met with a cool reception in Paris.

M. Le Bargy has left the company of the Théâtre Français, after a membership of thirty-one years. He has been engaged, at a great salary, to act at the Porte St. Martin.

It is announced from London that Macdonald Hastings, the fortunate young author of "The New Sin," has agreed to rewrite the fourth act before the piece is produced in this country. The fact is not altogether reassuring, with regard to the

quality of the play or the convictions of the dramatist, but it is only fair to remember that the original ending was pronounced unsatisfactory by more than one critic. More disquieting is the report that Mr. Hastings has contracted to deliver four new plays, to as many managers, within the year. He cannot be blamed, of course, for wanting to make all the theatrical hay he can while the managerial sun is shining, but hasty production is not conducive to good work. Everybody knows what irreparable mischief it did to the artistic reputation of Clyde Fitch. Such reflections, of course, do not enter into the calculations of speculative managers, whose one idea is to get the name of a successful dramatist upon their bill-board as quickly as possible.

"The Norseman" (The Mosher Press), a drama in four acts, by Elizabeth Alden Curtis, is superior in quality to many recent essays of the kind. The blank verse in which it is written is not distinguished by any special brilliancy of diction or lofty flights of imagination, but is always clear, fluent, and rhythmical, contains many effective bits of pictorial description, and is not lacking either in vigor or sentiment. Doubtless the piece would require a certain amount of remodelling and compression to make it suitable for actual theatrical representation, but it is dramatic in spirit as well as in form. It tells the story of Frithiof and Ingeborg, as set forth in the ancient Frithiof saga, and in its details follows the original with notable fidelity. The principal personages are depicted vividly and with consistency. Frithiof is a heroic figure, and Ingeborg an attractive study of noble, devoted womanhood. The traitorous Helge, old Sigurd, and the trusty Bjorn—the Horatio to Frithiof's Hamlet—are all characters which would afford rich opportunities to good romantic actors. The later acts are full of stirring matter, and several of the scenes—such as those dealing with the venture of the disguised Frithiof into the banqueting hall of his successful rival and his subsequent discovery—are not only well imagined, but exhibit an appreciation of theatrical needs. Altogether the play, both on the literary and dramatic side, is an uncommonly promising performance.

Four volumes of the "Ben Greet Shakespeare, for Young Readers and Amateur Players" (Doubleday, Page) have come to hand. They contain "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "The Tempest," in more or less condensed form and specially arranged for representation. The right-hand pages are devoted to the text, the left-hand pages to brief notes of explanation and directions for stage management. Few men are better qualified than Mr. Greet for work of this sort. For many years he has been identified with Shakespearean productions with and without scenery, on the regular stage, on the platform, or out of doors. He knows all the traditions and is master of all the tricks of the stage. Moreover, he is an enthusiastic and competent Shakespearean student. Therefore, in dealing with the rudimentary points of his profession, as he does now, he speaks with authority and his instructions are precise and sound. Much of his matter is, of course, old, but it is offered here in peculiarly convenient shape, and will be invaluable to beginners. The plays are printed in admirable type and are appropriately illustrated.

H. M. Beatty has written a translation of "Flachsmann als Erzieher" ("Master Flachsmann"; Duffield), the three-act comedy of Otto Ernst, in which the old red tape style of German schoolmaster is mercilessly satirized. He has done his work well, and the piece is well worth reading, not only for its enlightened views on youthful education, but for its clever character sketches. But it is too thoroughly Teutonic in its incidents and atmosphere to have any wide appeal here, in the theatre or out of it. The story, which tells how a vulgar impostor obtained the headmastership of a Government school, by exhibiting the papers of his dead brother, and thereafter, for thirty years, successfully defied the vigilance of inspectors and commissioners, until he was betrayed by an accomplice, is neither ingenious nor credible. But the characterization is vital and comic, and it is easy to believe that the play has had great popularity in many parts of Germany. All the minor schoolmasters—in their varying degrees of incompetency and subserviency—are cleverly and humorously drawn, while the peppery but thoroughly sane commissioner, Dr. Prell, the deus ex machinâ, who finally detects and deposes the rascally chief—replacing him with the one intelligent assistant whom he has systematically snubbed and bullied—is an admirably lifelike figure, which would be wonderfully effective in the hands of a good comedian. Perhaps the heaven-made tutor who at the last comes into his own, is somewhat overidealized, but he is completely human, at least, in his love for the piquant Gisa Holm, and his courtship of her provides some of the choicest episodes in the play.

Music

Paris had to wait more than two years for a first hearing of Puccini's last opera, "The Girl of the Golden West," and even then it was not the Grand Opéra's own company that gave it, but Raoul Gunsbourg's Monte Carlo Company, including, on this occasion, Caruso, Titta-Ruffo, and Carmen Mélis. Puccini was present at the Parisian première and shared the plaudits. The conductor was Serafino; the manager was praised for providing a picturesque scenic setting. There were no scenes of wild enthusiasm like those which occurred at the New York première of this mediocre opera. In its musical atmosphere the opera is much more Parisian and Italian than American, as we all know. The Parisian could hardly be expected to know it. The *Figaro's* critic remarks on this point: "We are poor judges to decide how far 'La Fille du Far-West' is 'American' or otherwise. But the rag-time of the banjo music plays a prominent part in it and produces some very happy effects." As a whole, this critic accounts it Puccini's best work since "Manon Lescaut," with the exception of "Madama Butterfly." The commentator of the *Écho de Paris* was so fortunate as to find the last act "intensely melodic." The *Comœdia* discovered the same characteristics that account for Puccini's previous successes. All of the critics praise Belasco's libretto.

By far the best news that has come from the other side of the ocean for many a moon is the fact that Humperdinck is completely restored to health, and is already at work on two new scores, one, an operetta concerned with German student life; the other, a musical fairy story. For both of them he made a number of jottings in his note-book before he was allowed to touch a piano. After spending some months in Rome and Frascati he made a Rhine journey, and before the end of the second week in May he was strong enough to undertake three-hour walks. His recovery was accelerated by the pleasant news that he had been elected vice-president of the Berlin Royal High School of Music.

The Titanic tragedy has been chosen by the Russian composer, Glazounoff, as the basis of a symphony. The "Nearer My God to Thee," which the band played as the ship went down, is to recur in it as a leading motive.

The three American managers, Dippel, Russell, and Gatti-Casazza, were all in Paris a few weeks ago seeking fresh recruits for their operatic armies. Dippel is particularly sanguine about his Pacific Coast tour. As not all of the towns included in it have large enough theatres for his purposes, he has obtained the huge tent, holding 10,000, which Sarah Bernhardt used during her last tour, and this he expects to fill, for he will have Tetrazzini and Mary Garden, and Sammarco, and other great stars. The open-air performance at Santa Barbara of Victor Herbert's grand opera, "Natoma," will begin at six o'clock, so that the sunset will provide a suitable scenic background. Among Dippel's new singers will be a young Italian tenor from Egypt, of whom he expects great things.

A number of friends and admirers of the Parisian composer, Théodore Dubois, gave a concert in his honor the other evening, with himself officiating at the piano. The performance was preceded by a speech, in which Maurice Emmanuel recalled the principal events in Dubois's life. As a student at the Conservatoire he obtained his first prizes (for harmony, fugue, and organ playing) in 1856 to 1859. Two years later he carried off the Grand Prix de Rome. On his return from Italy he devoted himself to composing and teaching. He became chapel master in turn of Saint-Clotilde and the Madeleine, and in 1871 he got an appointment as professor of harmony at the Conservatoire. In 1896 he became its director, having been elected two years previously a member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts. He has written a number of masses and cantatas, and also works for the stage, the most successful of which were "La Guzla del Emir," "Le Pain bis," "La Farandole," and "Eben Hamet." The programme of the concert referred to consists entirely of his own pieces and songs.

The discovery of a hitherto unknown Good Friday Cantata by Beethoven was announced some time ago by Professor Abert of Halle in No. 126 of the *Zeitschrift der Internationalen Musikgesellschaft*. Since then the professor has found out that the cantata is not by Beethoven, though it is based on one of his compositions—one of two quartets for

trombones (known as "Equale") which he composed in 1812 for the director of the town music in Linz. When Beethoven died, his friend, Ignatz Ritter von Seyfried, set these quartets for voices (supplying them with Latin and German texts) as a part of the musical service at the funeral on March 29, 1827. In this form they had a considerable vogue for a time. Subsequently, another musician, whose name is not known, took the liberty of elaborating these quartets into a Passion Cantata for mixed chorus and an instrumental score, including three clarionets, three horns, and three trombones.

A collection of musical autographs of rare value was bequeathed to the Paris Conservatoire by the late Charles Malherbe, who for years had been librarian of the Paris Opéra. Among them are a number of heretofore unprinted letters of Berlioz, written at various times in the period 1830 to 1855, from Italy, Germany, England, and Russia. Some of them have been printed by the *Revue Bleue*.

Art

Rembrandt's Etchings: An Essay and a Catalogue. By Arthur M. Hind. In two volumes: I, The Text; II, The Illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $7 net.

Mr. Hind has made the British Museum collection of Rembrandt etchings the basis of a chronological catalogue, filling the very few gaps in the London series from other sources. It was a happy inspiration to depart from the traditional classification by subjects, and the chronological arrangement, though naturally open to criticism in details, is on the whole singularly satisfactory. The album will be a delight to disinterested students of Rembrandt's art, while the catalogue is indispensable to collectors and curators. Mr. Hind has gone beyond the immediate task. He gives a brief history of the growth of the Rembrandt canon; an account of the vicissitudes of the original coppers, some seventy of which are still extant; an essay on Rembrandt's artistic development, and a study of the drawings, with thirty-three reproductions, as sidelights on Rembrandt's draughtsmanship.

Since critical estimates of Rembrandt's authentic etchings vary from about seventy to three hundred and seventy numbers, chief interest attaches to the make-up of the list. Mr. Hind gives as genuine 303 plates, admitting doubts as to half-a-dozen subjects, while he is inclined to consider the claims of a few plates relegated to the supplementary list of apocrypha, which includes eighty-six numbers. His personal opinion is that there are something less than three hundred genuine etchings. To weigh the evidence for authenticity is impracticable within the space of a review, but a word may be said on the principle of exclusion by which Legros and Seymour Haden made out their sparse selections. Admirable etchers both, they simply rejected all plates that seemed deficient in craftsmanship, Haden taking somewhat the more lenient view. They both adopted the simple formula: If Rembrandt etched such and such a plate, then he was not a great etcher. Their lists have the merit of all anthologies made by competent taste. The average art-lover might do well to confine his attention to these select lists. But the criterion seems dangerously subjective. It ignores the fact that in painting Rembrandt is of very uneven merit. And on the documentary side it utterly fails to account for a matter of two hundred plates, many of which literally bear Rembrandt's handwriting in his signature. These prints are contemporary, and in most cases there seems to be no reasonable accounting for them except as genuine. There could have been no motive for multiplying forgeries of Rembrandt in his slighter vein. His best prints were barely salable. And if the prints rejected by the purists are not by Rembrandt, they can only be forgeries. The many honest copies made for practice by his pupils and imitators are easily recognizable. Mr. Hind's chronological arrangement in almost every case vindicates the challenged etchings, and, subject to minor modifications, his canon seems likely to be definitive.

In the vexed matter of states, he pursues a conservative course. Nothing but new etched work or deliberate cancellation or change in the form of the plate constitutes a state. This is the opposite of the course of the Russian expert, Rovinski, for whom any palpable change, including that produced by accident of printing or wear of the copper, constituted a state. If this practice were rigorously carried out there would be as many states of the slighter dry-points as there are impressions, for with every printing the burr yields a little. Such collations of various impressions are in themselves interesting and worthy of record, but the conservative method of limiting states by the intention of the artist is certainly preferable. It is perhaps unreasonable to wish that more definite clues to the retouching of the plates in the eighteenth century had been given—it would perhaps have required inordinate labor—but such information would have been invaluable to the novice who is neither used to comparison of impressions nor yet versed in the subject of old papers. Blanc's catalogue retains its serviceableness in giving plainly the points of the finer impressions. A stranger omission in Mr. Hind's catalogue is the failure to note the plates entirely or mostly worked with the dry-point. It may be urged that even in the facsimiles the procedure is generally clear, but there are ambiguous cases upon which the verdict of an expert is desirable. Moreover, the discrimination, which is pretty obvious to a real student, is by no means plain to a beginner.

The album does not include the indecent subjects, and for a popular publication no other course was possible. But these subjects do, after all, concern the special student. The publishers of the "Klassiker der Kunst" meet the difficulty by supplying the "broad" subjects on request, and this compromise may be commended to the publishers of the present catalogue. In passing, it may be said that the early state of No. 130, with the plate corners unrounded, has recently been seen by the present writer. Rovinski has correctly described this rare first state.

Only continued use can test the accuracy of an elaborate catalogue. Your critic has worked through some thirty originals and old copies of various dates and impressions, and has found that the catalogue met every need and betrayed no errors. Its convenience, low price, and authoritative character make it a positive boon to the student and collector, and a most desirable possession for the unprofessional art-lover.

Finance

LOOKING AT BOTH SIDES.

It is sometimes interesting, when the middle of the year is nearly reached, to glance back at the predictions which were current when the year began, and see how far they have thus far been fulfilled. Such a test often gives a reasonably clear idea as to how things are actually drifting. Out of a considerable number of bank presidents at various points throughout the country, whose opinions on the outlook were published by the New York *Evening Post* on December 30, 1911, virtually all predicted that we should have no further reaction in general trade in 1912, but nearly all agreed that improvement would be slow and gradual during the first six months, and that the genuine expansion which most of them looked for would come after midsummer, and possibly not until the trend of the Presidential contest had been made clear.

So much of their prediction has certainly been verified. Business thus far in 1912 has undoubtedly been better; there have been some forward starts of real activity—as in the cotton-goods trade a month ago; home consumption in the copper industry was shown last week to be on the largest scale since 1909, and steel production has been of very unusual volume. Yet, for all this, most people in the mercantile trades will probably testify that improvement has been slow, and, if measured by the hopes entertained in December, disappointing.

Looking both backward and forward, it will perhaps be worth while to sum up concisely what are to-day the grounds for favorable expectations and what are the grounds of discouragement, and then to see what there is to offset them both. Most people would doubtless place first upon their list the remarkable movement in the steel trade. The expansion which has come since the opening of the year was confidently predicted by certain high trade authorities, so long ago as last November; but it was received with skepticism. It has come, however. The country's iron output in May was larger by 25 per cent. than in December, and this occurred in the face of a continuous decrease in unsold supplies; the steel mills have lately been turning out the largest volume of finished goods in their whole history, and the Steel Corporation's orders for future delivery, by its last report, were 14 per cent. above those of last December. As against this encouraging showing of the country's consuming power, the steel trade itself alleges disappointment at the slow advance in prices from their recent low level and at the consequently meagre margin of profit.

The huge excess of exports in our foreign trade is usually cited next; for the ten months last reported on, it was $43,000,000 above the preceding year, and in fact has never been exceeded save in the very abnormal American export years 1908, 1901, and 1898. It has resulted in a very unusual credit balance, loaned out by American banks on the Continental markets. The possibly less favorable aspect of this showing is that the greater part of that export surplus was achieved before 1911 was ended; that thus far in 1912, our outward balance does not greatly exceed the same months a year ago, and that even this result has been brought about largely by our enormous cotton exports, whereas the next cotton crop is much of an uncertainty.

Finally, it will be pointed out, as it was six months ago, that a period of prolonged retrenchment and economy has placed the country's general business in a strong position to benefit normally by trade revival. This is a sound and legitimate consideration; that it still applies, is shown by reports, from almost every industry, that no one is burdened by heavy stocks of unsold goods, carried on borrowed money. The other side is usually summed up in the statement that readiness for a forward movement of prosperity is not the forward movement.

Perhaps, after all, the best arguments for the strength of the present position are negative in character. People who look on the darker side of things point to the spirit of popular unrest and the numerous industrial troubles. But the most striking chapter in the experience of the present year has been the immunity of this country from such formidable industrial battles as the English coal strike, the success in applying the principles of compromise and arbitration, and the absence of any disturbance on financial markets, as a result of the threatened strikes. So, too, of the political commotion, and of the Presidential contest which so many financial prophets thought must be a blight on trade revival. The struggle began, in the most violent and radical shape, fully two months earlier than usual; yet financial markets refused to be disturbed by it, and the testimony from mercantile, manufacturing, and agricultural centres throughout the country has thus far been to the effect that politics was not an influence.

The pessimist will cite, last of all, the crop uncertainty, and there can be no doubt that hopes and expectations would have been pitched considerably higher now, if our winter wheat had started the season brilliantly, and our cotton had gone into the ground under ideal conditions. But except for the early wheat crop, the agricultural season has barely begun at the end of the first week in June. We may hear a very different story later.

If the first six months of 1912 have been disappointing to the enthusiastic souls, they have at least fulfilled the best predictions of the conservative prophets of December 31. History will remind us, moreover, that the first six months of 1879, of 1897, of 1900, and of 1904—four years which ended in a burst of reviving prosperity—made up in each case a period of profound discouragement.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Addams, Jane. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Macmillan. 50 cents net.
American Library Annual, 1911-12. Publishers' Weekly.
Apcar, D. A. The Peace Problem. Yokohama: Japan Gazette Press.
Augé-Laribé, Michel. L'Evolution de la France agricole. Paris: A. Colin. 3.50 francs.
Barley, J. W. The Morality Motive in Contemporary English Drama. Mexico, Mo.: Missouri Ptg. and Pub. Co. 50 cents net.
Bates, E. L., and Charlesworth, F. Practical Mathematics and Geometry. Part II, Advanced Course. Van Nostrand. $1.50 net.
Bayet, Albert. Le Mirage de la Vertu. Paris: A. Colin. 3.50 francs.
Bennett R. P. D. What I Tell My Junior Congregation. Philadelphia: Westminster Press. $1 net.
Bieber, Hugo. Johann Adolf Schlegels Poetische Theorie. Teil I. (Inaugural Dissertation). Berlin: Mayer & Müller.
Blunt, A. W. F. Faith and the New Testament. Scribner.
Bourget, Paul. Pages de Critique et de Doctrine (2 volumes). Paris: Plon. 7 francs.
Boynton, H. W. The World's Leading Poets—Homer, Virgil, Dante, etc. Holt. $1.75 net.
Bratli, Charles. Philippe II, roi d'Espagne. Paris: H. Champion.
Bray, M. M. Wayside Blossoms. Boston: Badger.
Brewster, W. T. English Composition and Style. Century Co. $1.35 net.
Cain, Georges. Byways of Paris. Trans. by L. S. Houghton. Duffield. $2.50 net.
Canby, H. S., and others. English Composition in Theory and Practice. New edition, revised. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Carhart, H. S., and Chute, H. N. First Principles of Physics. Boston: Allyn & Bacon.
Cauzons, Th. de. Histoire de l'Inquisition en France (procédure). Paris: Bloud. 7 francs.
Cestre, Charles. Bernard Shaw et son œuvre. Paris: Mercure de France.
Chéradame, André. La Crise Française—faits, causes, solutions. Paris: Plon. 3.50 francs.
Collins, J. F., and Preston, H. W. Key to Trees. Holt.
Coolidge, A. C. On the Watchtower. Boston: The Author.
Cory, C. B. The Mammals of Illinois and Wisconsin. Chicago: Field Museum.
Crane, T. T. The Reason Why. Broadway Pub. Co. 75 cents.
Crispi, Francesco. Memoirs. 2 vols. Doran. $7 net.
Cutting, R. F. The Church and Society. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
De Cou, H. F. Antiquities from Boscoreale in Field Museum of Natural History. Chicago: Field Museum.
Dickens's Dombey and Son (Illus. in color). Frowde.
Enock, C. R. The Secret of the Pacific. Scribner.
Fairlie, J. A. The State Governor. Reprint from Michigan Law Review, Vol. X.
Flexner, Simon. Infection and Recovery from Infection. (Hamilton Lecture.) Washington: Smithsonian Institution.
Frances, Lady Shelley. Diary—1787-1817. Scribner.
Gen. S. H. An Anglo-Saxon Abbot, Ælfric of Eynsham: A Study. Scribner.
Gigot, F. E. Christ's Teachings Concerning Divorce. Benziger Bros. $1.50 net.
Godard, André. Le Procès du Neuf Thermidor. Paris: Bloud. 3.50 francs.
Goldmark, Josephine. Fatigue and Efficiency. Charities Pub. Committee. $3.50.
Groner, Augusta. Mene Tekel: A Tale. Duffield. $1.20 net.
Gulliver, Lucile. The Friendship of Nations: A Story of the Peace Movement, for Young People. Boston: Ginn. 60 cents.
Hakluyt Society publications. Series II, Vol. xxix. Book of the Knowledge of the World. Written by a Spanish Franciscan. London.
Hall, A. S. A Glossary of Important Symbols. Boston, Mass.: Bates & Guild Co.
Halsey, Forrest. The Bawlerout. Desmond FitzGerald. 75 cents net.
Hardie, W. R. Silvulae Academicae: Verses and Verse Translations. Frowde.
Harding, T. W. Tales of Madingley, Cambridge, England: Bowes & Bowes.
Hart, R. J. Chronos: Handbook of Chronology. Macmillan. $1.90 net.
Hazlitt, W. C. Shakespear, Himself and His Work (Fourth Edition). London: Quaritch.
Hebberd, S. S. The Philosophy of the Future. Revised edition. New York, Borough of Queens: Maspeth Pub. House. $1.50.
Hedgcock, F. A. David Garrick and His French Friends. Duffield.
Hines, Jack. Segar and Cigaret. Doran. 50 cents net.
Home University Library. Nos. 39 to 46, inclusive. Holt. 50 cents net.
Ingalls, J. M. Interior Ballistics. Third edition. Wiley & Sons. $3 net.
Jordan, D. S. Eric's Book of Beasts. San Francisco: Elder & Co. $1 net.
Keller, A. G., and Bishop, A. L. Commercial and Industrial Geography. Boston: Ginn. $1.
Key, Ellen. The Torpedo under the Ark, "Ibsen and Women." Chicago: Ralph Fletcher Seymour Co.
Laufer, Berthold. Jade: A Study in Chinese Archæology and Religion. Chicago: Field Museum.
Long, J. L. Baby Grand. Boston: Badger. $1.25 net.
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Whibley, C. Studies in Frankness. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Whitin, E. S. Penal Servitude. National Com. on Prison Labor.
Whitten, R. H. Valuation of Public Service Corporations. Banks Law Pub. Co. $5.50.
Who is Bashti-Beki? Washington, D. C.: Privately Printed. 25 cents.
Woodcox, B. F. In Cupid's Chains, and Other Poems. Battle Creek, Mich.: Woodcox & Fanner. 50 cents.
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1912.

The Week

Col. Roosevelt chose his own battle-ground at Chicago, on Tuesday, and suffered a severe defeat in the first encounter. It was severe in cold fact, and it was much more severe in its moral effect. All the preliminary bluster and inflated claims of his managers—Senator Dixon proclaimed a "flat majority of 42" for Roosevelt on Monday—were submitted to the test of a roll call, and the event showed that he had 56 less votes than the Taft forces. Moreover, the support of his candidate for temporary chairman included 23 votes—13 from Wisconsin and 10 from Iowa—that would not be cast for himself. This was the result of his manœuvre in putting up, not one of his own following, but a La Follette man from Wisconsin. It is only fair to add, by way of offset, that a few Roosevelt delegates voted for Root. Making every allowance, however, the demonstration was clear that Roosevelt has only a minority in the Convention. Such was the upshot of what William Allen White grandiloquently described as Mr. Roosevelt's decision to change American history for the next fifty years by defeating Senator Root's election as temporary chairman of the Convention! The defeat was on the other leg.

The President would have done better to confine his veto message accompanying his return of the Army Appropriation bill to a clear-cut refusal to accept it because of its infringement upon his exclusive power to make appointments. His charge that the bill works extensive but ill-considered changes in the organization of the army is not borne out by the facts. The consolidation of the paymasters, quartermasters, and commissaries was recommended by Secretary Root ten years and more ago. Gen. Sheridan, at the beginning of his Civil War service, when acting as chief commissary of the Army of Southwest Missouri, asked that the duties of the quartermaster also be given to him, as the separation of the two made for inefficiency, and he demonstrated the truth of this. It has been mischievous ever since, including the period of the Spanish War. Even Gen. Wood was at first for this consolidation, until he changed his mind. So far as we recollect, there has been no House Military Affairs Committee of recent years that has taken its duties so seriously, its one mistake being the legislation in regard to Gen. Wood. It has held many hearings for a year past, and as a whole its bill contains the most noteworthy reforms since Secretary Root's. As to the proposed reorganization now being drafted by the General Staff—why should Congress have to wait for that? It does not follow that it will be acceptable to Congress or the country; for it is certain to be an advanced bit of militaristic scheming, insuring heavier financial burdens, more rapid promotions, and higher rank for officers—that has been the nub of all the General Staff's reform suggestions heretofore.

It will soon be necessary to offer a reward for knowledge of the whereabouts of Champ Clark, if the gas continues to leak out of his boom at the present rate. Even the Hearst papers have cooled in their once ardent support of this "Missouri Lincoln." The truth is that it is as apparent that Clark cannot lead the Democracy with any hope of success as it was that La Follette could not capture the Republican masses. The Democratic politicians may not throw him overboard with the frank brutality of the Rooseveltians in parting company with the Wisconsin Progressive; indeed, we are inclined to think Clark will be let down very easily by a handsome vote in the Convention—on the first ballot. But the emergency is too grave, the possibilities of victory too bright, to spoil all by a choice that would not even interest people for a week.

The news from Cuba is of a decidedly encouraging character, even though Gen. Estenoz still appears very much alive. But there seems to be no doubt that the revolution is beginning to peter out; and the Government is now to face the question of feeding the reconcentrados who are already reported to be suffering much as they were under Weyler. That there have been brutalities and deliberate murders on both sides is undoubtedly true. That the revolt whenever finally crushed will leave the beginnings of antagonism between races in Cuba is highly probable. Heretofore, they have lived together in peace and good will. The Government at Washington now seems confident that the worst is over; at least, this appears from the reports that the battleships will speedily leave Cuban waters. It may be that this outcome only postpones for a time the fall of the Gomez Government, but it does show that there is still considerable vitality in that Government and that the Cuban people as a whole are content to work along as they are. Had there been a widespread and intense discontent, the revolution must have spread beyond the possibility of its extinction, save by intervention. Meanwhile, it would be no mistake if a hint should come out of Washington that one term is enough for Gomez.

So much is heard of rough and tempestuous methods of dealing with the courts that the public often overlooks the quiet work of reform, not only in the change of procedure, but in fundamental judicial conceptions, that is steadily going on. A report read on Saturday, at the National Conference of Charities and Corrections in Cleveland, was entitled, "Socialization of the Court." It was presented by Mr. Bailey Burritt, and gave in instructive detail an account of the great improvements in the administration of the inferior criminal courts in New York. These have been brought about partly by legislation, establishing special courts to deal with particular forms of delinquency, but more by a changed idea of the whole function of criminal prosecution, and the punishment of wrong-doers, in connection with certain kinds of offences. The judge of a criminal court, that is to say, has come to feel that he is dealing not only with individuals but with society; that behind the prisoner at the bar there exist a predisposing cause, antecedents, and an environment, which must be understood before the crime itself can be understood or its punishment adequately meted out. This is what Mr. Burritt has in mind in speaking of the lower courts as now go-

ing through the process of being "socialized." It really means simply that a successful effort is being made to render the judicial function, in this respect, more intelligent and more effective.

The band of athletes that is to represent this country at the Stockholm games contains representatives of nearly every racial strain that has gone into the making of the American nation. At one end of the scale we have the American Indian, and at the other end the Italian, who is one of the latest comers among our immigrants. Between them are Anglo-Saxon and Irish and German and Scandinavian and Slav and Negro. The Olympic team reproduces conditions which make the reading of box-scores in baseball so interesting an exercise in the study of ethnological evolution. "Sangallo to Sheehan to Schultze" is the chapter heading in a recent baseball story which cleverly and vividly sums up a process of the highest meaning for the sociologist and the statesman. The effects of every successive wave of immigration are soonest felt in the playground and on the athletic field. Long before the new elements in our population have fought their way up in the social scale, they have won a place in the eye of the vast democracy that flocks every day in summer to the baseball parks. To the invading hosts of Europe this country holds out the advantages of the playground as well as of the public school. Sometimes there is even reason for believing that the playing field may push the school-house into the background as an assimilating force among the children of the foreign-born.

The remission of tolls to American vessels, as provided for in the Panama Canal bill now reported by the Senate Committee on Interoceanic Canals, is to be assailed by Senator Root, whose contention is that we are bound by our treaty obligations to accord equal treatment to foreign and American vessels. The treaty declares:

> The canal shall be free and open, in time of war as in time of peace, to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations, on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any nation or its citizens or subjects in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic or otherwise.

It is a desperate fight Senator Root is entering upon, this attempt to enforce the observance of international faith where we have repeatedly shown that we have no desire to do so. Broken pledges dot the entire history of the Canal. The Canal was made possible by a raid on a defenceless republic with whom we were in the act of negotiation. Its fortification was made possible by violating an implied pledge not to fortify it. Then why not be logical and round out the record by another act of broken faith? Senator Root must be a visionary.

Something in the chemical constitution of sugar apparently creates an irresistible tendency towards graft. A prolenged investigation by the Federal authorities at Philadelphia of custom-house practices pursued by the Sugar Trust and its competitors, has been productive of revelations almost as sensational as those brought to light in New York city, and dealt with, some time ago. What helps to make the Philadelphia disclosures dramatic is that the same game of bribery and cheating should have gone on in spite of the exposures in New York. Apparently, no attempt at defence is to be made by the Philadelphia interests, from whom has come an offer of restitution to any amount stipulated by the Government. No defence is forthcoming from the Trust, but a pathetic excuse to the effect that the independent refineries have been playing the same game of fraud. Ostensibly, it is all the fault of the competitive system. If the Trust had succeeded in doing away with all rivals, the cruel laws of competition would not have arisen to make cheating necessary. As it is, an old habit is hard to break.

Mr. Carnegie's Rectorial address to the Aberdeen students ranged from books to tobacco, from whiskey to efficiency. Amid the many topics touched upon, he found time to say a few words about taxation. To the income tax, "during life," Mr. Carnegie said that there are "some serious but still not overwhelming objections"; but he is apparently willing that the state shall go as far as it likes with the property of a citizen after he is dead. He flatly declared: "There is no objection whatever to one-half of the millionaire's hoard being taken by the state at his death." This is pushing the graduated inheritance tax further than it has anywhere been practiced. There is no likelihood of any such law being adopted in New York, but doubtless the State authorities would be glad to make a private arrangement with Mr. Carnegie to take half his hoard.

Meat riots which have broken out in some large cities and are threatened in others are notable for being women's affairs. In most riots women have a hand, but only seldom do they constitute the mob, and experts agree that when they do go into that sort of thing they are much harder to handle than an equal body of men, because one never knows what to expect of them. The way this infection has spread from city to city during the last fortnight recalls an incident in the spring of 1863, when the women in a chain of cities of the Confederacy, beginning with Mobile and ending with Richmond, were stirred to revolt by an alleged shortage in the food supply of the South. By the time the uprising reached Richmond, it had become so clamorous that neither the Mayor nor the Governor felt able to cope with it by peaceful dissuasion, and a body of troops was called out. But Jefferson Davis, having a keener eye for human weaknesses than the local functionaries, was able to disperse the mob in five minutes, and without firing a shot. He had noticed that, in spite of the cries for bread, these women had passed by well-stocked bakeries and markets with no show of violence, but had looted a jeweler's shop and one or two millinery and dress-goods establishments. Using this inconsistency for a text, he routed with his sarcasm a mob which had vaunted its contempt for powder and ball. The later woman-rioters have not exposed themselves to just this form of satire; but can one conceive a worse economic absurdity than an attempt to lower the price of meat by destroying great quantities of it?

From the Association of Harvard Clubs, which held its annual banquet in New York last week, all Cambridge expects a great deal. Organization being the trend of the hour, why should not our universities profit by it? Originally, the alumni association was satisfied to demonstrate its usefulness by meeting once a year at Commencement. But then came the Harvard Clubs of the cities, imitating or preceding those

of other colleges. That did not go far enough, so that there were soon many Harvard Clubs of the suburbs, the towns, and often of the counties. Even that did not suffice, and so there have appeared these federations of clubs or associations—Yale has one in the West. Thus has been created a new alumni machinery, the possibilities of which are well worth serious consideration, for the individual clubs have usually done something more than to bring men together for social purposes. They have given scholarships to the university or made other donations, and have also served as recruiting committees or centres for the distribution of information as to what the college offers, where the examinations may be taken, what it costs to live within the campus or without, what scholarships are available, etc.

The work of financial and administrative reconstruction in China is still held in abeyance, while negotiations among the six Powers who in principle have agreed to the necessary loan move on in leisurely fashion. For the present, the cause of the delay seems to rest with Russia and Japan. Originally the Chinese loan was to be a four-Power arrangement. Only upon direct insistence from St. Petersburg and Tokio was the number of co-partners increased to six.' Having gained their principal point, the two Governments are apparently of the mind that there is no reason to hurry. It is not necessary to find any ulterior political motives in their action. Neither Russia nor Japan is a creditor nation and the financial responsibilities connected with the loan may very well present them with a difficult problem to solve. If, however, it is the case that the conclusion of the loan has been delayed by bickerings among the Powers concerning political advantages in China, it is time largely wasted not only for the Peking Government, but for the participating Powers. The day has gone for any real fears over the issue of the Open Door. The domination of a single Power or an alliance of Powers at Peking was conceivable under the old palace régime. Under its present constitutional government, however imperfectly it may function at first, it is inconceivable that the Empire can be made the absolute monopoly of any group of foreign interests. And, in the second place, the new China is bound to offer such vast opportunities for commercial and industrial development, that surely there will be enough for everybody at the loan broker's table.

The general strike of English dock-workers has been a failure from the beginning, and its only result will probably be the collapse of the strike in the port of London. Once more the workers have been taught that the general strike is an exceedingly dangerous weapon to play with, and that at best it is an instrument whose edge is rapidly dulled with use. In revolutionary theory it may seem that the general strike is to win the victory by which the workers will ultimately come into their own. In practice it has been shown that only a mighty effort, born of long preparation, can set a general strike going and keep it going. To call upon the workers for repeated efforts of the kind in quick succession is to invite disaster, followed by a long period of exhaustion. Reason, of course, does not entirely decide the question. There is such a thing as strike fever. But the leaders should know better. Leaders who speak glibly of "paralyzing" an entire industry only too often succeed in "paralyzing" the organized strength of their followers for years to come.

In his first report on Egypt, Lord Kitchener remarks that "calm and well-considered interest in political affairs is good for both the governed and those who rule." But the soldier now in charge of the English representation in Egypt has scant patience with interest in political affairs which is not "calm" enough to suit him. Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, whose zeal and information in all that relates to the modern movement in Egypt are well known, writes a long letter to the Manchester *Guardian*, giving case after case of prosecution of Nationalist newspapers and the fining and imprisoning of their editors for offences which in England would be no offences at all. Kitchener has revived an obsolete press law, dating from 1881—a law then proclaimed by decree at the time of the Arabi rebellion, though never really put in force even then. It enables judges to proceed summarily against publications or speeches which express "contempt of the Government," or "incite to hatred of the Government." These are dangerously vague phrases. Fancy their being used against Conservative newspapers in England! The jails would be filled with Tory editors. But Kitchener has made use of this authority to proceed remorselessly against the Nationalist press in Egypt, having gone so far as to prohibit the "entrance, circulation, and sale" of the little English monthly, *Egypt*. The latter's chief offence was copying an article from the *Fortnightly Review*, which purported to give on authority Lord Kitchener's views on the ultimate aims of English policy in Egypt. Yet the *Fortnightly* itself circulates as freely as before. This kind of military censorship is only one of the evils which might be expected to arise from putting a soldier in power in a country where a strong national movement is seeking to make itself felt.

Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, who died in Paris on Sunday, was an eminent example of the publicist, a type which was once upon a time better known in this country than it is to-day, but which we are now in the process of rediscovering. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu was not so great a scholar in any one field as his famous brother, Pierre Paul, founder and editor of *L'Economiste Français*, was in his own. But the list of his works shows an extraordinary range of interests, and, in particular, the social questions of his own time and his own country had in him an indefatigable student. He was one of the little band of Frenchmen who, just about thirty years ago, took up the task of bringing the Russian people to the attention of Europe. In his "Empire of the Czars" and "A Russian Statesman" he did for the political and social life of Russia what the Vicomte de Vogüe did for Russian literature two or three years later. And to the present day his studies of Russia have remained, with Mackenzie Wallace's masterly book, the authoritative treatises on the subject. They represent the scholarly side of his life's work. On the publicist side we find him discussing the subject of church and religion in the modern state, as affected by such contemporary phenomena as anti-clericalism, Socialism, and anti-Semitism. The manifold aspects of democratic and social evolution have been examined by him from the standpoint of enlightened liberalism.

THE NEGRO DELEGATES.

The part played by the negro delegates at Chicago has been altogether deplorable. Every known temptation was put in their way to win them from their allegiance to the President, and the pressure brought to bear upon them by those of their own color was probably without precedent. It was not necessary for the delegates whose affidavits have been printed to assure the public that money was being offered. That is unfortunately a characteristic happening at every National Convention of the Republican party. It was, however, an unusual and a discouraging spectacle to find so eloquent and able a leader of his people as the Rev. Reverdy C. Ransom openly urging the negro delegates to break faith on the ground that Taft broke faith with them.

But the responsibility for this deplorable situation, which is bound to work great harm to the colored people as a whole, lies chiefly with the white Republican politicians. For more than forty years their money has corrupted the negro politician. Every four years the "stranger from the North" has gone South with his bag of money, or his flattery, or his promise of offices and what not, and the negroes have as readily yielded to the bribes offered as have the white men of Adams County, Ohio, in years past. In the South they have known no other way of doing things; the whole machine is a bogus one; the very delegates to Chicago may not be allowed to cast their votes at home. Yet the Southern negro clings to this Republican office-broking with an intensity which few not members of the race can understand; this not merely because of the money to be obtained and the offices to be gained. For it is often the only evidence they have down there that there is a Government at Washington, save for an occasional Federal grand jury, with its indictments for peonage. There are millions of men who are forbidden to take part in their own government in any other way. They cannot vote at school elections, nor pass upon bond issues, nor regulate their own taxes and assessments, nor help to choose their local or State officials. They have many aspiring leaders, and office of any kind, whether in a fraternal organization or in a life insurance company, bulks twice as large to them as to a white man with his greater opportunities. Hence participation in a National Convention or the holding of a Federal job in the South is one of the chief ambitions to the realization of which a colored man may aspire.

When, therefore, Mr. Taft announced his policy not to appoint a negro to office in a community which did not like such appointment, the whole colored race was chilled. It is easy enough to get a Southern white man to protest against any negro appointment, and the natural result has been that there are fewer negro officeholders in the South than since the war, whereas Mr. Roosevelt was particularly generous in this respect. Even officeholders in the internal revenue service—in one case, in Alabama, the man had done satisfactory work for more than thirty years—have not been reappointed during the Taft Administration. To the race this has seemed treason; so have the President's silence in the matter of lynchings, until the beginning of his campaign, and the Wilberforce statement—which has been interpreted as meaning that Mr. Taft believed that all education should be "Jim-Crowed." Then Mr. Taft promised to make J. C. Napier of Nashville Treasurer of the United States, only to change his mind later and give the place to a white man. That would have been the highest office ever held by a negro, and the disappointment was not overcome when Mr. Napier was made Register of the Treasury. When Mr. Taft thought of appointing Judge Hook, co-author of a Jim-Crow decision, to the Supreme Court, his own "black Cabinet" revolted and told him frankly that if he did so no colored man would be found to speak for him in the campaign. Events are showing that they were not exaggerating the dissatisfaction of their people.

As for Mr. Roosevelt, at the time of the Brownsville incident this volatile race was more indignant with him than it is to-day with Taft. But such intense emotions do not last long with either race, and Brownsville is being forgotten to-day in the memory of many straightforward and manly utterances and actions of Mr. Roosevelt in regard to the colored people. Just as he won back the white South after the Booker Washington luncheon incident—something most people believed wholly impossible—so he has won back the colored people as a whole. Of that there can be no doubt, any more than one can question a change of attitude in a part of Wall Street. It has ever been Mr. Roosevelt's luck to lose supporters and win them again in amazing fashion. His followers have even had the audacity to shoulder on Mr. Taft the Brownsville affair, though it has long been known to many people that Mr. Taft almost resigned as Secretary of War because of it. But he and Mr. Root are now paying dearly for their having compromised with their consciences so often for the sake of "holding Mr. Roosevelt down" during the last two or three years of his Administration, and thereby vouching in their own persons, as it were, for the mythical Roosevelt, who never existed.

All of this in no wise makes better the situation of the negroes in Chicago. Every well-wisher of the race can only hope that four years hence the evils of the Southern Republican misrepresentation will be done away with, and thereby the stream of corruption dammed at its source.

EXPLAINING WISCONSIN.

It is apparently as impossible to write about Wisconsin without indulging in superlatives, as it is, according to the story, to tell the truth about the Colorado climate without lying. The most recent book upon the subject, Frederic C. Howe's "Wisconsin: An Experiment in Democracy," is in this respect like those that have preceded it. "Wisconsin," he declares, "has become the most efficient commonwealth in the Union." "Scientific thoroughness characterizes politics" in Wisconsin "as in no other place in America." "Wisconsin has bred a spirit of service that is unique." In the dairy industry, it is the Denmark of America; in cattle breeding, it is our Island of Guernsey. One qualification Mr. Howe is forced to make: "Wisconsin has carried democracy farther than any State save Oregon." But even this limitation does not deprive that commonwealth of the honor of having been the pioneer in instituting reforms, or of its place now as "an experiment station for America." And yet twenty years ago "Wisconsin was not unlike Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Indiana, or Illinois." That is, it was ruled by bosses. "The biennial session of the Legislature was a carnival of legisla-

tion for the benefit of the few." Politics was "a privileged trade, into which ambitious men entered only when approved by the State machine." The press was muzzled or indifferent. "There was no organized protest."

What has brought about the revolution? Mr. Howe thinks the explanation is simple. Representative government had been made almost impossible by the complications of its machinery, by the division of responsibility. And so Wisconsin, first achieving her freedom by the passage of the direct primary law, has merely substituted democracy for oligarchy. Following the establishment of the primary, there has come a psychological change, not only in Wisconsin, but in the nation as well, that has sadly puzzled the old-time politician and confirmed his downfall. This explanation, however, leaves one wondering rather than satisfied. It is as if you were to ask a man who was no longer in bondage how he became free, and he were to reply: "When I had once thrown off the shackles, the rest was easy." How did Wisconsin get the direct primary? It must have been obtained under those very complications of political machinery and divided responsibility that Mr. Howe charges with corrupting Wisconsin for a quarter of a century preceding its adoption.

The answer may be given in Mr. Howe's own words early in his story: "Robert M. La Follette challenged this system almost immediately after he graduated from the University of Wisconsin." Not a law, then, not even an outraged people, was the primal force behind the blow that freed a State. It was a man. Nowhere is this more conclusively proved than in the pages from which we have been quoting. In 1894, for instance, La Follette "cast about for a candidate for Governor." In this search he sent out fifteen hundred personal letters requesting an expression of opinion on the candidacy of a certain one of his colleagues in Congress. The response was so satisfactory that the Representative consented to be a candidate, although he knew that it probably meant the permanent sacrifice of his seat at Washington. What followed?

For six weeks the lights were rarely permitted to go out in La Follette's office. He slept on the floor with his law books for a pillow, and, with dynamo-like energy, forced the fighting all over the State. Haugen was defeated, but the little band of delegates nominated every other candidate on the ticket.

Six years later, after a series of defeats, first for both his platform and himself, and then for himself but not for his platform, La Follette was elected Governor by a plurality of 100,000, and the primary law became a reality.

Thus it was not the primary that freed Wisconsin, but a freed Wisconsin that forged the weapon of the primary for more effectively defending its freedom. A similar programme has been carried out in "conservative" New York and New Jersey. In all this Mr. Howe, like many another, stands up stoutly for the people. "The people were honest, but those whom they chose to represent them at the convention betrayed their instructions." "Wisconsin assumed that the trouble with our politics is not with our people, but with the machinery with which the people work." But it was the same people, working with the same machinery, that in Wisconsin elected a Sawyer and a La Follette, in New Jersey a Smith and a Wilson, in New York an Odell and a Hughes. The only difference upon which one can put one's finger is the absence of a leader in the first part of each of these cases, and his presence in the second. As if to complete the demonstration, it is Wisconsin's perfected machinery that sent Stephenson to the Senate. This is no argument against improving the machinery, but it is something like proof that, without leadership, democracy is helpless. No matter what the obstacles, a determined leader at the head of a people he has aroused can surmount them. It is the business of the people to make the work of the leader, when he does appear, as easy as possible. And a tendency to lapse into apathy, and so to impose upon him as his initial task the awakening of the individuals for whom he is struggling, is hardly consistent with extravagant praise of our capacity for self-government.

KEEPING OUR MORAL BEARINGS.

Mr. Roosevelt's coming out for nation-wide woman suffrage has its amusing aspects. This is an issue in which, until very recently, he could take no interest whatever. He said that it left him "lukewarm"—though it seemed impossible that a man always intensely cold or fiercely hot could be that on any subject. But he showed the zeal of a late convert, and was to include a suffrage plank in the platform to be urged by him at Chicago. Into the motives for his change of front it is not necessary to inquire too closely. That it is an immensely significant change needs no arguing. What immediately interests us is the question which his sudden taking up of the cause raises, in much the same fashion as it was raised by the action of the social reformers in seeking Mr. Roosevelt's aid a week or more ago. That question is how far we are justified in accepting help politically from a man whose methods we abhor and whose character we thoroughly distrust.

The matter of the suffrage for women, now given Mr. Roosevelt's full endorsement, does not present the moral alternatives in their sharpest form. Here is a question of general public policy. Advocates of giving the ballot to women have not declined aid from politicians whom in general they condemned and opposed. They did not draw the line at Senator Sullivan, so why should they at Col. Roosevelt? There is no reason why they should if throughout they make certain moral distinctions. Accepting the vote of a Sullivan did not mean that they were ready to pardon Tammany, or to do anything but go on fighting it; nor did it mean that they cherished anything but indignation at the means by which the Sullivans had built up political power. And in a similar way suffragists may hail Mr. Roosevelt's conversion, provided always that they retain and express their clear moral judgment of the man.

This suggests the weakness of the position of the social reformers, whose flocking to Mr. Roosevelt we have mentioned. They were concerned, not with a party or political question, but with matters which go deep into the life and morals of our whole society. From their lips the words "right" and "justice" are all the while falling. They are bent on remedying great wrongs, and bringing in an era when truth and righteousness shall rule. Yet they were putting themselves in the hands of a man whom many of them in their hearts believe to be without either truth or righteousness. Some of them confess that they cannot escape the conviction that he has been crooked, but the appalling thing is that they say they do not care so long as they can get him to

array himself on the side of what they believe to be social justice. They are willing, too, to conceal their real opinion of him, and to flatter and aid him, if only he can be got to help in the work they feel to be so urgent.

Now, what is this except to import into a movement of the gravest public concern the doctrine that you are bound to win by fair means or foul? Is it not to snuff out those moral judgments which ought to be the light of all our seeing? Consider what it signifies. We are to strive for social justice. If that means anything, it means erecting the spirit of unselfishness into a rule of conduct. But to help set up that rule, we put ourselves under the command of a man whose unscrupulous self-seeking has been life-long! Social justice, if it means anything, means honesty between man and man, fidelity to promises, loyalty to friends. How can it possibly be promoted by a leader who has a long record of trickiness, falsity, and treachery? We have to get down to fundamentals in all these affairs. It is necessary to sit at the feet of the poets and the prophets, the sages and the saints, in order to keep our moral bearings. We cannot look upon evil and say to it, Be thou my good. "Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter?"

We are well aware that all these questions are complex and full of difficulty. But there are certain things to which we know that we must hold. We must not deify success. It will never do to say that the man who "does things" is the man for us, no matter how he does them, for that would put Theodore Roosevelt into exactly the same category with Richard Croker. We have got to stick to principles even in politics. Property may be surrendered and even life itself given up, but morality must not be called upon to abdicate its throne. It is true that the wrath of man may be overruled to the praise of God, but that is no justification for confusing human wickedness with virtue. A sure word of guidance in all these matters of moral perplexity concerning public men and movements was uttered by the prince of political philosophers when he said: "There is no safety for honest men but by believing all possible evil of evil men, and by acting with promptitude, decision, and steadiness on that belief." He added that in the case of men whom we know to be wicked, "their fair pretences become new motives for distrust."

THE LOVE OF GOOD WRITING.

The recent birthday of Thomas Hardy—his seventy-second—was signalized by the presentation to him of the gold medal of the Royal Society of Literature. By its charter, dating from 1823, that society has among its aims the recognition and encouragement of good literature by public awards, and of these the gold medal is the most distinguished. It has been bestowed only fifteen times in all. Among Mr. Hardy's predecessors in receiving the honor are Walter Scott, Washington Irving, and George Meredith. In accepting it, Mr. Hardy remarked that he was rather an old boy to get a medal, and that, unfortunately, he had no boy of his own to whom to pass it on. He added that the distinction was one which he could not fail to value, but he had been led to wonder "whether prizes of some kind could not be offered to makers of literature earlier in life to urge them to further efforts."

The sort of efforts Mr. Hardy had in mind he proceeded to indicate by dwelling on the need of keeping alive a taste for "real literature." In the very spread of the reading habit, he saw a growing danger that such a taste might be lost. Millions are learning to read, but few are acquiring the power to discriminate in their reading. Mr. Hardy did not refer so much to the substance of books as to their form. He perceives a marked deterioration in style. As he looks over the field of current publishing, he sees "an appalling increase every day in slipshod writing that would not have been tolerated for one moment a hundred years ago." He adduced the familiar causes. There is the vast amount of "hurried" writing in the press. There is, of course, the American literary invasion—especially of American journals, "fearfully and wonderfully made"—lowering the standards of English newspapers. Indifference to literary form is gaining ground on all sides. Hence, concluded Mr. Hardy, "every kind of reward which urges omnivorous readers and incipient writers towards appreciating the splendors of English undefiled, and the desire of producing such for themselves, is of immense value."

By itself, this sounds futile. Prizes alone have little creative power in literature. In France the "Grand Prix" for a literary work of lofty idealism has not always found a worthy recipient. The similar Nobel prize has a range as wide as the civilized world, and it has been fittingly bestowed, but it remains more a recognition of mature genius than a stimulus to budding talent. Of this Mr. Hardy is naturally aware, and in the short address which he made at the time of his being presented with the gold medal, he did not fail to indicate the need of appealing to the conscience and the artistic honor of the literary craftsman. Deeper than the joy of rapid production and of ephemeral popular appreciation is the satisfaction which springs from good work. The writer must somehow be got to put an ideal before him, and to labor unceasingly for at least some approximation to it. William Morris once spoke of the "grin of delight" which comes to the true artist, whether in language or some other medium, when he perceives that he has come somewhere near attaining the form he was striving for. These inner joys must be put by the literary worker above any species of outward reward if we are really to get the genuine and lasting motive for the production of good writing.

One counsel which Mr. Hardy gave will strike some ears oddly. He said that the shortest way to good prose is by the route of good verse. What he meant was that the best poets seek not only beauty of phrase but precision and delicate accuracy in the use of words. The test would be to take any fine line of poetry, strike off the fetters of rhyme or melody which seem to bind the poet, and then see if you can express his thought more freely or exactly in other language. It will usually be found that the words selected are the only ones in which the idea intended can be best conveyed. Poetry is dead, we are often told. In the suit which Winston Churchill recently brought in London against a publisher for having printed a poetical libel on him, the defence—or apology, for the libel was admitted—was that the editor had not read the verses before printing them, carefully enough to detect the offensive lines. Thereupon, the presiding Judge, the well-known wit of the bench, Justice Darling, remarked that he had often heard that nobody read poetry nowadays, but that he did

not know that things had got so bad that even editors did not read the verse they printed. Poetry will undoubtedly take care of itself, in the long run. Paradoxically, the world never thirsted more for a great poet than at the very time when it seems to have none. But Mr. Hardy's suggestion—for which, of course, he did not claim originality—of the use of the finest poetry as a medium for training in the best prose, may serve as one argument more for clinging to the reading of the great poets. The chief hope that love for good writing may be preserved lies in the conviction that, in the end, the best literature will vindicate itself, that low and crude taste will be converted into a longing for something better than the husks upon which the swine do feed. In a word, the basis of confidence in the future of pure literature is that, in the circulation of books, contrary to the law which governs the circulation of different kinds of currency, the bad does not drive out the good, but the reverse.

THE JEWISH RACE.

The interest in race distinctions is as old as humanity, but not until the middle of the nineteenth century was a systematic effort made to place these distinctions on a scientific basis. Gobineau's "Essai sur l'inégalité des races humaines" was the first attempt to study the subject historically. Starting with the assumption of the inequality of races, he adopted a division into strong and feeble races and endeavored to prove that all the great achievements of mankind were traceable to the one supreme race, the white. This may be said to have been the origin of the political race theory. Since then the natural sciences have been enlisted, largely in the interest of factional and mischievous theories, to point the contrast between the predominant white race—variously called the Aryan, or Indo-European, Indo-Germanic, Indo-Celtic—and the inferior Semitic race. Anthropology was supposed to have demonstrated not only the diversity of cardinal racial types, but their fixity from the dawn of history. Gradually, disinterested scholars began to express doubts as to the infallibility of such conclusions, foremost among them Professor von Luschan, director of the Berlin Anthropological Museum. But in dealing with those who for purposes of their own turn superficial race differences into conclusive arguments in favor of race prejudice, the scientist is at a disadvantage. The lessons of anthropology avail little in the face of antagonisms which would array not only Aryan against Semite, but white against black and yellow, Germans against Latins and Slavs, Briton against Teuton, etc. To grapple, therefore, with race problems requires an investigator of unusual equipment, of varied knowledge in many fields, of sound judgment, and conspicuous fairness in argument. These qualities are found united in the author of a recent German work on "The Race Problem."*

I.

Dr. Ignaz Zollschan has furnished in his treatise a model of dispassionate discussion of a most complicated question. A man of vast learning, who has seen many lands and studied many peoples, he approaches his subject well armed as an anthropologist, historian, philosopher, and sociologist. Let us see, he says, what basis there is for the belief in the existence of an Aryan race, for the assumption that other nations are inferior to the Germanic stock, what justification for race prejudice in general and anti-Semitic prejudice in particular. Having summed up the arguments of the most prominent spokesmen of race superiority and race prejudice, he answers them quietly, with an array of incontrovertible facts and with irresistible logic. The salient points of his thesis may be summed up as follows.

When Friedrich Schlegel, in 1808, first discovered certain resemblances between the languages spoken in India and those of the Germanic countries, he proposed for this group the name of Indo-Germanic languages. In the enthusiasm engendered by this discovery, it was at once assumed that a new light had been shed on racial relationship and the origin of modern civilization. Science, not least of all philology, soon made short work of this assumption. Max Müller, originally an ardent supporter of the Aryan race theory, later on held an ethnologist who spoke of an Aryan race, of Aryan blood, etc., to be as great a sinner as a philologist who spoke of a dolichocephalic dictionary or a brachycephalic grammar. Similarly, Robert Hartmann and other eminent anthropologists of a later day looked upon the doctrine of an Aryan race as a mere figment of the imagination. With the appearance, in 1884, of Otto Schrader's "Sprachvergleichung und Urgeschichte" and Penka's "Origines Ariacæ," the Aryan question entered upon a new phase. Scholars turned their inquiries to the probable birthplace of the Aryans and their physical prototype. The discovery was made that their aboriginal home was identical with the land whence sprang the Germanic peoples, and hence it was argued that the Aryans were in their origin a blond Northern type, from which flowed the Aryan languages and Aryan civilization. This type, it was conjectured, left its mark, through migration and intermarriage, upon other races, erroneously called Aryan, though with little of the blood of the blond race in their veins. With such reasoning the theory of the superiority of the Germanic race was established. Woltmann, starting from this basis, maintained that, since the Renaissance, all the important scholars and artists in the Romanic countries had been of Germanic descent, and Chamberlain, applying the theory to the Jews, argued that all their great achievements emanated from the fair-haired original components of their race, that is to say, from the "Indo-Germanic" Amorites.

The German type, however, as Hertz says, in his book on "Moderne Rassentheorien," has maintained itself in its greatest purity among the Scandinavians, who by no means represent the highest development of Germanic culture. The aristocracy of Germany preserves the racial type more clearly than the rest of the population. Yet German genius is recruited almost exclusively from the lower classes, whose supposed race characteristics are far less marked. The centre of Germanic culture is not in fair-haired dolichocephalic Pomerania, but in darker-haired, brachycephalic Swabia and Franconia. These facts have their bearing on the problem of the Jewish race. There has been for two thousand years no Jewish nation. Leading ethnologists are agreed that the Jews of Western Europe are merely Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen, or Portuguese of the Mosaic faith. Anthropologists, again, foremost among them authorities like Luschan, distinguish among the Jews three different types, the unmistakably Semitic, the possibly Aryan Amorite, and the Hittite type. To these elements must be added the admixtures resulting from a diaspora of several thousand years. The Dührings and Chamberlains, however, conveniently recognize only the higher, Sephardic (Spanish), and the lower, Ashkenazic (German-Polish) types, which serve all their purposes in characterizing Jewish traits. That the Jews of the present day exhibit, in overwhelming numbers, as regards the shape of the head, characteristics opposite to those of the Semitic type; in other words, that they are brachycephalic and not dolichocephalic, is an anthropological fact of which Chamberlain takes account only in order to find support for his craniological vagaries. A long head is to him and his school the *conditio sine quâ non* of all manner of genius. Given that, and Rameses becomes a Germanic progenitor of the purest type.

Every dogmatic inference from prevailing race theories leads, in its application, to inevitable fallacies, for there

*Das Rassenproblem. Unter besonderer Berücksichtigung der theoretischen Grundlagen der jüdischen Rassenfrage. Von Dr. Ignaz Zollschan. Wien: Wilhelm Braumüller.

is no agreement among scholars as to what constitutes a race. Cuvier recognized only three races, Linnæus four, Blumenbach five, Kollmann speaks of eighteen, Haeckel of thirty-four, etc. All rules of race classification, based on skull measurements, on deductions from the color of the hair and eyes, from pigment and tissues, etc., must take account of the frequent exceptions presented by every race. Racial interrelations are as numerous as racial differences. As between white and dark types, the lines of anthropological and genealogical demarcation are often blurred. On the other hand, as Huxley has shown, isolation and one-sided development along uninterrupted lines, may lead in the case of the black Bantus of Africa to an extreme prevalence of pigment, and in the case of the fair-skinned peoples of Northern Europe to extreme lack of it. In the face of such perplexities it becomes hazardous to speak of a characteristically Jewish type. As to the prevalence, however, of certain emotional traits, observed by Zollschan among the Jews of four continents, he is in agreement with other investigators, though explanations of the fact vary. According to Ripley, the general Jewish type of to-day presents almost everywhere direct evidence of intermingling with surrounding races, and he, like Zollschan, regards sexual selection as potent among the influences that have left their imprint upon the Jewish physiognomy.

II.

The Aryan theory, like other race theories, started with the assumption of the existence of superior and inferior races. It involved a juxtaposition of Eastern and Western, ancient and modern civilizations. The German propounders of the theory were at first willing to share in the triumphs of England, in the material successes of the United States, but from the superiority of the Germanic races there was but one step to the gospel of the superiority of Germany. German love of freedom, and German loyalty are, according to Chamberlain, at the foundation of the Germanic character. But we need only open the pages of so stanch a Teuton as Felix Dahn, to learn that these qualities were not always a German characteristic. Arminius himself was guilty of one of the most flagrant violations of faith in all history. The Franks, according to early chroniclers, were emphatically a "slippery and false" people (*lubrica fallaxque*). The history of the Longobards, Burgundians, and Thuringians recks, as Dahn, says, with murder, regicide, and the grossest immorality. Nor were the early days of other Germanic tribes much better. According to Green, Northumbria presented a terrible picture of lawlessness and bloodshed. If, in accounting for the modifications which racial character undergoes in the course of time, we are thrown back on Buckle's theory of the influences of natural surroundings, it is clear that the jaunty assumption of Semitic immutability must fall to the ground. Even admitting the existence of psychological idiosyncracies as inherent in every race, it is absurd to conclude that any one must retain its peculiar stamp unchanged for all time. Nothing is more evident than that the modern Jew of Germany, France, England, and the United States, is, like his Christian neighbor, the product of his age and environment.

Renan's fanciful "race instinct" is in great measure responsible for the spread of anti-Semitism. Nothing was further from his mind than the brutal manifestations of the prejudice with which we are familiar; but it was a fatal lack of imagination on his part not to foresee the consequences of a philosophy of history which denied to the Semite every political, military, and administrative instinct, the epic and dramatic instinct, and even the instinct for commercialism on a large scale.

Not often has the vagary of a fine mind become so fierce a weapon in the hands of the unthinking. Linnæus's division of the world into the four "temperamental" races—the choleric American, the sanguine European, the melancholy Asiatic, and the phlegmatic African—was, in its consequences, a harmless bauble compared with the imaginings of the French scholar.

Every nation has at various times in its history exhibited characteristics which in their day were regarded as typical. Where is the lust for conquest and wealth that animated mediæval Spain, where the preëminence of Holland in science and letters? The maritime greatness of modern England, supposed to be of the very essence of the Anglo-Saxon character, was unknown before Elizabeth and Cromwell. Germany, in the period of her political impotence, produced her greatest poets. Is the idealism of the Schillers and Goethes, is Bismarck's policy of blood and iron, or is the striving for industrial supremacy typical of the Germanic race? What were the dominant racial characteristics of Germany two hundred years ago, what will they be two hundred years hence?

We look in vain for an answer to such questions. Biology has been called upon to explain supposed psychical differences of race. Were the doctrine of the continuity of the germ-plasm, which Weismann has done so much to spread, a generally accepted scientific principle, the factor of heredity in the race problem would be decisive. But as Zollschan says, not all the great men of Greece were philosophers and artists, not all great Romans generals and lawgivers; nor are all the important Frenchmen distinguished for *esprit*, all the eminent Germans, poets and thinkers. The statesmen of the East are not always Asiatic despots, the Mongolian races not invariably passive. That races who have preserved their purity, transmit their virtues and talents more readily than those of mixed blood may be theoretically true, but it would be difficult to determine the degree to which, in mixed races, the foreign element has been potent for good or evil.

III.

In the Jews we have a race whose substantial purity for two thousand years is a generally accepted fact, and whose adaptability to climatic and other environment has given them their cosmopolitan character. They are everywhere long-lived, able and energetic. In popular estimation they are the Semitic race *par excellence*. Anthropology and Assyriology agree that the Semitic and Hittite ancestors of the Jews were a race of most extraordinary vigor and intellectual ability. The Hittites were the founders of that Mesopotamian civilization which is the cradle of all modern culture. In architecture and sculpture they were the teachers of both Assyrians and Greeks. The Semites, as Professor von Luschan says, had their epic poets long before Homer and dwelt in palaces at a time when Germans lived in caves. A thousand years later all Europe thronged the Arabic seats of learning in Spain, in order to study, at their sources, mathematics and astronomy, medicine, philosophy, and history. Assyrian kings founded the first great empire the world had seen. Rome trembled before Carthage. Civilization owes to the inferior Semitic race not only many sciences, but the arts of building cities, regulating rivers, and founding libraries. Yet, Renan asserts, and Chamberlain repeats, that the Semites have created nothing positive, and that the Arabs were merely interpreters of the genius of the Greeks.

It has become the fashion to speak of the Jews as primarily a trading people. But they tilled the soil in Palestine and were artisans in the cities during the Greek diaspora. In the East and on the shores of the Mediterranean they pursued for centuries their various vocations, and only in the empire of Charlemagne, in times of primitive social conditions, did they begin to fill a vacant place in the state and turn to trade. To this day, in the Slavic countries of Eastern Europe, artisans and factory hands are recruited from the ranks of the Jews. The textile laborers of Lodz, the Manchester of Russian Poland, as well as the miners of Boryslaw, in Galicia, are almost exclusively Jews. When, a few years ago, the Jews began to emigrate from Rumania, the building industries of Bucharest and Jassy came to a standstill, because it was almost impossible to find Christian masons and

roofers. In Odessa Jews are porters, in Salonichi dock laborers and boatmen, in Arabic countries they are armorers. During the later period of the Roman Empire the Jews became great international merchants, and they continued so in the new Germanic kingdoms. In Marseilles, Arles, Genoa, Palermo, Naples, commerce on the largest scale was in their hands, and their ships traversed the seas as far East as China. A papal bull of the year 1213 speaks of the great Jewish commerce of Cologne. Wherever German cities arose, Jewish coöperation was welcomed. Bishop Rüdiger of Speyer wrote, in 1084: "Since I wished to make a city out of the village of Speyer, I asked the Jews to come, thinking to increase the honor of our place a thousandfold by congregating Jews within its walls" (*Putavi milies amplificare honorem loci nostri, etsi Judæos colligerem*). The Archbishop of Cologne, in 1252, says that "it would conduce not a little to the prosperity and honor of our see" if the Jews were to submit to his rule. Imperial decrees acknowledged that the social position of the Jews corresponded to their commercial importance. They were singled out, as a superior class, in an edict of Charles the Bald; Charlemagne sent a Jewish ambassador to the Caliph; in an Imperial decree of 1074 (*Judæis et ceteris Vormatiensis*) the Jews of Worms were praised as models of all virtues. It was largely commercial rivalry and envy that later on led to a revulsion of feeling towards them, though religious hatred quickly intensified the prejudice. The Jewish persecutions of the Middle Ages characteristically started in the large cities which Jewish enterprise had so largely helped to develop.

IV.

In estimating the ethical and intellectual significance of Judaism, Dr. Zollschan ranges himself on the side of those who, while seeing the good in every race, do not concede superiority to any one. None, in their opinion, may lay claim to the principal share in the sum total of human achievement. Temperate, throughout his argument, in the defence of the Jewish race against anti-Semitic prejudice, Zollschan concludes with a plea for the preservation of the cultural potency of the Jews. Race purity he considers the essential factor in race efficiency. While specific racial gifts are not necessarily inherited by the individual, the general racial quota of endowment is, in his opinion, fixed, and ought not to be endangered by race intermixture.

It must be admitted that, in thus finally insisting upon race purity, Dr. Zollschan departs somewhat from his main argument. Nor is his plea in full accord with the views of scientists, who, like Humboldt, have expressed a belief in the variability of racial traits, particularly of mental and moral endowments, aside from the question of race purity. Friedrich Ratzel is similarly skeptical with regard to the possibility of drawing hard and fast racial lines. Race purity, according to such thinkers, does not necessarily involve the unimpaired maintenance of those physical and mental characteristics which we have become accustomed to consider typical. Prof. Franz Boas, among others, has said that anthropology does not sustain the pride of European nations who like to boast of their race purity.

Considerations of space prevent us from entering into a discussion of the means by which Dr. Zollschan would wish to perpetuate the purity of the Jewish race. Evidently he sees in Zionism an ideal which tends towards this aim, but he is too cautious a reasoner to commit himself to definite methods of rebuilding the Jewish state. His prognostications as to the future of the Jewish race are, however, exceedingly sombre. He regards the increasing frequency in all civilized countries—including the United States—of intermarriages between Jews and Gentiles as an ominous sign of the inevitable submergence of the race. In the words of an eminent scientist, Prof. Edward Suess of Vienna, who is in full sympathy with the author's main thesis, Dr. Zollschan shows

how in the East of Europe a portion of the Jewish race, hemmed in by persecution and unjust laws, wastes away in hopeless misery, while in the West, free from fetters, it surrenders, step by step, with the last vestige of its language, all its historic characteristics until its individual remnants shall disappear in the world's currents.

GUSTAV POLLAK.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Horace advised that poems should be restrained from publication by their authors for a period of nine years, but he would probably not have offered such a counsel of abstinence to the preachers of funeral sermons if he had been acquainted with that melancholy section of literature. Yet one instance there is where a sermon preached in 1608 was not printed until eight years later. There is a certain picturesque and pathetic interest attaching to this In Memoriam oration. Although there are two copies in the British Museum, the tract is now a rare one, and deserves a fuller notice than the meagre entry in the catalogue of a national library of England. The mere title page is noteworthy:

A
SERMON
PREACHED AT
CONSTANTINOPLE, in the
Vines of PERAH, at the Funerall of the vertuous and admired
LADY ANNE GLOVER, sometime Wife to the Honourable Knight Sir Thomas Glover, and then Ambassadour ordinary for his Maiesty of Great Britaine, in the Port of the Great Turke.

By WILLIAM FORDE *Bachelour in Diuinitie, and lately Preacher to the Right Honourable Ambassadour, and the rest of the English Nation resident there.*

Of { Death. / Teares. } Of { Pilgrimage. / The Graue. }

London,
Printed by EDWARD GRIFFIN for *Francis Constable,* and are to be sold at his shop at the white Lyon, oeur against the great North doore of *Saint Paules. Anno. Dom.* 1616. Sm. 4to pp. [S.] 82.

George Sandys in the "Travels" that began in 1610, speaks very handsomely of Sir. Thomas Glover: "For this place none can be more sufficient; expert in their language, and by a long experience in their nature and practices; being moreover of such a spirit as not to be daunted. And surely his chiefest fault hath been his misfortune; in the two violent, chargeable and successless soliciting of the restitution of the Prince of Moldavia (whom adversity hath rather made crafty than honest); whose house doth harbour both him and his dependents; being open to all of our nation: a sanctuary for poor Christian slaves that secretly fly hither, whom he causeth to be conveyed into other countries, and redeemeth not a few with his own money." Sandys was the guest of Sir Thomas for nearly four months in his house at the Vines of Pera.*

The reference to Glover's patronage of a Prince of Moldavia is perhaps explained by another passage in Nabbes's "Continuation" (p. 1385), where he details the career of Gasparo Gratsiani, a native of Gratz. At Constantinople he entered the service of Glover, with whom he came to England and then was employed in arranging the ransom of Sir Thomas Sherley. When at Venice with that notable person he heard that Glover was appointed Ambassador; he returned to Constantinople and was employed in the exchange of captives. He attracted the notice of the Sultan, who made him Vayvod of Moldavia; later falling into disgrace, he was ordered to be strangled, but the force sent to execute him was cut to pieces by the men of Gasparo, who kept up a guerrilla warfare against the Turk.

Before Glover was appointed Ambassador, he was secretary to the Embassy, and in 1596 wrote an account of the journey of Sir Edward Barton, the then ambassador, who accompanied the Sultan in his expedition against Agria in Hungary. This is printed by Purchas, who observes:

If any think it ill that a Christian Ambassador should accompany the Turk in this war against Christendom, they may please to understand that his intents were to do service to the Christians, if occasion were offered for peace; as also he did in delivery of the Emperor's servants.

Glover was knighted at Hampton Court

*See the new edition of "Purchas his Pilgrimes," Vol. VIII, p. 110, 259, 304. For an anecdote of a rascally friar to whom Sir Thomas Glover had been a benefactor and who tried to repay good with evil Sandys's "Travels" (1658), p. 67, may be consulted. Another anecdote in which Glover's name is mentioned is one in which an English merchant seeking redress for the rifling of his ship is met by a denial of the fact, and establishes his case by bribing a Moslem to perjury. This in the eyes of Nabbes shows the corruption of the Turks in taking false oaths for money. But he is silent as to the Christian suborner. (See continuation of Knolles, anno 1610.)

in 1606. There were two Thomas Glovers knighted by James I. The future ambassador appears to have been the grandson of John Glover of Mancetter, who was the brother of Robert Glover, the Protestant martyr burned to death at Coventry (Notes and Queries, 3d S. I., p. 192). Nabbes, in his continuation of Knolles's "General Historie of the Turkes" (1638, p. 1313) records the funeral of Lady Glover, but dates it as occurring April 14, 1612. She was buried, he says,

with very great solemnity, the like had not bin seen in that countrey since the Turks conquered Constantinople. . . . The sermon was preached in a large garden under a Cypress tree. . . . The sermon being ended, the body was carried from Pera unto the English graves, which were almost a mile from the place; it was closed in lead, and laid in a caroch covered over with black velvet, and the horses with black cloth. The Dutch Embassador, the Hungarian Agent, the French Colonell, with a great number of all nations, both men and women, followed her to her grave. The tomb was of fair marble, built four square, almost the height of a man, having an epitaph engraven thereon.

Forde declares that among his hearers there were "English, French, Dutch, German, Italian, Polish, Hungarian, Transylvanian, Molla, Wallachian, Russes, Greekes, Armenians, Bedowines, Turkes, Jewes, &c."*

The sermon is learned—and long-winded, extending to nearly seven thousand words. This must have been somewhat of a trial to the cosmopolitan horde who listened to this discourse in a tongue to most of them unknown. From the sermon, which has something of the flavor of Elizabethan English, we learn that Anne Lamb was born at Padley, in Suffolk, of lineage "ancient and worshipful," and had part of her training under Lady Croft and her daughter, Lady Wentworth. Lady Glover died November 2, 1608, after a married life of "full five years and somewhat more." Her affectionate relations with her husband and the faithful resignation with which she met her death are told with unaffected pathos. Sir Thomas died suddenly at London in May, 1625.

The sermon ends with these words:

And thus dyed Anna, as dyed Sarah; Sarah in her old age, and yet so beautifull at a hundred yeeres old, as shee was at twentie, so say the Jewish Rabbins, and Anna in her young age; and yet so wise and vertuous ate twentie yeeres, as if she had liued an hundreth. Sarah dyed in a strange countrey, farre from her kindred and parents. So did Anna from hers. . . . What remayneth now: but as Sarah was honourably buried, so Anna should be buried too. Up let us bee going.

Though Forde makes no allusion to it, the young wife may have been familiar with one tragic incident at the British Embassy. A party of Sir Thomas Glover's servants "being abroad recreating themselves" got into a squabble with some Turks, and the quarrel passed from words to deeds. A stone thrown by one of the Englishman struck a Moslem behind the ear and killed him. The Turks threatened to pull down the Ambassador's house unless the man who threw the stone was delivered up to them. This he agreed to do, and the servants were paraded for identification. The Turks unhesitatingly pointed to a man as to whom there was ample evidence that he had not left the house on the day of the encounter, but they would listen to no proof, and in the end the man was delivered up to them and hanged at the Ambassador's gate. But the most curious part of the story is that the victim confessed to the Ambassador's chaplain that when in England he had committed a malicious murder, and regarded his sentence as a punishment for this long-past crime. Such is the story told in Dr. Thomas Taylor's additions to Dr. Thomas Beard's once famous book of "The Theatre of God's Judgments" (p. 46).

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

*We get a glimpse of the preacher in Coryat. They were both present at the circumcision of a child of Amis, a Jew resident at Constantinople, in 1613, but born in Crutched Friars, London.

Correspondence

THE TREATY-MAKING POWER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Among the memoranda and notes of the proceedings of the Federal Convention of 1787 preserved by James Madison were a few which were retained by Mrs. Madison, and which have occasionally found their way from her descendants to the auction mart, whence the most important items have, happily, been acquired by the Government and added to the great collection of Madison MSS. In the *Nation* of August 24, 1911, I communicated certain notes of George Mason and James McHenry which had been thus acquired. At a recent sale in Philadelphia another memorandum was sold. It pertains to the subject of the treaty-making power, and shows that Madison, in common with several other members of the Convention, thought that the House of Representatives, as the direct medium for expressing the popular will, should have a voice in treaty-making, Madison's idea being that at any rate there should be such participation when the question affected national rights and boundaries.

On September 7, when the clause providing that the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, should have power to make treaties, was under consideration, James Wilson moved to add after the word "Senate" the words "and House of Representatives." As treaties, he said, are to have the operation of laws, they ought to have the same sanction which laws have. Thomas Fitzsimmons, also of Pennsylvania, seconded the motion, but on the vote it was lost, only Pennsylvania and Virginia being recorded for it. Probably this evidence of the sense of the Convention prevented Madison from moving the following amendment, which he had prepared:

By J. M.

But no Treaty shall be made without the concurrence of the House of Representatives, by which the territorial boundaries of the U. S. may be contracted, or by which the common rights of *navigation* or *fishery* recognized to the U. States by the late treaty of peace, or accruing to them by virtue of the laws of nations may be abridged.

7 September 1787

The subject was then debated, but the motion does not appear to have been made.

The motion was written when the Convention was sitting, but the date and final sentence were added many years later at Madison's dictation by his brother-in-law, John C. Payne, who was his amanuensis when he prepared his journal of the debates for posthumous publication.

GAILLARD HUNT.

Washington, June 8.

THE SECRET OF ROOSEVELT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A lively historian of ancient Rome has recently reassured a troubled world that Mr. Roosevelt has no intention of imitating Julius Cæsar, and that the American republic is in no danger of having to beware lest it suffer harm. Foreign eyes and opinions are always more discerning than those of our own domestic Sullas, who see too many Mariuses in a budding Cæsar. Surely since the first disappointment of Roosevelt in Taft we can see timidly shaping itself from a listening hope to a vociferous ambition the third-term candidacy. The highly respectable body of citizens who have venerated the pronouncement of Washington at first scoffed at the idea of any sane man defying a well-established precedent and inviting innovation and revolution. Roosevelt has successfully dared. The third-term bogy has scared only tremulous politicians and long-faced professors of history. A candidacy which a few months ago was a preposterous joke has taken a grim turn for any wiseacre in matters political.

This is a very natural result, however, for the most adroit politician of our time has met and beaten into insensibility the others. He has known when and how to make the issue one of flesh and blood, not of abstract principles. Notwithstanding the fact that nobody can tell you what he definitely expects of Roosevelt's return to power, the singular truth is that few care or think about it. Like the modern reader of novels, we demand action in our heroes. The action may be sensational and immoral; it must be picturesque and continuous. Native endowments of temperament and mind have created Roosevelt such a hero. Mankind will credit much more in flesh than in programme, no matter how alluring the latter may be. So the masses believe in Roosevelt. Fidelity to one's word, courtesy to former friends, have become the silly graces of mollycoddles. To dare to be inconsistent and yet mock greatness has so marked the present feud that Emerson ought to tear his perfect shroud. Does anybody doubt what the next cry will be if the Republicans decline to nominate Roosevelt? Will not the people have been cheated of their choice if another is finally preferred to Roosevelt? Is not Roosevelt astute enough to see that the present discontents favor his candidacy on a third ticket without letting his ambition wait a moment?

How, therefore, is it possible for thinking men of mature years to find in the situation anything but the ceaseless goading of ambition, pronped on the one side by the superlative egotism of the man and on the other by the kindling adulation of the mob? One needs no Roman echoes to trace the cause of our discord and impending disaster. The personality of Roosevelt, the pitiable plight of Taft, the wretched manners, the threatening of the Constitution, ugly though they appear, account in no way for the situation. The cause is far deeper. America is feeling but a part of

the huge wave of mass distrust and hatred which is gathering force the world over. Socialism in Germany, syndicalism in France, riots in Belgium, commotions in England are merely symptomatic of the unbroken storm. No previous time in history matches for a moment the possibilities of this universal disturbance. The mighty duel of mass and class is before us, and the former has been singularly foiled in leaders. For a man of splendid powers and sympathy and courage what more marvellous opportunity than that of leading the downtrodden of immemorial ages into the Promised Land? And when the potentates of empires, states, and jungles have willingly sat at one's feet to learn wisdom, ought anybody to doubt that such a one is the destined leader?

That is the question. To localize the problem is to lose the inner significance. Roosevelt has scented the battle from afar, and has volunteered in the roughest riding that we are likely to behold. He has been lavish of his service hitherto, and he fronts unabashed the gravest modern war. He honestly believes that he alone can save the nations. To those who believe in the supremacy of moral law and its ability to correct industrial evils, Roosevelt is not the steadfast leader the people need. He has wrested and voiced the brute hatred of the masses. Therein lies the secret of his influence over credulous citizens. Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon could not have coped with this stupendous task. Can a self-appointed dictator prove anything but a fatuous failure?

PHILIP BECKER GOETZ.

North Evans, N. Y., June 15.

THE SUPREMACY OF THE LAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Appropriately associated with Dr William C. Collar's quotation from Grover Cleveland, on "the supremacy of the law" (*Nation*, May 23), are two others which have been taken from his first "Letter of Acceptance of the Nomination for President." The first is:

We proudly call ours a government by the people. It is not such when a class is tolerated which arrogates to itself the management of public affairs, seeking to control people instead of representing them.

And the second is even more pertinent to existing conditions:

When an election to office shall be the selection by the voters of one of their number to assume for a time a public trust instead of his dedication to the profession of politics; when the holders of the ballot, quickened by a sense of duty, shall avenge truth betrayed and pledges broken, and when the suffrage shall be altogether free and uncorrupted, the full realization of a government by the people will be at hand. And of the means to this end not one would, in my judgment, be more effective than an amendment to the Constitution disqualifying the President from reëlection. . . . We recognize in the eligibility of the President for reëlection a most serious danger to that calm, deliberate, and intelligent political action which must characterize a government by the people.

It seems to me that none of us can ponder these words too attentively or too long.

SMITH BAKER.

Utica, N. Y., June 10.

A PARALLEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reading Mr. Roosevelt's life of Gouverneur Morris, in the American Statesmen series, several passages have attracted my attention as having particular interest at the present moment. One of them seems worthy of mention, because it shows that its author has not always held and expressed his present extreme democratic views.

On page 299 of the work referred to Mr. Roosevelt gives emphatic approval to the views held by Morris as to the practical operation of our republican system. He says:

[Morris] denounced, with a fierce scorn that they richly merit, the despicable demagogues and witless fools who teach that in all cases the voice of the majority must be implicitly obeyed, and that public men have only to carry out its will, and thus "acknowledge themselves the willing instruments of folly and vice. They declare that, in order to please the people, they will, regardless alike of what conscience may dictate or reason approve, make the profligate sacrifice of public right on the altar of private interest. What more can be asked by the sternest tyrant of the most despicable slave? Creatures of this sort are the tools which usurpers employ in building despotism." Sounder and truer maxims never were uttered.

As surely as Mr. Roosevelt was right when he penned those words, so surely is he wrong now. For all this nonsense about the recall of judicial decisions, the government of the people by themselves, and so on, is simply a declaration "that in all cases the voice of the majority must be implicitly obeyed." How does he absolve himself now from that same "fierce scorn" with which he denounced other men? "For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you."

ROBERT CARTER RANKIN.

Valley City, O., June 10.

MARCELINO MENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the death of Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo, Spain has lost her greatest scholar and critic. It may be doubted whether, for extensive and profound knowledge of European literature, ancient and modern, he has ever had a peer. Born in 1856 at Santander, Menéndez at a very early age attracted attention by his phenomenal memory and bibliographical knowledge. His native city and the state provided him with funds to pursue his studies in Spain and abroad. At twenty-one he succeeded Amador de los Ríos as professor of Spanish literature at the University of Madrid. A grateful nation lavished honors upon him, and finally appointed him director of the National Library. In 1899 native and foreign scholars paid homage to his erudition by publishing two volumes of valuable studies in his honor. A list of his works, compiled by one of his pupils, Bonilla, fills thirty-three quarto pages, and not one study enumerated there can be neglected by students of Spanish and comparative literature. His most important works are, perhaps a "History of Heterodoxy in Spain" (1876-1881, 3 vols.), "A History of Æsthetics in Spain" (1883-1891, 14 vols.), "Horace in Spain" (1877), an Anthology of lyric poets (1890-1908, 13 vols.)—which is in fact a history of Spanish literature down to the middle of the sixteenth century—"Origins of the Novel" (1905-1910, 3 vols.) and an edition of Lope de Vega's novels (1890-1902, 13 vols.), the introductions to which are doubtless his greatest work. Material for several additional volumes was prepared, but not published. A collected edition of Menéndez y Pelayo's writings was begun some years ago by Suárez. Thus far two volumes have appeared. The first provides an altogether new introduction to his work on heterodoxy, and deals with rites in prehistoric Spain and the religious cult in Roman times. It is interesting to note that the demand for his books was unusually great. Several editions appeared of most of his works. No less than 4,000 copies of the "History of Heterodoxy" were sold in a few years. Although official duties often took him to Madrid, he was happiest in his private library at Santander. There he had gathered together a valuable collection of 40,000 volumes, bequeathed on his death to his native city. The secret of his success lay in his extensive knowledge of world literature, his keen æsthetic sense, and a charming literary style. His erudition was vast and accurate, but his almost naïve interest in literature never became disillusioned, and he wrote of books with an enthusiasm that communicated itself to the reader.

MILTON A. BUCHANAN.

University of Toronto, June 16.

SPELLING IN COLLEGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You are always interested in things that concern the welfare of colleges. In this week's issue you have an interesting editorial headed, "Let the Pupil Rule." I should like very much to see discussed in your columns the questions which are here subjoined:

(1.) Should an applicant for admission to college, when his preparation is satisfactory in other respects, be refused admission on account of serious deficiency in spelling?

(2.) If such an applicant is admitted, conditionally or otherwise, and fails to remove the deficiency, should the college refuse to grant him a diploma at the end of his course?

J. I. MCCAIN.

Due West, S. C., June 14.

Literature

THE POSTHUMOUS WORKS OF TOLSTOY.

Hadji Murad. By Leo Tolstoy. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.20 net.

Father Sergius and Other Stories. The same. $1.25 net.

The Forged Coupon and Other Stories. The same. $1.25 net.

The Man Who Was Dead; The Cause of It All: Dramas. The same. $1.20 net.

The Light That Shines in Darkness: A Drama. The same. $1.20 net.

At the present time the unseemly quarrel between the widow and the

daughter of Tolstoy makes it impossible to publish more than a small portion of his very extensive literary remains. His huge "Diary," the earlier portions of which, up to the year 1900, are now in the care of the Countess Tolstoy, will probably not see the light for many years. The "artistic productions" written since 1881, of which Tolstoy had sent copies to Mr. Chertkov, but the printing of which he wished deferred until after his death, have now been published in Berlin (3 vols., Ladyschnikow Verlag), and, with important excisions caused by fear of the censorship, in Moscow (3 vols., Sytin). The volumes contain only two tales of an earlier date, "An Idyl" and "Tikhon and Malanya," which were written before 1862, in the first period of Tolstoy's literary activity.

Of these works edited by Chertkov, the greater number have appeared at the same time in English translations. For the omissions in the English version it is not easy to account. Two stories, "The Devil," which in its drastic handling of a sexual theme suggests the "Kreutzer Sonata," and "An Idyll," which treats of a rather unelevating episode of village life in a detached, impersonal fashion hard to parallel in Tolstoy's other works, may have been set aside out of regard for Puritan readers. Why other tales and fragments, quite equal in interest to some of those translated, have been omitted, it is impossible even to guess.

Of the pieces now presented to the English public, the most important are three long stories, "Hadji Murad," "Father Sergius," and "The Forged Coupon," and a drama, "The Man Who Was Dead," which are complete in plot, though not revised with the attention that Tolstoy would have liked to give them, and a drama, "The Light that Shines in Darkness," unfinished, but clear in its general action. All these works, as might be expected, are penetrated with their author's religious and social views; they are of the same type as "The Death of Ivan Ilyich" and "The Power of Darkness." Yet in several ways they enlarge our knowledge of Tolstoy's genius; they show his varied powers and the breadth of his sympathies.

In "Hadji Murad," which he wrote mainly in 1902, when recovering from a serious illness, Tolstoy tells the story of a Caucasian warrior, who deserted his leader Shamil owing to a personal grievance, and later attempted to rejoin his countrymen in their struggle for liberty. In this tale there breathes again the passion for the open air, for free movement and action, that is so important an element of Tolstoy's earlier work. The story opens with as poetic a passage as can be found in his writings. Returning home through the fragrant fields with a nosegay of blossoms, the old man attempts to pluck a crimson thistle that has been crushed by a cart wheel. The flower eludes his grasp, and, once gathered, has lost its charm. The energy and tenacity of the thistle stir Tolstoy's imagination: "And I remembered a Caucasian episode of years ago, which I had partly seen myself, partly heard of from eye-witnesses, and in part imagined." In this fierce story the moralist shows himself only in the picture of the corrupt, vain, frivolous Russian officers, and of the cruel, licentious, stupid Emperor Nicholas I.

"Father Sergius" is impressive in a different fashion. A young officer, finding that the girl whom he loves has been the mistress of the Emperor Nicholas I, becomes a monk. Humble and gentle, he refuses to seek a high station as an ecclesiastic; in his hermitage he triumphs over a temptation like that of St. Anthony. His holiness wins him fame as a healer of the sick; he begins to glory in his own powers, and succumbs to the same sin that he had before resisted. He wanders away, is "numbered among the tramps, and sent to Siberia." "There he settled down on the estate of a rich peasant, where he still lives. He works in the vegetable garden, teaches the children to read and write, and nurses the sick." By his vividness of presentation, Tolstoy has made this treatise of humility a work of art.

The same vividness raises "The Forged Coupon" to the rank of something more than a Sunday-school tract. A boy forges a coupon; the small sin brings in its train a series of robberies and murders. One of the men whose lives have been ruined by the boy's act repents, and his change of nature brings bliss to those about him. The artificial framework is filled with a series of scenes described with Tolstoy's usual naked simplicity of utterance; hardly a word of direct moralizing is intruded into the story.

In "The Man Who Was Dead" Tolstoy tells of a hopeless drunkard, who, feeling himself unworthy of his respectable wife, decides to commit suicide in order to free her from his presence. At the last moment his strength fails him, and he merely disappears, causing reports of his death to be spread abroad. His wife marries a former lover. When the secret is discovered, owing to a "blackmailing blackguard," the drunkard does his best to save the situation by actually shooting himself. The drama, with its evident sympathy for the reprobate hero, is of a moral tone not found elsewhere in Tolstoy. A speech by the weak Fedia gives the key to the play:

> In our class three courses only are open to a man: the first is to go into the Government service, to make money, and to increase the ugliness of the life round you. This was disgusting to me, or perhaps I was simply unfit for it, but disgust was the stronger motive. The second course is to destroy the ugly conditions of life. But only heroes can do that, and I am not a hero. The third issue is to drink in order to forget, to indulge in dissipation, and to sing. That was my choice—I sang, and you see what end my singing has led me to. (*He drinks.*)

Here alone Tolstoy has taken his principal character from the third class, that beloved of Gorky, and, in a different fashion, of Dostoevski; that he has been able to create a living man is a proof of his artistic sympathy.

"The Light that Shines in Darkness" is essentially a piece of autobiography, presenting Tolstoy's relations with his family after his religious conversion had made him feel the unrighteousness of private property, particularly in land. Unable to bring his wife to share his opinions, and unable himself to rise to the height of his convictions and wander forth as a religious mendicant, he first refused to have anything to do with the property that legally belonged to him, and later made it over to his wife, while he remained at home, striving to live the life of a laborer, though surrounded by a "luxury" that he detested. The ludicrous incongruity of his position, more patent to him than to any of his critics, he draws in this comic tragedy, which reads like a pendant to Molière's "Misanthrope." Alceste has married Célimène, who has laid aside her coquetry and become a devoted, if somewhat philistine, wife and mother, while he himself, from a mere critic of the follies of society, has developed into a preacher of a new religion. To leave our comparison, the hero Saryntsov is finally murdered by the mother of a young man whom he has led by his teachings to reject military service, and who has been sent to a punitive battalion. Dying, Saryntsov takes his murderer's guilt upon himself, and in his last moments realizes the true meaning of his life. This we learn from a summary of the last act; the author, who, intentionally or unintentionally, had for four acts treated his double with something like mockery, could not or would not write the dialogue that should invest him with tragic dignity. The unfinished piece is of interest chiefly to students of Tolstoy's personality. Against humorous pictures of society that have something of the comic force of "The Fruits of Culture," the religious enthusiasm of Saryntsov stands out as whimsical or even self-righteous; it may sometimes become pathetic, but is never really impressive, and wins the reader's sympathy, if at all, only through his recollection of Tolstoy's other works. Yet, feeble though the drama may be, it aids one in understanding the tragedy of Tolstoy's final flight from home. Human weakness, not hypocrisy, prevented Tolstoy from becoming

earlier a martyr to his religious scorn of modern civilization.

Taken as a whole, these volumes fill one with new respect not only for Tolstoy's religious sincerity, but for his artistic instinct. They are full of passages worthy of his greatest works, and they show new sides of his powers, but none of them has the harmony and completeness of even the slighter pieces that he himself sent forth into the world; like "Resurrection," but in a far greater degree, they are imperfectly developed fragments of great themes.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Turnstile. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is no mean achievement to write a story dealing with Parliamentary life in England and escape dreariness. As it is, Mr. Mason has a close call. We are frankly tired of the young politician who storms the House of Commons. He is elected by a smashing majority. His maiden speech catches the ear of the House, not by its brilliancy, but by that indefinable "something" which reveals the strong man who knows his subject—and what he wants. He draws the attention of the Government; he is marked as a coming man; he brings forward a troublesome amendment and cuts down the Ministerial majority, and he refuses to be bribed with an Under-Secretaryship. All this is traditional. Where the author has avoided tedium is in making the Parliamentary career of his hero an interlude, though a very prolonged interlude, in a life that tends towards higher things. It is a novel idea to have a man lead an expedition to the South Pole with the sole aim of laying the foundation for a political career. But the frigid spaces of the South, wooed by Capt. Rames, in a spirit of cold calculation, develop into a grand passion before which the petty triumphs of party politics must give way. Something also must give way before the *idée fixe*, and that is the love of woman, a motive Mr. Mason has cleverly worked out. There is little in Cynthia Daventry to distinguish her from the horde of "nice" women in British fiction, and the figure of Benoliel the Jew is quite absurd. In James Challoner we have a vigorous, consistent bit of character drawing. An easy, agreeable narrative style contributes noticeably to the rapid turning of the pages.

Among the Idol-Makers. By L. P. Jacks. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The striking trait of the modern writing Englishman is his versatility. To do one thing, and do it well, no longer suffices. That energy lauded by Mr. Bennett in "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day" is a surprisingly frequent asset among his fellow-countrymen of letters. To write all the time and to write all sorts of things seem to be the chief rules. Essayists are not contented with the essay, or novelists with the novel. Philosophers take to fiction, and scholars to the drama. In general, the novel is the common meeting-ground. That grim old warrior of Positivism, Frederic Harrison, took to romance in his later years; and now Professor Jacks, the learned editor of the *Hibbert Journal*, chooses to exercise himself in the field of the short-story writer. He is at no particular pains to hide his tracks. These are undisguisedly the tales of a philosopher. We do not mean by this that they are dull, but that each of them contains an idea, and would hardly have existed but for that idea. One group of stories, "The Tragedy of Professor Denison," contains so much philosophizing that the narrative is altogether overshadowed. "The Self-Deceivers" is an account of the humors of two university dons, one a Determinist and the other a Libertarian. They are excellent friends in their private capacity, but at sword's points in all matters relating to philosophical theory. The upshot of it is that, when the test comes, each of them acts precisely as he should not if he were to practice what he seems to preach. But the difficulty of the situation is put neatly by the chronicler: "If the argument for Free-will were quite conclusive, it would make Determinists of us all. Whereas if the logic of Determinism were to triumph, we would all be compelled to embrace Free-will." Altogether the best story in the volume, as a story, is the last one, "Helen Ramsden"—in which a simple human poignancy of feeling keeps the underlying mental theme in its place. Mr. Jacks is least happy in his attempts at broad humor; they are a little conscious and school-masterish. He writes with too stiff a shoulder to be a story-teller of a high order. Nevertheless, the hand of little enjoyment hath the daintier sense; our philosopher is superior to the mere tricks of the professional short-story writer. Approached as little studies in life by a don and a lover of life, these sketches have a charm of their own.

The Fugitives. By Margaret Fletcher. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

After carefully reading the book we are not quite sure who the fugitives are, or what they are running away from. At the start there are apparently to be three heroines, English girl students in Paris. We become more or less interested in them all, and then Elizabeth has to go home to nurse younger brothers and sisters through chicken-pox, and we hear of her no more. The rest of the book is divided between the other two. Patricia, a Catholic, becomes engaged to a supposed widower, only to find that his divorced wife is living, and to renounce him. After his wife's death they are reunited. Stéphanie, sceptical, headstrong, and proud of her independence, is brought by experience to feel the need of religion and of protection. We are not told what becomes of her. The same uncertainty prevails with regard to the men in the story. The young Polish artist who is most prominent at the beginning disappears and is rarely heard from in the latter part. Two other men, an Australian and an American, enter the story. There is no plot and of course no conclusion; only a series of loosely connected episodes. Yet in spite of these lacks the book is not uninteresting. It presents a picture, free from sensationalism, of the life of the better class of students in the Latin Quarter. In various ways it suggests a transcript from experience and perhaps its purpose is merely reminiscence. The style has both ease and point.

The Noble Rogue. By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Co.

If a vacuum-cleaner could exercise its kindly functions through this volume, extracting the fine writing, there would remain a story improbable to the point of fable, yet a story that valiantly marches and stirringly rattles. A marriage contracted by two children, French and English, sets a ball rolling through the reign of Charles the Second, and gathering bulky material in the laws of marriage and of inheritance, the conspiracies of Titus Oates, and the gentlemanly blackguardisms of the day of the Merry Monarch. To set aside a wife who refuses to be set aside, to be at once a scoundrel and a Don Quixote, was perhaps never yet described with entire plausibility. But in reading this romance one must not question; one must spread the wings and hope for the best. As indicated, matters are made harder than they need be by the inordinate language. We do not complain of "'Sdeath! an I mistake not," nor of "By the Mass I call you right welcome." The era, or the conventional view of the era, demands it. We are not so sure that it demands "He'll quieten down anon." We do object to unbroken pages of flowery allegory spoken by a lover to his lass; and to being drawn into the dialect in the character of the plain reader. It is uncomfortable to be asked by the author, "think you" this and that; to find her saying, "O Time, why dost not stop at moments such as this?" While "Great God! Did you not know that Papa Legros had learned to love this man like he would his own son?" addressed to space as it were, shows that enthusiasm and grammar do not always go together.

PITT AND NAPOLEON.

Pitt and Napoleon: Essays and Letters. By J. Holland Rose, Litt.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.

Essays on certain disputed historical questions and a considerable body of documents, which would have weighted too heavily his excellent biographies of Pitt and Napoleon, Mr. Rose has now published as a separate volume, supplementary and yet complete in itself. Only three of the essays have been previously printed—the centenary paper on "The True Significance of Trafalgar" appeared in the *Independent Review* (November, 1905), and the critical and humorous dissection of "Marbot and his Memoirs" in the *Cornhill Magazine* (July, 1906). The memoirs of Marbot he finds to be probably genuine, but "vitiated by the persistent efforts of the writer to represent himself as the chief figure in events where he was little more than an insignificant accessory." Also the vivacious and picturesque interview, part French and part English, which a certain Major Vivian had with Napoleon at Elba a few weeks before the escape, was privately published in 1839, but has long been out of print; Mr. Rose has rightly judged it to be worth printing again where it will have a wider audience. One of Napoleon's observations to Major Vivian was: "The Americans want a ten years' war to make them a nation; they at present have no noblesse which they would acquire by a war; they are now a nation of merchants as is shown in the case of the sale of Jefferson's library to the highest bidder." He also prophesied that the English would lose Canada, an ominous remark which Vivian reported to the English Cabinet, and which probably accounts in part for their anxiety to prevent Napoleon's escape to the United States.

In the graceful opening essay, "The Oratory of Pitt," Mr. Rose analyzes the wonderful qualities that gave this slender youth his power to sway and control for a quarter of a century a House of Commons which had listened to Chatham and Burke and which had vibrated also to the tones of Sheridan and Fox. He compares him favorably with Gladstone, and concludes that the great merit of Pitt's speeches was in the balance of their qualities. "They took a middle course between the Pegasus flight of Burke and the pedestrian efforts of Grenville. While his sonorous cadences satisfy the ear of the artist, his periods, like his thoughts, were rarely, if ever, too complex for the halting wits of the country squires who formed the bulk of the members."

"Was Pitt Responsible for the Quiberon Disaster?" sheds a good deal of new light on a vexed subject. Fox and the French royalists accused Pitt, and the accusation has often been repeated, of perfidiously sending French noblemen to be massacred. Sheridan, with the reckless ignorance and eager spite of a partisan, declared that though British blood had not flowed at Quiberon [which was false], yet "British honor had bled at every pore." Mr. Rose shows conclusively that Pitt's plans were reasonably wise and absolutely single-minded. The disasters which followed on the beach and in the meadow by Quiberon were due to the discord between the English admiral and the French royalist leader, Puisaye, and also between the nobility and the peasantry of the French royalists themselves. They were also due to Puisaye's military inexperience, bad judgment, and unpardonable carelessness, which were rendered all the worse by the fact that the opposing Republican commander, Hoche, was a genius second only to Napoleon; to the treachery of some of the French prisoners of war who had enrolled in the regiments for Quiberon as a means of getting back to France; to Charette, the idolized Vendean chief, who refused to bring his bands of peasants to cooperate with an untrusted noble like Puisaye, who was eating oysters on the beach when he ought to have been attacking the enemy; and, finally, to an unforeseeable and spiteful dispatch from a royalist secret committee at Paris which led astray one of Puisaye's detachments intended to assail Hoche in the rear.

As to the paper, "Did Napoleon Intend to Invade England?" we also accept the affirmative conclusion which Mr. Rose bases partly on an estimate of Napoleon's general character, his daring enthusiasm, his magnificent self-confidence, and his conviction of the value of waging offensive warfare, and partly on an examination of Napoleon's daily dispatches from 1803-05. Napoleon always regarded the Boulogne fleet as a convenient way to worry and intimidate the English and compel them to keep a large part of their fleet in the neighborhood of the Channel, and also as a valuable means of stimulating the French army, the French navy, and the whole French nation to their utmost exertion by holding out to view a glorious enterprise. But, more than this, he really did intend, at midsummer, 1804, to attempt the crossing with the assistance of the Toulon fleet; he went to Boulogne, pushed on the preparations with feverish haste, and had struck the famous medals which were to be distributed after landing and which showed him as Hercules strangling a merman, with the legend, *Descente en Angleterre: frappée à Londres*, 1804; but in September he abandoned all thought of an immediate invasion, owing to unexpected difficulties which arose at Boulogne and to the sudden death of Latouche, the commander of the Toulon fleet. In the spring of 1805, however, he returned again to his fixed resolve to attempt the crossing with the aid of Villeneuve's squadron. "If we are masters of the Straits for six hours, England is no more," he wrote to Decrès, August 4. But as Austria had meanwhile assumed a warlike attitude, he quickly developed other plans and suddenly astonished the world by his march from Boulogne to Ulm and Austerlitz. The fact that nearly all naval authorities pronounced his naval schemes impracticable, does not prove that the daring, self-confident Emperor so regarded them himself, or that he did not really intend to attempt them. Also, all his later assertions and those of Méneval, Bourrienne, and the others on this subject are of little value in comparison with the strictly contemporary evidence which Mr. Rose has so carefully sifted. Other essays discuss the British rule in Corsica, the relief of the poor under Pitt, and Napoleon's failure to understand why he lost Waterloo.

The second half of the volume contains some of the more interesting parts of Pitt's correspondence with George III, Portland, Windham, Harrowby, and others. This has hitherto been unpublished, though it was used by Mr. Rose for his life of Pitt. There are more letters to Pitt than from him. Though Pitt's letters have not the highest literary merits, they are of considerable interest as the outcome of a cultured mind and of a noble and patriotic nature. His earliest letters, of which Mr. Rose gives some interesting specimens in the first half of the volume, display the intolerable pomposity which he learned from his father. But he soon freed himself from this and adopted the simple and direct epistolary style natural to him. As he never forgot his position as Prime Minister, he never shook off entirely the cautious reserve congenial to Downing Street; and as he often preferred to trust oral rather than written communications, his correspondence rarely reveals startling secrets. We quote a single characteristic letter, which illustrates how neatly he could return a courteous and crushing answer, and which also betrays his indefensible carelessness in failing to answer, or even to read, some of his letters:

> My Lord: I received yesterday from your Lordship a paper reminding me that I had omitted to notice a former letter from you on the subject of finance. You must give me leave to observe that in such cases the *right* which your Lordship is pleased to state of being listened to will always depend, in my opinion, more on the apparent merits of the project than on the rank of the projector. I should certainly most readily have acknowledged the zeal for the public service which dictated your first letter, if, in the midst of other business, it had not inadvertently escaped me; but I own that I have not the good fortune to enter sufficiently into your ideas, as stated in either paper, to lead me to trouble you further on the subject.

A History of Witchcraft in England, from 1558 to 1718. By Wallace Notestein. Washington: American Historical Association.

This work was originally a dissertation submitted for a Yale doctorate, and still shows signs of its origin in a certain crudity of presentation and absence of coördination. It is, however, a careful piece of work, displaying much research and giving in detail and in chronological order most of the trials for witchcraft and the controversies to which they gave rise between the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and Queen Anne. To it has been awarded the Adams prize in European history by the American Historical Association, under whose auspices it is published.

After a perfunctory sketch of the earlier history, Professor Notestein goes through the most prominent cases in Elizabeth's reign and then devotes a special chapter to Reginald Scott, the author of the first attack upon the belief in witchcraft in England; though, curiously enough, he omits all reference to Shakespeare's use of Scott, which caused the book to be reprinted some few years ago by Dr. Nicholson. In dealing with James I's reply to Scott, the writer produces plausible evidence to show that the King, after the publication of his "Dæmonologie," found reason to change his views owing to several cases investigated by him, in which the fraudulent character of the supposed acts of witchcraft came to light. In the well-known case of the Lancashire witches under Charles I an interesting point is made of the intervention of William Harvey, in one instance, on the rational side.

A lengthy chapter is devoted to the career of Matthew Hopkins, the great witch-finder, whose career is central in the history of this superstition. The increased activity of the courts under the Commonwealth and the later Stuarts was possibly due to his influence. But public opinion was aroused on the right side by a whole series of writers of distinction, from Francis Osborne and Sir Robert Filmer through Hobbes and Casaubon down to Francis Hutchinson, whose historical essay, published in 1718, was the final blow to the superstition in the minds of all right-thinking men. Mr. Notestein unfortunately gives no detailed account of Hutchinson's work, which would have formed a suitable conclusion to his own treatment. It is curious to find the skeptical Glanvil a strenuous supporter of the belief in witchcraft, while Selden and Hobbes, though skeptical as to the reality of witchcraft, agreed with the then state of the law which declared that witches should be punished.

From this brief summary of the main points discussed in Mr. Notestein's essay it will be seen that he has treated all the main topics of interest, both in the trials and in the literature, during the period with which he is dealing. But it cannot be said that his treatment is at all effective considering the romantic interest surrounding his subject. Both trials and pamphlets are analyzed and discussed in the driest possible manner. He has carefully avoided the more general bearings of the matter, which he reserves for treatment elsewhere, but by thus restricting the use of his very extensive materials, he has robbed his essay of attractiveness and interest. In fairness it should be added that the book throughout shows great industry and complete command of all the literature. Elaborate appendixes at the end give lists of rare pamphlets on the subject, as well as a fairly complete chronological enumeration of the various witch trials.

Notes

W. Morgan Shuster is bringing out this month, through the Century Company, "The Strangling of Persia."

The Outing Publishing Co. has in press "The Law-Bringer," a novel of the Southwest, by Charles Alden Seltzer.

Spanish and English translations are promised of a recent work in French by the Danish historian, Mr. Bratli, on Philip II of Spain.

W. J. Henderson, the musical critic, has written a novel, "The Soul of a Tenor," which Holt will bring out in the autumn.

The same house will have ready at the end of this month a "French Grammar," by W. B. Snow, and "Elements of Geography," by Profs. Rollin D. Salisbury, Harlan H. Barrows, and Walter Sheldon Tower of the University of Chicago.

The following Dutton books will appear shortly: "Life's Chance," a searching of the Christian faith by Bishop G. H. S. Walpole; "Posthumous Essays," by John Churton Collins; "The Good Girl," a novel by Vincent O'Sullivan; "The Roll Call of Honor," being biographies of brave men and women for young readers, by Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch, and "An Introduction to the History of Life Insurance," by A. Fingland Jack.

Included in Stokes's list of books to be issued this summer are several volumes of fiction: "The Long Portage," by Harold Bindloss; "Between Two Thieves," by Richard Dehan; "Lifted Masks," by Susan Glaspell; "The Whistling Woman," by Robert Halifax; "Miss Wealthy," by Elizabeth Neff, and "The Bride's Hero," by M. P. Revere.

Houghton Mifflin Co. will publish shortly: "The Blue Wall," a novel by Richard Washburn Child; "An American Wooing," a novel by Florence Drummond; "The Loss of the SS. Titanic," by Lawrence Beesley, one of the survivors; "Direct Elections and Law-Making by Popular Vote: The Initiative, the Referendum, the Recall, Commission Government for Cities, Preferential Voting," by Edwin M. Bacon and Morrill Wyman; "The Robert Browning Centenary Celebration," a volume edited by Prof. William Knight, containing the centenary addresses delivered at Westminster College Hall, London, May 7, this year; "The People's School," by Ruth Mary Weeks; "Winter" and "The Spring of the Year," both by Dallas Lore Sharp, and "The Riverside Fifth Reader," edited by J. H. Van Sickle and others.

The Oxford University Press (Frowde) is about to publish a study by Dr. H. P. Cholmeley of John of Gaddesden, who was the first English Court physician, and of his chief work, known as the "Rosa Anglica." It was written in 1314, was first printed in 1492, and is mentioned by Chaucer. John of Gaddesden was a graduate of Oxford in arts, medicine, and theology; he died in 1361, and is supposed to have been born about 1280.

The fifth volume of "The Vulgate Version of the Arthurian Romances" (Washington: The Carnegie Institution), edited from manuscripts in the British Museum by H. Oskar Sommer, contains the concluding portion of the "Lancelot" proper—"Lancelot, le très plaisant menteur," to use the words of Clément Marot. This concluding section of the romance is generally known as the "Agravain," and it is usually found in the manuscripts entirely separate from the rest of the "Lancelot" proper. In his "Romans de la Table Ronde" Paulin Paris gave only a partial analysis of it, so that until the publication of the present volume its contents were less known than those of any other portion of the Vulgate cycle of the prose Arthurian romances. It is essentially a continuation of the "Lancelot," planned so as to connect that romance, which was already of enormous length, with the "Queste del Saint Graal." The "Agravain" is, no doubt, itself a composite work, and this probably accounts for the inequality of workmanship which it displays in different parts. The first half of the book is decidedly superior to the second half, if we except certain episodes towards the end of the volume. Perhaps the romance, as originally written, was subsequently enlarged by interpolation on an extensive scale. It will be the task of criticism—no easy one—to determine the truth about this matter, but, first of all, a collation of the text now published by Dr. Sommer, with the numerous manuscripts at Paris, will be necessary. Until such a collation is made, it is, of course, impossible to assert positively that the manuscript tradition throws no light on the problem. To be sure, there would be nothing surprising in it, if the search proved barren, for it is virtually certain that at least fifty years elapsed between the completion of the latest member of the cycle and the date of our earliest extant manuscripts. There was accordingly plenty of time for interpolated versions to supplant completely the original ones. Two more volumes will conclude Dr. Sommer's work, viz., a volume containing the "Queste del Saint Graal" and the "Mort Artu," both of which, however, unlike the "Lancelot," have already been edited, and, finally, as we understand, a volume containing a full Index of Names.

"A Chautauqua Boy in '61 and Afterward" (Small, Maynard) is a book of some 400 pages, containing the recollections of

David B. Parker of Chautauqua County, New York, who served throughout the war, and was afterwards marshal for Virginia, and for many years inspector in the Post Office Department. The stories, anecdotes, and adventures which make up the book are told in a simple, direct style; it reflects the character of the author, and at times is not without real effectiveness and charm. The first chapters, dealing with the war period, are, perhaps, the least interesting. Those dealing with Parker's service as marshal for Virginia and as inspector in the postal service are more entertaining, and probably of more value for the historian. From the account of conditions in Virginia, one may gain some sidelights on the reconstruction period, and from the later chapters much to illustrate the spirit of the generation which began that industrial development that has culminated in the problem of the "special interests." Not that the book deals directly with industrial enterprises or the methods by which "big business" was built up; but one is somehow made aware that the twenty years from 1870 to 1890 was a period when men were rather intently occupied with the material side of life, a period of intellectual and spiritual apathy, following naturally enough upon the tremendous emotional strain of the Civil War, and containing little hint of the "moral issues" which are now producing a great awakening. The accuracy of Mr. Parker's recollections it is difficult to estimate, but he had that clear-headed, precise type of mind which generally recalls things pretty much as they happened, or else not at all.

"Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest" (McClurg), compiled and edited by Katherine Berry Judson, is similar to the author's "Myths and Legends of Alaska" and is to be estimated by the same standard. That is to say, it is less scientific than literary. The author specifically denies any effort to make it more than a faithful and pleasant recital of certain selections from the numerous native stories of California and that region. As such, the book is to be commended. There seems to be little or no tampering, in this volume, with the original thought, and the stories consequently have much of their original color. The illustrations are not quite adequate. They are good enough reproductions of photographs, but they are mainly landscapes and neglect the people described. It is not sufficient either to speak of "Indians" in so vague and general a way as is done in the titles of some of the illustrations; for example, "Indians in the Grand Canyon" (p. 91). The tribe should be specified—in this case Navajo. And it is also important that the popular mind should learn to distinguish the numerous stocks of Amerinds as is done with other races. The picture of the "Little Basket Maker" is excellent, but it would have been more interesting and valuable if the tribe (evidently Hopi) had been stated. These are slight defects, yet they mar an otherwise admirable little book

"Readings on Parties and Elections in the United States" (Macmillan), by Chester L. Jones, is a useful and discriminating collection of extracts from formal treatises, speeches, newspaper and magazine articles, official publications, etc., illustrative of the development and present-day workings of party organizations, the convention system, Federal and State elections, the treatment of corrupt practices, and direct legislation and the recall. While a good deal of the material is, in the nature of the case, ephemeral, the book as a whole is one which the thoughtful voter, as well as the teacher and student, will find worth while. The lack of an index is to be regretted.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Co. has brought out three reading books in English history—"The Dawn of British History," by Alice Corkran, and "The Birth of England" and "From Conquest to Charter," by Estelle Ross—which are superior to anything of the sort that we have seen. The authors evince marked skill, not only in framing a straightforward narrative sufficiently full of well-chosen detail, but also in maintaining throughout a literary form which is at once simple, dignified, and attractive. The numerous illustrations in black and white, by Evelyn Paul and M. Lavars Harry, are of a high order. The books can be heartily commended to teachers and to libraries.

The Roycrofters of East Aurora, N. Y., issue in handsome form "The Long Roll," by Charles F. Johnson, a young Swede, whose Civil War diary, during two years service in the Ninth New York Volunteers, makes up the book. The author was a spirited, fairly intelligent youth, well Americanized before his enlistment. He had a knack with the pencil, the fruits of which are profusely scattered among his pages. The volume, however, contains nothing about a private's service which has not been better told before, many times over. Book-buyers must note that C. F. Johnson's "Long Roll," copyrighted by Mary S. Johnson, is not Mary Johnston's "Long Roll," the well-known novel. The coincidence is curious, and we hope not intentional.

"Social Aspects of Education" (Macmillan), by Irving King, is a plea for the conscious use of the public school as a "social centre," to bring about desirable social ends not obtained through the family life, to which the social guidance of the child is for the most part left. A large portion of the volume is devoted to the republication of extracts from various authors who have written on one phase or another of the subject, and lists of topics for further study, together with bibliographies, are appended to the various chapters.

Henry Demarest Lloyd died in 1903, just when his work was commencing to bear fruit. And already he is but a name hardly remembered by the older members of the present generation, and entirely unknown to the younger, although we are all travelling swiftly and with comparative ease upon paths in whose making he bore the pioneer's part. The historian who in the future engages in the task of tracing the beginnings of the movement which we now call the "social unrest" will find one great landmark to guide him, and that will be Lloyd's work, "Wealth against Commonwealth," which appeared in 1894. That book was the first—and, even to-day, may, perhaps, fairly be called the greatest—specimen of the "literature of exposure" in this country. It is a pity that in those days it could not receive the extraordinary publicity given only a few years later by the popular magazines to far less worthy efforts. But it should not be forgotten that Henry Demarest Lloyd showed the way. For this reason, his biography, now published by his sister ("Henry Demarest Lloyd, 1847-1903: A Biography," by Caro Lloyd, with an introduction by Charles Edward Russell; Putnam), deserves to be read by all who are fighting to-day for the common good. The tendency to idealize one's subject is, no doubt, irresistible in cases such as this. It would be an easy task to show that Lloyd was no great thinker, that he had no absolutely new message of his own for humanity, and that his reflections upon many of the great abstract questions of the day and of all time were neither very original nor very deep. But that would be to miss the whole value of both the book and its subject. Henry Demarest Lloyd was a generous, whole-souled, self-sacrificing man, who devoted his life to the cause of the people, as against monopoly and special privilege, and who gave abilities of no mean order to the work. Barely of age, he went into the Free-Trade fight of 1868, and from that day to the day of his death he was active on the side of the people. The keynote of his life is to be found in a statement many times reiterated by him: "In all issues, the principle of but one side can be right. The workingman is often wrong, but his is always the right side." It is not necessary here to recount the various stages of a career of public service in a private capacity, which finally led him into the Socialist party at the close of his life. After all, it is not Lloyd's opinions which are of importance so much as are his character, his keen sense of justice, his violent passion for the right as he saw it, and his utter disregard of self when service was to be rendered to the cause he loved. One may very easily disagree fundamentally with many of his views, and at the same time feel strongly attracted by the chivalrous personality, which is on the whole well depicted in this biography.

Few books of travel are more delightful than Fromentin's "Une Année dans le Sahel." Fromentin is best known as a painter of Algerian subjects; here he recounts his Algerian experiences in admirable prose. The descriptive passages, as one would expect, are unusually vivid, but they show no encroachment of the methods of pictorial technique. The writer is less concerned with the momentary aspects of things than with their changes and their human significance. Characters as individual and as interesting as those of the best fiction appear and reappear in the course of the narrative. Some of them add comic touches; others converge in a strange tragedy. The work is well edited, in the Oxford Higher French Series, by Prof. Léon Morel, who writes as introduction a long and valuable essay on the life and work of Fromentin.

"Ma Tante et mon curé" (Jenkins) is a comedy written for American consumption by Mlle. Eugénie Piffault. According to the preface, which is apparently by the author, "the play is a perfect jewel of delicacy, grace, and wit." In the pages the reviewer has read the heroine's aunt beats her once, shakes her twice, slaps her thrice, and the niece covers her aunt's cheeks with jam and receives a spoonful of dough in her own face in return, while the twain ex-

change insults by the dozen, and the onlooking curate takes pinches of snuff by the score.

It cannot be said that Mrs. Lion Phillimore, the author of "In the Carpathians" (Holt), has made good use of her opportunity. Travelling by wagon from Zakopane, in Galicia, to Kronstadt, in Transylvania—a distance of some 500 miles—and camping out almost every night, she has little enough to tell of the interesting country she traversed and the picturesque people she met. She started with a good stock of British prejudices and did not altogether divest herself of them in her contact with Poles, Ruthenians, Magyars, Rumanians, Jews, or Gypsies. She had but hazy notions of the political relations of all these motley people, evidently believing that a war between Austria and Hungary was quite likely, and, in general, troubled herself little about verifying what she saw or heard. She finds that Wallachs speak "a sort of" Rumanian, that "Kukuruz" (the same as maize) is made of maize meal, and believes that a Polish peasant boy of eighteen who offered himself as a guide, had been "to Cracow University and spoke Latin and Greek, Polish and German." The book shows throughout an affected naïveté, which becomes tedious, as does the ever-recurring talk about the morning bath. Of the author's generalizations, the following is a fair sample: "Poles and Slovaks, we decided were among the lovable races of the world; Ruthenians and Jews were to be esteemed but not beloved; while gypsies were too flighty and flippant to be recipient of any responsible emotion." There is no *raison d'être* for this volume, except that the author wanted to possess a printed record of a journey which, on her own showing, she did not always fully enjoy.

In the death of William Watson Goodwin, on Sunday, Harvard has lost another representative of that stalwart community of scholars of an earlier day which included such men as Child and Norton and Shaler. Professor Goodwin was a native of Concord, Mass. He was born May 9, 1831, and graduated from Harvard in 1851. He also studied at the Universities of Berlin, Bonn, and Göttingen, and received the degree of Ph.D. from the last-named university. The degree of LL.D. he received from Amherst, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Harvard, Columbia, Chicago, and Yale Universities. Oxford gave him the degree of D.C.L. Dr. Goodwin was professor of Greek literature at Harvard from 1860 to 1901, and professor emeritus since 1901. He was a Knight of the Greek Order of the Redeemer and first director of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens; president of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, 1903; an overseer of Harvard University, 1903-09; an honorary member of the Hellenic Societies of London and Constantinople, Philological Society of Cambridge, England, Archæological Society and Academy of Science of Athens; and a member of the German Archæological Institute of Berlin. His Greek grammar and other grammatical treatises are widely known. Fuller mention of Professor Goodwin will be made in the *Nation* next week.

The death is reported from Paris of Frédéric Passy, the economist and apostle of peace, aged ninety. He was commander of the Legion of Honor, a member of the Institute, and one of the founders of the International and Permanent League of Peace. M. Passy wrote several treatises on economic subjects, besides occasional poems.

Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, the French writer, who is mentioned in another column, died in Paris on Sunday, at the age of seventy. Among his best-known works are: "L'Antiprotestantisme," "Etudes russes et européennes," "Les Congrégations religieuses et l'expansion de la France," "Christianisme et Socialisme," and "Les Juifs et l'antisemitisme." He was a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor and director of the Institute.

Science

Good Cheer: The Romance of Food and Feasting. By F. W. Hackwood. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. $2.50 net.

The Economy of Food. By J. Alan Murray. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

Simple Italian Cookery. By Antonia Isola. New York: Harper & Bros. 50 cents net.

The New England Cook-Book. By Helen S. Wright. New York: Duffield & Co. $1.50 net.

A List of Books on Domestic Science in the Public Library of Boston. Published by the Trustees.

It has been said that in Germany, and still more in Austria, novels which include alluring descriptions of banquets are sure of success. The French can hardly be accounted second to the Teutons in their addiction to the pleasures of the table, or their eagerness to read about them; and that English writers also are not altogether indifferent to such savory topics is shown by Mr. Hackwood in Good Cheer in Fiction, which constitutes the last chapter of his book. The greater part of this volume is concerned with gastronomy in England, past and present, though there are brief excursions to other European countries. Of American specialties he seems to be singularly ignorant; the only reference to our country is this: "If America has a national dish, it is the favorite pork and beans of the New England States, which patriotic Americans order at the hotels and restaurants as 'Stars and Stripes'!" He is much better informed regarding the ancient Greeks and Romans; tells about the Homeric heroes who did not disdain to prepare their own simple meals; about the composition of the Spartan black broth which made the men of this tribe fearless of death in the battlefield; of later days of luxury and gluttony, especially in Rome; and many other things likely to interest those not familiar with them from their school and college days.

Of genuine value is the bulk of Mr. Hackwood's volume, bringing together as it does a greater amount of curious information regarding food and eating in England, particularly during the Middle Ages, than can be found between the covers of any other book. He is thoroughly at home on this ground, having previously gathered similar material for two other volumes, "The Good Old Times" and "Inns, Ales, and Drinking Customs of Old England." British inns are pretty bad even now, from the culinary point of view, but they are probably like restaurants of the Parisian boulevards as compared with the mediæval inns, on the miseries of which Erasmus and others expressed themselves so forcibly. Of those days, when travellers of all ranks were obliged to resort to the monasteries in order to make sure of good fare and comfortable lodging, the author unfolds a picture which justifies the use of the word "romance" in his title.

While on the whole there was gradual progress in the arts of cooking and eating, there were ups and downs which are duly noted in these pages. Perhaps the most interesting chapters are those on the great influence of the introduction of forks on not only the table etiquette of the English, but on their way of cooking meats, the mortrewes, hashes, and other messes of "spoon meat" giving way to chines of beef and other large joints. Gradually the whale, porpoise, seawolf, and other impossible creatures were eliminated from the bill-of-fare, and the English became known the world over as the beef-eaters, an appellation in which they take pride to the present day, attributing their supremacy among nations partly to their meat diet. The author admits the lack of imagination in British culinary art. It is shown chiefly in the treatment of vegetables, of which England always has had a scant variety as compared with France, Italy, and Germany. One notes with some amusement, in perusing these pages, that some food questions which are commonly supposed to be the special outcome of present-day conditions, agitated the public hundreds of years ago. As early as the thirteenth century the city of London curbed the greedy middlemen by not allowing them to charge more than three half-pence for the best hen, a penny for a pigeon, three shillings for a swan, five pence for a goose, and so on. As for the fireless cooker, supposed to be of yesterday, Charles XII anticipated its principle when he cooked a fat hen while on the march by inserting within it a piece of hot steel, the whole being placed in a tin box which was wrapped in a woollen cloth and strapped on a soldier's back. Possibly, too, the acid preparation of milk demanded by the old monastic rule was an instinctive an-

ticipation of the doctrines of Professor Metchnikoff.

Popular fallacies of a different kind are exposed by Mr. Murray in his book on "The Economy of Food." He thinks the usual distinction made between foods as flesh-formers and heat-producers is radically unsound. Another mistake is to suppose that raw, or semi-raw meat is more nutritious than that which has been moderately cooked. "The latter is more easily masticated, and probably on that account more readily digestible." The oft-repeated statement that skim-milk and buttermilk are more nutritious than fresh whole milk is absurd. Eggs do not contain so large a proportion of nutriment as they are credited with; compared with many other foods they are dear; yet they contain a larger proportion of phosphorus than does fish, which, in turn, is good for brain workers, not because of its phosphorus, but because it is more digestible (with some exceptions) than meats. Among meats, beef is not always more digestible than pork; it depends on the age of the animal and the part of its body from which the meat is cut—a consideration sometimes ignored by those who make tables of the comparative digestibility of various viands.

These points, gathered here and there from the pages of Mr. Murray's book, show that it is of interest and value to all who eat, as well as to the students of domestic science, the cooks, caterers, housekeepers, and managers of institutions for whom he says he wrote it. He uses the word "economy" not only in the sense of thrift or saving, but in a general sense which enables him to include in his discussion the nature, sources, composition, and functions of various kinds of food. At the same time the money side of the question is duly considered. As the writer sagely remarks, it is not economy, but the reverse, to provide food, however cheap, "which the person for whom it is intended can't or won't eat." He weighs various foods in the balance—explaining, for example, that bread contains four or five times as much nutritive matter as an equal weight of potatoes—and gives directions as to what kinds are best for workers, for infants, and so on. There are special chapters on butcher's meat, poultry, game, and fish, dairy produce, cereals, fruits, prepared foods, spices, and the effects of cooking, followed by others in which diets are computed mathematically. National diets are also briefly noticed.

Antonia Isola's little book on "Italian Cookery" would have gained in interest had it been prefaced by a few pages summing up the gastronomic peculiarities of the people of her extraction. However, the professional cook or the mistress who does her own cooking and wisely craves variety, will soon discover from a perusal of the recipes given what are the national and local flavors of the peninsula which gives us the best macaronis and oils, and some of the best cheeses and wines. Not a few of the dishes described in these pages are international. In the second section, however, we plunge in *medias res*—the spaghetti, vermicelli, and other varieties of maccaroni, among which, strange to say, the best of them all, the tagliatelli, is not mentioned. Equally Italian are the risotto and other rice dishes, the ravioli, the polenta, the gnocchi of farina or potato. Eggs, fishes, vegetables, meats, can be cooked in many tempting Italian ways by following the directions of the author. She also pays due attention to the national desserts, among which chestnuts figure so prominently and appetizingly.

The "New England Cook Book" of Helen S. Wright (most cook books in America are written by women, which is not the case abroad) naturally has less local flavor than Antonia Isola's. It is a more comprehensive collection of recipes, some of them modern, others direct legacies from Puritan ancestors. Because of New England's proximity to the ocean, fish and shellfish take up many pages. Just to look at the list of preparations of them whets the appetite. We find the fishes in soups and salads, as well as by themselves. Preserves and pickles also play prominent rôles in that part of the country; in the wealth of recipes for these lies perhaps the book's chief value. Many pages are devoted to breads, biscuits, and cakes, of which New England has not a few varieties peculiar to itself. The directions given are always clear and succinct.

The rapidly increasing importance assigned to the discussions of dietary and other domestic questions is illustrated by the publication, by the trustees of that admirably managed institution, the Boston Public Library, of a list of its books on Domestic Science. It consists of 65 pages of two columns each, followed by an elaborate index. Considerable difficulty was encountered in the matter of classification, but the arrangement adopted is satisfactory and serviceable. The books are grouped under Household Management; Food, Nutrition, Diet, Digestion; Beverages; Cookery; The Table, Gastronomy, Dining; Dress, Clothing. There are subdivisions; under cookery, for instance, the different nations are classed separately; also, camp cookery, the chafing-dish, etc. Altogether, it is a catalogue which will be found useful by all who are concerned with good housekeeping, including, particularly, the teachers and students of the 125 institutions which in this country are now ready to grant diplomas in domestic science.

Among Houghton Mifflin's forthcoming books is "Observations on Borzoi," an account of the Russian wolfhound, by Joseph B. Thomas.

The appearance of a volume on a topic such as "The Physiology of Faith and Fear; or, The Mind in Health and Disease" (McClurg), by William S. Sadler, M.D., intended for the general public, is in itself an unpleasant sign of the times. "The natural, unconstrained human being," says Feuchtersleben, "feels himself to be complete and leads an existence unconscious of itself." But in the 500 pages into which Dr. Sadler has packed a miscellaneous amount of medical, semi-medical, pseudo-philosophical, emotional, and religious talk, there is more than enough to confuse the well man and far too much to cure the sick. Written, partly, to confute the fads of the day, this book inevitably furnishes convenient arguments for Christian Scientists and devotees of other cults, who will not fail to select from its pages what suits their purposes. The author cites, from his own practice, cases in which conversion to faith effected cures, and though he disclaims having "discovered a method whereby it would be possible to determine by material tests as to whether or not a person was sincere in his profession of religion," his stories of the "somewhat disagreeable married woman" and the "unfaithful husband" whose blood-pressure was reduced after conversion, will lead immature minds to draw wrong conclusions. It must be admitted that there is much sound information of one kind or another in Dr. Sadler's book, but there are also not a few debatable medical statements. Judicious members of his profession will not all consider it useful to proclaim that "there are some physicians who believe that constant thinking of the appendix, coupled with the incessant fear of appendicitis, has had not a little to do with actually bringing about a nervous and circulatory condition which greatly favors infection and disease in this particularly predisposed locality," and that "whatever may be the influence of the mind in causing warts, it seems probable that the mental state has, in some cases, had much to do with their removal." And neither the physician nor the layman will be the better for Dr. Sadler's fervent expression of his personal belief that "he recognizes the sublime power of the true Christian religion not only to accomplish all the desirable physiological and psychological effects herein noted, but in addition to bring about a host of other and marvellous spiritual manifestations and mighty moral transformations." The book, with its diagrams illustrating "the action of the mind in the elaboration of thought," "the three planes of consciousness—conscience, reason, and instinct," "the relations of the parts of the human body to the signs of the zodiac," "woman with a spirit of infirmity," etc., etc., has an antiquated, phrenological look, but it is ultra-modern for all that. It chimes in with the popular demand for second-hand medical knowledge and psychotherapeutic twaddle. All that Dr. Sadler, aside from strictly medical advice, might profitably have communicated to the general reader, he could have found in the few pages of Kant's little treatise on "The Power of the Mind to Conquer Morbid Feelings by Sheer Determination" ("Von der Macht des Gemüths, durch den blossen Vorsatz seiner krankhaften Gefühle Meister zu sein"). Had he himself benefited by its reasoning, he could not possibly

have penned such truisms as that "most hypochondriacs would speedily recover if they would but become confirmed optimists."

Drama

"King John" (Duffield), edited by the late Dr. Furnivall, with introduction by F. W. Clarke, is the latest issue of The Old-Spelling Shakespeare. The main advantages of this series are its cheapness and the fact that it reproduces the typographical peculiarities of the original editions. The present volume contains only seven notes—on matters selected at random. The Introduction calls for no comment, except that the dating of the play which it offers—1596—is manifestly too late. This would be grouping it with "The Merchant of Venice," with which in maturity of style it cannot stand comparison.

The class of 1895 of Smith College announces the publication of "Love in Umbria," a blank-verse drama of the first Franciscans in a prologue and three acts, by Lucy Heald, a member of the class.

Two special matinées of dramatic, musical, and scenic illustrations of the works of Keats and Shelley will be given at the Haymarket Theatre, London, on Tuesday, June 25, and Friday, June 28. The performance will be for the benefit of the Keats-Shelley Memorial House in Rome.

The American and colonial edition of "Shakspere, a Critical Study of his Mind and Art" (Dutton), by Edward Dowden, is a reprint of this well-known work with a new preface addressed, "To my Trans-Atlantic Readers." The book has an established place in Shakespearean criticism, and we believe that the author is right when, in this brief preface, he expresses his conviction that the course taken by Shakespearean study since it was written has not invalidated any of its main conclusions. It is a pity that Professor Dowden has not undertaken to bring his "Shakspere Primer" up to date. In respect to critical insight and charm of style no other work of similar scope can compare with it. Even his own "Introduction to Shakespeare" does not quite take the place of such a revision.

Rhys Carpenter wisely describes his "Tragedy of Etarre" (Sturgis & Walton) as a poem, for, although it is written in dramatic form, with a prologue and four acts, it has few of the qualities essential to the theatre. It required courage to challenge inevitable comparison with Tennyson's treatment of the same subject, but, if Mr. Carpenter fails to pass through his self-imposed ordeal triumphantly, he at least avoids disaster. His version of the old Arthurian legend contains passages of true poetic beauty, but as a whole is marred by over-elaboration of metaphors and epithets, an excessive insistence upon contributory details, and, especially in some of the more passionate scenes, a lack of artistic reticence. All the variations upon the Tennysonian idyll are not improvements. Here Gawaine is the victim of enchantment. In the prologue the Knight, like Macbeth, meets three weird sisters, representing the Past, Present, and Future, who show him visions in a magic pool and bid him choose one of them as the ruling spirit of his life. He chooses the Present, and so becomes the creature of opportunity, and, apparently, is foredoomed, not only to succor the wretched Pelleas, but to play him false when tempted by the prodigal loveliness of Etarre. This, in a way, lessens the trial and the perfidy. But the encounter between Gawaine and Etarre is one of the most striking episodes in the poem, and the subsequent love scenes are luxuriant, not to say tropical, in imagination. But the legitimate dramatic effect of the discovery of the sleeping lovers by the abused Pelleas is greatly weakened by the rhetorical soliloquies in which he indulges. They are eloquent and poetic, but not human. The outraged knight should be more contemptuous or less magnanimous. The situation here is melodramatic, although the method is literary. But there is, nevertheless, true tragedy in the fate of the desolate Etarre, bereft of both lovers, and this is finely emphasized in the concluding act, which ends upon a dignified and pathetic note.

Mrs. E. M. Evarts is the translator of "The Living Corpse" (Brown Bros.), the six-act drama which was one of the latest productions of the great humanitarian, Leo Tolstoy. If it had been the work of a less eminent man it is not likely that it would have attracted much attention. As a tract, denunciatory of the orthodox clerical attitude towards divorce, it is too manifestly a bit of special pleading to be very effective, while regarded as drama it is constantly suggestive of the amateur, in the looseness of its construction and the conventionality of its expedients. Whether it was intended, as has been asserted, to be, in some sort, an explanation of his own domestic difficulties, a kind of *apologia pro vita sua,* is a question that need not be discussed here. Obviously it was inspired by sincere purpose and profound conviction. The philosophy of it is liberal and altruistic, even if its social morality be short-sighted. But considered either as a manifesto or a play, the composition is made abortive by two radical defects. In the first place the principal characters are idealizations, not credible human beings; in the second the catastrophe in which they are involved is, on the surface at least, due primarily, not so much to the theological or governmental systems attacked, as to the hero's conduct, of which —to be consistent—he must have been constitutionally incapable. There is the usual triangle, but the persons concerned are all of flawless purity. Victor, a paragon of all the virtues and a devoted churchman, has loved Liza from infancy, but resigns his pretensions in favor of his friend and rival Fedya. Liza loves Victor also, but loves Fedya a little more and marries him. Fedya, a man of the loftiest instincts, who worships his wife, is a hopeless drunkard. He deserts his bride habitually to associate with gypsies and to revel in the society of a beauty, named Masha, who adores him and whose singing enchants him. Again and again he is welcomed home as a prodigal, and forgiven. Again and again he promises amendment and relapses. At last, perceiving that life with Liza is impossible, and that Victor would marry her if she were free, he offers her a release, which she accepts, on the understanding that she shall have a divorce. But to obtain this there must be proof of infidelity, and this Fedya will not give, maintaining that his affection for Masha is platonic and that he cannot lie. Nor will he commit suicide. Masha shows him a way out of the dilemma by pretending to drown himself, and to this plan he assents, acting a lie, if he will not utter one. Soon afterward a stray dead body is identified as his, and the marriage of Liza with Victor quickly follows. Presently Feyda betrays himself to a police spy, and Victor and Liza are arraigned for bigamy. Then Fedya shoots himself. It is not needful to dwell upon the weaknesses and inconsistencies of such a tale as this, which, at the best, is but sentimental melodrama. The only apparent moral—that sentimental young ladies should beware of rhapsodical Bohemians with Bacchanalian tendencies—is sound but not new, whereas the implied one that marriage contracts ought to be dissoluble, at any time, by mutual consent, will not commend itself to any sane thinker. Mrs. Evarts's translation is not well adapted for stage purposes.

Music

"The Symphony of the Thousand" is the name now given in Germany to the late Gustav Mahler's eighth, which calls, according to his directions, for eight vocal soloists, three separate choirs (two of mixed and the other of boys' voices), and an orchestra of 150 instrumentalists, as well as organ, harmonium, piano, celesta, and mandoline. A separate force of trumpets and trombones is also prescribed. But, in spite of these exacting requisitions, the work, which was first produced at Munich in September, 1910, under Mahler's own conductorship, has since been given in half a dozen different cities, always with brilliant success. In Berlin it was given three times last month on three consecutive days, and it was generally agreed that it marked the climax of the musical season.

The recent revival in Paris of Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande" brought forth some figures regarding the performances of this strange opera during the ten years since its première on April 30, 1902. During the first three years it was sung 36 times; in 1905 there were six performances, in 1906 there were 9, and the same number in 1907. Eight were given in 1908, 10 in 1909, 11 in 1911. The total for the ten years—eighty-nine—must seem lamentably small to those who know that a work which is a success at the Opéra-Comique is sure of hundreds of performances during the first few years. The recent revival included Marguerite Carré and Jean Périer.

Leipzig, the city in which Wagner was born, treated him shamefully till towards the end of his long life. His operas were cruelly maltreated, and when he gave concerts there the hall remained empty. On May 22, 1913, the same city will celebrate the Wagner centenary by laying the corner-stone of a grand monument to be chiselled by Max Klinger. The music for the occasion will be celebrated at the Gewandhaus (which for decades tabooed his works) by a special Wagner concert under the direction of Arthur Nikisch. The Stadtthe-

ater will contribute to the celebration a cycle of Wagner's operas and music dramas under the leadership of Otto Lohse.

Notwithstanding the increase of the price of the tickets for this year's performances of "Parsifal" and the "Ring of the Nibelung" at Bayreuth from $5 to $6, all the seats for the twenty performances were sold as long ago as last October, as Siegfried Wagner informed the press in Vienna, where he went a few weeks ago to attend the first Austrian performance of his opera, "Banadietrich." Evidently he does not agree with his mother that this summer's festival will be the last one at Bayreuth. The next, he said, would be in 1914. Richter, Muck, and Ballinger are the conductors this year.

Concerning his own activity, Siegfried Wagner said that he had almost completed his seventh opera, which will have the name of "Schwarzschwanenreich." The eighth opera, which will be more fortunate in going by the name of "Sonnenflammen," is also under way. Like all the others, it is based on a German fairy-tale. His predilection for these tales may be traced back partly to the influence of his father, partly to that of his teacher, Humperdinck.

There was reason for giving an open-air performance of Verdi's Egyptian opera, "Aïda," at the foot of the pyramid near Cairo. There was less for following this up with Mozart's "Magic Flute," as was done a few weeks ago. The public evidently did not see the reason for it, and the attendance was not very large. Mozart's orchestration is not sufficiently sonorous for such an experiment.

When an American firm published a life of Massenet, two years ago, the *Saturday Review* of London expressed its surprise that any one should waste his time writing about so insignificant a composer. As a matter of fact, Hammerstein owed his New York success chiefly to the operas of Massenet, and in France this composer's popularity has for several decades been second to no one's, and deservedly so, for he has the rare and divine gift of melody. Recently, at the time of his birthday, the papers of Germany, as well as of France, had appreciative articles on him. England is beginning to recognize his genius, as was shown by the comments on the recent production in London on his "Don Quichotte." In Paris, his "Hérodiade" has just had its hundredth performance, and his latest work, "Roma," has been successfully produced at the Grand Opéra, while at the Opéra Comique Clément has been delighting large audiences with "Manon" and "Werther."

The latest musical "find" is a song by Rossini with orchestral accompaniment by —Richard Wagner! In 1835 Rossini gave to the world a collection of twelve songs with piano accompaniment. The last of these is a duet, and this Wagner seems to have liked well enough to arrange the piano part for orchestra. He was only twenty-five at the time, and his income as conductor of the opera at Riga was so small that he could not afford to engage a copyist, but was obliged to write out all the separate orchestral parts himself. The duet was sung at a concert he arranged in 1838, for the first and probably only time. What gives it a particular interest is the fact that the text depicts a storm at sea, and Wagner was at that time busy with the story of his marine opera, the "Flying Dutchman." The manuscript of this song is now in the hands of a Munich antiquarian. It belonged for years to the tenor Tichatscheck, the first Tannhäuser and an intimate friend of Wagner, who, strangely enough, believed it to be a Rossini manuscript which (he wrote on the cover) he had received from Conradin Kreutzer in Vienna, in 1830. Had he examined it, he would have seen that it is in Wagner's own elegant and legible handwriting, as Dr. Alfred Weinstein attests.

Much has been written lately about the surprising influence Liszt had as a harmonist on Wagner; an influence which Wagner was the first to admit, in a letter to Bülow; and on the harmonies of Liszt and Wagner all modern music is based. But the harmonics and modulations of Liszt and their root in Schubert, as Germany's leading theorist, Dr. Hugo Riemann has pointed out. The latest evidence of the ever-growing interest in Schubert is the announcement of the impending publication of a monumental biography, in three volumes, with 500 illustrations. Years have been spent in collecting the material, and the city of Vienna gave its support to the undertaking. The authors are Hans Effenberger and Otto Erich Deutsch. If any Americans are in possession of original documents available for this biography, Mr. Deutsch would be greatly obliged for information regarding them. His address is 102 Hadigasse, Vienna (XIII), Austria.

Art

The Post-Impressionists. By C. Lewis Hind. Illustrated. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.50 net.

Taking the occasion of the much-discussed exhibition at the Grafton Galleries, London, Mr. Hind has brought together thirteen chatty essays and dialogues touching as many phases of what he chooses to call the Expressionist movement. Cézanne he reckons among its founders, it seems to us quite falsely, for Cézanne always remained in intention a naturalist. What he wished was to lend classic stability to the rather attenuated visions of the Giverny school. In this he succeeded admirably. No modern painter has so keen a sense of mass. Really to see a fine Cézanne is to have one's eyesight permanently improved. But the provincial conditions under which he lived and the episodic character of his art prevented him from applying his discoveries widely, and his importance is chiefly technical. Paul Gauguin has a better claim to the paternity of the school. A vehement, not to say violent, temperament, he paraded his social dissent through the West Indies and the Pacific islands, consorting with the natives and producing barbaric canvases of a singular raw power. Color is for him largely symbolistic, an expression of passion and vitality. He loved the largest and most summary contours, and often attained to a remarkable nobility and simplicity of silhouette. It is as if a savage had paradoxically mastered the linear method of the Olympia marbles, retaining his own subjects and color. Gauguin's friend, the Hollander Vincent van Gogh, is the purest type of the Expressionist. In youth he poured out his enthusiasm as an evangelist among the Norman fishermen and the Welsh colliers. As a result of a sunstroke, he was soon overtaken by madness, and some of his best pictures were painted when he was an inmate of the asylum at Arles. His line has the crispation of abnormal emotion; his color recalls the incandescence of his friend Gauguin. The work has an appalling fascination.

Such are the founders of the school. The unformulated platform of many followers is the fullest indulgence of the creative impulse, regardless of so-called objective reality, and the most immediate expression of such impulse. Color is merely a token of mood; contour must be of a simplicity to admit of execution before the creative passion fades. Thus the models for the school are never the reflective artists of classical type, but savage craftsmen, or child-like artists of the dawn of the great historic schools. This programme is interblent of sound precept and psychological absurdity. The cult of simplification is traceable as a vivifying tendency for a half-century and more past. Daumier and Millet are real ancestors of Gauguin and Matisse; Manet even more so. Puvis is the very apostle of the generalized contour. Rodin's drawings anticipate most of the Expressionistic novelties. In such technical regards, the Expressionists are legitimate inheritors of much that is best in the modern tradition.

Their peculiar and most debatable tenet is the cult of untempered impulse, coupled with hatred of all realism. The cult of impulse is, of course, the central doctrine of romanticism. The Impressionists, stemming from Manet, quite logically reduce the æsthetic and creative impulse to a momentary emotional state, requiring naturally the swiftest expression. To set down with masterful dispatch one's reactions to the visible world became the whole duty of the artist. This involved the sacrifice of the reflective beauties of art, and necessarily caused a deficiency in broader interest. But it will also be observed that this uncompromising reduction of the creative impulse to a momentary state carried with it a regulative principle in fealty to natural appearances. Romanticism thereby accepted the balance wheel of a genuinely scientific analysis of vision. In short, the true Impressionist is as humbly realistic in working out his impression

as he is romantically individualistic in conceiving it.

Expressionism, on the contrary, has nothing to do with specific natural appearances. It rejects incontinently all external checks. It regards the creative impulse as an unconditioned urge arising spontaneously in the artist and almost automatically projecting itself in the work of art. Such is the fair induction from the occasional writings and interviews of Henri Matisse, the most prominent representative of the movement. To show that this is quite vile as psychology is not difficult. There can be no visualization of emotion completely or even largely detached from the whole of the artist's experience. To reject our stored impressions of the visible world is impossible. When an artist pretends to do this, he is at best self-deceived. He may seem to be offering individual symbols that have never been sifted through his retina into his brain; what he is really doing is arbitrarily assembling and distorting more or less incongruous parts of his visual experience. Such a *potpourri* might be most ingenious, and not devoid of pleasure-giving quality; it would inevitably lack the seriousness and inner consistency that go to make a great work of art. And so far from being naïve, such an attitude is merely an exaggerated variety of sophistication.

But it is seldom safe to judge any art movement by its theories. Artists rarely have the analytical gift that makes them good programme makers, and there is a restraining principle in work itself. Our fairest course would be to judge merely the work in such artists as the sculptor Maillol, the stylist Picasso, and the temporary leader Matisse. For Maillol, who carries very far the practice of the great unifying contour, apparently under the leading of ancient Egyptian sculpture, the reader is referred to the excellent essays of Meier-Graefe and Roger Fry. In a very learned kind of primitivism Maillol revives the austere grace of archaic sculpture while retaining, after all, a feeling essentially modern. His is merely an extreme and uncommonly successful phase of the archaism prevailing throughout the recent sculpture of Europe. Whether he will have greater success than Pasiteles, a delicate artist who tried the same experiment in the first century B. C., seems doubtful. Picasso reduces his elements of design to cubes, imposing upon the free art of painting the conditions that normally hold in the ruder types of basket weaving. The impression of the work hardly justifies the monotony of its fundamental convention. Matisse is the freest of the group, the most discussed, and the most interesting. The apostle of pure impulse, he professes to seek serenity, which at the outset seems a sentimental fallacy of Rousseau type. For serenity consists in some kind of balance between impulse and intellect. His draughtsmanship is wilfully inaccurate and highly abridged. In the study of the single figure he has a power which seems to desert him in elaborate compositions, headlong impetuosity being replaced by a rather puerile sort of eccentricity. He is said to be quite ignorant of the facts of the figure. This may be admitted without denying to his drawing a kind of dæmonic energy and interest. Such qualities are, after all, rarer than a topographical acquaintance with the human form. To the present writer all these three artists seem tinged with eccentricity and to be striking merely for directing the prevailing archaism in new and barbaric directions. Maillol perhaps stands best on his own merits, needing less apology as a pioneer. To any one amazed and disquieted by the rugged and spasmodic assertions of Matisse, and possibly exhilarated by the hope of an artistic revolution, the best advice would be to turn over an album of facsimiles of Rembrandt drawings, or a volume of Hokusai's "Mangwa." First, it will appear that in these old masters syncopation, simplicity, and the single contour are practiced with immensely greater energy and ability. And then it may be profitable to recall that Rembrandt spent years in the minutest analytical study, and that Hokusai passed through a rigorous course of tracing and copying old masters before indulging these audacities. In other words, they had earned their liberty, and it is doubtful if Matisse, prematurely upborne by a cult, has ever really earned his. On this whole matter of spontaneity Camille Mauclair has well said, "the fear of formulas, if exaggerated, may lead to other formulas, to a false ignorance which is as dangerous as false knowledge."

Unquestionably the new movement sets a premium on undisciplined individualism, and offers a danger to young artists. It has also powerfully influenced men of sound training. It is interesting and a little appalling to see an admirable draughtsman like Maurice Sterne cast tradition to the winds, repudiate a definite accomplishment, and accept newest and most doubtful hazards. Yet it is by such adventures that art is kept fresh, and the conservative detractors of Expressionism may do well to note that few of the younger and stronger artists of England and America have not in one way or another responded to this influence. And, surely, the cult of immediacy and simplicity can do only good so long as it draws well-balanced people. The hope of a complete anti-realistic revolution entertained by the extreme Expressionists will probably never be realized. Such highly symbolic and conventionalized an art as that of the Far East is not likely to supplant a millennial Western tradition of selective realism. But the gospel of simplicity and immediacy may be and is a useful leaven in an art ever threatened by a narrow doctrine of imitation and a false practice of unreflective realism. Only, in weighing the more assertive works of the Expressionists, we may well insist that vehemence and sincerity, brusqueness and immediacy are not necessarily equivalent. A drawing by Rembrandt is far more simple and immediate than a drawing by Matisse, and also far more refined and powerful. With all Gauguin's energy there is a certain blatancy involved. We should be careful not to mistake the mere assertiveness for the power. A figure by Veronese or Corot is technically just as immediate and simple as a Gauguin. Why should we deny the objective simplicity of such artists merely because they possessed cool heads? Simplicity with these men, as with Puvis, was largely a matter of light. It may be doubted if it be really a gain to make it exclusively a matter of heat.

Thomas Pollock Anschutz, the artist, is dead at his home in Fort Washington, a suburb of Philadelphia. He was born, in 1851, of a family of German origin and was distantly connected with the Munich painter, Prof. Herman Anschutz. He was a member of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and won many prizes, including the gold medal of the South American Exposition in Buenos Ayres in 1910. One of his best-known pictures is The Ironworkers' Noontime.

The death is reported, at the age of sixty-eight, of the Danish sculptor, Louis Hasselriis.

Finance

"NOMINATION WEEK."

In asking, as most people are now asking, what the financial markets are likely to do after the nominations of the Republican Convention, and after those of the Democratic party, later in the month, discussion naturally centres chiefly on the political issues and the individual personalities involved. But it is also profitable, on occasions of this sort, to glance back over the record of other Presidential years, and see what the markets then did, under the more or less similar circumstances of nomination week.

A good many people have forgotten what happened in Wall Street during the last Presidential conventions—those of 1908. It was an "after-panic year"; Stock Exchange values had been moving downward in the week before Mr. Taft was nominated. The day after his nomination, prices broke again; in the next two or three days the break became violent. The Democrats met at Denver three weeks later, and on the 10th of

July they nominated Bryan; when that had happened, the market, after very brief hesitation, swept into an active upward movement, with advances of 5 to 10 points within a fortnight. That was the end of real political uneasiness in Wall Street.

There probably was never an occasion when the nominating conventions had so little unsettling influence on the markets as in 1904. Mr. Roosevelt's renomination had been taken for granted, and his Attorney-General, only a few weeks before, had assured the markets, when the Northern Securities suit was won, that the Government would not "run amuck"; while the Democratic nominee, Judge Parker, had promptly telegraphed the Convention, on learning of its proposed financial shuffle, that he would not accept its nomination except with the plain understanding that he regarded the gold standard as irrevocably established. The markets very naturally rose.

It cannot be said that the nominations of 1900 had any effect on financial sentiment. As a matter of fact, the renomination of both Mr. McKinley and Mr. Bryan was foreordained. But in the view of observant financiers, the election results were quite as much foreordained as the choices of the Conventions, and this was more particularly true when Bryan's demand for a free-silver-coinage plank in the Kansas City Convention's platform was adopted, after an angry controversy, only by a majority of two, contributed by Hawaii and the Indian Territory. There was much to worry the financial markets at that time, in the foreign news and the news from the grain and cotton crops. Yet, with all that, the markets, which had been well sold out in May and April, refused to decline any further in the political convention months. By August a forward movement was in progress, which eventually swept the markets into the great boom of November and the ensuing year.

The political atmosphere in the two or three months before the Conventions of 1896 was as highly charged as it has been this season. As in 1912, so in 1896, the eyes of the anxious political watcher were turned alternately from State to State, to see the beginnings of the struggle which was to shake the whole country later on. One after another, State Conventions of the Southern and Western Democrats were captured by the extreme free-silver-coinage school. People began to be doubtful even of the Republican Convention, and in the week before that Convention met, on June 16, the Stock Exchange situation bordered on panic. The sharp and bitter fight in the platform committee, resulting in two conflicting reports; the Convention's adoption of the "gold plank," promptly followed by the bolt of twenty-one silver delegates from the party, did not allay misgivings. At the end of the first week of July the Democratic Convention assembled at Chicago.

The Democratic National Committee had selected Senator David B. Hill of New York for the temporary chairman, who should deliver the Convention's "keynote speech." By a vote of 556 to 349, the radical element in the Convention rejected him and chose a thoroughgoing free-coinage man instead. The Convention next voted down, by 2 to 1, a conservative "sound-money" plank proposed by the platform committee minority; it defeated with an uproar of shouts and cat-calls, by a vote of 564 to 357, a plank commending the Cleveland Administration. The radical platform of the majority was adopted by 628 to 301, and it was in the debate on its money plank that Bryan, a young and little-known ex-Congressman, barely seated in the Convention as a contesting delegate, delivered his famous "cross-of-gold" speech. No one had even a majority on the first ballot for Presidential nominee, though Bland, the conservative bimetallist, who had been expected as the nominee, was 116 votes ahead of any other candidate, but on the fifth ballot Bryan received the requisite two-thirds majority. This was a sequence of events which no financial market could ignore. For a week the Stock Exchange stood almost motionless, as if stunned by the situation. Then began the convulsive break which introduced that agitated summer. Not until August 12, when Bryan spoke at New York in the great Madison Square Garden meeting, and it at once became plain that the East was not to be hypnotized by him, did the market lift its head.

There were certainly some resemblances between the circumstances of that Convention at Chicago and the extraordinary situation which now exists in the same city. What the markets will or will not do, is an open question, now as it was then. There is at least this much to be said: that in 1896 the election involved a vital question of financial policy, as it does not do to-day, and that the economic situation was as fundamentally unfavorable then as it is favorable now.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Champlain Society Publications. Vol. II, History of New France, by Marc Lescarbot. Toronto: The Society.

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Colman, Samuel. Nature's Harmonic Unity. Edited by C. A. Coan. Putnam.

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Wells, W., and Hart, W. W. First-Year Algebra. Heath.
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Wisconsin Historical Society. Proceedings Held October, 1911. Madison: The Society.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1912.

The Week

It was predicted by the most sagacious newspaper correspondents on the spot that the Baltimore Convention would be "unbossed," and this prophecy is borne out by the first day's proceedings. No one man, no one group, is in control. The debate and the roll-call on the temporary chairmanship went on as in a real Convention. The great mass of delegates were free to speak and vote as they pleased. Naturally, the National Committee had an advantage in appealing for support of the regular programme, but its victory was so narrow as to show the impossibility of dictating to the Convention either a platform or a candidate. Even Mr. Bryan was not permitted to dictate! His defeat on the personal issue which he raised was partly due to the desire to rebuke his domineering spirit, and to show that neither he nor any other man could impose his single will on the Convention. It seems clear that the majority is made up of men who will insist upon a full and free conferring together for the good of the party.

Mr. Taft's bad luck in politics pursues him even in his hour of victory. He has won a renomination, after a desperate struggle, but the universal opinion is that the honor which has come to him is empty. It scarcely needed the open split in his party to accentuate the general belief that the chances are enormously against his being elected in November. Of all this he must be fully aware. The experience he has had to undergo has been of a sort to strike through even official optimism. The President knows what has happened. There was no genuine enthusiasm for him at Chicago. The great fight was not for him, but against Roosevelt. So hopeless appeared the outlook for the Taft ticket that no attractive candidate for the Vice-Presidency could be got to go on it, and the Convention fell back on Sherman again. This was tantamount to a confession of despair. Doubtless, President Taft will face his sea of troubles with a stout heart. And one consolation is fairly his. At whatever personal or political cost, he has succeeded in preserving his party organization from capture by a man who would have used it for his own greater glory and for the shaking of our institutions to their foundation.

President Taft's friends are, no doubt, justified in their feeling that he has been treated with gross unfairness throughout the campaign. He has been misrepresented in point after point; his good deeds have been belittled; his blunders have been malignantly exaggerated; his personal character shockingly impugned. All this must be admitted by the impartial. Yet they must admit, too, that he deliberately exposed himself to abuse and betrayal by Roosevelt when he permitted the latter to make him President in 1908. It was a brutal thing for Roosevelt to say, but there was truth in it, that Mr. Taft had bitten the hand that fed him. All the trials and humiliations which Mr. Taft has had to suffer in 1912, were really in preparation for him in 1908. This is no new opinion for the *Nation*. We said at the time that Mr. Taft, in allowing President Roosevelt to force his nomination upon the party, was putting himself under a greater personal obligation than any man ought to assume, and that the fruits of it could not fail to be bitter. How bitter, everybody can see to-day.

Wonders are happening, politically speaking, every moment. But the most amazing phenomenon that has yet come to our attention is that Lodge has spoken. Yes, we mean Henry Cabot Lodge, the Massachusetts Senator, who was suddenly stricken with lockjaw the day that Theodore Roosevelt announced his candidacy. Since then no physician, however skilful, has been able to relieve him; and no friend, however kindly disposed, could bring him down from that topmost fence-rail upon which he insisted upon perching. But now what science and affection failed to bring about has come to pass: Lodge has spoken. "I regard," he says in his sudden burst of pent-up language, "the declared determination of the party to stand firmly for the Constitution, and for the independence of the courts, because they are vital to the maintenance of free government, as of the last importance. I shall give to the Republican party and to its candidates and policies the best support of which I am capable in the coming campaign." My, how relieved he must feel, and how happy he must be, to descend from the fence, now that the cat has jumped! One hundred and four days in such a position would cramp the most agile, and Lodge is no longer as young as he was, though supple enough yet.

Gov. Hadley of Missouri states, as one reason for his refusal to bolt with Roosevelt, that the platform adopted at Chicago is the most progressive ever put forward by the Republican party. This is true. It is vague and weak in some particulars—especially in what concerns the tariff—but it accepts and endorses a long list of the doctrines for which the Progressive Republicans have been standing. Some of their demands were, of course, ignored. The recall, with the initiative and referendum, was omitted, and strong ground was taken against any impairment of the authority of the courts. But these matters would not have been included in a Roosevelt platform. They were to be left to the States. But many other progressive views are heartily approved by the Chicago platform. Thus we find it endorsing successively legislation to limit the labor of women and children; the enactment of workmen's compensation laws; the simplification of judicial procedure and shorter ways of removing from office derelict judges; the upholding of the conservation policy, and even the creation of a Federal Trade Commission—one of Roosevelt's pet ideas. He, indeed, if he had chosen to be, we will not say as magnanimous, but as constructive, as Gov. Hadley, could have hailed the platform as a great victory for his principles. But he set out to get the nomination or to smash the party, and will not allow a little thing like a satisfactory declaration of party principles to stand in his way.

Writing in the *Journal of the Military Service Institution*, Major W. H. Hart of the army comes back to an old topic: "The Blight of Favoritism." He

meets fairly and squarely the argument that promotion by seniority as at present established is a gross injustice to the brilliant men of the service who should be favored with extraordinary promotion by reason of exceptional merit. So great does Major Hart believe the injury done to the army by favoritism that he even desires a law providing that, subject to physical and mental examination, no promotion shall be made in the service in any branch save by seniority. This law he would have include colonels and brigadier-generals. He thinks that the result would be the removal of the present "cross-purposes, personal issues, and brooding over the malignant effects of favoritism," to such an extent that it would be possible for the army to concentrate its efforts for a proper solution of its harassing problems of organization and administration. These are now sadly hampered by the personal element. As long as this republic is a republic, we believe that the policy which Major Hart outlines will be best for the service. It ought to be axiomatic, for instance, that the senior colonel, if he is not fitted for promotion to brigadier, is not fit to command his regiment and should be retired for mental or physical deficiency. Elimination of the unfit is provided by law now, and therein lies the true remedy for the removal of dead-wood and men of bad habits.

The project of the New York Reform Club to start up tariff associations or clubs the country over, cannot be too highly commended. This is the time for such a movement. Never, in our judgment, was there a period when the frauds and follies of the protective system were evident to more people than at the present hour. Republicans themselves have been pulling down the pillars of their sacred temple of protection, and not often has the system had a worse blow than that given to it by the revelations as to conditions among the highly protected "American" laborers in the mills of Lawrence, Massachusetts. And never since the war was there a Republican Convention at which so little was heard of the tariff. Certainly, the jeering at Mr. Payne when he appeared on the platform, the insults and ridicule heaped upon him by hundreds of Republican delegates merely because he was the author of a great Republican tariff bill, are without parallel in Republican history. To imagine such treatment of Dingley or McKinley is impossible. As well might one have expected an attack on the Bible, on the Deity, on the existence of the Republic itself.

We have received a copy of the forty-one amendments to the Ohio Constitution agreed to by the Constitutional Convention, to be submitted to popular vote on September 3. It is to be a special election, and broadsides containing not only the amendments, but explanations thereof in large type, and a sample of the official ballot, are now being sent to all voters. No one can assert, therefore, that he goes to the polls in ignorance of just what he is voting on. There is much that is extremely interesting in these forty-one amendments; the abolition of capital punishment, the initiative and referendum, a limiting of the veto of the Governor, woman suffrage, the abolition of prison-contract labor, the use of voting machines, the regulation of expert testimony in criminal trials, are but a few of them. The voters must also pass on licensing the traffic in intoxicating liquors, but even if the license to traffic is granted there are certain restrictions that come into effect; for instance, there shall not be more than one saloon to each 500 population in a municipality or township. Municipalities may determine their form of government by one of three ways; they may acquire, construct, own, lease, and operate any or all of their public utilities, if the section conferring this power is carried, and the right of excess condemnation will also be given to them. Altogether, this is to be a searching test of intelligent democracy, and the outcome is certain to be awaited with keenest interest in many States. It will throw no little light on the ability of an average American State to handle a complicated and difficult referendum.

Announcement of a special course of instruction for the training of parish workers is a sign of the times. As it used to be held that any foolish girl was fitted to be a teacher in a Sunday-school, so the common idea—and the too common practice—was that anybody with a sufficiently kind heart was qualified to go out among the poor and unfortunate and attempt to "do them good." But the School of Philanthropy has seen a new light in all these matters, and proposes to act upon it. In coöperation with professors in the Union Theological Seminary, it is to undertake the sifting and training of men and women who wish to engage in parish activities. The course of instruction proposed will cover both religious and social subjects, among the latter being "Child Welfare," "Family Rehabilitation," "Neighborhood Activities," and so on. The whole scheme seems well conceived and should yield valuable practical results. Haphazard and blundering work is going out of fashion even in charity and religion. The duty of knowing what one is doing, and of being efficient, is really just as imperative in labors for the good of society, and in saving souls, as it is in work in an office or factory.

Yale's defeat at New London was not unexpected. A university which takes up a new system of rowing can rarely hope to win in the first contest thereafter. What Yale expected to do she accomplished: she put up a game race and lost honorably. Next June's race, when Mr. Cook has had a full year of trial, will be a genuine test as to whether his modified system of rowing is the equal of Wray's, whose splendid record in Harvard rowing has been unsurpassed since the days of Bancroft. Mr. Cook in his prime used to be the best of American coaches, and his crews were as invariably successful as Wray's. He has, however, not returned to his former stroke, but has modified it after some months spent in watching this year's Oxford and Cambridge crews. Rowing in this country is now almost entirely a question of the teacher. True, Harvard's development of boating through its many rowing clubs tends to give the coach a wider choice from among men who know something about rowing, but, after all, the material to draw oarsmen from is about the same in Harvard, Yale, and Cornell; it is merely a matter of drilling the crew to row a good stroke well. Courtney does this to perfection year in year out, and his crews win nine times out of ten. Wray has done nearly as well. At Yale the problem is: how soon can a similarly able teacher, professional or amateur, be developed? It may take some years yet, precisely as at Harvard many years of defeat preceded the coming of

Wray, years spent in weary experimenting with one system after another.

In publishers' notices we find the statement that the trend is away from the traditional belief that summer reading must not be serious reading. There never was any theoretical basis for a practice in which publishers acquiesced because it was a rule of the trade. In the first place, it is plain that serious reading, by which we mean every kind of book other than fiction, must appeal to a serious audience. Essays, biography, history, sociology will appeal primarily to the man whose taste and interests lie in that direction—college professors, teachers, clergymen, and professional men in general. To all of these the summer is the season of leisure, the convenient season, in fact, to which serious reading has been postponed from the crowded programme of the rest of the year. As for the general public, the same argument from increased leisure will hold. It is all well enough to speak of the long winter evenings by the fire. Winter evenings in the city are apt to be monopolized by social duties and the rival attractions of the theatre and music. One reason why people will not pick up a serious book is the knowledge that it will take a long time to finish it amidst the distractions of everyday life. The vacation season is eminently a time for quiet-paced and reflective reading.

A notable difference between the American and the English view of the functions of the school as a rival of the home is brought out in a monograph dealing with the development of the country school for city children, prepared by Professor Myers of Princeton and published by the Bureau of Education at Washington. The advantages of the open country over the city as a site for boys' schools are obvious. But the boarding school has its drawbacks:

> It cuts off the boy from home when twelve or fifteen years old, the very age of all others when he needs the influences centring around home and family, which are of greater importance than any other in the life of a normal, well-trained, healthy child. The influence of a teacher is tremendous, but at best it can only supplement and add to that of a conscientious father and tender mother.

This is utterly different from the English ideal which deliberately removes the public-school boy from the home for the greater part of the year and the entire period of his school life. Underlying the practice is not, one is inclined to believe, that mere belief in the efficacy of the "hardening" process which is supposed to make rulers of empire. British common-sense probably perceives that, while in theory no educational influence can supplant that of the home, in practice far too many fathers and mothers fail completely as trainers of the young mind.

The Unionists are in a quandary over one aspect of the Home Rule bill. It has been the contention of the militant Ulstermen that if the Government persisted in forcing a separate Parliament upon Ireland, Ulster would demand to be exempted from its authority and to be allowed to remain, in its present position, as a part of the United Kingdom, represented in the Parliament at Westminster. But when an amendment to the Home Rule bill, excluding Ulster from the provisions of the bill, was brought forward by a Liberal member, the Unionists suddenly discovered that to split up Ireland would work injury to both sections of the country. Sir Edward Carson, principal fire-eater from Ulster, had a dreadful time defining his position the other day in the House of Commons. At one moment he was arguing that if the separate colonies in Australia or South Africa were given the free choice of joining the new federal commonwealths erected there, Ulster should have the same privilege. And the next moment he was asserting that it is folly to think of separating Ulster from the rest of Ireland. So the burden of it all is that Home Rule must go by the board, and Ulster's domination over the rest of Ireland be preserved.

It is characteristic of the French temper in general, and of French party spirit in particular, that the personality of a man who has been dead 135 years should lead to an acrimonious debate in Parliament. It is true that the man in question is Jean Jacques Rousseau, the two hundredth anniversary of whose birth falls to-morrow. The Chamber was asked to appropriate the sum of 30,000 francs towards the expense of the celebration, and the Monarchist-Catholic minority, led by Maurice Barrès, protested against public recognition of one whose social, political, and educational principles were rooted in anarchism. The money was voted by 427 to 112; but it seems extraordinary that there should be even 112 men of leading in France who would stigmatize the memory of the man whose work, probably more than any other single influence, has shaped modern thought, and whose ideas are to-day vital in many fields of human interest. M. Viviani, in defending Rousseau, countered cleverly upon M. Barrès:

> They could agree to forget the defects of great men in French literary and political history and unite in celebrating their greatness. They could forget Bossuet's abominable praise of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and remember his "Oraisons Funèbres." They could forget the brutal and almost bloody reaction in which Chateaubriand, that true son of Rousseau, bore a hand and greet, behind and above the Minister of Louis XVIII, the immortal man of letters.

But modern Bourbonism in France apparently retains its ancient gift of never forgetting and never forgiving.

Despite many reports and some evidence to the contrary, French art is not given up wholly to fads and innovations. Above the chatter of "Cubists" and "Futurists," is heard now and then a calm voice like that of M. Henry Farge, a rising young painter. In a statement given to a Paris review, he declares that the present generation ought to take as its motto the saying of Théophile Gautier: "Above everything, a painting ought not to cause disgust (*faire horreur*)." Thirty or forty years ago the cry was that artists must startle the average man; latterly, the effort has been to fill him with nameless fear. But M. Farge declares that all these things are off the trail; that there is no need of attempting a revolution in art, but that artists must forever strive to perfect themselves, and to become students again. In a word, his advice is: "Let us go to school." Counsel of like tenor comes from a young musician, M. Jean Déré. "Teaching," he declares, "is the necessary foundation of art. Shall we not seek to produce a healthy and virile music by going back to the purest sources of our national art? We have had in France, and, thank Heaven, we still have, admirable masters to show us the true path to follow." Such utterances encourage the belief that the great art tradition has not been incontinently abandoned by the French.

THE CONFUSION.

After scenes of violence and a turbulence that would have passed into riot but for the repressive hand of the police, the National Convention of the Republican party came to a close late Saturday night under circumstances that prompt thoughtful men to ask whether that party is now to go to pieces. The resulting confusion and uncertainty are as great as the apprehension. Those who fought for months to beat Roosevelt finally accomplished their purpose, by means of extraordinary skill in political management, but now stand wondering whether the strain has not broken the party down. Victory was swiftly followed by open revolt. The defection of the Silver Republicans in 1896 was a trifle compared with the formidable bolt which Roosevelt has already set on foot. Internecine warfare is threatened in every State. Regular Republicans will be slaughtered. The bolters will be proscribed and massacred. Political passions have mounted to unexampled heights. The most ferocious spirit is still displayed by the two Republican factions, and the most insulting epithets continue to fly back and forth between them. There are, in fact, on every hand, such signs of party break-up and political demoralization as have not been seen in this country since the Civil War.

Two nearly equal forces struggled for supremacy at Chicago. The narrow majority was held together by masterful tactics which extorted the admiration even of those who were crushed by them, but the minority would not submit in the usual way. To the end it maintained its uncompromising spirit, sitting sullen during the closing hours of the Convention, and immediately going off to start a third-party movement. This last, it is true, still remains a bit amorphic. There was a spontaneous nomination of Roosevelt, and an apparently whole-hearted, but really guarded, acceptance by him; but all confess that much remains to be done before the grand new people's party meets in August in "mass Convention"—that is what the Colonel favors, where there will be no trouble about rules and regularity—to give this fair land a new birth of freedom under Roosevelt. It will be shrewdly suspected that the new party will wait to see what happens at Baltimore and elsewhere, before deciding to be born. Yet this very uncertainty only adds to the confusion of the political situation. Men look at one another in wild surmise, querying whether this is the country they have known before, and all in a daze as to what candidate or what party they may think it their duty to support when election day rolls round.

The Republican bolt, if there is really to be one, will proceed upon the assumption that the Chicago Convention was tainted with fraud. This has been violently asserted for a week past, with every form of offensive language known to experts in scurrility, but what has been the proof? The public knows very little about it. But it will have to receive precise and detailed information if it is to be asked to vote for men simply because they have been cheated. There has been an immense amount of crying "stop, thief," but the evidence of thievery has been meagre. We know that Roosevelt was just as vociferous about frauds in New York, after the primaries in this State, as he is now about frauds in Texas or Washington, but he had no proof whatever in the former case, and soon left off talking about it. Is there any reason for thinking he has better warrant in the other cases? What is known is that his managers brought a great number of ridiculous contests. They were so absurd that even Roosevelt committeemen voted to throw them out of court summarily. But the preliminary cry of fraud was just as shrill in these instances as in the others. Was it any less valid? We think the country is ready to be convinced. But it must have the facts, and have them impartially sifted. Mere assertion, however loudly shouted, is no proof of fraud. The Roosevelt managers at first insisted that some 200 of their contestants were lawfully entitled to be seated. Then they whittled the number down to 100; now it is put at seventy. But even seventy added delegates would not have been enough to nominate Roosevelt, though, taken from Taft, they would have left him short of a majority. But what honest men will demand is conclusive evidence that even this irreducible minimum of seventy delegates, or any part of them, was "stolen." The testimony is available. It was all passed upon by the Credentials Committee. Are we bound to believe that the defeated litigant who "cusses" angrily enough, necessarily has the truth on his side? Certainly, if he is going to found a new party on the strength of his grievance, he has got to show that it is substantial and not wholly imaginary.

All this divided and distraught condition of the Republican party naturally fills the Democrats at Baltimore with good cheer. But they must not allow themselves to be flattered into a fool's paradise. The spirit of revolt is abroad, and the Democratic party could easily provoke it against itself. Never did party ties sit so lightly. Never was a kind of iconoclastic political independence so rife. The Democrats should perfectly understand that they must walk warily and correctly estimate their opportunity. They must not forget that a vigilant and resourceful man, Theodore Roosevelt, is watching for them to blunder. If they nominate a candidate who can be called a reactionary or a tool or an ignoramus, Roosevelt will instantly raid their left wing and wage a battle, North and South, in the name of progressive policies. So obviously is it Democratic wisdom to choose a man for the Presidency who can hold the progressives of his party that it is not surprising to find men in all parts of the country, and of all shades of opinion, declaring that the events at Chicago point to Woodrow Wilson as the man of the hour at Baltimore.

EDUCATION OF A PRINCE.

The sensation created in England by Sir Sidney Lee's memoir of Edward VII in the latest supplementary volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography," has been described in the daily press. Three main features of Sir Sidney Lee's biography have been much discussed—the mistaken educational régime to which Albert Edward, as Prince of Wales, was subjected by his father; the unwise attitude maintained by Queen Victoria towards her son after the death of the Prince Consort, in a mistaken endeavor to carry out the latter's intentions; and the rôle played by Edward VII as King in the shaping of British foreign policy towards the form it holds at the present day. The writer explodes the legend of Edward the Peacemaker to which the English people seem to have subscribed in a sentimental mood, especially after it had gained currency on the Continent. It is shown that the King, in this matter of the French *entente* and succeeding

international arrangements, was not the powerful motive force he was supposed to be. Here, as in his attitude towards home affairs, he followed where his Ministers led, contributing, in the case of France, the influence of his well-known friendliness for that country and his wide popularity.

As to imposing his own will on his Ministers, Sir Sidney Lee argues that Edward VII was hardly qualified to do so by temperament or intellectual abilities. And that brings the story back to Edward VII's training, from infancy to within a few years before he succeeded to the throne. One cannot help feeling sorry for the young lad whose education has thus been summarized:

> From the time he was six months old it rained portentous memoranda about and upon him. Tutor was to stand over tutor, and governor over governor, each passing on platitudinous injunctions to the next, and Prince Albert fed the stream of moral commonplaces at its head. The boy was never to read a novel, not even Scott's. He was to be kept away from boys of his own age, or at most a few picked Eton boys, dragons of niceness and goodness, were to come across the bridge to play with him for a couple of hours. He was never to be out of sight of elderly wisdom. His life and thoughts were to reflect themselves in a diary for paternal inspection. Till he was seventeen he was not to choose any of his own clothes, and then they were to be chosen by him in accordance with a formal minute of parental instructions on the choice of material.

This Spartan system, in a modified sense, was carried on, strange as it may seem, till 1892, when Albert Edward was fifty. He no longer had tutors over him, but his mother had kept him jealously from all real participation in affairs of state, always on the assumption that here was an indiscreet lad who had to be held firmly in check. Little wonder that Englishmen are now inclined to believe that Prince Albert and Queen Victoria were far from being wise parents.

And yet there is one curious aspect of the case. A prince is thought to have been educated in the wrong way, if his subsequent career shows it; in other words, if he makes a bad King. In so far as Edward VII as an individual is concerned, it may be regretted that the rigorous and ill-planned schooling of his boyhood and youth should only have left him with a profound distaste for books of any kind; in his maturity he never read anything but the newspapers. But as Edward VII, constitutional King of Great Britain, he conducted himself in a way that might have presupposed the very wisest kind of education. All that Sir Sidney Lee brings out concerning Edward's demeanor after he succeeded to the throne shows the full recognition on the King's part of his proper rôle in the English scheme of government. The very fact that he did not take the lead in creating the system of Continental alliances, which is the present basis of British foreign policy, is in his favor. He worked in harmony with his Ministers, seconding their efforts only with his personal popularity. As the *Spectator* says, he contented himself with injecting, now and then, a drop of oil into the machinery of politics and diplomacy. It is now shown that during the recent Constitutional crisis in England, Edward VII exerted himself on the side of peace. In 1909 he tried to dissuade the Unionists from the suicidal policy of rejecting the budget. He was opposed to the stirring up of class opposition. He wanted peace and devoted himself towards that end. What more could be asked of a Constitutional King? The Manchester *Guardian* alone seems to have recognized the inconsistency of blaming Prince Albert and Queen Victoria for a system of education that resulted in the training of an ideal Constitutional King. The *Guardian* argues that there was in Edward VII one fault—his predilection for the French people. If Edward had been as tactful in his relations with William of Germany, the present tense situation on the North Sea might never have come about. But that is highly speculative.

Thus the conjecture arises whether the education of Edward VII, as initiated by his father, had not in it, after all, an ideal that might explain its excess of pedantry and moralistic rigor. It may be that the rôle of a Constitutional King in England was very acutely present to the mind of the Prince Consort. The British monarch is not a prime force in politics, domestic or foreign. His influence, like that of Queen Victoria, is one of character, and is chiefly exerted in the moral sphere of the national life. It was a natural mistake, therefore, to set out with the idea of making the future King of England a studious, hard-working, sober-minded Prince—and a bit of a Puritan; one who should give the moral tone to his age as Queen Victoria did to her own.

PROFESSIONAL REWARDS.

In his introduction to Dr. Abraham Flexner's report on medical education in Europe, President Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation lays stress on one cheerful aspect of the medical profession in this country: the practice of medicine does not "pay." There is, at first sight, no striking reason for optimism in this fact, but that is because we look at the question from the narrow position of the market-place. Fear of being smug keeps men from speaking of the ideal of service as opposed to the ideal of large fees. Others may hold that no such ideal of service exists in these degenerate days. But Dr. Pritchett has neither doubts nor fears. He says:

> Under pressure of public opinion, it is becoming each year more and more of a profession to which men give themselves from ideals of service, recognizing that in this calling the average practitioner is to obtain little more than a comfortable living, and in many cases not even that. . . . The man who actually accumulates a fortune in medicine is so rare that he may practically be neglected. As the commercial medical school disappears, and the profession comes to be composed of educated men, alive to the ideal of service to their communities and to humanity, the opportunity to exploit medicine for gain will disappear. The youth who is looking for a fortune, or the parent who seeks for his son a remunerative occupation, should look elsewhere.

But where, among the professions, is a man to look for this elusive, comfortable income? There is the law, of course. Here the fortunate exceptional cases are not so rare, and the fortunes themselves are larger than the same degree of success will bring in any other profession. Standing in close connection with the world of business, and imitating its methods, the lawyer may occasionally enter the sacred circle of millionaires. But, after all, we are dealing with unusual cases. Take the average income for the legal profession throughout the country, and there is apparently much reason in the complaint that the law is overcrowded. And as for the remaining professions, they are in even worse case than the doctor and the lawyer. The clergyman has long been the classical illustration of the alliance between learning and poverty. His economic position in the community has reached the dimensions almost of a crisis. So there are left the school-teacher and college professor, of whose economic status it may only be said that it is not so bad as the mini

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ter's and the writer's profession, of which the less said the better.

Here is a state of affairs which, in one respect, presents an interesting parallel to conditions among the great mass of workingmen as interpreted to them by their radical leaders. The American workingman is being assured that, whatever may once have been the case, America is to-day no longer the land of opportunity. The traditional route from overalls to millions is closed. The laborer's lot is permanently cast with the laboring class, and the solitary exception which flashes across his horizon is a phenomenon that only dazzles his eyes to his own helpless position. The workingman must think of his income as circumscribed within the limits which the statistical average fixes for his class. The chances of the laborer's rising in the economic scale are, in other words, as poor as the clergyman's or the teacher's or the doctor's. Dr. Pritchett's dictum, only slightly changed, would assert that in all the professions, including that of working with one's hands, "the man who accumulates a fortune is so rare that he may practically be neglected."

Yet the fact remains that, in spite of the meagre reward that the professions offer, there is no dearth of recruits for all the professions, including even the ministry, which suffers to-day under the double handicap of being poorly rewarded in money and of misconception as to its aims and its usefulness. The low average of income is even explained by the fact that the professions are overcrowded. What is it, then, that draws the recruits? The ideal of service, says Dr. Pritchett. There will be plenty of people to scoff at that opinion. It seems that we have only to think of the sordid scramble for income that goes on among our hordes of ill-trained lawyers and physicians to admit that altruism hardly enters into the problem. But that is to lay too much stress on the obvious. The ideal of service, like most human motives, is apt to manifest itself in complex form. A man's ideal may be higher than he himself sees it. Though the motive of self-advancement may be acutely present to his mind, he is subscribing to the other, unselfish ideal in the very act of affiliating himself with a calling whose economic rewards, at their best, fall far short of what may be obtained in other fields.

The desire to serve remains, therefore, an important factor in the man's choice of his profession. It takes various forms; it may be consciously altruistic, or it may be the joy of doing well what one likes best. The apprentice who enters on the difficult field of authorship may have in mind the financial rewards that come with popular success. But the illusion of great wealth is not very widespread among the workers in literature. What calls one is the opportunity to do work that one likes and hopes to make useful. That is the impelling force with the clergyman and the doctor and the teacher. And that, in the last resort, ought to be the compelling force with the great profession of labor. The impulse to serve is in most of us. What the professional man and the laborer are entitled to is the opportunity to render service under circumstances that do not sacrifice the individual to the common welfare. The work of the mind and of the hands should alike not be carried on under conditions that make the task hateful and seemingly purposeless.

PROFESSOR GOODWIN AND GREEK.

The death of Prof. William Watson Goodwin, the Nestor of the Greek department of Harvard College, where he was actively engaged as full professor from 1861 to 1901, means more to the academic world than even Harvard men can fully realize at the moment. Professor Goodwin's "Greek Grammar" is one of the best-known classical textbooks—so well known, indeed, as to be a sort of classic itself; and of hardly less fame, and of perhaps even higher specialistic value, is his "Greek Moods and Tenses." He was the first director of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, and was long president of the American Philological Association. His published works brought him ripened celebrity and recognition both at home and abroad. And, more than all else, his long professional career, combined with his well-known modesty and vast learning, rendered him a monumental representative both of the intellectual and the spiritual phases of his chosen career.

In these days of emphasis upon purely practical, money-making studies and pursuits, the life-work of a man like Professor Goodwin is especially significant. What did he stand for, both in the academic world and the general civic life of men of his generation and ours? Just because the study of Greek, and of the ideals connected with that branch of learning, deals with remote, permanent, and "dead" subject-matter, is the student of Greek brought to understand the value of lasting truth, while not undervaluing the present. It is true that it will hardly pay any one —using the word "pay" here in its purely ethical sense—to study Greek text, literature, art, and history for less than six years. In a shorter period than this the ordinary student cannot attain that degree of familiarity with those topics which involves a due appreciation of the Greek mind and of the poetical and philosophical ideals born of Greek culture. In short, he cannot be thoroughly apprenticed to the lines of thought which men like the late Professor Goodwin stand for. Yet, if our civilization is to mean much in the spiritual history of the world—and all literature may truly be called psychic history of civilized man—it is well that some of our educated men, some of our college men, should be imbued with the leaven of that beauty, that heroism, and that lofty and exquisite mentality, which the ancient Greeks have so wonderfully preserved for transmission to all succeeding ages. It is well, not only that some college men should specialize in Greek and emulate the life of such as Professor Goodwin, but that a fair portion of them should become sufficiently acquainted with the noble and peculiar lessons which the world to-day can learn from ancient Greece, to make them higher and better citizens and render them centres of influence, from which Greek ideals, the permanently valuable things in Greek culture, can radiate.

Such a centre W. W. Goodwin was, in a professional sense and to a most eminent degree. Historians, artists, scholars in various lines, and many others, may well feel themselves directly indebted to him; and who shall catalogue the careers which have been indirectly benefited? The influence of a great Greek teacher in these days is felt by many branches of science as well as of art, and should be recognized also by men of affairs. Even the "practical" politician may get points of wisdom from considering the course of demagoguery in ancient Greece; while the

true statesman will gain great lessons from the whole course of Greek history, if his reading of that history be leavened by an intimate and loving familiarity with the Greek mind as portrayed in Greek literature. Greek life was wonderfully rich. The Romans excelled in war and in government; but the ancient Greeks rose high in literature, in art, in philosophy, in historical writing, as well as in war; and ancient Greek democracy has teachings for modern democracy no less valuable in their way than the Roman lesson given in the causes of the decline of Roman republicanism and the rise of Roman imperialism.

There is reason for the learned world to sympathize with Harvard in her loss of Goodwin. But let it not be forgotten that, however strongly Harvard, like other advanced universities, is committed to the "elective system" of studies for her undergraduates, that need not prevent the continued flourishing of her splendid department in Greek. Whatever is of great permanent value to the civilized world is sure to be of some value to every successive age of that world. And if America, as so many critics proclaim, is on the verge of a demoralizing materialism; if the cultivation—almost exclusive cultivation—of so-called "practical" studies for the young is but one evidence of that materialistic trend, Greek culture is needed all the more on these accounts.

GEORGE BORROW.

The good Borrovian probably got his first initiation into the sect (for Borrow, like Peacock, is one of those originals who gather about them a peculiar people) through the sheer love of adventure. But the Borrovian has another anchor to hold his interest. As from the mere entertainment of Borrew's works, which are little more than a continued autobiography, he is drawn on to study the writer, he finds himself looking at one of the most enigmatical and tantalizing personalities of English literature. Such, at least, has been emphatically my own experience while reading the new biography and collection of letters* and after them re-reading Borrow's works. The outlines of the desired portrait are clear enough, but when I have thought to touch the heart of the man I have been curiously piqued and baffled. At times I have been ready to believe that the enigma really had no answer, and there was no possibility of seeing the face behind the masque simply because no such face existed and the masque was all. Which would be only another way of saying that Borrow escapes us by possessing the innocence and elusiveness of nature herself.

I.

Yet in a superficial way Borrow is one of the easiest of men to place. Both in his life and his writings he belongs clearly to the great picaresque tradition which begins as a conscious *genre* with the story of "Lazarillo de Tormes" and in England is continued by Nash and Defoe and Smollett, and was not forgotten by Thackeray when he created his magnificent Becky Sharp. It should seem as if an irresistible instinct of his nature led Borrow to associate himself with the outcast and Bohemian and adventurous waifs of the world. He was born at East Dereham, near Norwich, in 1803, while his father, a captain of the militia, was absent on a recruiting expedition, and his early years, like Sterne's, were passed much in various camps and barracks. From the first he was unamenable to ordinary discipline. He describes himself in childhood as "a lover of nooks and retired corners." At school he rebelled against the routine of study, and his first intellectual awakening came, properly enough, from the pages of "Robinson Crusoe."

At the age of seven he became acquainted with a wandering snake-charmer and herbalist, who filled his mind with strange tales of the King of the Vipers, and on departing left with the boy a tamed and fangless reptile, which he used to feed with milk and carry about with him in his walks. One day he surprised a family of gypsies in their tent, and was saved from harsh treatment or death by his ready wit and his uncanny pet:

"On the spy," said the woman, "hey? I'll drown him in the sludge in the toad-pond over the hedge."

"So we will," said the man, "drown him anon in the mud!"

"Drown me, will you?" said I: "I should like to see you! What's all this about? Was it because I saw you with your hands full of straw plait, and my mother there——"

"Yes," said the woman; "what was I about?"

Myself. How should I know? Making bad money, perhaps! . . .

"I'll strangle thee," said the beldame, dashing at me. "Bad money, is it?"

"Leave him to me, wifekin," said the man, interposing; "you shall now see how I'll baste him down the lane."

Myself. I tell you what, my chap, you had better put down that thing of yours; my father lies concealed within my tepid breast, and if to me you offer any harm or wrong, I'll call him forth to help me with his forked tongue.

Man. What do you mean, ye Bengui's bantling? I never heard such discourse in my life; playman's speech or Frenchman's talk—which, I wonder? Your father! Tell the mumping villain that if he comes near my fire I'll serve him out as I will you. Take that—Tiny Jesus! What have we got here? Oh, delicate Jesus! what is the matter with the child?

I had made a motion which the viper understood; and now, partly disengaging itself from my bosom, where it had lain perdu, it raised its head to a level with my face, and stared upon my enemy with its glittering eyes.

Borrow, when this occurred, was not older than eight. The story, which is related in "Lavengro," might be rejected as a myth, were it not so entirely of a piece with his whole career. The upshot of the encounter was a warm friendship with the gypsy boy, Ambrose Smith (or Petulengro, the Romany equivalent of Smith), which became one of the strongest influences in Borrow's life. Under the name of Jasper he plays only the second rôle in the pages of "Lavengro," and from his lips comes the famous creed, which contains the immemorial philosophy of the true vagabond, and which, once heard, will somehow forever after blow through a man's intellectual heavens like the clean wind it celebrates:

"What is your opinion of death, Mr. Petulengro?" said I, as I sat down beside him.

"My opinion of death, brother, is much the same as that in the old song of Pharaoh. . . . When a man dies he is cast into the earth, and his wife and child sorrow over him. If he has neither wife nor child, then his father and mother, I suppose; and if he is quite alone in the world, why, then he is cast into the earth, and there is an end of the matter."

"And do you think that is the end of a man?"

"There's an end of him, brother, more's the pity."

"Why do you say so?"

"Life is sweet, brother."

"Do you think so?"

"Think so! There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise the wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother; who would wish to die?"

"I would wish to die——"

"You talk like a gorgio—which is the same as talking like a fool—were you a Rommany Chal you would talk wiser. Wish to die, indeed! A Rommany Chal would wish to live forever!"

"In sickness, Jasper?"

"There's the sun and stars, brother."

"In blindness, Jasper?"

"There's the wind on the heath, brother; if I could only feel that, I would gladly live for ever. Dosta, we'll now go to the tents and put on the gloves; and I'll try to make you feel what a sweet thing it is to be alive, brother!"

Another lasting influence on Borrow's

The Life of George Borrow. Compiled from unpublished official documents, his works, correspondence, etc. By Herbert Jenkins. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Letters of George Borrow to the British and Foreign Bible Society. Published by direction of the Committee. Edited by T. H. Darlow. New York: George H. Doran Company.—When Dr. W. I. Knapp wrote his *Life of George Borrow* (1899) these letters were supposed to have been lost; they were discovered in the crypt of the Bible House the very week in which that biography appeared. They add nothing which destroys the value and interest of Dr. Knapp's excellent work.

character was the conversation of William Taylor of Norwich, a vagabond of the mind, who delighted, as Southey said, in "supporting strange and paradoxical opinions," and had "unsettled the faith of many." In one of the chapters of "Lavengro" (No. xxiii) Borrow tells how Taylor instructed him in German, and drew strange parallels between the philosophic profundity of that people and their proficiency in smoking. Borrow was to repudiate his older friend's opinion of the Bible as not quite sound in philosophy, but "respectable from its antiquity," although sometimes one wonders a little how much of Borrow's enthusiasm for the book was due to its religious content, and how much to the fact that it is the production of a wandering and homeless race. Of Taylor's nonchalant free-thinking more, perhaps, entered into the young man's brain than he himself ever knew.

II.

Having spent five years with a firm of Norwich solicitors in the laudable exercise of learning various outlandish languages and neglecting the law, in April of 1824, Borrow, now foot-free by the death of his father, went up to London with a few pounds in his pocket and a "small green box" filled with manuscripts, chiefly translations from the Welsh and Danish. One of the poems gave this description of the author, faithful to life, unless certain friendships broken when his temper became irascible with age and disappointments may be held to annul a single line:

A lad who twenty tongues can talk,
And sixty miles a day can walk;
Drink at a draught a pint of rum,
And then be neither sick nor dumb;
Can tune a song and make a verse,
And deeds of Northern kings rehearse;
Who never will forsake his friend
While he his bony fist can bend;
And, though averse to broil and strife,
Will fight a Dutchman with a knife;
O that is just the lad for me,
And such is honest six-foot-three.

He found the metropolis cruelly indifferent to the charms of Ab Gwilym, whom he nevertheless maintained through life to be "the greatest poetical genius . . . since the revival of literature." But by a proper chance he fell into the clutches of a publisher who employed him at starvation rates in compiling from the Newgate chronicles and elsewhere six volumes of "Celebrated Trials and Remarkable Cases of Criminal Jurisprudence." This and other literary hack work kept him chained to the treadmill until health and spirit were almost broken. After fourteen months of this life he fled from London, and literally took to the road. Of the adventures that followed, "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye" are the immortal record. Just how much of those books is fiction and how much genuine biography we shall never know, but apparently the *Wahrheit* largely predominates; there is certainly truth at the core of the great chapters which relate his experiences as a wandering tinker, including the magnificent fight with the Flaming Tinman, and the extraordinary courtship, if courtship it may be called, of Isopel Berners in Mumper's Dingle.

After a certain period of years which Borrow has left in obscurity, there came to him his great opportunity. In 1833 he was appointed an agent of the Bible Society. His first task, the translation of the Scriptures into the Manchu, took him, for reasons which need not here be stated, to St. Petersburg. His letters to the Society, as published by Mr. Darlow, tell the strange story of his life in that city, and show him as indefatigable in accomplishing his task as he was shrewd in managing men. In 1835 he was transferred to Portugal and Spain, where for five years he was engaged in distributing translations of the Bible, his zeal in converting the natives being apparently in proportion to the danger and difficulty of reaching them. From the letters which he wrote to the Society, and which so far as they are preserved, have now been printed, and from diaries, he afterwards compiled "The Zincali," an account of the Iberian and African Gypsies, and "The Bible in Spain," the most popular, and, on the whole, the greatest of his books. A comparison of the latter work with the Letters shows that his method of composition was largely a mere matter of transcription, though there is some significance in the fact that the additions that go to make up "The Bible in Spain," from whatever source drawn, have little to do with his missionary labors, and a great deal to do with the incidents of the road and with the Gypsies and other outcasts he met by the way.

Two violent prejudices he carried with him everywhere, the Roman Catholic Church and what he was pleased to call gentility. The two had a strange way of coalescing in his mind, and were, it is scarcely uncharitable to say, merely symbols of that order and convention of society against which his whole nature rebelled. His years in Spain answered in every way to this petulance of his nature, and were altogether the happiest of his life. By the distribution of the Bible he was shattering, as he thought, the idolatry of Rome; while his ramblings through the Peninsula brought him into contact with a people at the furthest possible remove from the smugness of British gentility. He possessed a strange power over the wild creatures of the road, whether human or bestial, and often apparently with a glance or a word could change them from hostility to friendship or submission. Something of his joy in Spain, despite the extraordinary hardships he underwent, was no doubt due to the conscious exercise of this almost supernatural fascination. His service as translator and missionary for the Bible Society also brought into play his remarkable linguistic ability. If he was not quite the philologist he liked to call himself, and was capable of devising etymologies that would cause a trained scholar to gape and stare, he could at least make himself understood in a bewildering variety of tongues, from Manchu to Irish. It is characteristic of the man that his interest in a language increased in proportion to its eccentricity. Of Greek and Latin he apparently knew little and cared for them less. French and German and Italian attracted him languidly. But the vagabond speech of the Gypsy and the isolated language of Wales were his lifelong delight.

His days after leaving the Bible Society were embittered by quarrels and distracted by his own insatiable restlessness. Just before returning from Spain he married an English widow who brought him a small estate at Oulton, in Suffolk. He travelled at times, and "Wild Wales" is the fruit of much tramping and exploring in that country. But on the whole his attempt to settle down as a country gentleman was deplorable. He could not, or would not, make himself at home in conventional society, and as a lion he had no speech between a roar and outrageous silence. Strange stories of his ways got about. Children trembled at his approach: "older people he seldom spoke to when out on his solitary rambles; but sometimes he would flash out such a glance from beneath his broad-brimmed hat and shaggy eyebrows as would make timid country folk hasten on their way filled with vague thoughts and fears of the evil eye." Another writer tells how "his great delight . . . was to plunge into the darkening mere at eventide, his great head and heavy shoulders ruddy in the rays of the sun. Here he hissed and roared and spluttered, sometimes frightening the eel-catcher sailing home in the half-light, and remembering suddenly school legends of river-sprites and monsters of the deep."

Death came to him at the age of seventy-eight, broken, and chilled, and silenced. It was a passage for him, one likes to think, from the crowding conventions of the world into unencumbered spaces and into the heart of that untamed nature to which his own heart was akin.

III.

Such a man and such a life it might seem easy to pigeon-hole: he might be set down at once as the perfect type of the *picaro* in the nineteenth century. Yet there are aspects of his character which refuse to fit into such a frame. "The

picaro," says M. Jusserand, with his accustomed precision, "holds a place in literature which is peculiarly his. Faithless, shameless, if not joyless, the plaything of fortune, by turn valet, gentleman, beggar, courtier, thief, we follow him into all societies. . . . There is no plot more simple or flexible, none that lends itself better to the study of manners, of abuses, of social eccentricities. The only defect is that, in order to abandon himself with necessary good will to the caprices of Fate, and in order to be able to penetrate everywhere, the hero has necessarily little conscience and still less heart." The path of the picaresque writer is indeed, in one sense, narrow and sharply defined. His rôle is to set forth the under side of life with all its variety of incident and its hostility to prescription, but he must do all this with a kind of imperturbability of conscience which converts evil into innocence. The moment he displays a touch of moral indignation he passes from the picaresque to the preacher or satirist, and if he shows the least disposition to gloat over things evil as disgusting or revolting he falls into the *genre* of the modern realist. Now in that strait road Borrow walked with all the apparent *insouciance* of a Gil Blas or a Colonel Jacque. From childhood to old age his pleasure was to associate with vagabonds and thimble-riggers, horse-thieves and poisoners, prize-fighters and cutthroats, and these are the people of his books. Mr. Watts-Dunton has told from personal experience how his very manners were moulded by the free company of the roadside:

> When Borrow was talking to people in his own class of life there was always in his bearing a kind of shy, defiant egotism. . . . But the moment he approached a gypsy on the heath, or a poor Jew in Houndsditch, or a homeless wanderer by the wayside, he became another man. He threw off the burden of restraint. The feeling of "armed neutrality" was left behind, and he seemed to be at last enjoying the only social intercourse that could give him pleasure. This it was that enabled him to make friends so entirely with the gypsies.

As for moral sensitiveness there is scarcely a trace of it to be found in any of the accounts of his astonishing adventures. Even when he relates the grewsome attempted murder of himself by Mrs. Herne, the mother-in-law of his peculiar friend, Jasper Petulengro, not a word falls from him of indignation or surprise or fear. And for his strength of stomach, I would recommend the episode of the Gypsy inn-keepers of Tarifa ("The Zincali," chapter iv) as equal to anything in the writings of Nash or the other mighty men of the Elizabethan age. After telling a story of poisoning and thievery the very memory of which would disturb the nights of a weak man, but which he observed without lifting his finger or uttering a word of protest, he dismisses the victims of the villany with the dispassionate comment: "Upon the whole, however, I did not pity them much." There is no sign of self-restraint in all this, no concealment of righteous anger, he is simply describing the scenes in which he felt himself at home, though, it need scarcely be added, his own conduct was ever scrupulously honest and clean.

That is the rôle of the *picaro*, and that is the part of Borrow generally when he deals with actual events. It might seem as easy to place him as it is to enjoy his sublime indifference to the troublesome laws of morality. Yet there was another side to his character which must not be forgotten: he was, if you please, while stopping at this den of robbers, and through all his extraordinary adventures in Spain and Africa, an evangelist and *colporteur* of Bibles, and he was as bold and as sincere in this rôle as he was in the other. On occasion he could take advantage of his intimacy with Gypsies and other outcasts to bring the Scripture to their attention, and there is one particularly striking scene in "The Zincali" which relates in the same breath how he became a participator in the most secret thoughts of a gang of Cordovese Gitanos, and how he perfected himself in their tongue by getting them to translate with him the Apostles' Creed. Nor when he came to moralize at large on Gypsy life was there anything in his tone to distinguish him from the most proper parson. "It is therefore to be hoped," he remarks, in one of his missionary moods, "that if the Gitanos are abandoned to themselves, . . . the sect will eventually cease to be, and its members become confounded with the residue of the population; for certainly no Christian, nor merely philanthropic heart, can desire the continuance of any sect or association of people whose fundamental principle seems to be to hate all the rest of mankind, and to live by deceiving them." Such is Borrow's impersonal reflection, entirely honest no doubt, on the people who were his chosen comrades and from whom came his philosophy of life. The *picaro* is a common character in literature, and the missionary also has his place, but where, except in the author of "Lavengro" and "The Bible in Spain," shall you find the indissoluble union in one man of the complete *picaro* and the dauntless missionary? The combination is piquant, to say the least.

IV.

And if Borrow's works follow the narrow tradition of the picaresque by avoiding on one side the claims of the conscience, they are equally true to the norm by escaping on the other side the peculiar appeal of the heart which is the essence of romance. Perhaps their most striking trait is just this unexpected absence of emotion in scenes where the follower of Wordsworth would revel in sentiment. In all Borrow's descriptions of the wild country of Wales and the Peninsula I can recall but a single instance of that revery so familiar to the nineteenth century in which the soul loves to lose itself in pantheistic contemplation of nature. Once, indeed, we see him sitting on the ruined wall at Monte Moro, absorbed in a dream of the world's rapturous beauty, while the memories of his past life flitted before his "eyes in airy and fantastic array, through which every now and then peeped trees and hills, and other patches of the real landscape." Yet even from this unwonted spell he rouses himself with the reflection that such "reveries . . . only serve to enervate the mind and steal many a minute which might be more profitably employed." It might seem sufficient to say that to Borrow, as to the other masters of the picaresque *genre*, the desolate and unusual scenes of nature were only a continuation, so to speak, of the spirit of adventure among strange human beings, and that the absence of sentimental personification was as necessary to the proper effect in the one case as the absence of moral concern was in the other. In a way that is true; but it is by no means the whole truth. I know not how it is, but somehow, without a touch of that conscious blending of the human and the natural by which the modern writer awakens our romantic emotions, and with seldom a word to indicate that his own heart was moved, Borrow has succeeded in giving to Nature a magic power to charm or appall the soul which many an artificer in sentiment might envy. There are, for example, two or three pages in "The Bible in Spain" describing the nocturnal journey from Bembibre to Villafranca, which for terror and sublimity it would be hard to match in any other English book; yet only in a single brief sentence, and that at the close of the narration, does any hint escape of deep feeling on the part of the writer himself.

The absence of direct human emotion in Borrow is even more surprising, not to say tantalizing, than the romantic sentiment of nature. It should seem at times as if he were utterly devoid of heart and the common passions of mankind. Think for a moment of the episode in Mumper's Dingle and all its emotional possibilities. It may not appear so extraordinary that he can go through the great fight with the Flaming Tinman as if his breast had never swelled with the feeling of rage or hatred or revenge, but where is the language to describe his relation to Isopel Berners? With minute detail he tells how she and he lived in their tents side by side in the remote and secret glen. We see the tall queen of the roads with

all her blonde beauty and crown of yellow hair, a superb Amazon whose right hand was the flail of evil-doers and puny tempters; night after night we see her by the solitary light of the camp-fire serving her companion in simple devotion, her pride humbled to pliant submission, yet, so far as any expression escapes the writer, you would not know that he possessed a body. When the woman in her threatens to break out, he crushes her with lessons in the Armenian verb, drilling her in these antic exercises as a master might train a dog; but it is a wise reader who can say whether he does this deliberately to avoid the perils of the equivocal situation or as a pure pedant with no pulse to leap at danger. The whole episode is cruel and in any other writer would be sterile and unnatural. Yet withal, though there is no word of passion in these chapters, indeed scarcely a word of human feeling—save after Isopel has fled, and then the note of regret is feeble and false—they are able by some trick of composition, perhaps by the very absence of what is expected, to fix themselves in memory as one of the great love scenes of our literature. Was ever woman so coldly wooed before, we exclaim; but there exudes from that wooing, nevertheless, a thin, impalpable, intoxicating air of passion.

So Borrow appears to me as I seek the man himself within his books. Essentially a picaresque character to whom life was an adventure in which the conscience and heart have no concern, he was still on the one side as clean himself as the wind on the heather and as fearless in missionary work as a Jesuit, and on the other side he can convey to the reader some of the subtlest emotions of romanticism. I state the contrast sharply, knowing that it could be somewhat shaded away by exceptions and reservations; but the paradox is there and piques curiosity. P. E. M.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In 1899, shortly after its acquisition of the famous Francis Fry collection of Bibles, the British and Foreign Bible Society began the preparation of a new catalogue of its collection of editions of the Holy Scriptures. The first volume, which appeared in 1903, described editions of the Bible or parts of the Bible in the English language. This was an admirable piece of work, and has been continually referred to by every collector of printed English Bibles.

In the Preface of that first volume it was announced that the second volume, enumerating editions of the Scriptures printed in languages other than English, would "appear in 1904." Now, in 1912, this second portion is just ready, and, instead of being in one volume, is bound in three, aggregating 1,750 pages, and describing books printed in more than six hundred languages and dialects.

In order that the book might be as complete as possible, and of the utmost use to students, all known editions are described even though, in certain cases, there be no copy in the Society's own library. Such entries are indicated by being enclosed in heavy square brackets.

In all, there are described in the four volumes, 9,848 books, printed in 628 languages and dialects. Of these, a few are obsolete languages or dialects represented only by printed texts of early manuscript translations and others (no less than sixty-five) are modern dialects, in which versions have been printed purely for philological purposes. Fifty-seven of these latter belong to the series printed at the expense of Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte. The opening division of this second volume consists of Polyglots, a term which the editors limit to editions printed in three or more languages. In each case the book is again entered under each of the languages included in it, in order that the historical development of the text in each language may be shown.

This division of polyglot versions is a minor one, filling only thirty-six pages. The remainder of the three thick volumes is occupied with descriptions of books printed in almost every known language or dialect of the world. These are arranged alphabetically, the dialects generally being put under the language to which they belong. A full index at the end enters all dialects, with variant spellings, making reference to the entries easy. While a large proportion of these languages and dialects are Asiatic, African, or South Sea Island dialects, into which portions of the Scriptures have been translated and printed for the use of missionaries, the space allotted to older printed editions of the Bible is ample, and the collations and descriptions full enough to answer all requirements. For example, the account of Latin Bibles fills one hundred and one pages, two hundred and forty-one editions being described, many of the descriptions filling a half-page, and some two or three pages. While Copinger, in his "Incunabula Biblica" (1892), enumerates one hundred and twenty-four editions in Latin printed before 1500, the editors of this catalogue reduce this number to "about one hundred after eliminating those which lack sufficient authentication." A considerable number of early editions are lacking in the Society's own collection. Of the Gutenberg Bible, the Society does not seem to own even a single leaf.

The Bible House Library dates its beginning from December 17, 1804, upon which date an appeal was sent out soliciting contributions of Bibles, Testaments, etc. One of the earliest donors was Granville Sharp, who sent in between thirty and forty volumes, among them being a copy of the second edition of Eliot's Indian Bible, printed at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1680-1685. The Society does not possess a complete copy of the first edition of this famous translation, but does own the New Testament, which was printed and issued separately in 1661, two years before the Old Testament was ready. They also own the even rarer "Massachusee Psalter" which was prepared by Experience Mayhew for the use of the Indians on Martha's Vineyard and which was printed by B. Green and J. Printer in Boston, in 1709. This "J. Printer" was an Indian first known as "James the printer," afterwards as James Printer, who had assisted in the printing of the earlier editions of the Indian Bible. In the note to the Indian New Testament (1661) we notice a lapse, where it is stated that the first press in Cambridge, established in 1683, was "under the charge of Samuel Green," no mention being made of Steven Daye, nor of his son Matthew Daye. As a matter of fact, Green did not take charge of the press until 1649, after the death of the two Dayes.

The Catalogue is edited by T. H. Darlow and H. F. Maule. In his Prefaces, Mr. Darlow acknowledges assistance from a host of Biblical students and philologists in all parts of the world. In its own field, the work stands alone and will prove indispensible to all who have to do with the bibliography of the Holy Scriptures.

Correspondence

"THE PRESIDENTIAL TERM."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Referring to your editorial on "The Presidential Term," it seems to me evident that the real issue between yourself and the advocates of the six-year term is not so much the desirability of the six-year term as it is that of the changed conception of the Presidency. That conception, which you consider an argument against the six-year term, they regard as an argument in its favor—as, in fact, one of the very evils which the six-year term is designed in a measure to correct. It is regarded by them as essentially revolutionary. According to your description, the President is no longer a mere official, but something more—something so multiform and vague that his functions cannot be defined, but can only be indicated in a general way by such phrases as that, "he is not only a great public official, but the leader of a party"; that "he has more and more approached the office of a prime minister"; that "he is the great national figure, the chief national voice"; that "the people look to him both to propose and to execute"; that "he is to make use of his authority to put through measures for the general good," etc., etc.

It is evident that this new conception of the Presidency, whatever else may be said of it, is irreconcilably at war with what is most fundamental in our political system. Under that system nothing is more fundamental and essential than the partition of powers and the resultant division of responsibility. And nothing can be plainer than that under that partition of powers and division of responsibility, the duty of making laws is placed upon the people's representatives in Congress, and that, by necessary consequence, on them rests the responsibility for any failure in the performance of that duty.

True, the President is given a voice in legislation, but it is not a continuing voice, but only a well-defined and limited influence; and when that influence has been properly exerted the President's legislative responsibility ends.

As regards law-enforcement, nothing can be plainer than that it is the President's duty to enforce all existing laws with faithfulness and impartiality, regardless of his own opinion of their wisdom; that his responsibility ends with such enforcement;

and that any evils resulting therefrom are chargeable not to the President, but to the law-making branch of the Government. But according to this new conception, the President is held responsible for all such evils, notwithstanding the fact that in order to be so responsible the enforcement of law must not be mandatory upon him but discretionary; and to make it thus discretionary would be to authorize him, at his option, to suspend the operation of laws, thus giving him, in addition to his limited constitutional veto power, an extra-constitutional veto power that is unlimited and absolute.

I say that this new conception of the Presidency is extra-constitutional and revolutionary. Without any change in the Constitution, and with perfect inconsistency and unreason, it ignores this most fundamental feature of our Government, and proceeds by extraneous methods to transform a supposedly constitutional President exercising only well defined functions into a President exercising additional functions that are vague and indefinable and wholly unknown to, and largely inconsistent with, the Constitution.

The assumption that this change has already been made, that this new conception of the Presidency has been accepted by the people, is quite unwarranted, for the very good reason that the people have had no opportunity to choose between accepting or rejecting it; and that if such opportunity were offered them—if a constitutional amendment were proposed vesting the President with such functions as are here involved—it would not even be deemed worthy of serious consideration. Such foothold as this new conception has already gained in practice is due, not to any intrinsic merit recommending its adoption, but to the apathy of the many who are not directly interested, coupled with the clamor and mental habit of the few who are directly interested—the world-old habit of calling upon a one-man power for immediate relief from individual ills, regardless of the remoter effects upon the general welfare.

This state of things is highly objectionable for many reasons, among which are these—that it tends to throw our entire scheme of government into confusion; that while it makes inconsistent and impossible demands upon a conscientious, constitutional President, it offers a golden opportunity to an unscrupulous and self-seeking demagogue; that it is one of the phases of that dangerous disrespect for law that is becoming so prevalent, and is also a phase of that insidious and sinister process of changing the substance of government without changing its form, by which all constitutional governments seem destined sooner or later to perish.

It is perfectly true, as you assume, that the length of the Presidential term should be adjusted to the nature of the Presidency; and if it were also true that we must have a Presidency corresponding to this new conception, the conclusion adverse to the six-year term would be correct. For a constitutional Presidency a six-year term would be short enough, but for an extra-constitutional Presidency the four-year term or any term at all would be quite long enough.

HERBERT L. BAKER.

Detroit, June 10.

HARDY AND NIETZSCHE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: In your editorial on "The Love of Good Writing," the other day, you quote Thomas Hardy to the effect that "the shortest way to good prose is by the route of good verse." Hardy's statement recalls Nietzsche's aphorism in "Die fröhliche Wissenschaft" (2d ed., 1886), entitled "Prosa und Poesie," in which the great master of German prose deals with the same matter, and of which I offer the following translation:

Let us remember that the great masters of prose have almost always also been poets, whether openly or only covertly and for the closet; and, indeed, one writes good prose only face to face with poetry! For prose is an uninterrupted polite warfare with poetry: all its charms consist in continually evading and contradicting poetry; every abstraction must be presented as a roguery against poetry and in a mocking voice; all sobriety and frigidity is to set the lovely goddess in a pretty rage; often there are advances, momentary reconciliations, and then a sudden retreat and fits of laughter; often the curtain is raised and a glaring light allowed to enter just when the goddess is enjoying her twilights and sombre colors; often the word is taken out of her mouth and sung to a tune which makes her hold her delicate hands over her delicate ears—and so there are a thousand delights of the warfare, counting the defeats, of which the unpoetical, the so-called prosaic, know nothing; they consequently write and speak poor prose! War is the father of all good things; war is also the father of good prose! There were in this century four very remarkable and truly poetical persons who attained to a mastery of prose for which otherwise this century is not made—for the want of poetry, as already indicated. Apart from Goethe, who is justly claimed by the century which produced him, I regard only Giacomo Leopardi, Prosper Mérimée, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Walter Savage Landor, the author of the "Imaginary Conversations," as worthy to be called masters of prose.

Nietzsche wrote out of such a wealth of information that one hesitates to question his conclusions. Nevertheless, it is not unlikely that a wider survey of universal literature than is possible to a single individual would readily furnish additions to the quartet of great prose writers enumerated by him. But however that may be, the interesting point here to observe is how closely related his description of the conditions under which good prose is produced is to Thomas Hardy's.

G. S.

New York, June 17.

THE MISSION OF THE CHURCH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: In your issue of June 6, the "Mission of the Church" is discussed, and the question is asked, "What shall the church do to be saved?" The answer seemingly would depend on what one conceives the church to be. In the discussion cited, the answer is that salvation lies neither in a return to the old ways, *i. e.*, more theology, nor in greater social service, but in the elevation of the motives that actuate men and women, the strengthening of their better selves. All this is doubtless true, but before one considers what institutional activity should be it is well to define to oneself just what the institution is. On this depends the true understanding of the relation of "Smith" to the church: "Smith," the man who thinks that the church is a good thing for Jones, but who for himself gets on comfortably without it.

An ancient Greek, who is somewhat of Smith's type, is quoted by Deissmann: *ἐπὶ μὲν τῷ ἐρρῶσθαί σε, εὐθέως τοῖς θεοῖς εὐχαρίστουν.* Compare this with St. Paul's, "We give thanks to God always for you all . . . remembering without ceasing your work of faith and labor of love and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ, before our God and Father." Notice the difference. Our ancient "Smith" thanks the "Gods" and gets along very well, the Apostle thanks the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and seemingly gets along no better; the former gives thanks for a single past event, the latter's thanks are but the audible expression of a constant prayer-communion with God; the object of the gratitude of the pious heathen is "bodily health," that of the Apostle's thanksgiving is the good condition of his followers as Christians. What now is the Church, the Christian Church, but the institutional form in which a believing spirit akin to that of the Apostle clothes itself? If so, how can it be saved in the absence of such piety? Smith may believe that churches are good things, and "he may do almost anything for a church," but, though his money will doubtless be gratefully accepted and his well-chosen words of encouragement will surely be highly appreciated, yet if he stands outside the circle and enough people follow his example the Church as already defined simply fulfils the course of nature and dies. The burden of proof, whatever these mysterious words mean, may nowadays have shifted to the man who attends church, but it should seem that the multitude of "Smiths" ought at least to tell us why the ideas of Christ and his apostles make such a feeble appeal to them that no corresponding personal activity of a social and institutional kind results. Usually we have no difficulty in estimating the depth of an interest whose results are purely negative.

GEORGE JOHNSON.

Lincoln University, Pa., June 7.

RELIGION OF SENSIBLE MEN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: In a communication to the *Nation* for May 30, your correspondent, in discussing the remark concerning the "religion of all sensible men" attributed to Disraeli, traces it back to Garth and suggests that it may be referred to a period even more remote. As a matter of fact, the first Earl of Shaftesbury (1621-1683) is an earlier reputed author. Speaker Onslow in a note to Burnet's "History of His Own Time" (ed. Oxford, 1823, I. p. 164) is the authority for the following anecdote: "A person came to make him a visit while he was sitting one day with a lady of his family, who retired upon that to another part of the room with her work, and seemed not to attend to the conversation between the Earl and the other person, which turned soon into some dispute upon subjects of religion; after a good deal of that sort of talk, the Earl said at last":

"People differ in their discourse and profession about these matters, but men of sense are really but of one religion." Upon which, says the lady, of a sudden, "Pray, my lord, what religion is that which men of sense agree in?" "Madam," says the Earl, "men of sense never tell it."

In the "Dictionary of National Biography," xii, 130, a brief and slightly different version of the same story is cited from Sheffield's memoirs.

ARTHUR LYON CROSS.

Ann Arbor, Mich., June 1.

"JURMUNGLE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In connection with Professor Bruce's letter in your issue of May 30, I should like to call attention to the fact that the Italian *garbuglio* means the same as the Yorkshire *jurmungle*. I do not think, however, that this meaning explains the passage in Nashe's "Lenten Stuffe."

JOSEPH DE PEROTT.

Worcester, Mass., June 15.

KNOWLEDGE OF ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "In these last days" one can hardly turn over the pages of a periodical devoted to the advancement of learning without coming upon at least a passage or two deploring the lack of training in the use of our mother tongue exhibited in our current literature, using the term "literature" to designate everything that appears in print.

One of the causes is, of course, the immense quantity of printed matter and the rapidity with which it is produced. But there is no room for doubt that our modern method of educating the young is likewise largely responsible. We are persistently told that we should train the judgment, not the memory. The injunction is in itself meaningless. The savage uses his judgment in spearing a fish, or in tracking game, or in pursuing an enemy. The important question is not whether we should use our judgment, but how and upon what objects. In modern education a great deal of stress is laid upon those branches that are mainly observational. In the natural and physical sciences the student's work is largely of this character. In his experiments he is taught to produce phenomena, or to interpret the phenomena that come under his observation. In nine cases out of ten, this is mere routine work. On the other hand, in the older curricula, the laboratory occupied a very subordinate place. In the nature of the case, the student whose time was mainly occupied in the recitation room, or in preparing for it, no matter what the subject dealt with, was compelled to use his mother tongue, and received a great deal of unconscious training. Neither in England nor in this country was the native language carefully taught; generally it was not taught at all. But the student had much practice in the use of speech. This is not only true of English, but of German as well, as current German periodicals abundantly testify.

The decadence of speech has kept pace with the advance of modern education. The great writers, almost without exception, received their training under the old régime, although in the case of such authors as George Eliot, outside of the schools. To tell what we see is very different from telling what we think. The student at once learns this when he undertakes to describe an experiment, as compared with the writing of an essay on some literary or historical theme. To use authorities with discrimination; to discover a writer's motives beneath his words; to test his credibility as a witness; to distinguish between thoughts and mere phrases; in short, to fathom the psyche through its tangible manifestation, then to set forth the verdict with clearness and force, is a task that is almost infinitely more difficult. It is only after long and arduous practice that the vast majority of young people can attain even moderate success.

CHARLES W. SUPER.

Athens, O., June 20.

Literature

THE OLD BUDDHA.

The Great Empress Dowager of China. By Philip W. Sergeant, B.A., Former Editor of the Hongkong *Daily Press*. With 16 illustrations, including a photogravure frontispiece. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50 net.

Two Years in the Forbidden City. By the Princess Der Ling, First Lady in Waiting to the Empress Dowager. Illustrated from photographs. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $2.

The serious student of modern China may look with misgiving upon any fresh attempt to relate the history of the famous Empress Dowager, whose career was so vividly set forth in the work of Messrs. Bland and Backhouse, already reviewed in these columns. Yet both of these books on the Old Buddha must be accounted worth while. They provide additional material, which the student will accept with becoming gratitude, and they offer the reader who does not pretend to be serious less documented accounts of the most picturesque Imperial personage of modern times. The two volumes before us admirably supplement each other. The Hongkong editor summarizes from the foreigner's point of view the history of half a century, the Manchu Princess supplies incidents and a setting from which we gain a lively impression of a great character.

Mr. Sergeant's résumé of events leading to the crisis that placed the throne of China in charge of a woman is a model of candor and sensible statement. His succinct account of the opium traffic, the "Arrow" War, and the punishment of Manchu arrogance stands by itself among histories written by Englishmen for its detachment from national prejudice. An instance of his fairness is worth citing, for it displays a quality which commends the book as a trustworthy guide to those unable to impugn his evidence. In quoting Lord Elgin's famous decision to burn the Summer Palace as a solemn act of retribution for a great crime, he says:

> The argument is weak. The Congo atrocities would not have been expiated by the burning of the late King Leopold's Palace at Ostend, nor did even the fact of tortures having taken place in the Yuen-Ming-Yuen make it a rational thing to give warning against murder by the destruction of a fine historical monument such as the Summer Palace was. Lord Elgin was right, however, in expecting his deed to impress the Chinese Court.

There are other places in the book where one would willingly stop to consider the author's sympathetic attitude towards China—an attitude the more remarkable because his residence in the Empire was in Hongkong, the hotbed of extreme anti-Chinese views. Some reservations must be made to this general commendation. His opinion of the Tsung-li Yamen's memorandum of 1871 as a basis for the settlement of the missionary question is more optimistic than that of others who have followed the history of this period, but he is justified in blaming the foreign Ministers for ignoring their proposal for friendly discussion, "the result of which was increasing trouble down to the present day for Western Powers, and for China constant unrest." These subjects, however, are mainly introductory to the political career of the great Empress. So far as that remarkable woman's personality is concerned, it must be confessed that she is seen in these pages as through a glass darkly when compared with the singular illumination thrown upon her by the account of her handmaiden.

The tendency among foreigners living in China to interpret the Dowager Empress's character in accordance with their own standards has been stronger than among observers outside. The resulting opinions are utterly confusing. A true estimate of her would seem to lie, as it does in this book, somewhat nearer the opinions of those who defended than those who blamed her. We must rate her among the sovereigns of antiquity, a consistent upholder of dynastic right, not as the Moses of her people. Her genius for leadership, which was great, showed itself in an eminently feminine form as the champion of that which was personally nearest and dearest to her desires. She was detested by her Chinese subjects not on account of her cruelty, but because they hated the Manchus, and this hatred has been reflected in the valuation of many foreigners who only knew the situation at second hand. The other side of the case—the saving influence of her personal superiority—was appreciated only by the very limited number of those who were made aware of the charm and even elevation of her manner. Yet, though possessed of fine traits, she could not be trusted to exercise them if they interfered with her passionate resentments. When once aroused she would not forgive, as was shown in the crushing of Kwang-hsu and in her vindictive persecution of Kang Yu-wei and his follow-

ers, whose programme was a challenge to her supremacy. She was a great opportunist without much constructive statecraft. Her genius lay in reading character, but her autocratic temper rendered the shrewd men she selected chiefly skilful in riding out the storms of her passion with little opportunity to guide her to wiser policies. With her other qualities must also be included her amazing superstition, which explains her belief in the supernatural pretensions of the Boxers and the ease with which some of her unscrupulous attendants played upon her. On the whole, though she cannot be acquitted of grave faults, she impresses the reader as a woman of splendid endowment. It brings us nearer to a just appreciation of the East to listen to Mr. Sergeant's suggestion not to assume that Oriental character must be actuated by motives

different from those of other men and women in similar positions. Yet in no other way can the maxim of Confucius, "under the four heavens all men are brothers," more truly be applied than in the study of motives in mankind, East and West. It is unnecessary to seek for the topseyturveydom which Europeans delight to find in China, or to talk of the inscrutable East. The East is no more inscrutable than the West. But all human nature becomes inscrutable if one begins by rejecting the simple explanations on account of their simplicity.

The Manchu Princess, whose two years in the Forbidden City in attendance on her Majesty is as delightful as it is informing, supplies in her book an appropriate commentary upon this remark. The daughter of a progressive Manchu prince by an educated Eurasian, she had the exceptional fortune of a training under the best auspices of both Chinese and European culture. Upon the return of her father from the post of Chinese Minister in Paris, she was taken with her mother and sister into the Imperial Palace to serve the old Empress as her interpreter and first lady-in-waiting. The contact of East and West under these unusual conditions involved plenty of piquant incidents, but, happily, no occasion for antagonism. The young princess entered the court with hopes of inducing the Old Buddha to learn more about Western ideals and institutions, and of thereby furthering the progress of reform; she discovered that her mistress was too old to depart from her life-long habits and convictions. If we compare her to Marie Antoinette, and recall the satisfied obstinacy with which the French Queen and her court resisted the new conception of sovereignty, demanded by her people with far greater insistence than Tsz Hsi's subjects, we begin to understand the irreducible obstacles in the way of Der Ling's ambition. There is nothing, then, peculiarly Oriental in the situation. What strikes the Western observer is the fact that nothing in her association with the most brilliant and imposing display of Oriental culture which the young girl could have encountered in the modern world modified her own stanch preference for the ways of the West. It is something to note in passing that loyalty to this opinion could withstand the very real temptation of court life and the personal influence of a gracious patron.

The account of the daily life in the palaces of this Imperial lady is given with a simplicity which renders it quite convincing. There are glimpses of dark undercurrents in the mysterious intrigues of the eunuchs and the gossiping court women, almost without exception ignorant and inane, but the healthy mind of the author seems to have noticed the cruelty and the greed lurking beneath the surface only to avoid them. They do not interest her and she does not tell tales. She was obviously a favorite with the *Lao Tsu Tsung* (the "Old Ancestor," the conventional court name for the Empress), and sincerely strove to deserve her kindness by devotion. The irresistible charm of that supreme figure reduces all the glamor, the wickedness, and the work of those two busy years to insignificance. Every turn in this minute and varied account brings us back to the one being upon which it is centred. The character of Tsz Hsi as disclosed in this record shows a woman who, despite her fascination, was capable of ruthless acts and curiously fond of indirections, even where a straightforward course would appear to have offered greater chances of success. One cannot blame her for practices which are understood to be the foundation of Oriental *bienséance*, and were forced upon her from the first by the sinister company of the Palace. Perhaps the pollution about her was the main cause of her failure to achieve statesmanship. We cannot tell; but her habit of concealing while seeming to uncover was vitiating and led her sometimes into fantastic little deceits. When Mrs. Conger was received in a certain private audience there was no necessity, of course, for showing the American ladies her bedroom. She determined, however, to do so, ordering her attendants to "change everything, so as not to show them our daily life."

We started to work (says the author) taking off the pink silk curtains from every window and changing them for sky blue (the color she hated); then we changed the cushions on the chairs to the same color. While we were watching the eunuchs doing the work, several of them came into the room, carrying a large tray full of clocks. By this time her Majesty had come into the room and ordered us to remove all her white and green jade Buddhas and take some of the jade ornaments away, for these things were sacred and no foreigner should see them, so we replaced them with these clocks instead. We also took away the three embroidered door curtains and changed them for ordinary satin ones. . . . Her toilet table was the most important thing. She would not let any one see it—not even the wives of the officials who came in, so, of course, we had to put it in a safe place and lock it up. We changed her bed from pink color into blue. All her furniture was made of sandalwood, also carvings on her bed. This sandalwood, before it was made into furniture, was placed in different temples to be sanctified, so, of course, no foreigner could see it. As we could not take this carving from her bed we covered it up with embroidered hangings.

Though some of the great names of modern China appear in these pages, the narrative adds nothing of importance to our knowledge of political events during the last days of the Ta Ching Dynasty. Fortunately for herself, the author did not possess a capacity for intrigue; if she had she would hardly have retained her position. There are interesting and suggestive sketches of the late Emperor, who mopes quite pathetically in the background, and of his consort, a likeable woman of the old Dowager's clan; also of Miss Carl, the American artist, who seems to have been a closely guarded but unconscious prisoner in the Palace while painting her famous portrait of Tsz Hsi. But these reminiscences are chiefly commendable for what they divulge unconsciously; for, like their subject, their abiding charm lies in their femininity.

CURRENT FICTION.

Fathers of Men. By E. W. Hornung. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The author of "Raffles" has here performed what is clearly a labor of love. It is one thing to write clever and ingenious tales for the market, and it is quite another to officiate as celebrant of the time-honored mysteries of the English public school. Mr. Hornung tells this story of school life in that mood of affectionate loyalty which the great schools of England have always been able to arouse in their sons. The story is good in itself, but, after all, the main thing is the atmosphere. The central situation would be impossible in the really American type of school, though not perhaps in certain of our private institutions built upon the English model. A stable-boy, son of a coachman and an eloping lady, is taken up by his mother's relatives after the father's death, and sent to a public school. From the beginning his career is shadowed by the horrid secret of his birth and early life in the stables; and his eventual triumph as a student, and more particularly as an athlete, is presented as a notable victory over untoward fate. Jan Rutter's experience, compared with that of hundreds of American boys of equally humble origin who are forced to work their own way through school

and college, seems a pretty comfortable one.

The incidental interests of school life, more particularly the incident of athletics, plays an undisguisedly prominent part. We are used to conceding that the English student has more common-sense in this regard than the American. But cricket means as much to Jan as football to Stover of Yale. Even Heriot, the refreshingly human schoolmaster of this story, is moved in the end to wonder what it has all profited. "A bit of Latin and a lot of cricket, no doubt; but how far are they coming in?" Heriot and Jan agree that the school has justified itself as a school of character; and that the sense of loyalty to the school itself is no small thing to have gained: "My brethren and my home are there." The story is not another "Tom Brown at Rugby," but it ranks fairly with later stories of the type—we think especially of Mr. Vachell's "The Hill."

Roddles. By B. Paul Neuman. London: John Murray.

The adult lower middle-class Englishman continues to figure as a favorite hero of current fiction. Such a thing had not been dreamed of half a century ago. Imagine Dickens giving the centre of his stage to Mr. Boffin! Now it is possible for an old Christopher to be the real hero of "Joseph Vance"; and a Mr. Polly or a Roddles may be spared even titular rivalry. Roddles is an uncommonly appealing figure—a little Cockney tailor, superficially weak, but essentially strong. Two sons are left young upon his hands by the death of their mother. For himself Roddles is well enough content to remain poor and shabby and drunken. But he is a man of thought in his way, and a man of will. He determines that his boys shall have the best advantages and win a high place in the world. He takes it for granted that each of them is going to the top, therefore he sends them to separate schools, and starts them toward different careers, so that there may be no chance of their interfering with each other. They are boys of extraordinary ability and docility. His ambition imposes itself upon them as a law, and his programme is actually carried out to the letter. They take the highest honors at school and university, and push rapidly forward in their chosen careers. Roddles has never shown personal affection for them, and it is part of his plan that from the moment they begin to rise they shall see as little of him as possible. He is a drinking man, and, when they are fairly launched, succumbs more and more frequently to his temptation. He sinks lower and lower, and in the end finds himself out of work and on the edge of starvation. He will not apply to his sons, and sees nothing ahead but suicide, when—an extraordinary thing happens. The end of the story is unexpected, and perhaps a little improbable. Suddenly and frankly the narrative is shifted from the plane of realism to romance—or is it merely to a higher realism? There is a fine touch of irony in the closing scene.

Japonette. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The piquant situation with which Mr. Chambers likes to open his popular romances is not wanting here—something less than fresh in substance, but piquancy is a question of handling. The young man who comes home to find his quarters occupied by a beautiful and innocent maiden is a hero at least as old as the Arabian Nights. But there are numberless ways of developing the situation. In the present instance, the maiden is a distant relative of the young man, though they have never met. She and her not less charming sister have been installed in the New York apartment of the absentee by a faithless servant, who does not dream of the master's return. But the master has lost all his money, and returns to America to find himself owner of nothing but the apartment in question—and two new and lovely cousins. The device the three hit upon for making a joint living is sufficiently ingenious and "up-to-date." Of course, the young man is fated to wed that one of the sisters who has first dawned upon his vision. In the meantime, the other persons in the action are suitably active in supplying obstacles, misunderstandings, jealousies, and such indispensable adjuncts to romance; nor is a villain lacking. Mr. Gibson's drawings again admirably illustrate a mediocre text.

Hidden House. By Amélie Rives (the Princess Troubetzkoy). Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The theme of double personality has been pretty frequently handled by writers of fiction during the past decade or two, and we cannot say that the present writer adds anything of novelty to its treatment. The earnest young man, alternately in love with the two different young women who take turns at occupying the same body, has been presented repeatedly; and in two instances, at least, with remarkable skill: in a short story by Miss Alice Brown, the title of which we do not recall, and in W. H. Mallock's novel ("An Immortal Soul"). The Princess Troubetzkoy has given the subject a new setting. The action takes place in a little remote house in the Virginia mountains—a place inaccessible by vehicle or beast of burden. Far up the mountain-side in this house dwell an old Scotchman and his daughter, tended by a huge negress. The hero comes there (rather unaccountably) as a boarder, and finds himself at once under the spell of an unnamable mystery. There are, it seems, two daughters of the house, who are never there at the same time. It is understood that they alternately visit an aunt. One of them, Moina, is a modest, serious, womanly girl, and it is she whom young Marston first finds in possession at Hidden House. He is at once attracted to her, and they have reached the verge of an understanding, when the girl vanishes overnight, and her sister, Robina, takes her place. Robina is a scatter-brained, coquettish, brilliant girl, and soon gets the "paying guest" in a sad state of emotional turmoil. She is the grandfather's favorite, and he does all he can to help along the affair between her and Marston. She has poetic powers, and the unconquerable lust for life which still burns in the old man's veins. He longs to see her in permanent possession of life; but, of course, Moina returns, and it is given us to understand that this time she has won the field. It is the old theme, and it must be admitted that the author of "The Quick and the Dead" has not greatly improved in delicacy of touch or feeling since that little work (it seems mild enough now) made its little sensation.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

A History of French Literature. By C. H. Conrad Wright, Assistant Professor of French in Harvard University. New York: Henry Frowde. $3 net.

Histories of French literature for English readers are neither numerous nor satisfactory. The shorter ones, including Dowden's excellent compend, are too brief to satisfy anybody but the amateur. Of the longer ones, Mr. Saintsbury's uneven and erratic volume has *faute de mieux* long held the field. Mr. Wright's very handsome and substantial work will therefore be received with eager interest.

It is evident from the start that Mr. Wright possesses, especially on the scholarly side, certain qualifications for his task which have not previously been brought to it. He has extraordinary familiarity with French history and politics. There is nothing perfunctory in his sketching in of the historical background. Moreover, he carries his torch into many of the purlieus of literature which the critic is usually only too content to abandon to the scholarly specialist. There is an excellent chapter on Scholasticism, another on Renaissance Platonism. The growth of the Renaissance spirit is competently handled. In Mr. Saintsbury's index neither Abelard nor Ramus appears. The pages dealing with periods where literature and politics overlap are among the best in the book. Throughout there is evidence of intimate and ordered knowledge and of

wide reading easily held and readily utilized.

Unfortunately, however, Mr. Wright has the defect of his quality. He limits himself far too much to the purely historic aspects of his subject. His abundant knowledge results in clear sight rather than in clarifying insight. His lucidity, which is very considerable, remains on the whole a lucidity of the eye. There is no well-defined intellectual reaction on his part, no sifting of fact in the interest of unifying principle. He sees the features of a given age with remarkable fulness and with a conscientiously well-directed gaze; but the ordering of the tangled phenomena remains mechanical. The result, viewed as philosophic criticism, is apt to be only a pigeonholed chaos. Mr. Wright is a judicious and well-informed chronicler rather than a penetrating philosophic critic.

As a result, his treatment of the great writers is decidedly uneven. As soon as he approaches their artistic and personal side, his sentences exhibit a centrifugal tendency. We get scattering observations which he lacks the skill to bind into a sheaf, because they have no underlying unity of conception. So much of a writer as may be intellectually formulated he presents to us in lucid exposition; but this done, he gropes and fumbles. Accordingly, he writes an eminently satisfactory chapter on Taine, a very unsatisfactory one on Sainte-Beuve, a fairly adequate one on the ideas of Renan, but one from which Renan himself is absent. Mr. Wright is at his best in periods where he has to deal mainly with the history of tendencies and movements. He travels with an orderly ease, which Mr. Saintsbury is far from emulating, through the chaotic literature of the sixteenth century, and his eighteenth century is far more satisfactory than his favored period, the seventeenth, and immeasurably more so than his nineteenth century. His chapter on the tendencies of twentieth-century literature is, on the other hand, a masterly disentanglement of very complicated literary phenomena in an as yet virgin field.

In so far as he ventures to appear at all, the critic is almost always the judge. His judgments are summary, severe, Rhadamanthine. They are pervasively tinctured with irony and have an unpleasantly acid, even acrid flavor. They put us out of sympathy even with an expected and justified verdict. The prisoner may deserve hanging, but we protestingly feel that he has not been fairly heard. Even the truth itself becomes unwelcome. When Mr. Strachey, in his excellent epitome of French literature, says that "Chateaubriand had all the vanity of Rousseau, but none of his honesty," we read on unshocked; but the case is different when Mr. Wright tells us that "Chateaubriand was one of the worst liars and plagiarists in literature"—and if, for the moment, we can think of literature at all, it is of campaign literature. When Mr. Saintsbury says that Lamartine's verse is marred by the perpetual current of sentimental complaining, we readily allow his point of view; but when Mr. Wright speaks of "the moping Lamartine" or of "the whine of Lamartine," we are less sensible of the defect imputed to the poet than we are of the defect revealed in his critic.

When not thus negative and ironical, when they remain soberly æsthetic, these summary judgments are nearly always reminiscent of tradition and are pronounced with due knowledge of precedents. One is even tempted at times to think that tradition and precedent are their sole generating source, so sedulous is the author in avoiding the personal attitude and the personal note. Above all, he stoically refuses to betray any hint of personal delectation. He seems so intent on preserving his critical balance that he will neither bow before genius nor condescend to a familiar nod of recognition to authors with whom he cultivates a special acquaintance. He thus deprives us, no doubt, of more than one fine page that he might have given us, pages where analysis is vivified by sympathy, and where criticism acquires something of the accent and the inspiring power of literature because the spirit of the writer is speaking through his interpreter. There is a whole line of writers, men like Boileau, La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère, perhaps Racine, with whom Mr. Wright would seem to have a certain spiritual kinship, and of whom he might have written *con amore*. It is to be regretted that his austere conception of critical impartiality seems to dictate this colorless and impersonal attitude.

It is in dealing with the great and approved masters that this lack of geniality, this chill abstention from literary delight, is especially striking. What should be the preliminaries of criticism crowd out and replace criticism itself. In the chapter on Rousseau, the longest in the book, we get an excellent though rather ironic exposition of his ideas, but no adequate explanation of the magic by which he imposed those ideas on the world and became the greatest literary influence, perhaps, of all time. Rousseau the sophist is very fully presented, but not the Rousseau who walked every morning to Bercy to hear the nightingales sing. The same remark applies to the "Provinciales." We get very little notion of Pascal's method, of the wit and irony that converted polemic into literature. The "Provinciales" are viewed not as literature, but as history. The miracle of Pascal's style, even in the "Pensées," is hardly more than hinted.

A word must be said about Mr. Wright's own style. In its general texture, it is the unpretending style, a little dry and colorless and lacking in fervency, but clear and occasionally crisp, which satisfies though it may not delight. But this level is by no means kept. There are frequent lapses due to over-hasty condensation which reduces the sentence to a disparate carry-all. We ought to have been spared a sentence like this: "Lamartine had written various poems in the prevailing fashion, . . . but a new emotional crisis came in the form of love for Mme. Charles, the Poet's Elvire (the Julie of Raphaël), the young consumptive wife of an elderly scholar, soon ended by her death, and the effect on him was permanent." There are not less frequent lapses into undignified colloquialism, flippancy, and trivial expressiveness. In an age when expressiveness is killing expression, the abused reader may well protest. Especially in a writer so sober in matter as Mr. Wright, these inebrieties of manner are unbecoming. Mr. Wright's authors produce books which are sometimes "off-color" and sometimes "heavy-weight," they have "fads," they "crib," they "boom" their books, etc. Montesquieu has a "hobby-horse subject," the elder Balzac produces "flatulent periods," Mérimée has a "dirty mind," and Gessner's imitators treat subjects "immersed in the sticky sentimentality of German molasses-literature." Turn, for illustration of all these faults at once, to the pages on Mme. de Staël. The first sentence tells us that she "was the daughter of the Swiss banker Necker, who made fruitless attempts to reform the finances of France, and of his wife, renowned by her salon." The second sentence tells us that "as a girl, she was an excellent example of the infant phenomenon of her sentimental environment." Next we learn that this "compound of brains and emotion" married, and that "her fondness for talking and dabbling in politics kept her in hot water all her life." We learn that Benjamin Constant "for years hung about her skirts," but subsequently "stole a march on her and got another wife," whereafter her desire for love "was at last satisfied by a pretty boy named Rocca," who "had been nearly shot to pieces in military service," Mme. de Staël marrying "what was left of him." Much of what is thus detailed may be not undeserving of satiric comment—but the irony might have been lighter. Mr. Wright presently insinuates a masculine origin for the ideas of "De l'Allemagne," and adds that Schlegel "was for years a tutor in Mme. de Staël's family and she had every opportunity to eviscerate him." Her book, it seems, led the French "to adopt at least for a time a mentality as well as a sentimentality, compounded from England and Germany, grafted on Rousseau."

It would be unjust to cite this chapter as typical of Mr. Wright's habitual manner. It is not. But it is typical of Mr. Wright's manner when he tries to be disagreeable to an author, and this unhallowed mood is far too recurrent in his work to make it a wholly safe guide in literary criticism. It is regrettable that such radical defects in tone and temper, combined with such pervasive æsthetic meagreness, should mar a work so conscientious, so impeccably accurate in the presentation of a vast array of facts, so intelligent in the handling of ideas, and displaying such remarkable grasp of the historic background.

For facts, for analysis of ideas, and for what is now in Chicago called *historicity*, the English reader will find this the safest guide, and he may trust it implicitly—he will find nothing analogous to Mr. Saintsbury's statement: "Chénier has been somewhat unfortunate in his editors!" But for æsthetic criticism, and, strange as it may seem, even for amenity and distinction of style, he may still continue to stick to Mr. Saintsbury—or no—rather let him learn French and turn to some of the works registered in Mr. Wright's excellent and extensive bibliography.

The Abolition Crusade and Its Consequences. By Hilary A. Herbert, LL.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1 net.

The author of this brochure was a member of Congress from Alabama for sixteen years prior to his four years of service as Secretary of the Navy during Cleveland's second Administration, and throughout the Civil War, in which he was a loyal Confederate soldier, "he maintained the belief, in which he had been educated, that slavery was right, morally and economically. One day, not long after Appomattox," as he records, "he told his father he had reached the conclusion that slavery was wrong. The reply was, to the writer's surprise, that his mother in early life had been an avowed emancipationist; that she (who had lived until the writer was sixteen years old) had never felt at liberty to discuss slavery after the rise of the new abolitionists and the Nat Turner insurrection; and then followed the further information that when, in 1846, the family removed from South Carolina to Alabama, Greenville, Ala., was chosen for a home because it was thought that the danger from slave insurrections would be less there than in one of the richer 'black counties.' What a creature of circumstances man is! The writer's belief about a great moral question, his home, his schoolmates, and the companions of his youth, were all determined by a movement begun in Boston, Massachusetts, before he was born in the far South!"

In this philosophic mood, Mr. Herbert, who might have pushed further back to the formation of the Constitution, or the landing of the first slaves at Jamestown, for the early determining influences upon his life, has undertaken a brief retrospect of the great conflict which resulted in the abolition of slavery, and points the lessons he thinks should be drawn from it. Briefly stated, these seem to be:

First, that if the Abolitionists had not been so violent in their denunciation of slavery, the South might, in some dim, distant future, have discovered a way (not even now possible of outline) to abolish it peacefully, and that a promising trend in the South towards emancipation (or "reform from within," as the party phrase goes) was summarily stopped by the Northern agitation.

Secondly, that their condemnation of the United States Constitution for its pro-slavery compromises—its tolerance of the African slave trade for a period of twenty years; the unjust political advantage accorded the South in granting (mis)representation for three-fifths of the slave population; and the provision for the return of fugitive slaves—was unpardonable, the Constitution being sacrosanct in the author's eyes, and any suggestion of a "higher law" of morals inadmissable.

Mr. Herbert frankly acknowledges that he has not made much effort in the direction of original research, and has relied mainly on published documents, mostly from Northern and anti-slavery writers, whom he cites occasionally and respectfully. Indeed, he has written in excellent spirit and with due recognition of the courage and unselfishness of the anti-slavery leaders. For his first contention, however, he fails to produce evidence of any depth or vitality of anti-slavery sentiment in the South prior to the Garrisonian movement. Scattered societies existed among the Quakers of North Carolina and Tennessee, and Virginia statesmen from Jefferson and Patrick Henry to John Randolph characterized slavery and its evils in language which the abolitionists of later years were content to adopt as adequate and justifying all that they averred, but the only organized movement which received the countenance of Southern leaders of public opinion was the American Colonization Society, the prime motive of which was to rid the South of its free colored population by deportation to Africa. The destruction of this society, which was Janus-faced in its appeals to Southern slaveholders on the one side, and to Northern philanthropists on the other, was rightly deemed by Garrison the first essential step in his crusade, and it fell under the withering fire of the deadly parallel columns of his "Thoughts on Colonization." The Society's postulate, however, that whites and blacks cannot live on equal terms, and with equal rights and opportunities, in the same communities, is still maintained, and is the root of the unjust denial of full civil and political rights, equal school privileges and opportunities, and protection against mob violence and outrage, against which our colored fellow-citizens have such bitter cause to protest.

Mr. Herbert rejoices in the abolition of slavery and recognizes the marvellous advance made by the emancipated race, but he complacently declares this to be "one of the results of slavery"! On the other hand, he thinks "the wonderful progress made by the Southern white man during the last thirty-five years is by no means all due to the abolition of slavery." "*The initial cause of all our troubles*" he declares to have been—not slavery, but "*the formation by Garrison of those Abolition societies.*" (The italics are his.) Garrison's act of burning the pro-slavery Constitution on a certain occasion (after the rendition of a fugitive slave) fills him with horror, and he even finds "a connecting chord," in the climax of his book, between that and the burning of the poor negro by the Coatesville mob last August, "for one body of outlaws was defying the laws of Pennsylvania; the other was defying the fundamental laws of the nation"—presumably a wickeder offence. But while Mr. Herbert holds the Constitution in such reverence, and confesses that agitation for the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment would be "worse than useless," he views with unconcern the virtual burning of that corner of the sacred document by the Southern States, and foresees trouble in the future, not from this deadly violation of the "fundamental law of the nation," but from the protest and agitation against it which will not cease until we match our creed with our deed.

Notes

The Index of the *Nation*, January 1 to June 30, will be printed with the issue of July 4.

Two volumes of essays will be published by Houghton Mifflin Co. in the autumn—one by Meredith Nicholson, whose title is not yet announced, and "The American Mind," by Prof. Bliss Perry.

Prof. Arthur H. R. Fairchild is bringing out, through the Putnams, "The Making of Poetry—A Critical Study of Its Nature and Value."

As American representatives of the Cambridge University Press, the Putnams announce: "Silva Latina—A Latin Reading Book," chosen and arranged by J. D. Duff; "Silas Marner," edited, with introduction and notes, by F. E. Bevan, and "Dumfriesshire" (Cambridge County Geographies), by James King Hewison.

John Lane Co. is issuing this week: "The Dewpond," by Charles Marriott; "Elizabeth in Retreat," by Margaret Westrup, and the

English version of "The Recollections of Guy de Maupassant," by his valet François.

The Riccardi Press will issue immediately the first two volumes of "Virgil." The text is that of Henry Nettleship, edited by Prof. J. P. Postgate.

A monograph, entitled "Mrs. Humphry Ward: Her Work and Influence," is in the list of Kegan Paul & Co. The author is J. Stuart Walters.

H. Addington Bruce is at work on a new book for the autumn, entitled "Woman in the Making of America" (Little, Brown).

Holt has in hand "Some English Story Tellers, A Book of the Younger Novelists." It is a companion volume to "Some American Story Tellers."

Laird & Lee of Chicago have in press "A Romance of the Road," a story of business life, by Alice Curtice Moyer.

Autumn announcements of Doubleday, Page & Co. include: "The Opened Door," a novel dealing with economic problems in England, by Alfred Ollivant; "The Man Farthest Down," by Booker T. Washington; "Rolling Stones," a new book of O. Henry material recently brought to light; "Elkan Lubliner: American," by Montague Glass; "Knocking the Neighbors," by George Ade, and "The Soddy," a novel by Sarah Comstock.

Among the miscellaneous books which Stokes will have ready in the autumn are: "The Lighter Side of Irish Life," by George A. Birmingham; "My Robin," by Frances Hodgson Burnett; "The Annals" of the Strand and of Fleet Street, both by E. B. Chancellor; "The Spirit of Christmas and Other Prose Poems," by Arthur H. Gleason; "Football for Public and Player," by Herbert Reed; "William Jones—Indian, Cowboy, American Scholar, and Anthropologist in the Field," by Henry Milner Rideout; "Edinburgh and the Lothians," by Francis Watt; "Sweethearts at Home," by S. R. Crockett; "Be Prepared," a tale of boy scouts, by A. W. Dimock; "Hike and the Aeroplane," by Tom Graham; "Jim Davis," by John Masefield; "The English Fairy Book," by Ernest Rhys; "Two Girls of Old Jersey," by Agnes C. Sage, and "The Adventures of Akbar," by Flora Annie Steel.

"How to Use the British Museum Reading Room," originally a lecture delivered by R. A. Peddie, will be brought out in book form by Grafton & Co.

Vol. VI, 5 of the "E. J. W. Gibb Memorial" (Luzac & Co.) contains Vol. V of Yaqut's great "Dictionary of Learned Men" (the Irshad al-Arib), which gives part of the letter Ayin. The editor, Prof. D. S. Margoliouth of Oxford, will have access to an important MS. that has come into the possession of the Bodleian Library; but there are still gaps in the material, and he will be grateful for any reference to new sources of information. It is highly desirable that this encyclopædic work, which is approaching completion, shall be issued in a form as nearly complete as possible.

The second supplement to the general register of the Society of Colonial Wars contains, besides the list of members and an index of ancestors, a brief historical sketch of the society. It was organized in New York city in 1893 by delegates from five States and the District of Columbia. Since then twenty-one States have been added to the number having societies. The register is beautifully illustrated with twenty-six portraits, historical monuments, seals, and medals.

It is a patriarch with a very young heart whose opinions Judge Robert Grant has recorded in "The Convictions of a Grandfather" (Scribner). Repeatedly, before the end of the book, one feels that "convictions" is too strong a term to describe an outlook upon life that is expressed with so much freedom from dogmatism. But when one has put down the volume there is no impression left of that too, too sweet reasonableness, which, under the ancient pretext of scourging the sin and sparing the sinner, ends by finding everything pretty nearly for the best in this rather comfortably arranged world of ours. Judge Grant sets out with the expressed intention of not being a peevish grandfather, but he does not adopt the common road to cheerfulness which is to admit that grandfather is wrong, and the young who play tennis and drive motor-cars are quite right. He does not look querulously back to the past, but neither is he content to accept things as they are. He is a Radical grandfather, much more Radical than his grandchildren, who find life too pleasant for analysis. He is concerned with the familiar problems that cannot be explained away on the ground that they are a bore, with the growth of luxury, the cultural and moral evolution of the American woman, the decline of learning, the American husband, divorce, the servant problem. The jurist speaks out with exceptional vigor on the decrepitudes and the tyrannies of our American law. He is strongly for the abolition of that unfortunate legal doctrine of the fellow-servant in industry which has stood in the way of the development of a civilized workman's compensation scheme. He is severe on the ways of lawyers and courts in the matter of wills and testaments. He favors the inheritance tax, and has leanings towards old-age pensions. He is so Progressive a grandfather in fact, that his oldest friend suggests, in a fairly loud voice, that the old gentleman is breaking up. But one of the sons-in-law replies that while the old gentleman may be losing his grip a little, there is something to be said for what the old gentleman has just been saying concerning old-age pensions. Whereat the patriarch reflects:

> This was almost exoneration from the charge of lunacy, and let me down gracefully. For if a man of my years can get a fairly favorable verdict from his family on that score, when he is supposed to be out of ear-shot, he need not fear the judgment of the rest of the world.

Delightful little touches like this are to be found here in plenty for the looking.

For the vacation traveller abroad there are three recent issues of Baedeker, "Austria-Hungary," "Norway, Sweden, and Denmark," and "Palestine and Syria," in revised and amplified editions. An excellent little book is Blair Jaekel's "Planning a Trip Abroad" (McBride, Nast & Co.), in which the guide-book interest is subordinated to the question of ways and means. On this subject the writer offers ample and accurate information in very attractive form. In "How to Visit Europe on Next to Nothing" (Dodd, Mead), E. P. Prentys shows how one hundred and nine days of holiday may be had for less than $300. The book promises to be useful, but the title is somewhat misleading. People to whom three hundred dollars is next to nothing will be apt to find hardship in the very close economies demanded by the writer's schedules.

Events occurring as late as February of the present year are recorded in the "Statesman's Year Book" for 1912 (Macmillan). The population figures from the Census of 1910 are used in the article on the United States, although, oddly enough, they are omitted from their proper place in several articles on the separate States. The political changes in China, Morocco, Tripoli, and British India are taken into account. There are excellent maps dealing with Tripoli and the territorial arrangements between France and Germany in Central Africa. It is not necessary, of course, at this date to expatiate on the exceptional utility of this standard book of reference. It offers at the same time an explanation of, and a commentary upon, the movement of international politics as recorded in the daily press.

Prof. Samuel G. Smith's "Social Pathology" (Macmillan) is not happily named. From the title one would expect a systematic interpretation of social ills as the disorders of an essentially physical social organism. In fact, however, the "central doctrine" of the book is, as the author makes clear, a protest against the view that the conduct of human beings in society is virtually controlled by physical forces, internal or external. Crime and poverty are here described (though they are not thereby satisfactorily explained) as the result of primarily psychical social influences working upon individuals more or less responsible for their own degeneracy, but with corresponding power to avail themselves of social aid in self-betterment. Accordingly, Dr. Smith, like many others of long experience in philanthropic work, belittles the physical determinism of heredity. As a corrective of extreme views advanced in the name of eugenics his criticism is welcome; yet it rests on such an imperfect appreciation of the biological principles involved that it cannot be called judicious or adequate. Indeed, the book as a whole seems doomed to inadequacy by its plan. It attempts to cover too much ground. The economics of poverty; the relief of poverty by church, state, and private charity; the relation of poverty to city conditions, to the family, to the individual; the causes and treatment of crime; the care of the insane, feeble-minded, deaf, and blind; drunkenness, suicide, immigration, illegitimacy, prostitution, eugenics, sanitation and public health, social statistics—these are the subjects, and yet not all of the subjects, touched upon in some 350 moderate-sized pages. There is a deal of information, mostly correct and serviceable. Here and there are excellent passages, as in the chapters on crime, where the author is at his best, or in the discussion of the standard of living. Yet for sheer lack of room no one topic can be developed far; the exposition seldom attains momentum; too often the mention of facts seems mumbled and inconsequent. To be sure, the book makes no pretence to be more than an introduction. But the true introduction to vital subjects like these is something dif-

ferent: it is real illumination of a few central problems which challenge and compel further thought, and, after this initiation, advice to the reader at parting, telling him where to seek for the guidance that no one general book can afford.

A series of books on economic subjects of quite unusual merit has appeared as a result of the annual prize offerings of Hart, Schaffner & Marx. The twelfth in the series, "Freight Classification, A Study of Underlying Principles" (Houghton Mifflin Company), by J. F. Strombeck, maintains, if it does not raise somewhat, the standard set by its predecessors. Coming from the pen of a college undergraduate, it deserves the highest commendation for its keen analysis, and for its maturity of thought and expression. Briefly, the book is a scientific dissection of the freight rate, to determine the principles underlying its composition in all the varying circumstances of its employment. While the author relies in large measure for his basic material upon rules of action laid down by the Interstate Commerce Commission in their decisions, which he seems exhaustively to have consulted, he displays independent reasoning in his occasional dissent from the declarations of that body of experts. We are not aware of the existence in English of any so concise, and, at the same time, so exhaustive a handling of the theory of railway freight rates from the practical standpoint as is to be found in this little volume.

Although prepared expressly for the schools of Buckinghamshire, Margaret M. Verney's "Bucks Biographies" (Frowde) may well carry useful suggestions to writers and teachers in this country who seek to utilize more fully for their classes the resources of local history. From the annals of a county which "does not at first sight offer any very dramatic material," the author has put together, with abundant local color and allusion, attractive sketches of Wyclif and the Lollards, Elizabeth and her gallants, John Hampden, Milton, the Whartons, and Disraeli, besides a host of ministers, teachers, doctors, lawyers, literary workers, and country gentlemen who have either lived in or had notable contact with the county. As a product, in part, of the recent revival of pageants, the book is an excellent illustration of the historical interest which such enterprises may arouse.

A second edition of "The Law of Interstate Commerce and Its Federal Regulation" (T. H. Flood & Co.), by Frederick N. Judson, is welcome, in view of the fact that the first edition appeared in 1905, a year before the adoption of significant amendments to the Interstate Commerce act. (See *Nation*, September 21, 1905.) This revision brings down to date the legislative amendment, the administration, and the judicial interpretation of the Commerce act which was so radically altered in 1906 and 1910. It also contains chapters on related legislation, such as the Anti-Trust act of 1890, the Safety Appliance acts, Hours of Service act, and others. Mr. Judson's personal association with important litigation of this sort has made him thoroughly conversant with the intricacies of this new field of law, and his volume has been long held an authoritative exposition of its principles.

Elizabeth S. Haldane and G. R. T. Ross have performed a useful and scholarly service in supplying English readers with a translation of "The Philosophical Works of Descartes," of which the first of two volumes has been published by the Cambridge University Press; Putnam. Their version includes all the philosophical works originally intended for publication, but omits the portions of the "Principles" which treat of astronomy and physics. The most important additions to the ground covered by other accessible versions are the "Objections" directed against the "Meditations," with Descartes's replies (to appear in the second volume), and "The Passions of the Soul," both of which are necessary for a thorough understanding of Descartes's views.

"Intimacies of Court and Society: An Unconventional Narrative of Unofficial Days" (Dodd, Mead), by the widow of an American diplomat, is a book that one, having picked up with some distaste for its prejudicial title, is likely to continue skimming from page to page, because, at once, of the agreeable personal vein in which it is written, the absence of any undue snobbishness or adulation in approaching the elevated personages with whom the pages are filled, and the real information and sober judgments offered. The anonymous author's husband began his diplomatic career as a secretary, and became an ambassador. But it is rather of her own subsequent life that she writes, as for years she has passed from capital to capital, enjoying the hospitable fruits of friendships formed in official days. She deplores with good American sense and justice the etiquette of courts, reflected in the exclusiveness of diplomatic society, which makes it difficult for those in the service to choose their associates freely. And it is the particular charm of her book that it contains no mere monotonous record of official functions and social triumphs, but an account of friendships and intimate impressions. Such great functions as she does describe, like, for example, the coronation of Nicholas II and the Czarina at Moscow, she gives from the point of view of one who, while enjoying the *entrée* to these great pageants, is still an outsider in the sense that she bears no official relation to them.

She has a philosophical appreciation of the extraordinary social situation brought about by a stubborn and unimaginative attempt on the part of the Czarina to impose upon a sensuous, intellectual, and semi-oriental court, the moral standards of her grandmother, Victoria. Equally without political influence, through a similar unadaptability, but from different causes, is the Queen of Italy, in whose case, also, a strong-minded queen mother still further complicates a difficult situation. But Elena, the Montenegrin princess, is beloved of her people in a way that the Czarina never has been or can be; and, however *gauche* in her court life, she is without narrow-mindedness or pettiness, making an attractive and lovable figure, simple, without fastidiousness, and good, without the pretentiousness of middle-class virtue, in the ensemble of contemporary royalty. But in pages that bristle with royalty, it is a peasant woman that presents the most striking figure, the wife of the President of the French republic, Mme. Fallières. This plain, speechless, stout little housewife, pitchforked by her husband's political fortune into the Elysée palace, where is held a state comparable to that of the oldest monarchical courts of Europe, certainly affords one of the most curious anomalies of republican France to-day. Somehow the impression she produces is a little painful as well as pathetic; for, however inarticulate, she possesses a positive force of character, and her habitual response to all criticisms on her régime, "We do the best we can," conceals beneath an apparent humility, a provincial stubbornness and self-complacency. This is shown by the way in which she discharged the Elysée chef, so as to install her own old cook, with the result that, as our author tells us, many an official dinner guest has taken the precaution of eating a hearty meal at home before starting out.

Arthur E. Copping is a journalist of the old-fashioned, stay-at-home, top-of-an-omnibus variety. Far from rampant newspaper-corresponding, he had been three times, strictly superintended, on the back of a horse before he went to ride through Palestine, under the protection of the great Mr. Cook. So, naturally, his record ("A Journalist in the Holy Land"; Revell) is much of equine escapades and afternoon tea camping. Thus might Mr. Pickwick, smiling benevolently, have been conducted in Oriental wanderings by a Samuel answering to Solomon. But his touch is so light and pleasant that we do not mind hearing much about himself. His attitude is unpretentious; there is a saving, if slight, vein of humor; and some passages, notably those on the Russian pilgrims, rise to real insight. The picture of Jericho, with its "mineral waters of exorbitant price," will stir memories. The present reviewer can witness that he spent there in one twenty-four hours two dollars and a half on strictly "soft" drinks. Best of all, there are no photographs; only a number of not particularly distinguished sketches in black-and-white and in colors by his brother, Harold Copping. In Cairo, Mr. Copping saw the Moharrem Shiite procession, and describes it rather blotchily, but where and how in Cairo of to-day did he see the dancing and howling dervishes?

A chatty book is the Rev. Edward S. Weeden's "Year with the Gaekwar of Baroda" (Dana Estes), the democratic ruler of an important native state of India, whose visit to America, a few years ago, aroused considerable interest. Mr. Weeden went to India as the privileged guest of the Gaekwar, and, after his return to England, compiled his volume from his letters home. His ignorance of the land which he visited was almost incredible, although, fortunately, he had a Murray's "Handbook," which is obviously responsible for his account of Shivaji's murder of Afzal Khan (p. 226). Yet he also knew how to use his own eyes, for, whereas Murray mentions merely "nymphs sporting with heavenly alligators" on the Baroda Gate at Dabhoi, Mr. Weeden notes on it carvings of elephants, as well (p. 140). Very good descriptions are given of the palaces of the Gaekwar and of the residency at Baroda, as well as of the city itself, of hunting with cheetas and lynxes, of buffalo, ram, and elephant fights, and of a Hindu cremation; but the author's account of a

tiger hunt leaves the reader wondering how there can be much real sport, when the tiger seems to have no chance at all. Mr. Weeden is "awfully keen" on sport, and has a "fearfully jolly" time, but the reader grows a little weary of dinners, bridge, cricket, croquet, billiards, dancing, and motor-cars, all of which he can enjoy at home, and each of which is characterized by the author with at least one superlative. It seems curious that a man with only a short time to spend in India should prefer to stay at Bangalore for the races to visiting the temples at Madura; but, after reading of Mr. Weeden's sojourn at Poona, where the Gymkhana Club and the Bund were evidently much more interesting to him than the shrines of Parbati, surprise yields to a less complimentary sentiment, especially when it is remembered that the author enjoyed exceptional opportunities for observation. By far the best portion of the book is the picture which it gives of the attractive personality and home life of the ruling house of Baroda.

David Miller De Witt, a lawyer who died in Kingston, N. Y., on Monday, in his seventy-fifth year, was the author of "The Impeachment and Trial of Andrew Johnson" and "The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln and its Expiation."

Science

The Life and Love of the Insect. By J. H. Fabre. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

For more than thirty years fascinating accounts of the life and habits of common insects have been appearing from the pen of the French naturalist and philosopher, Jules Fabre, under the title, "Souvenirs Entomologiques." Unfortunately, the some three hundred essays that have been published have been almost unknown to English students, although a translation of Volume I appeared about a year ago. A true service is therefore rendered by Mr. Teixeira de Mattos, who has now made accessible to English readers the greater part of a book of selected essays.

A better selection than that of the eighteen included could hardly have been made to show the wonderful patience in observation, the skill in interpretation, and the poetic spirit of this devoted naturalist who, at the age of ninety, is still seeking new truths with undimmed enthusiasm. Reared in poverty, his early dreams of travel, "rosy illusions, rich in voyages, were soon succeeded by dull, stay-at-home reality. The jungles of India, the virgin forests of Brazil, the towering crests of the Andes, beloved by the condor, were reduced as a field of exploration to a patch of pebble stones enclosed within four walls." But, he continues, "Heaven forefend that I should complain! The gathering of ideas does not necessarily imply distant expeditions. . . . I go the circuit of my enclosure over and over again, a hundred times, by short stages; I stop here and I stop there; patiently, I put questions; and, at long intervals, I receive some scrap of a reply."

Little wonder that "the smallest insect village has become familiar," and that the most common insects have yielded secrets which have escaped all other observers. Accepted ideas of the life-history and habits of the sacred beetle, of the Scolia which provisions her nest with spiders, of the Languedocian scorpions and their droll nuptial allurements—in fact, of virtually every species which Fabre has studied, must be revised in the light of his observations.

Not only are his observations recorded with an enthusiasm which is contagious, but his interpretations and his digressions into most unexpected fields make the volume one which the lay reader, however little interested in technical entomology, will be loath to put down. At every opportunity there is a sly dig at "ingenuous theorists, so triumphant on paper, so vain in the face of reality," for Fabre has no patience with current ideas of evolution. The parasitic gnat, which believes that business means getting hold of the honey of Halictus is comparable to man, who, "to play the brigand to better purpose, invents war, the art of killing wholesale and of doing with glory that which, when done on a smaller scale, leads to the gallows." An interesting excursus on numismatics precedes the discussion of fossil weevils, and a delightfully intimate reminiscence of Pasteur illustrates the author's conviction that "in many cases ignorance is a good thing; the mind retains its freedom of investigation and does not stray along roads that lead nowhither, suggested by our reading."

The translator is to be congratulated on carrying over into the English much of the vivacity and charm of the original, for, while Fabre is "convinced that one can say excellent things without employing a barbarous vocabulary," and that "clearness is the supreme politeness of whoso wields a pen," he is an unusually difficult writer to translate. It is to be hoped that this little volume may be the means of attracting many to the original writings of one whom Maurice Maeterlinck has called "the insect's Homer," "one of the purest writers, and, I was going to say, one of the finest poets of the century that is just past."

This week Holt is bringing out "Elements of Physics," by E. H. Hall, which is described by its publisher as something more than a successor of Hall and Bergen's "Text-Book of Physics."

Cambridge books in Putnam's list include: "Numerical Trigonometry," by J. W. Mercer; "Examples in Numerical Trigonometry," by E. A. Price, and "A Shorter Geometry," by C. Godfrey.

Nearly six years ago we commended in these columns a book by Dr. Albert S. Morrow on "The Immediate Care of the Injured." The second edition, just now at hand (W. B. Saunders Co.), may be recommended as showing revision suited to make the book still more useful. The book might be improved by some account of the things to be done in cases of injury by lightning or the electrical current. At present the treatment of burns from these causes is mentioned, or at least indicated, only in the index. In the matter of artificial respiration Schaefer's method is worthy of mention as having some distinct advantages. The new method of Meltzer is, of course, quite too new to be taken into this book, but if it shall prove to be as efficacious in humans as it is alleged to be in dogs, it may well replace all the older methods, provided the relatively simple outfit is at hand.

The *Annales de Géographie* for May opens with an article by Prof. D. W. Johnson of Harvard University on the stability of the Atlantic Coast of North America. He shows that the numerous facts alleged as proofs of its recent subsidence have an entirely different explanation. The submerged trees, for instance, are explained by the local conditions of the few places to which they are confined. The rapidly growing importance of the port of Caen, through the development of the iron mines in Normandy is described by Y. Lemarec with a diagram and three charts. Other subjects treated are the ancient glaciers of the Carpathians, by Prof. L. Sawicki of the University of Cracow, and the changes in the course of the rivers of western Africa, by H. Hubert. Some rivers which, in comparatively recent times, have flowed north have been "captured" by streams flowing south, with a consequent increase of the desert.

"La France: Géographie Illustrée" (Paris, Librairie Larousse), by P. Jousset, is the first volume of a remarkably interesting and valuable illustrated gazetteer of France. The parts treated are the central and western massifs, the Pyrenees, and the Mediterranean coast. The text has for its special aim to show how the natural features of the land have affected the life of the inhabitants. To many the 871 photographic reproductions will be a revelation of a country in which the wonderful beauty of the scenery is constantly enhanced by the work of man in castles, churches, and simple homes. The various industries and methods of agriculture are also shown, as well as the distinctive costumes of the peasants. A work of this kind treating different sections of our country is greatly to be desired, for there is virtually no gazetteer of the United States.

"Garden Design in Theory and Practice" (Lippincott), by Madeline Agar, is well printed and illustrated, and, for the most part, ill written. Like most books on gardening, it is written in a rambling style, with a word on this matter and a word on that; and though it contains a great deal of information, it can by no means be called a solid book. The fragmentary mode of treatment is particularly noticeable in the

first section, on the History and Description of Styles. Succeeding sections include Preparation of the Design, Structural, Component Parts of a Garden, and Planting. The book is intended for the student of garden design, but it is not without interest to the owners of estates and those who desire a general and yet not superficial understanding of the principles of garden construction. Although the writer has in mind an English audience, referring frequently, as she does, to "the London neighborhood," and computing, in one table, in shillings and pence, there is little in the book that is not equally applicable to conditions in America. This fact is mainly due to the scant allusion to purely horticultural matters, and a corresponding emphasis on questions of plan and construction. It is worth noting, in the light of the returning popularity of formal gardening, that "landscape" gardening receives what many would deem less attention than it deserves.

Much knowledge of contemporary astronomy has been packed into "A Beginner's Star-Book" (Putnam), by Kelvin McKready, and of the lesser instruments of optics by which these may be studied by the amateur with profit. But the beginner who has no instrument, not even an opera-glass, can make an excellent start with the book, the author's primary object being to enable any one who is not possessed of technical equipment to gain, by his unassisted eye, or at most by the simplest instruments, a real knowledge of the sky. The descriptions of celestial objects are brief, and the illustrations abundant, well chosen, and excellently reproduced. Encouragement for the amateur is everywhere provided by practical suggestion and a readable text, with judicious interlarding of poetical selections. The night-time charts, with their keys, are especially well designed and executed. Mountings of telescopes, the appropriate use of different magnifying powers, information on the positions, up to 1931, of the principal planets, with an observing catalogue of telescopic objects, and a brief bibliography, conclude this excellent and up-to-date book. For setting the amateur on the right road to a broad, general, and at the same time thorough acquaintance with the northern sky, there is no better book.

Drama

Shakespeare: A Study. By Darrell Figgis. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $2 net.

The results of Mr. Figgis's study do not differ in essentials from what we may call the current orthodox interpretation of Shakespeare; it is in his method of approach that his originality —whether for good or for evil—consists. This is apparent to a certain degree even in the titles of the three chapters which embody most of his discussion of the plays. They are headed successively His Craft, His Art, His Thought. These titles are calculated to awaken at once curiosity as to how the author is going to keep distinct in his analysis matters that are necessarily divided by such shadowy boundary lines. On reading the book as a whole one discovers, however, that it is just the tenuity of the distinctions that attracts Mr. Figgis. To be sure, the subject-matter of the first and third of these chapters turns out to be something more definite than the headings suggest—for the first, after all, is substantially nothing more than a discussion of Shakespeare's methods of plot-construction, and the third of his philosophy of life. The figurative and the mystical, however, exercise such a strong attraction for Mr. Figgis's mind that the reader has to puzzle out for himself that these are in reality the things that are being discussed. It is trying enough to have to extract from the following sentences the simple idea that in writing Shakespeare's life his biographer is at liberty to select one traditional statement and reject others less credible:

> Its selection from among its companions need be no imputation on their fair fame and veracity, but can only mean that it, at least, is buttressed and supported by a collateral requirement. It has its place in an entity that may or may not cast its raiment over its companions.

But when the lines of discussion through whole chapters are determined by this cast of mind, the matter becomes serious indeed. A striking illustration of this tendency is supplied by the chapter on Shakespeare's Thought, where the author is apparently developing the idea that as Shakespeare advances in his work he is less and less inclined to offer definite answers to the great moral questions raised by human life and that the recognition of the mystery of such questions is most marked in the tragedies. Here he seizes on Hamlet's words:

> "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends
> Rough-hew them how we will,"

and for the greater part of the chapter the whole development of the above mentioned idea is from the point of view of this personified abstraction, "the Divinity"—a term which recurs throughout with wearisome reiteration. Thus when he wishes to say that comedy, being more artificial than tragedy —such, at least, is Mr. Figgis's view— and, requiring a happy ending, does not admit of so wide a moral vision, this is the way he puts it: "The fact of an expectant Divinity at the conclusion of the five acts, waiting for all the issues awakened to converge at his feet, must needs so foreshorten the psychology, and so restrict the characters thereby, that unreality is supreme: whereas the business of Thought, whether conscious or instinctive, is the quest of Reality." The thought is, in itself, sound enough, but the mode of expression is so perplexingly artificial that the reader has to brace himself to the effort in order to keep the track of this shadowy Divinity to the end of the chapter.

The whole structure of the book suffers from the peculiar habit of mind which we have endeavored to exemplify, but it is only fair to add that the work also contains a great deal that is acute and stimulating, even where one does not agree with the author. So, for instance, in his discussion in the fifth chapter of the predominance of emotion over intellect in poetry and his application of this principle to the study of Hamlet and Othello, or again in this same chapter the pages on the subject of Shakespeare's transitions from verse to prose. To be sure, the latter discussion neglects many matters worthy of note, as, for example, the curious connection pointed out by Professor Bradley between Lear's madness and his use of prose. Suggestive, too, is the distinction of five different successive movements in Shakespeare's development of a plot, but our author drives the theory too hard in identifying each movement with the scope of an act. What inducement was there to adopt so artificial a mode of construction when on the Elizabethan stage, to use the words of a recent authority, "act-divisions were indicated rather than realized"? Mr. Figgis's whole treatment of the subject of Shakespeare's methods of plot-construction suffers from the fundamental defect of not taking into consideration the influence of the poet's sources. It is safe to say that the most powerful single factor in determining the structure of a Shakespearean plot is the nature of the source from which it is drawn. While recognizing fully the dramatist's supreme gift of characterization, we can not blind ourselves to the fact that comparison with the sources is likely to throw real light on problems of this order, whereas if we adopt the mystical conception expressed in the following words, we should never get out of the wilderness: "It was never he himself that wrought the construction wherein to place his characters; he created the characters that should themselves achieve their destiny, weaving it in a certain fashion according to the impulsion of life that drove them forward."

The most noteworthy feature of the chapter on Shakespeare's life is the attempt to piece together our information on the subject so as to show the influence of material conditions on the poet's work. Our author's reconstruction of the dramatist's early life particularly is very ingenious and worthy of attention, but, after all, he is here merely following the methods of the modern representatives of Shakespearean research, at whom, like Professor Saintsbury, he has his fling—only that, unlike these dryasdusts, he fails to buttress his statements with documentary references and relates the story, for the most

part, with the assurance of a writer of fiction describing the actions of his characters. Indeed, it seems to us that Mr. Figgis out-Germans the Germans when he explains the difference between "The Merchant of Venice" and "Hamlet" by the change which Shakespeare had made from the audiences of The Theatre to those of the Globe in the interval that separated the composition of these dramas. We see something of the same thing in the excessive zeal with which he labors the now popular idea of the influence of the Elizabethan stage on the structure of Shakespeare's plays. He pursues this theory with such intensity in his analysis of "The Merchant of Venice" that one begins to feel that, after all, the problem of the play for Shakespeare was not Shylock's character, but the question of by what doors he was to get his actors off the stage and other matters of a similar kind.

In striking contrast with Mr. Figgis's generally super-subtle style we note certain remarkable crudities of diction that disfigure his book—"to fault" for "to blame," "to structure" for "to construct," "pulled off" in the familiar sense which it bears in American college slang. Similarly, when actors make their exits, they "issue off." Finally, when Mr. Figgis speaks of "the ill portion of an apple," we recognize what he means, but, surely, this mode of expression leaves as unpleasant a taste in the mouth as the thing itself.

Music

The Norwegian city of Bergen is to have a large new concert hall, which will be named after Grieg, who was born there, and who has done as much to make Norway musically famous as Chopin for Poland, Wagner for Germany, and Liszt for Hungary.

Rubinstein occasionally played all of Chopin's preludes (which, as he justly held, are the best things ever written for the piano), at one concert, and Josef Hofmann has done this too. Chopin also figures more prominently (and deservedly so) in concert programmes than any other composer. But, so far as known, it has remained for the French pianist, Robert Lortat, to play all of Chopin's compositions from first to last. This he accompanied in a series of five recitals in London. The pieces were not played in chronological order, the programmes being arranged with a view to variety and contrast. The first, for instance, included the Fantasie, the sonata in B minor, and some of the mazurkas, nocturnes, valses, and polonaises.

The Royal Library of Berlin has received from Marie von Bülow, widow of the great pianist, a most valuable gift, consisting of more than 2,000 printed volumes of music, many of them with the autographs of the composers, or with von Bülow's marginal annotations and suggestions. In addition to these, there are many portfolios of manuscripts, press clippings, and so on, besides six volumes and fifteen packages of concert programmes.

It is a new feather in the cap of the admirable operatic conductor, Cleofonte Campanini, that he has been chosen to direct the most important of the festivals which will be held in Italy next season to celebrate the centenary of Verdi's birth. It will take place at Parma, to which belongs the village Busseto, where Verdi was born. In the Royal Theatre of that city will be performed some of his earliest works, "Oberto," "Conte di S. Bonifacio," "Nabucco," "Araldo," besides "Traviata," "Ballo in Maschera," "Aïda," and "Don Carlos," perhaps also "Otello" and "Falstaff." The "Requiem" will be sung, too, and there will be, in connection with these performances, an exposition, the first of its kind ever held in Italy, which will afford a sort of bird's-eye view of the development of the theatre and opera in that country, besides a special section devoted to Verdi relics.

Paris has been enjoying a series of performances given by the Monte Carlo Opera Company, with ensembles of stars such as used to be the glory of the Grand Opéra. This company sings French operas in French, Italian operas in Italian. It is commonly supposed that the Parisians want all operas in French versions. But, as the critic of *Comœdia* remarked the other day, in speaking of a performance of "Rigoletto": "Je dois dire que l'exécution en italien ajoute un intérêt tout spécial à la musique et elle gagne sensiblement en retrouvant sa véritable prosodie."

Nine German works were sung in the opera-houses of Italy during the past season. Of the 133 performances of them, 90 were devoted to Wagner, 33 to Richard Strauss, and the other ten to Weber and Meyerbeer.

In the field of operetta it is surprising how much more popular the Viennese school is in Italy than the French or any other. The English "Geisha" was sung 143 times last season, and the most popular of the French operettas, known in America as "The Chimes of Normandy," was given 35 times. Of Viennese operettas, "The Merry Widow" had 458 hearings, "The Waltz Dream" had 290, "The Dollar Princess" 147, "The Count of Luxembourg" 144, "Fürstenkind" 61, "Herbstmanöver" 50, "Frühlingsluft" 48, "Boccaccio" 47. Altogether there were 1,584 performances in Italian cities of products of the Viennese school. Doubtless, this school possesses more vitality than any other at present; yet it does not rank with the great epoch of Johann Strauss, Suppé, and Millöcker.

Mary Garden will probably appear next season in several American cities in Massenet's new opera "Roma," and in "Monna Vanna," by Maeterlinck and Henry Fevrier.

France has plenty of living composers. In commenting on a new volume by Octave Séré, entitled "Musiciens Français d'aujourd'hui," which is devoted to Massenet, Saint-Saëns, d'Indy, Lalo, Fauré, Charpentier, and several others not so well known, the *Ménestrel* suggests that there is room for another volume, which might include Guilmant, Dubois, Reyer, Paladilhe, Widor, Magnard, Leroux, Dupont, Fevrier, Lecocq, Laparra, de Bréville, etc.

Municipal support is granted to the theatres and opera houses in many of the German cities which have not the advantage of royal support. Mannheim donates for this purpose 541,000 marks; Düsseldorf, 464,000 marks; Chemnitz, 332,000; Leipzig, 329,000; Cologne, 326,000; Freiburg, 318,000; Frankfurt, 272,000; Dortmund, 200,000; Breslau and Mülhausen, 132,000 each; Mayence, 181,000; Barmen, 125,000; Halle, 108,000; Regensburg, 84,000.

Art

AWARDING FRENCH PRIZES.

PARIS, June 12.

The highest honor which a French painter can receive is the medal of honor voted by his fellow-artists. It supposes that his pictures in the year's Salon are worthy of the honor, and that he has won reputation in the past. This is the case with Paul Chabas, who carries off the medal this year. He is past forty, and twenty years ago he began a career of official honors by winning an honorable mention. In 1895 he had a third medal, the next year a second, in 1899 the national or Salon medal, and a gold medal at the Exposition of 1900.

This year he exhibits one painting in the style which has won him all these honors—A September Morning—diaphanous, with blue-gray tints, and the blond-haired girl showing her native graces in unison with the yellowing year. His other picture is the portrait of the wife of a Paris-American painter, who is also much medalled—Mrs. Aston Knight. Paul Chabas has been going in for portraits, which offer the most real rewards to painters nowadays—with success, it should seem, for he has painted notable persons: his own wife; Madame Constans; Madame Daniel Lesueur, the novelist; the Queen of Greece, and others. This means that America is bound to see him later.

Two first medals were voted this year—the highest honors bestowed by the annual jury. One goes to Edouard Monchablon for one of the most striking pictures of many years, at least for those who know the literature of galley slaves and are not angered by splashes of vivid red. La Chiourme shows a crew of such convicts, rowing under the eye of their ill-famed guard, against a lurid sky. Monchablon was a Prix de Rome man in 1903, and exhibited good, flamboyant Italian work in the after years. He, too, has a portrait. The other first medal also goes to a Prix de Rome man, François Maurice Roganeau, for an Evening by the River.

The only medal falling to an American painter this year is a third for John Rachmiel of New York. His picture is Le Braconnier (The Poacher), a good subject, though un-American. He has been a pupil of Jean Paul Laurens and Bonnat. The number of Americans ex-

hibiting in the official Salon seems decreasing—it is seventy-one this year out of a total of more than fourteen hundred. One or two very old-timers reappear—Carroll Beckwith, who was with Carolus Duran in the seventies and had an honorable mention in 1887, and Henry Mosler, who was a long-time resident in Paris.

A curious comparison might be made with the work of those who are studying newly here—colors, lights, composition, brush-work, fashions, and fads—all are different. It is not probable that the number of American art students in Paris is decreasing, but the Salon wave has gone backward, while English, Australians, South Americans have come wonderfully to the fore.

The Rosa Bonheur prize, which was founded in accordance with her wishes by her executor, Miss Anna Klumpke, an American artist, is bestowed on Félix Planquette. He is equally devoted to the shivering sands of Mont Saint-Michel and the Channel coast and to the cattle grazing in the lush salt meadows. He began his honors in 1900, winding up with a second medal and Bourse de Voyage in 1905. I learn that his pictures are finding their way into the United States, where things "different" are desired. In his case, as in that of the others I have named, the honors go to pupils of the older painters, although those who received them long ago struck out for themselves. This is surely not for academic reasons, or because this is the Old Salon in more senses than one; but because those who follow after the evanescent, vacillating, newer art drift away from these annual exhibitions, to which honors and prizes are attached.

Albert Besnard, who is a great man at the New Salon, and is, beyond doubt, one of the great painters of France, has been showing some of his daring experiments in color in a private exhibition of studies made during his late journey in India. I had the advantage of going through it with an experienced Indian; and, as this "real" art has been made the occasion of a noisy triumph, his careful judgment is worth heeding:

> These subjects, men and things, have been taken out of their setting in which they really exist. This violence of red and yellow is not seen in India, with all reverence for M. Besnard. He received the color splash full in the eye, and transcribed it in isolation, whereas it exists in a complex reality into which it melts. This constitutes the tone or note of all things seen in India—and his art leaves the tone out. Perhaps the painter unconsciously concentrates his sight on the color spot, without noticing that it is but a part of a whole—but I cannot recognize in this painting the atmosphere, the environment, in which everything Indian must be seen to be real.

As one of the current New York magazines has at last discovered the painter Caro-Delvaille, I should say that I have not mentioned his exhibit at this year's Salon—on principle. That is, his work shows no great step forward. He is always a good, a very good, painter; and I am still willing to repeat what I wrote eleven years ago: "He promises to be a great painter." Long ago he left the Old Salon, where he won a third medal, for the New, in which he holds an honorable place. He has great power of design, greater than in color, although his work is full of the joy of living. By the way, a mere ancestral strain does not warrant calling him a "Spanish" painter any more than "gypsy." He is from Bayonne, the heart of the Basque country in France, where some of the most interesting French painters were born, including Bonnat. He is a Frenchman by birth and family and training and in his art methods. He, too, has been doing good work in portraits and decoration, and two of his paintings exhibited this year—Pan's Thicket and The Presents of the Earth—are decorations for the house of Dr. Semprun in Buenos Ayres.

In sculpture the main interest of the year has been out of the salons, and, indeed, out of the pale of art. It is a question of propriety, or, to talk as most people do, of morality. The first case was the exclusion of three pieces from the Société Nationale (New Salon). One of these groups supposedly represented Francesca da Rimini and her lover when they "together go forever on the accursed air" in Dante's "Inferno." A certain kind of curiosity has pervaded its subsequent exhibition in Brussels; and it is said that it will be taken to Berlin, London, and New York—to show that it is art, and therefore moral. It would certainly have shocked Dante.

S. D.

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, and the Pennsylvania Society of Miniature Painters, announce that under their joint management the eleventh annual exhibition of the Society will be held in the galleries of the Academy, in Philadelphia, from Saturday, November 9, to Sunday, December 15, inclusive. The exhibition will consist exclusively of original miniature paintings, which have not before been publicly shown in Philadelphia. Works will be received, without packing-cases, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 5 P. M. on Monday, October 28. The following are the committees: Jury of selection—John W. Alexander, Ludwig E. Faber, Lucia Fairchild Fuller, Evelyn Purdie, Edna Huestis Simpson, and Emily Drayton Taylor. Hanging Committee—A. Margaretta Archambault, Sarah Yocum McFadden, Emily Drayton Taylor, Blanche Dillaye, and Edna Huestis Simpson.

How John La Farge would acquit himself of the stereotyped theme "A Hundred Masterpieces of Painting" (Doubleday, Page), has been a matter of curiosity to his admirers. By giving free rein to all manner of associations and by admitting many charming pictures which are not strictly masterpieces, he made his last book a characteristically unconventional one. The general amenity and human rightness of his attitude—he simply tells how the pictures must have affected their painters and the contemporary public—will appeal to all readers. What will strike the student is the unexpected turns of the author's intelligence and sympathy. Who but La Farge would have opened the chapter on children's portraits with a lovely effigy of Ko-Bo-Dai-Shi, the Japanese apostle of Buddhism? The main divisions are Portraits of Civic Life, War—where one is surprised at the omission of Titian, Michelangelo, and Leonardo da Vinci; Dreams of Happiness, Triumphs, Allegories, Unknown Portraits, Portraits of Fashion, Sacred Conversations, Annunciations, the Madonna, the Stanze, the Borgia Apartments. The casualness of the book—it is the casualness of a very wise person—is its attraction. To glean a number of well-said things from these pages would be a pleasure, but one example must suffice. Vindicating Raphael even when badly repainted, he says, "The intention of such a design is so profound as to carry a special form of life with it. We see such things in literature, or in applied literature—for example, Shakespeare as prepared for the stage." Perhaps the most important part of the book is the running commentary on the Marie de Médicis decorations of Rubens. One misses the intellectual grip and consecutiveness of La Farge's "Considerations on Paintings," but this last book is full of his peculiar mellowness. We may note that the frontispiece, Frans Hals's St. Adriaen's Company, should be dated 1633 and that the cut of Botticelli's Magnificat is tilted askew.

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, the English painter, died on Monday at Wiesbaden, Germany, where he was being treated for stomach trouble. He was born in Dronrijp, in the Netherlands, January 8, 1836. In his reminiscences, published recently, he wrote that his father died when he, Lawrence, was four years old, and that his mother experienced difficulty in supporting herself and two children on the slender means at her command. Lawrence attended the Gymnasium at Leeuwarden. He wanted to be an artist, but his mother discouraged his ambition in that direction. The boy persisted, and drew an admirable sketch of his mother, which received the praise of his school-teachers. At the age of fourteen he made a drawing of his sister which was accepted by the jury of the Leeuwarden Exhibition. After this his career was settled. He entered as a student at the Royal Academy, Antwerp. One of his early paintings, How the Egyptians Amused Themselves Three Thousand Years Ago, attracted the attention of an English picture-dealer, who paid a good price for it. This led to Alma-Tadema's decision to make his home permanently in England. Other notable productions from his brush are The Education of the Children of Clovis, Tarquinius Superbus, Pyrrhic Dance, The Vintage, and the Roses of Heliogabalus. Alma-Tadema was knighted in 1899. In 1892 the University of Dublin gave him the degree of Litt.D., and in 1893 the University of Durham that of D.C.L. He received gold medals from most of the art societies and associations of Europe.

Finance

POLITICAL EXCITEMENT AND THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

There has seldom been a convention week in a Presidential year when stock market trading has been so utterly at a standstill as it was last week. Even the professional traders, who are always alive to the possibility of making a favorable turn, thought it wise to await developments and do nothing. The public was out of the market entirely, and the investment buying which is often effective just before the July disbursements are made was insignificant. This attitude was perfectly natural in view of the bewilderment felt concerning the trend of affairs at Chicago and the probable outcome of the extraordinary strife between the Roosevelt and the Taft forces.

At other times such confusion has been used by speculators for the decline to raid the market and force general liquidation. Nothing of the kind occurred last week, one reason being that real holders of securities were not disposed to sell, and instead of becoming alarmed about the outlook, did not evince the slightest uneasiness. This confidence was in striking contrast to the unsettlement of a year ago, when there was no Presidential campaign for the market to consider, but sentiment was greatly depressed by the corporation suits and the feeling of unrest about the future. The relative firmness of prices this year reflected the growing optimism of the people over the permanence of trade recovery and the belief that better times were ahead. Whether this attitude takes too much for granted remains to be seen, but the fact that prices held well in spite of the circulation of rumors calculated to upset the market showed that the community took a hopeful view of the situation, and that most people believed that conditions were sound. Under such circumstances it is difficult to predict what the market would have done had it heard that Mr. Roosevelt had been nominated, or that President Taft had obtained the prize, or that some new man had been determined upon.

With the falling off in speculation there has been a considerable piling up of idle funds in those banks which for weeks past have confined their operations to loans made on call. Within the last few days, however, there have been fresh loans made to Berlin institutions, and although it is probable that the heaviest requirements have been met, there is likely to be another flurry in money rates in the German market in the last days of the month. At any rate, the London market has been somewhat upset by the feeling that the half-yearly settlement requirements might lead to disagreeable complications at the last minute, with a hurry call for more gold shipments. As it is, various foreign markets have given up $15,000,000 gold to Germany during the last few weeks, and there is reason to believe that a part of this was sent in connection with the special loans made by New York banks to German institutions.

Owing to the complications of a Presidential year there has been an indisposition on the part of some of the Wall Street banks to renew the loans that recently matured on the other side. But the offer of a 5½ per cent. rate for one month accommodation was sufficient to attract a good deal of fresh money from this side in addition to the renewal of loans originally made three and six months ago. How this account will finally be settled, and whether or not it will lead to gold imports from Europe in the autumn, depends on the continuance of business revival here and the course of affairs on the Stock Exchange. Should a broad speculative movement be started, the aggregate burdens upon New York banks might be sufficient to advance money rates to a point where gold imports would be called for. An interesting situation is certain to develop in the autumn. The Berlin, Paris, and London markets will have heavy payments to finance at that time, and it is recognized that, should stringency develop here or business broaden in a way to afford employment for much of the money that New York banks have tied up in foreign loans, the strain upon foreign markets would become acute. This would be inevitable if the banks here were forced to recall all their loans made to Berlin and London.

An interesting test will be put to the bond market next month, when the July disbursements are made. Payment of $250,000,000 for interest and dividends must have some influence, even if the public is not disposed to purchase securities in the old way. The preliminary demand, so far, has not been sufficient to indicate whether the attitude of investors is different from what it was three or six months ago. But the fact that the banks, trust companies, and life insurance corporations have become purchasers of bonds on a large scale is important. Absorption by savings banks is sufficient to indicate that wage-earners are no longer obliged to use their savings-bank balances to meet living expenses in the way that they did a year ago. Although the bond market has been rather backward, the situation here is much stronger than it is at London, where new capital issues have been so heavy as to force serious congestion. The foreign syndicates have taken such heavy losses through inability to market the bonds that they had underwritten, that it is now difficult for the English corporations to obtain the capital which they actually require. There is no such congestion on this side, and in spite of the large bond offerings that have been made during the last six months, the syndicates here are really in a more comfortable position than they were at the time in either 1911 or 1910.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, John. The Evolution of Educational Theory. Macmillan. $2.75 net.

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Cambridge Modern History. Vol. XIV, Atlas. Macmillan. $6.50 net.

Canfield, W. W. The Sign Above the Door. Philadelphia: Jewish Pub'n Society.

Catalogue of Manuscripts in the Libraries of the University of Chicago. Prepared by E. J. Goodspeed and M. Sprengling. The University. $1 net.

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Dalton, F. E. Swimming Scientifically Taught. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.25 net.

Deutsch, M. E. Notes on the Text of the Corpus Tibullianum. Berkeley: Univ. of California Press.

Dictionary of National Biography. Second Supplement, Vol. I.—Abbey-Eyre. Macmillan. $4.50 net.

Dwyer, J. F. The White Waterfall. Doubleday Page. $1.20 net.

Everyman's Library. Nos. 562, 566, 571, 578. Dutton. 35 cents net, each.

Explorers and Settlers. Edited by C. L. Barstow. (Readings in U. S. History.) Century. 50 cents net.

Farmer, F. V. Boy and Girl Heroes. Macmillan. 35 cents net.

Gibson, H. R. The Ban of Ba'durbane: An Epic. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.25 net.

Handcock, P. S. Mesopotamian Archæology. Putnam.

Harvard College Observatory Annals. Vols. 56-7, 59-10, 72-2.

Hazard, D. L. Observations Made at the Coast and Geodetic Survey Magnetic Observatory near Honolulu, Hawaii, 1909 and 1910. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.

Heller, Otto. Henrik Ibsen: Plays and Problems. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.

Hopson, F. J. Hopson on Auction. Dutton. $1 net.

Jastrow, Morris, jr. Die Religion Babyloniens und Assyriens. 18. Lieferung. Giessen: Alfred Topelmann.

Leuliette, Victor. French Prose Writers of the XIX Century and After: An Advanced Reader. London: Isaac Pitman & Sons.

Luchaire, Achille. Social France at the Time of Philip Augustus. Trans. by E. B. Krehbiel. Holt.

McKilliam A. E. A Chronicle of the Popes. Macmillan. $2.50 net.

Marriott, Charles. The Dewpond. Lane. $1.30 net.

Miller, G. S. Names of the Large Wolves of Northern and Western North America. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.

Mosher, W. E. The Promise of the Christ-Age in Recent Literature. Putnam.

Porter, G. R. The Progress of the Nation. New edition, revised by F. W. Hirst. London: Methuen.

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